Jul 28  No Cuts
Aug 28  Outp 02-04
Sep 28  No Card, NBC
Oct 28  Outp 19-20  Outp 11-02, 03-04
Nov 28  Outp 27-28
Dec 28  No Cuts
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Wrought as artistically as the setting for a precious jewel... thin as the daintiest watch... and guardian of your beauty with its exclusive loose powder features. Cannot spill—easy to refill. You'll treasure this lovely, useful, new Norida Vanitie for your favorite loose powder.

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"Pink Tooth Brush"?

Heed its warning—Get IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Do not neglect a tell-tale tinge of "pink" that may appear upon your morning tooth brush.

Do something about it! For it is a sign and symptom that something is amiss with your gums. It is a definite warning that your teeth—though they may seem sound as a dollar and be as white as snow—are faced with some degree of danger.

If you will talk to your dentist he can explain very simply how often serious troubles can start in the gum structure. He will tell you that these distressing ailments, which attack the health and mar the appearance of thousands every year, most often arise from the nature and character of the food you eat every day.

How your diet damages your gums

For this modern food is too soft. Artificially refined, it is deprived of the coarse fibre and wholesome roughage that should keep the blood briskly astir in the tiny capillaries of the gum tissue.

Result—gums grow idle, inactive, dormant. They become soft and sensitive to the brush. They bleed easily. They lose their normal tonicity, and become easier prey to the onset of gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even the more feared, but less frequent, pyorrhoea.

Massage of the gums is the simple restorative measure that specialists have found so practical and so helpful. It is easily performed—with the brush or with the fingers—twice a day at the time you brush your teeth. And thousands of good dentists order their patients to use Ipana Tooth Paste for the massage as well as for the regular cleaning with the brush. Massage with Ipana, they say, more quickly revives the flagging circulation within the gums, bringing fresh vigor, health and firmness to the starved and depleted tissues.

Ipana and massage maintain the gums in health

For Ipana is a tooth paste specifically compounded to tone and stimulate the gums while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziratol, an ingredient well-known to dentists for its antiseptic and hemostatic properties. Ipana has enjoyed the cordial support of the profession for years since first its formula was offered to the profession.

So make a test of this modern tooth paste. Send the coupon for the ten-day sample if you wish. It will quickly prove Ipana's delicious taste and its remarkable power to keep your teeth as nature intended—clean, white and sparkling.

Ipana is worth a full-tube trial

But a far better way to test Ipana is to get a full-size tube from the nearest drug store—more than enough for thirty days' use. Brush your teeth and rub your gums with it, twice a day, for one full month. Then examine your gums. You will see an improvement—in color, firmness and health. You may decide, as so many thousands of others have done, that Ipana is the tooth paste you wish to use for life!

Tender, weakened gums need prompt attention

Modern food is too "easy" on your gums—but with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage you can offset the bad effects of your diet.

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Address

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PHOTOPLAY

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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- "The Big Parade"
- "The King of Kings"
- "Sorrell and Son"
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- "The Trail of '98"
- "The Leather Patent Kid"
- "The Nose"
- "Seddy"

As a service to its readers, Photoplay Magazine presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. Photoplay's reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews show you accurately and concretely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of Photoplay in which the original review appeared.

**BRINGING UP FATHER**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Rolling-on humor built around the characters, Polly Moran and Marie Dressler are funny. (April)

**BRON STOMPER, THE**—Pathe.—It is Don Coleman's turn to outwit the villains in this Western. Some good pictures of a rodeo. (May)

**BURNING DAYLIGHT**—First National.—An exciting story with a dash that makes splendid entertainment. You'll like Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon. (April)

**BRINGING UP BROADWAY**—Sterling.—The doings of bootleggers and such made very dull. Not with the talents of Helene Costello and Sam Hardy. (June)

**BY WHOSE HAND?**—Columbia.—Those doggoneRARY are missing again. The result is the usual ga-ga crock stuff. (March)

**CAMED THE DAWN**—Hol Roach—M.G.M.—Max Davidson and Polly Moran have some heart moments in a haunted house. A short comedy, but funny. (May)

**CANYON OF ADVENTURE, THE**—First National.—With the help of Helene Costello and Sam Hardy. (July)

**CHEATING COWBOYS**—Universal.—Using a lot of unusual men. The story, told by Betty Compton and Kenneth Harth. (February)

**CHEER LEADER, THE**—Gotham.—This time the cheer leader rushes in and wins the galant Old Alma Mater. All right, if you still have a taste for college pictures. (May)

**CHICAGO**—Pathe—De Mille.—A shrewd satire on the lady murderer, beloved of the newspapers. And Rhyl. mixing up a little entertainment. See it. (February)

**CHICAGO AFTER MIDNIGHT**—Fox—Ralph Ace in a vigorous melodrama built around the sufferings of one of those innocent crooks. (March)

**CHITOWN CHARLIE**—First National.—Johnny Hines cuts down on the gan and builds up the hot, and the result is one of his best pictures. (May)

**CHINESE PARROT, THE**—Universal.—Who ever saw pig necklaces? The mystery is well entwined and the Oriental backgrounds are interesting. And Soled does a real Lona Chaney. (January)

**CHRISTIAN PRAYERS**—Fox.—But a moving story of story, play by Virginia Browning. (March)

**CIRCUS ROOKIES**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Reviewed under the title of "Monkey Business," with Karl Dane, George Fawcett, and a comedy gorilla. Good slapstick. (March)

**CIRCUS, THE**—United Artists.—The triumphant result of Charles Chaplin. Must we waste space advising you to see if? (January)

**COHRS AND KINGS IN PARIS, THE**—Universal.—It was funny the first time, but not so good in repetition. Time to call a hault. (April)

**COMRADES**—First Division.—Again comes the World War! The story of a brave boy who takes the official cowardly one. With Helene Costello, George Hughes and Donald Keith. (March)

*Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the six best upon whose month of review.

---

**ABIE'S IRISH ROSE**—Paramount.—The great and original Irish-Jewish comedy, played a knock-out cast headed by Charles Rogers, Nancy Carroll, Bern-ard Gotter and Ann LaForest. Not amusing, it is true, but it is attractive and funny. (February)

**ACROSS THE ATLANTIC**—Warner.—A war story, this which furnishes routine entertainment. (February)

**ACROSS TO SINGAPORE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Vilhjalm the chief, played by Charles devito. A rising melodrama, well played by Beswick Norton, Joan Crawford and Ernest Torrence. (June)

*ACTRESS, THE*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Adapted from "The Red Mill of the Wolf," one of the most delightful of stage stories. After a series of pert, modern stories, it is good to see Norma Shearer return to her old-fashioned charm. (June)

**ADORABLE CHEAT, THE**—Castlefield.—Ripples are as pretty as ever and she's the only bright spot in the film. (June)

**AFTER THE STORM**—Columbia.—Thrilling sea story with familiar situations. Wart Bos- worth, Charles Delaney and Eugene Gilbert head cast. (June)

**ALEX THE GREAT**—Fox.—The funny adventures of a country boy who comes to New York to "Press his pants with the Flatiron building." With "Skeets" Gallagher. (May)

**ALIAS THE LONE WOLF**—Columbia.—Det. Lyell returns to the character that made him famous to-day. A crook story, well told, agreeably acted and nicely presented for the family. (June)

**ALMOST HUMAN**—Pathe—De Mille.—"The Original" in the story of human nature, told by three dogs. Entertaining and different. (May)

**APACHE RAIDERS, THE**—Pathe.—Lee Maloney goes hot and bothered about a few stolen cows. (May)

**AVENGING SHADOW, THE**—Pathe.—Introducing Ellison Hawes. "Klondike, Klondike, has his gold, brains and IT." (June)

**BABY**—RKO—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Kay Dane, George K. Arthur and Charlotte Greenwood in an old farce, dressed up in new gags. (February)

**BABY MOTHER, THE**—Fox.—A charming and appealing child story with Priscilla Moran and her dog, Dicky. (June)

**BARE KNEES**—Gotham.—Proving that the flappers are not as bad as their big sisters. With Virginia Lee Corbin and Jane Winton. (May)

**BATTLE OF THE CENTURY**—Columbia.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—More than three thousand pies were consumed during the shooting of this film. (April)

**BATTLES OF CORONEL AND FALKLAND ISLANDS, THE**—Columbia.—An authentic record of two of our naval engagements between Germany and England. The picture tries to be a "Potemkin"—but misses. (May)

**BEAU SABREUR**—Paramount.—Not another "sabreur" in a thrilling and picturesque tale, nevertheless. You'll like Evelyn Brent, Gary Cooper, William Powell and Noah Berry. (March)

**BECKY**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Along the poor working girl goes on the stage. A light, routine comedy heightened by the beauty of two Irishies—Sally O'Neil and Owen Moore. (February)

**BEYOND LONDON's LIGHTS**—FOX.—The young English girl falls in love with the second girl and the result is a battle between the high hats and the lower classes in dear old London. (May)

**BIG CITY, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Len Chaney and Betty Compson re-united in a crook story in which Len proves that he needs no trick make-up to make him a fascinating person. (March)

**BIG NOISE, THE**—First National.—Concerning a city election. And just about as interesting. (May)

**BLACK FEATHER, THE**—William Fox—"The"—Very odd mystery drama with a known as a "hockey background." Some of the characters seen a little deteriorated. (May)

**BLOODE OF A NIGHT, A**—Pathe—De Mille.—A light daytime-form made agreeable by the cheering presence of Marie Prevost, Harrison Ford and T. Roy Barnes. (April)

**BODY PUNCH, THE**—Universal.—All the makings of a good picture and some new stuff that will go big with the men. You'll like it. (May)

**BOY OF THE STREET, A**—Rayart.—Wherein a little brother returns a crook. Young Mickey Bennett makes the sentimental yarn agreeable. (January)

---

**BRANDED SOMBRERO, THE**—Fox.—Buck Jones plays Buck Jones in a conventional picture that is only enlivened by a good fight. (March)

**BRASS KNUCKLES**—Warners.—More crooks re- mains, thanks to the recent presence of Betty Bronson. With Monte Blue and Bill Russell. And rather good, at that. (January)

**BRIDE OF THE COLORADO, THE**—Pathe—De Mille.—Starring the Grand Canyon of Colorado. And what a great, big canyon it has grown to be! Nice scenery, but the picture offers little story interest. (May)
AKING his story from "Hangman's House," the greatest novel Donn Byrne ever wrote and one of the world's best sellers, John Ford has again revealed his peerless genius for making screen history.

"Hangman's House" will be a great picture even ten years from now. Its wild, high-spirited tale of Irish love and hatred, Irish devotion and Irish vengeance, will never grow old!

You'll see your favorites at their best in this masterpiece of one of the world's master story tellers—Victor McLaglen as the mysterious Citizen Hogan; June Collyer as the unwilling bride of the Villain D'Arcy, portrayed with rare skill by Earle Fox; handsome Lawrence Kent as the faithful lover and loyal friend—a superb cast assembled by an incomparable director to do justice to an inimitable story!

Watch for "Hangman's House" at your local theatre. Put it down now as one picture you don't want to miss!
Brickbats and Bouquets

The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views

The Monthly Barometer

ACCORDING to letters received by PHOTOPLAY, "The Crowd" is easily the most interesting picture of recent release. Several have a picture received so many thoughtful and sincere letters. Even the brickbats, which objected to the disillusioning realism of the subject, praised the direction of King Vidor.

"Seventh Heaven," "Wings," and "Love" are still riding the crest of the wave. And all sorts of pleasant things are being written about Clara Bow, Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen, John Gilbert, Janet Gaynor and Greta Garbo. Lon Chaney is urged to make another one like "Tell It to the Marines." High praise, too, for Richard Barthelmess in "The Noose" and Emil Jannings in "The Last Command."

The collegiate and jazz stuff, unless unusually well presented, seems to be turning a little sour. The worst complaints against pictures of this type come from the younger generation.

What praise or complaints have you to register?

$25.00 Letter

West Lafayette, Ind.

Now comes the question of the benefits derived by the public in the present mad scramble on the part of the producer to feature as many new players as possible. While I am in entire sympathy with giving the newcomer an opportunity, I believe that the notion entertained by the producers that the supply of "finds" is unlimited and the patience of the public in-exhaustible, exceeds the bounds of good judgment.

True, there are several players who have come to the fore recently who have shown themselves possessed of unusual ability. However, I entertain a lurking suspicion that these same players succeeded entirely through their ability, and that their popularity was more of a surprise to the producers than anyone else.

There is an inexcusable explanation offered by the producers that they are attempting to abolish temperament. While I don't especially condone temperamental outbursts, if the only substitute that can be offered is a succession of wooden-faced dolls, then I prefer temperament. At least, that was an indication that the player had more than one expression.

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write to this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters must not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address. Anonymous letters go to the waste basket immediately.

Another native explanation is that they intend to make the picture an attraction rather than the star. However, I can recall innumerable instances where only the personality of the star saved the picture from total asinity. Too many of us have learned that the stars are more dependable in giving satisfactory entertainment than the producers.

DOROTHY E. LEISING.

$10.00 Letter


My business is "Life, and how best to live it." Necessarily I am an observer, a student of life. In so far as the movies depict life faithfully, they are a valuable help to me. As a preacher, I occasionally find the screen preaching a sermon on life with greater and more convincing power than the pulpit.

The task of the preacher is to make people "see" life and see it whole; its problems, temptations, mistakes, joys and sorrows; its indestructible hope, and its infinite possibilities. If a man could see the whole story, if he could see the effect of sin on himself and on other people, he would not live in sin.

The picture, "The Way of All Flesh," delivers a more arresting sermon on that subject than could come from any pulpit.

I believe the movies are improving. It is a growing industry in every sense. I believe in it, and I believe in its future. Within the last season, the screen has risen to great heights, with here and there gleams of rare loveliness that touched the sublimes in art. The flashes of spiritual beauty in "Seventh Heaven"; the loyalty of the brothers in "Beau Geste"; the great emphasis on repentance and the power of forgiving love so magnificently portrayed in "Sunrise"; these are stimulating and unforgettable.

REV. WILLIAM WOODFORD ROCK.

$5.00 Letter

Providence, R.I.

I feel compelled to speak out on behalf of the younger generation. The fact is that we are due for a big revelation, some new revolution. Though the change is even now taking place, the difficulty is going to be in finding just what to write on the new leaf, once we have turned it.

I don't believe that anyone realizes just how much the movies influence us. If they did, they would realize how much and how downright sick we are of wild men and all their cute little sins exposed or insinuated.

Most of all we hate those hot scenes. We appreciate the fine things of the screen. We do, truly and sincerely. Honestly, we want a new ideal and one which we can admire. And we want the movies to help us find it.

ESTHER MONTECALVO.

"Yes" on "The Crowd"

Greencastle, Ind.

By no picture have I ever been so deeply affected as by that touching story, "The Crowd." I am a university student in Indiana, and I believe I voiced the general sentiment of the student body here at De Pauw when I say that we enjoy much more the ordinary and commonplace things of life that might and are happening to ourselves every day of the year, than the usual "heavy" love scenes that hold our eye only because of the high-powered emotion back of them. I have discussed "The Crowd" with several college students who were agreeably impressed both with the theme and the story.

WILLARD E. BATSON.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]
Peggy Joyce
-Who Ought to Know

Says

Any Girl Can Win Any Man

As Told to Basil Woon

How Can You Expect to Be the Life of the Party if You Don't Read Smart Set—the only magazine in America that is brimming over with life and love and youth!

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As We Go to PRESS

Last Minute News from East and West

A DolpHe MENJOU and Kathryn Carver were married in Paris May 16th. The wedding was a quiet one in the Mayor's office of the Sixteenth Ward. There were but three present: Margaret Drum, a sister of Mrs. Menjou; Charles Campbell, an attorney, and Philippe Oris.

OLGA BAKLANOVA, who scored so heavily in "The Man Who Laughs," has been signed under a five-year contract by Paramount. It is said that Miss Baklanova will be groomed for Pola Negri's position on the Paramount program. Miss Negri's last Paramount picture, by the way, has had its title changed from "Fedora" to "The Lady from Moscow."

MARION DAVIES may spend the whole summer in Europe on a vacation. She has just renewed her contract with Metro-Goldwyn.

CAMILLA HORN is due back from her vacation in Germany on July 4th. She will be seen next in "Night Stick."

UPON Janet Gaynor's departure for New York, her engagement to Lydell Peck, Oakland, California, attorney, was rumored.

WILLIAM K. HOWARD has been signed to direct under a long term Fox contract. He first will direct Janet Gaynor, "Blossom Time," in which Miss Gaynor and Charles Farrell were to co-star, has been indefinitely postponed.

BARBARA BEDFORD may be minus her husband, Al Roscoe, by the time you read this. Divorce case coming to trial as this page goes to press.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN says he is going to do a comedy with a Parisian background and that Merna Kennedy will be his leading woman.

The first picture of Reginald Denny and his fiancee, Bubbles Steffel. Miss Steffel's screen name is Betsy Lee and she plays opposite Reggy in his next film. After the wedding, scheduled for this fall, the two plan a honeymoon tour of the world.

AFTER only a month of his scheduled three months' vacation, Ramon Novarro is called back from abroad. Metro-Goldwyn wants him to start work right away.

ANNA Q. NILSSON is recovering from a broken ankle. After a long gap without a good role, Miss Nilsson landed the lead in "Ned McCobb's Wife" for Pathe. She was thrown from a horse, breaking her ankle, and lost the part.


WILLIAM HAINES' next starring vehicle is to be "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Remember how Jimmy used to open safes with sandpapered fingers?

ROD LA ROCQUE'S last Cecil De Mille film is "Captain Swagger," with Jeanette Loff playing opposite. La Rocque's option, calling for a raise from $3,500 to $5,000, was not exercised by Pathe.

RUTH ROLAND is to marry Ben Bard. Wedding scheduled for this fall.

NORMAN KERRY is in Europe to make a British film. His list of locations sounds like a Cook's tour.

GEORGE DURYEA, a hit of "The God-Gless Girl," has been signed under a long Pathe contract. Duryea announces that he will wed Grace Stafford, of New York.

EDWIN CAREWE, Dolores Del Rio and his cast not yet chosen will sail from New York on July 26th to make a picture in London. Carewe says he will then go to China, where an Oriental picture will be shot. After that, to India, for a third film.

BACK from her vacation abroad with her husband, Irving Thalberg, Norma Shearer stepped into "Ballyhoo," a picture of carnival life, with Sam Wood directing.

ALBERTA VAUGHN re-signed by FBO after two years' absence. She will star in twelve Witwer two-reel comedies.

DOUG and Mary are going to make more pictures, despite rumors to the contrary. Doug called up his studio by phone from Paris, telling the Pickford and Fairbanks executive staffs to prepare for shooting by June 15th. Doug's next will be a Hollywood written sequel to "The Three Musketeers."

LYA DE PUTTI returns to vamp roles at Columbia. Her first is "The Crimson Woman."
OUTDOORS

You bet they know their BABY RUTH

Pure goodness has made Baby Ruth the favorite refreshment of people who play hard and work hard. Every wholesome ingredient satisfies deliciously that out-of-doors need for extra energy. One is chocolate—best of all vitality builders. It is no ordinary chocolate that makes Baby Ruth so popular, but a blend of the best from the Gold Coast of Africa, the West Indies and Brazil. It tastes better. It is better for you.

3,000,000 sales every day make possible Baby Ruth’s dollar-a-pound goodness, purity and quality at 5c. It’s the nation’s good-time candy for every occasion.

Know your Baby Ruth by its sanitary red-and-white wrapper. 5c does it. Treat yourself today!

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO
OTTO Y. SCHNERING, President

BABY RUTH IS SOLD BY OVER A MILLION CANDY DEALERS
Tremendous sales assure its freshness everywhere

© 1928, C. C. Co.
The MGM Lion, is on his way!

You've seen him countless times on the screen. He now makes his personal bow to the audiences of the world! He is starting across America and will circle the globe. His route will take him to many hundreds of cities. What a thrill to see Leo, himself, at last!

These are the most important pictures of the current season. Watch for them at your local theatre!

John Gilbert in The Cossacks

Diamond Handcuffs with Eleanor Boardman

Lon Chaney in Laugh, Clown, Laugh

Syd Chaplin in Skirts

Norma Shearer in The Actress

Ramon Novarro in Across to Singapore

Dane & Arthur in Detectives and Circus Rookies

William Haines in Telling the World

imento-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More Stars than there are in Heaven"

Can you remember $50 worth?

Often half a dozen people will give different descriptions of things they see together, because memory plays us such strange tricks. That's why I'm interested in watching how people's memories work. Try yours on these five questions. I will give $50 and the Cossack Wrist Chain which I wear in my newest picture, "The Cossacks," to the man who sends in the best set of answers. The best answers from a lady will win $50 plus the Russian Glass Beads that Renee Adoree uses in the same picture. Miss Adoree will also send photographs of herself for the fifty next best answers.

John Gilbert

The Test

1. In what picture does Lon Chaney appear without one of his typical make-ups?
2. Who discovered Joan Crawford? What did she do before going into pictures?
3. Describe in less than 75 words the biggest picture thrill you ever had.
5. What business-life role has Norma Shearer played in recently?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by July 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

Note: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.
SOME welcome hot weather substitutes for meat dishes from Photoplay's Cook Book

**Fish for Fun and Food**

BECAUSE of the popularity of its Cook Book, Photoplay has prepared a new and enlarged edition. Fifty more favorite recipes of popular stars have been added to the new Cook Book. Many of these additional recipes represent the tastes of the newcomers who have achieved screen success since the first Photoplay Cook Book was published.

And—this is important—the new and enlarged Cook Book will be sent to you for the same price as the old one. The Cook Book is still twenty-five cents, and if you fill out the little coupon at the bottom of the page and send your quarter, you will receive one of the brand new Cook Books.

The recipes are delicious. They represent the most delightful dishes of some of the best hosts and hostesses in the world.

Now for two good recipes for preparing fish. The first is Salmon Loaf and the recipe was supplied by Margaret Livingston.

TAKE a good-sized piece of cold boiled salmon, remove the skin and bones and shred it into small pieces. Mix the salmon with 1 cup of brown bread crumbs. You may use white bread, but the brown bread is what gives the dish its unusual flavor. Add two tablespoons of melted butter and the juice of a small lemon and mix thoroughly. Fold in two eggs, beaten very stiff and dry, and season to taste.

Pack in a shallow buttered pan and bake in a slow oven for three quarters of an hour. Then turn the oven high for about ten minutes and brown the loaf. When this is done, take out the loaf on a platter, cover with creamed peas and serve.

And here is John Gilbert's recipe for Clam Chowder.

- 1 1/4 doz. clams
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 cup water
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 3 large potatoes
- 1 teaspoon parsley
- 2 slices bacon
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 onion
- Crackers
- 1 quart milk
- Pepper

Fry the bacon, cut in small pieces, and onion together until the onion is a pale yellow. Add the liquor from the clams, the water and the potatoes which have been cut in dice shape. Cook until the potatoes are tender. Then add the milk and thicken with a roux made of the 2 tablespoons of butter and the 2 tablespoons of flour. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Do not add the clams until the last minute as, if they boil hard, they will become tough. Five minutes before serving put in the clams and allow the chowder to simmer slowly. Then pour the chowder over the crackers and sprinkle with parsley.

THIS is the authentic chowder, although there are other recipes that call for tomatoes and carrots. But the original New England chowder is simply clams, potatoes and milk.

Next month, I will publish some of the recipes from the New Cook Book. But don't forget that you may have all of these fifty recipes, together with the one hundred favorite dishes of the original Cook Book, simply by filling out the little coupon to your left and sending twenty-five cents.

More about the new Cook Book: Many of the recipes have never before been published; others are old recipes with new and distinctive variations. And all of them will add interest to your dinners and to your parties. Most of them are fairly simple to prepare and few of them call for expensive or unusual ingredients.

Although Photoplay's Cook Book does not teach you how to cook, anyone with the average knowledge of cookery will have no trouble in making a success of its recipes, if she follows the directions carefully.

Thousands of Photoplay readers sent for copies of the first edition of the Cook Book. And Photoplay received many letters of appreciation from the readers who enjoyed the unusual recipes.

Carolyn Van Wyck.
COUNT OF TEN, THE—Universal.—Something different from our watered-down story, with good Gleason, stage star, stealing the show. Charles Ray, too, deserves mention for a good performance. (May.)

CRIPPLED, THE—Universal.—A touching story of a week-end butterfly and a city college year. Shows much story life and contains a good acting performance. (June.)

CRIMSON CITY, THE—Warner.—Drama between a woman and a man who can't help themselves. Lots of action—and you'll like Myrna Loy. (March.)

CUPID'S KNOCKOUT—Herbert.—Just a fairly tedious story, but a good cast of characters when you have nothing better to do. (April.)

DEAD MAN'S CURVE—P.F.O.—An automobile yarn that is a flat tire. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., heads the cast, in case you care. (February.)

DEER PARK, THE—P.F.O.—Filled with the usual clap-trap of the orthodox Western but made bearable by a plot with some originality and the charming presence of little Frankie Darro. (May.)

DE Professors—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A really big picture, but few Russian scholars insist that, in acting and technical excellence, never has it been surpassed. A much better picture, though, than the original. (May.)

DIAMOND HANDS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Another small picture about the inconstancies of a plot like this. (June.)

DIVINE WOMAN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—How an ugly duckling becomes a great swan. A picture that, with good acting by Carole Lombard and Charles Winninger, is a masterpiece of mutiny and revenge. Also a remarkable performance by Harry Hayden. (May.)

DIVINE WOMAN, THE—Universal.—Of all the screen stories, this one has the most dubious morals and the least respect for the law. (June.)

DOVE, THE—Universal.—Norma Talmadge is pretty as usual, but it is not Beery's picture, the naughty thing. However, the story is a story well written and relatively unpretentious. (April.)

DOVE, THE—Universal.—Norma Talmadge is pretty as usual, but it is not Beery's picture, the naughty thing. However, the story is a story well written and relatively unpretentious. (April.)

DRESSED TO KILL, THE—Fox.—A tale of the underworld that holds attention during all action, and suspense. And splendid work by Edward Brophy, Henry Armet and Ben Baird. Recommended. (May.)

DRUMS OF LOVE—United Artists.—D.W. Griffith's last studio picture, a legend, but spoilt by changing the locale and by overloading it with patents. Mary Philbin branches out with lots of JS and Don Alvarado gives a good performance. (April.)

EASY COME, EASY GO—Paramount.—Richard Dix as an innocent partner of a crook. A bright, fast-moving story, quite entertaining. Bessie Love is delightful. (June.)

ENEMY, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—An anti-war propaganda, told in the terms of a tragedy. A Viennese household. Lillian Gish's most human and appealing performance makes it worth seeing. (February.)

ENCOUNTER, THE—Fox.—An ancient melodrama that should have been allowed to die peacefully. With Virginia Valli and William Russell. (May.)

FAITH, THE—Pathe.—The story of the mother who don't just get cold feet. But after that, this is just a lot of movie cold feet. (May.)

FALL,CORNofs—RKO.—Norman Kerry draws through some gloomy doings in the role of a man who plays dead. Interesting but hardly cheerful. (May.)

FANDANGO—Educational.—Lupino Lane in a blackface portrayal of all the Spanish pictures ever produced. (June.)

FANGS OF JUSTICE—Buchsroff.—A rather old regular house of hokum. (May.)

FAITH, THE—Pathe.—The story of the mother who don't just get cold feet. But after that, this is just a lot of movie cold feet. (May.)

FASHION MADNESS—Columbia.—Once more the depression debauché is dragged off to the woods by the me-lo-maniacs. Windows in the girl that time. (June.)

FEEL MY PULSE—Paramount.—Rebe Dadelis is terrifically annoyed by William Powell and is just an old story, but Richard Arlen comes to her rescue. Fairly good, but not up to Rebe's standard. (June.)

FINDERS KEEPERS—Universal.—Laure La Plante, who usually does her turns without either brains or charm, does her turn on a trite gag. (May.)

FIRED AND STEELED—Elche.—Hot yarn of steeled hicks. A good deal of action, but a jealousy for- man and the girl, Hooligan. (June.)

FIVE AND TEN-CENT ANNE—Warner.—This picture is proof that it's the one idea and the details that are just frantic for Legion stories, this is your enter- taining yarn. Recommended. (May.)

FOUR-DAY LEGION, THE—Universal.—A follow-up on the popularity of "Beau Geste." The main story is about the Legion sisters, this is your enter- taining yarn. Recommended. (May.)

FORTUNE HUNTER, THE—Warner.—Syd Chaplin messes up a good comedy. Why people stay home. (March.)

FOUR SONS—Fox.—Reviewed under title of "Grandma Belle Learn's Hot Letters." The screen rises to real greatness in this story of a war-stricken German mother. (January.)

FREE AND EVERLASTING, THE—Universal.—Reviewed under the title of "Graft." Whereas a newspaper man, in his little heart, tries to clean up the big city grafters, interesting performances by Henry B. Walthall and Lewis Stone. (April.)

FREE AND EVERLASTING, THE—Universal.—In which the dowdy wife, Mary Philbin, is glamor- ized by Lois Wilson, Lilian Tashman and Clive Brook. (April.)

FRENZIED FLAMES—Elche.—For the boys of all ages—who like to chase fire departments. (May.)

FRESH EVERY HOUR—Universal.—Reviewed under the title of "The Prince of Pimps." Nutty fare with Glenn Tryon. (April.)

GALLAGHER—Pathé-De Mille.—Richard Hard- ing Davis' charming story of the adventures of an office boy in a newspaper office. Young Junior Coggin merits applause. (February.)

GARDEN OF EDEN—United Artists.—Just a woth- icrosoft for Corinne Griffith. Miss Griffith and Charles Ray have never looked better by a second-rate chorus girl yarn. (February.)

GATEWAY OF THE MOON—Fox.—Dolores Del Rio in another of that burlesque romance pictures. This should ast her to keep her clothes on. (March.)

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES—Paramount.—If you don't want to see this film version of Anita Loos story, you won't lose it. But it's all laughs, thanks to Ruth Taylor, Alice White and Foster Shaw. (May.)

GET YOUR MAN—Paramount.—Clara Bow and Charles Rogers in a light romance, made espe- cially for Young Americans. (February.)

GIRL IN EVERY PORT, A—Fox.—The romantic adventures of a deep sea sailor, played by Victor McLaglen. And very funny, too. (March.)

GOOD-BYE KISS, THE—Mack Sennett.—The daddy of screen comedy fights the war in his own way, but he doesn't have his mother with him, because there's real entertainment in this here picture. You'll like Sally Eilers. (May.)

GOOD-TIME CHARLIE—Warner.—The sad story of an old tramp, played with so much true pathos that you forget its sentimentalities. (January.)

GORGILLA, THE—First National.—Clarence Lambert and Fred MacMurray in a fairly good case, with a good report. All your friends of the comic strip come to life on the screen. It's a good yarn and lots of fun for the kids. Arthur Lake walks away with the honors as Harold. (May.)


HEART OF BROADWAY, THE—Rayart—Cabaret melodrama, but only fair. Pauline Garon, Robert Arne and Wheeler Oakman head the cast, (May.)

HEART OF BROADWAY, THE—Rayart—Cabaret melodrama, but only fair. Pauline Garon, Robert Arne and Wheeler Oakman head the cast, (May.)

HER GREAT ADVENTURE—A. G. See, Inc.—What a stenographer does with one thousand dollars. Below. (April.)

HER SUMMER HERO—F.B.O.—Why movie the- matics. (May.)

HER WILD OAT—First National—Colleen Moore, a humble proprietress of a lunch wagon, goes berserk at the sight of a thousand dollars. (April.)

HIS COUNTRY—Pathé-De Mille.—Excellent handling of a story by two immigrants, beautifully played by Rudolph Schildkraut and Louise Dresser. Sincere drama. (April.)

HOLD 'EM YEES—Pathé-De Mille.—Red La Roque cute little foot-tap star. Why be critical about a picture so full of laughter? (May.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 17]
See—The whole sky darkened by scores of fighting airplanes at death-grips in the clouds.—Modern gladiators soaring death in the amphitheatre of the air.—A new and "different" COLEEN MOORE living one of the loveliest love stories ever screened, in "LILAC TIME."

Hear—The amazing Firnatone sound effects which will accompany "LILAC TIME" showings in certain theatres... Also beautiful scenes in full natural color. With handsome Gary Cooper of "Beau Sabreur." From Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin's famous stage success.

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JOHNNY BURKE * SALLY HILERS * MATTY KEMP *

A First National Picture
Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

HONEYMOON FLATS — Universal. — Clever little comedy of young married life, directed by George Lewis (April).

HONEYMOON HATE — Paramount. — Florence Eldrado and Tuilio Carminati enact a near double-dealing situation of a handsome but Italian husband. For those who like ’em subtle. (January)

HONOR BOUND — Fox. — Realistic but repellent production of a marriage with a wife who is doomed to protect a worthless woman. With George O’Brien and Janet Gaynor. (April)

HOOF MARKS, Parte. — Meet the new Western star, Jack Donavan. He knows his cactus. (January)

HORSEMAN OF THE PLAINS, A — Fox. — A mortgage is always a mortgage. This one is on the Old Rasc instead of the Old Homestead. Tom Mix plays the mortgage settler. (June)

HOT HEELS — Universal. — A small town boy goes butter-and-egg-for a luck music show, takes a job at a drugstore and Paty Ruth Miller are a good team. (May)

HUSBANDS FOR RENT — Warner. — Owen Moore finds his whole life in a bedroom face that will get by only with the least bright of the community. (March)

I TOLD YOU SO — Lehigh Street. — This picture — only a re-take — cost merely one thousand dollars. LADY RECOMMENDS MY WIFE — Goldwyn. — A contract for himself on the strength of a pre-view showing. (April)

IF I WERE SINGLE — Warners. — The girls get away with this story of domestic life. Conrad Nagel proves that he can play comedy. (January)

IN OLD KENTUCKY — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — A fresh take on one of the most popular country stories. It starts out with a contract for himself on the strength of a pre-view showing. (April)

JUDGMENT OF THE HILLS — FBO. — An interesting adventure story in the mountains. Our hats off to Frank Darro, a fine boy actor. (March)

KEEPER, LITTLE COURAGE — First National. — Re-issued under title of "Little Shepherd of Kingdom." — An old favorite well acted by Richard Barthelmess and Doris Kenyon. (May)

LADY OF VICTORIES, THE — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — The romance of Napoleon and Josephine, a happy story. The acting of two girl leads, but very much worth seeing. (March)

LAST COMMAND, THE — Paramount. — A new take on the Czarist story of a count of the Tsar of Russia who becomes a Hollywood "extra." Thanks to the magnificent acting of Emil Jannings, this is the most popular cycling-ride of the season. (March)

LAST MOMENT, THE — Fine Arts. — An independent film, built around the theory that a drowning man who lives is a triumph of the screen in a review in a few seconds. Terribly overacted. (February)


LAUGH, CROWN, LAUGH — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — The old story of the clown who dies that his circus may go on.Extrasfine, with George O’Brien, Leo Carrillo, Lady Hamilton and Nadia Sissia. (February)

LAW OF FEAR, THE — FBO. — The best part of this picture is the story of the private life of Ranger, the police dog. (May)


LIGHT IN THE WINDOW, A — Rarav. — Simple treat with some scoring with Henry B. Walchuk. (February)

LIGHTER THAT FAILED, THE — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — A fresh take on a comedy on a sad but, little, or hog, my! (February)

LITTLE MICKEY GROGAN — FBO. — A sweet little one-dressed-up-as-a-little-Indian story. Lawrence Talbot and Johnny Mack Brown can’t help much. (May)

LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Len Chaney in his grimmest mystery. Mr. Chaney plays a dual role. (April)

LOVE AND LAURENCE — Paramount. — Wheresoever Esther Kellogg keeps Papa and Mamma from getting a divorce. Takes place in London. (March)

LOVE HUNGRY — Fox. — Concerning a mere innocent love affair of a chorus girl. Loh Moran and Lawrence Green— Plain and simple. (April)

LOVE MART, THE — First National. — Picture—story of old Louisiana, with Billie Dove and Gilbert Roland. (February)

LOVE ME AND THE WORLD IS MINE — Universal. — dewy story of war-time Vienna, with a little girl and lots of beauty. Directed by Philibert. (March)

LOVE OR LUST — Loew’s. — Fans steals the picture in a comedy role. (June)


LOVER HUNGRY — Fox. — Concerning a mere innocent love affair of a chorus girl. Loh Moran and Lawrence Green. (April)


MAD HOUR — First National. — Elmer Glyn—preaching story of three fellow of jazzmen, snappy acting by Sally O’Neil. (May)

MAD CHERRY — First National. — Dorothy Mack- enzie is the heroine of this story of love and revenge between Down East high-brows who go in for adventure. Plain, pleasant fiction. (January)

MADE-MOLED WOMAN, THE — DeMille. — Modern and story of a beautiful and pleasant Philibert. Playing the part of Leslie Lovejoy and Leslie Lovejoy’s clothes. (June)

MAN WHO LAUGHS, THE — Universal. — A story which may interest the public for art. Conrad Veidt’s acting is the high spot of the film. (March)


MADAM AND HIM — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Seared on a Washington newspaper office, with some good capital atmosphere and some considerable personality in the parts, but does well, but Jeanne Eagan is not Greta Garbo. (January)


MILLION FOR LOVE, A — Sterling. — Feeble melodrama. (June)

MOTHER MACHINER — Fox. — Get out your dollars and work as hard as you can. There is a tear-fest. The story of the Irish mother is conventional but Belle Bennett’s acting is fine. (April)


MUM’S THE WORD — Fox. — Another two-reel of the type of story that may interest the public. Directed by Philibert. Which deserves your kind attention. (January)

MY FRIEND FROM INDIA — Pathe-De Mille. — The sort of thing that made ‘em laugh when girls wore long skirts and high laced shoes. (January)

MY HOME TOWN — Rayart. — The hero is charged with manslaughter, jail-breaking, sake-breaking, blackmailing and blackmailing. Stay home and read the newspapers. (June)

NAMELESS MEN — Tiffany-Stahl. — Claire Windsor puts through a story of the secret service. Directed by Philibert. (April)

NIGHT FLYER, THE — Pathe-De Mille. — Big doings among the railroaders, with William Boyd’s control of the situation. It’s a good one. (June)

NIGHT LIFE — Tiffany. — An engrossing drama of Viennas, before and after the war. The crook stuff has an original cast and Eddie Gribbon, Johnny Mack Brown and Alice Hardy Day contribute some fine acting. (January)

NIGHT OF MYSTERY, A — Paramount. — Adolph Menjou involved in the night time drama, with a plot of the most mysterious. Picture directed by Evelyn Brent. (April)

NOOSE, THE — First National. — Richard Barthel- mess again gets a picture worthy of his talents. An extra-fine melodrama that will hold you spell- bound. (April)

ON THE GO — Action. — Something different—a western with a lot of laughs. (June)

Piano Jazz

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPHIL MAGAZINE.
DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK,

I'm always reading "Discover your type and then dress accordingly," but, Mrs. Van Wyck, I'm no type at all. I'm a definite side stock between gold and brown with fair skin and brown eyes. There is nothing distinctive about me. Five feet four, weighing one hundred and twenty gold-brown, I'd say. I diet moderately and my skin is clear. My problem is that I'm so terribly average. Can I escape this and appear chic, charming, original and all the other pleasant things?

MARYLOU.

DEAR Marylou, with your deep longing to be "different" I am glad you have written me. I have wanted to reply to a problem such as yours for months.

I want to write through you, Marylou, against the "types" so many of your girls seem to be becoming, judging by your letters to me. The new fashions bring clothes and bobs for Nordic blondes and costumes and coiffures for Latin brunettes. We have hats to match bags and bags to match shoes, ensemble coats to match ensemble dresses—and oh, so many ensemble thoughts and opinions! True, this mode keeps girls from wearing an old hat with a new dress or an stocking with black gold pumps. It makes us all look much chic. But even at that I don't like it. I dislike this finding a type and everlastingly sticking to it, because it kills that most precious characteristic of every girl’s—individuality.

You, Marylou, are one of the great average, an average girl in an average town. Your coloring is a little mixed up and you don't know what to do about it. Marylou, be thankful. You are no poster of a girl with a black bob against a white face, or a Titan-haired slapper with troublesome freckles. You are no definite type. Therefore you are adaptable enough to become any type you wish. It's only a matter of work and will.

Let's take stock of you first. A good height, an excellent weight, and obviously sensible as regards your health and appearance. What a fine start that is! Brown eyes and gold-brown hair. Very interesting, indeed. A blonde's hair and skin, a brunette's eyes. I'd emphasize those assets always.

Then if I were you, my dear, I'd start first by making a sort of Chinese box of myself—a girl within a girl, really. No, it isn't easy to do that. It's much easier to let oneself go and be colorless. There is no royal road to charm but I can promise you this. Any girl who once experiences the fine bracing of her will that self-improvement demands, has discovered one of the secrets of happiness.

To be more than just "any girl," Marylou, you will have to use your imagination and brains. But fortunately imaginations and brains are not like arms and legs. They do not tire. The more you use them, the better they get. And the glow and immense vitality you receive in return from exercising them will give you more beauty than a set of the most perfect features existent.

Imagine you will have to call upon to create the right types of all the types to pattern after. Your brains will have to give you balance so that, being a young American, you won't try to be an ancient Cleopatra. Know all your selves thoroughly. I'd work and study and shop, too. When I saw interesting ways of hairdressing, such as the stars often display here in PHOTOPLAY, I'd clip out the pictures that interested me and try them on my own bob. This means keeping one's hair at an adaptable length, but to me that's so much better than an extreme cut that limits you to one expression only.

I'd study fashion publications and cut out every frock that interested me. I'd study the colors called becoming and the ones called smart and know I could wear any one of them by the clever manipulation of make-up. In that particular, I'd have more than one make-up. It's very naïve and monotonous to always have one's face pink and white.

Next, I'd determine that if I had to be crisp and businesslike during the day—and if you work, Marylou, please don't try to make party frocks office dres—s I'd be simple and adaptable on the other type. And if you are a handkerchief without knowing its exact relationship to the rest of your appearance, pick out a few of your closets—scarfs that don't go with dresses, fancy useless shoes. Use your brains in buying.

SHOP constantly, sometimes to look, sometimes to price, never until your mind is completely determined to purchase.

Then perfumes. Nothing so expresses moods as perfume. The only trouble is that good perfume is expensive and cheap perfume is worthless. But if I could only afford three costumes a season—simple tailored things for morning; a dressing afternoon outfit that might double as an evening dress and a really lovely gown for evening—I'd take the money I might have spent on desserts and buy three perfumes to express those three selves. That's what I'd do, Marylou. Study, think and express.

Once when I was lunching with Joseph Hergesheimer, the famous author, who knows much about beauty and more about women, we got to talking about hats.

"A wise woman," said Mr. Hergesheimer, "will go without her lunch in order to buy a becoming hat. Which is very wise. For if a woman has a becoming hat, no man will let her go without lunch."

He meant it for nonsense but I'd advise you to take it rather seriously, Marylou. Don't find your type and stick to it. That is out of date. Be many types. Use other people's approval as a mirror of your success. After that, the rest is easy.

Choosing Your Type

FOR the very tall or the very small girl, for the piquant brunette or golden blonde the way to emphasize personality is obvious and easy. But for "in-between" girls it's difficult. On this page you'll find my advice toward solving this problem.

Can I help you individually on this or any other perplexity concerning beauty, health or happiness? Letters enclosing stamped self-addressed envelopes I will answer by return mail, those without postage in PHOTOPLAY.

For information regarding the care of the skin send a stamped envelope, for my booklet on sane reducing methods, send ten cents.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.
LES POUDDRES COTY

Keep your body exquisite with the fragrant coolness of COTY Talc—so softly soothing to sunburned or sensitive flesh, so richly perfumed. Keep your complexion smooth and radiant with COTY Face Powders—subtly glorifying in tone and texture. Keep and increase its loveliness with "Colcreme," COTY—for skin perfection.

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Lovable—
the girl with a beautiful skin

With what a flash of pleasure and surprise one encounters her...the girl with a truly beautiful skin!

How it goes straight to the heart—that radiant, innocent beauty of soft tints and smooth, delicately glowing surfaces; that warm, living charm of a beautiful complexion!

Begin, today, to give your skin the care that will keep it soft—smooth—flawless!

Care for it in the way skin specialists recommend—with warm or hot water, ice, and Woodbury’s Facial Soap—the soap especially made for a sensitive skin.

Thousands of beautiful women are testifying, today, to the wonderful helpfulness of Woodbury’s Facial Soap and the famous Woodbury skin treatments in overcoming common skin troubles and building up a smooth, clear faultless complexion.

Give your skin the benefit of this wonderful soap—and see what a marked improvement you can bring about in just a few weeks’ time.

If you are troubled with blackheads, blemishes, or any similar skin defect—use the special treatment recommended for that trouble in the booklet that comes free with every cake of Woodbury’s.

If you are fortunate enough to have a clear unblemished skin—you should use the Woodbury treatment for normal skins given in this booklet.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury’s lasts a month or six weeks. Get your Woodbury’s now!

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For the enclosed 10 cents—please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold Cream, the treatment booklet, “A Skin You Love to Touch,” and instructions for the new complete Woodbury “Facial.” In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2218 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

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JUST a picture of a boy and his dog. Charles Rogers bought this police dog as a young, high-spirited puppy. With love, patience, discipline and dog-biscuits, “Buddy” trained the pup to obey orders, perform tricks and be a perfect friend to his master. The dog has had plenty of movie offers, but “Buddy” believes that a pup’s place is in the kennel. And anyway, the dog refuses to take direction from anyone but “Buddy.”
ONE of the Finest—Thomas Meighan. You'll take your ticket from Captain McQuigg and like it, when you are summoned to appear for "The Racket" at your theater. This film adaptation of the stage play is an underworld melodrama—bang, bang! It is Meighan's first production for the Caddo Company. Louis Wolheim, as the Menace, and Marie Prevost, as the Girl, will appear in support of Meighan.
FROM stenography to stardom—Alice White. Alice has flapped her way to top rank with First National. Her first job in Hollywood was as secretary to the press agent of a star. One day Alice showed up for work in a sleeveless, abbreviated frock, then a daring fashion. The mother of the star caught a glimpse of her and shouted, "Fire that naked woman!" Alice lost the job but got a better one the next day.
That deafening uproar from the West is neither a National Convention nor an aviation celebration. It is merely Tom Mix making a vaudeville tour and meeting his public. Tom's entry in a town is a bigger event than the circus. Tom leaves soon for South America where men are *hombres*. There is movie gold in them thar Andes. He promises to send back something brand new in the way of horse operas.
THEY told Gloria Swanson that she couldn’t make “Sadie Thompson”; but she did. They told her that it would be a flop; but it was her biggest hit in years. No wonder that Gloria smiles and adopts the Sadie Thompson doll for her mascot. After more than a year of bad luck, Gloria is hearing the music of the jingle of coins in the box-office. The Marquis de la Falaise has returned from France and everything is tra-la-la.
This is the first portrait Douglas Fairbanks has posed for in five years. The redoubtable Doug, now sojourning in Europe with Mary, permits no mere portrait photographer to interfere with travel, golf or movies. In fact, for the time being, Doug will not even allow movies to interfere with golf. He had intended, in the beginning, to film a sequel to "The Three Musketeers" amid the haunts in France of D'Artagnan, but somebody showed him a new niblick, so he abandoned the idea.
Comes the Summer, with sheer fabrics, daring prints that demand faultless figure grace — flares, ruffles, snug hip lines. To meet Summer, and to meet Fashion the smart woman turns to the distinctive Gossard group of foundations particularly designed for hot weather wear.

Joyously cool is the combination shown here, made of the new honeycomb mesh. It is boneless, as sheer and easily laundered as lace — but as durable as brocade. The fabric is doubled through the lower sections and sides are of soft, openwork elastic. Model 6615, $10.00.
NEW YORK'S GREATEST DRESSMAKERS

find that Lux more than doubles the life of lingerie and stockings

NOWHERE is the care of fine underthings and stockings more important than in the exclusive establishments where women of society buy beautiful clothes.

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Women everywhere find, as these great dressmakers do, that pure, safe Lux gives double wear to nice things!

LUX KEEPS FABRICS NEW-LOOKING TWICE AS LONG
PHOTOPLAY

July, 1928

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk

ONCE she was known as the Mack Sennett girl with the “million dollar legs.” Now she is acclaimed as one of the natural wits of Hollywood. She is Cecile Evans. The girls like Cecile, but like the brilliant Aileen Pringle, known to the visiting literati as “Pringie,” don’t seek her company much. She’s too quick on the repartee, and has no ambitions for a diplomatic career.

A short time ago Cecile was visiting the First National studios in her routine search for parts, and drove her little roadster into one of the temporary garages that shelter the more imposing gasoline equipages of the great and near great on the lot. In accordance with the dignity of the salary checks of the more fortunate or lucky ones, the name of the occupant is set forth in large letters over each stall.

UNDISMAYED by signs and the fearsome power of the big names, Cecile drove her humble little buggy into the one set apart for a director who can be best described as a four-thousand-dollar-a-week man. That means he made a good picture once.

Along came the Rolls-Royce—it would be a Rolls-Royce.

“What do you mean by stalling your contraption in my garage?” yelled the justly irate F-T-A-W-M.

“I’m sorry,” apologized Cecile. “I saw one of your pictures last night and I thought you were through here.”

IF Sam Goldwyn keeps on dragging new stars over here from Europe, the government will have to establish a branch immigration department for him.

The cinema firm of Banky and Colman were getting along nicely, but they were too expensive individually to keep them working together.

And besides, Sam, being a good business man, decided he could capitalize the popularity of each, make separate stars of them and get a new romantic running mate for each.

HAVING arrived at this decision his course was clear. He took a boat for Europe. He brought back an Englishman for the Hungarian Vilma and a French woman for the English Colman, thus maintaining the balance in his personal league of nations.

Their names? They’ve had enough publicity already. Let’s see them strut their stuff before we begin to rave about them. But if you look carefully, dear friends, you will find a couple of pages about them elsewhere in this issue.

IT was Sunday afternoon and Springtime. Broadway was alive with thousands of the hoi polloi from Brooklyn, Harlem and the Bronx, seeking some place to go and knowing only one place.

I was trying to catch up on my pictures. I had been loafing on the job for a week and there were three or four I wanted to view. I had seen all the ones in the legitimate houses turned
movie and starting their shows at a regular hour. They’re easy. There is a time, a place, and a picture.

I walked to the Paramount. The picture, I was informed, would not come on for forty-five minutes.

"A H, ha," said I to myself, "I’ll catch the one at the Roxy," and fought and sidled and weaved my way up the street to the Cathedral, where there is always a delightful vesper service.

"The picture? Oh, yes, the picture," murmured the polite little beauty at the box office, "of course there is a picture here. In fact I am sure of it. The presentation will be over in an hour. How many, please?"

DISCOURAGED and humbled, I ambled up to the great open spaces of Central Park and stood and watched the Harlem "Tigers" (colored) trounce the "Bronx Orieles" (colored) in a bitter battle that ended with a score of 36 to 23.

It was not good baseball, but there was no presentation.

SAM KATZ, the friendly and clever little genius who manages all the Paramount houses, and I had a pleasant little gab about this vaudeville stuff in the motion picture houses.

We were sitting out on Dick Rowland’s porch overlooking ten or twenty acres of velvet lawn, towering old pines and blossom-laden magnolias.

"Yep, you may be right about it," he said quietly, "but a huge minority of millions voted for prohibition and you are breaking the law right now. And, even if it is a minority who like our shows, there are millions of them and millions in it."

I joined the ladies.

JUST to prove how human the editors of smart and exclusive magazines are, they are telling a true story of one of them who loves to run slappy stories about famous film personalities.

It seems that our erudite young periodicalist got stuck on one of our young Hollywood beauties, spent a considerable part of his pay envelope wining and dining her and even confided his love and his high hopes of blissful matrimony to his intimates.

But the gal done him wrong. She married a mere motion picture person without the courtesy of even a formal editorial turn-down slip, such as "Rejection implies no lack of merit."

For days he wandered around in a daze, "Double-crossers," he muttered, "low persons."

All of which shows what "just a little love, a little kiss," can do to an editor.

I NOMINATE the Newark, New Jersey, judge who stuck a fine of $25.00 on the guy who disturbed the peace by reading titles aloud, for the job of a special court of movie pests. They have special courts for road hogs and other traffic law violators. Why not one for the low scoundrels who violate our enjoyment of motion pictures? If a jury was necessary, I would be willing to chip in toward a fund for packing it.

FREE advice from the wise. Irvin Cobb said recently: "The trouble with producers is that they think the public is as ignorant as they are."

George Ade said: "Motion picture producers must not forget that there are 15,000 Lafayette, Ind.ans, in this country."

MARKET reports from Hollywood. Janet Gaynor was once let out by a company which paid her $50 a week. She was not good. Now she gets something like two or three thousand. It doesn’t matter which. It’s plenty.

Fay Wray, drawing $100 a week, was fired by Universal and within a year was offered $1,500 by the same company.

MARK TWAIN would have been a great title writer for the movies.

"Everybody," said Twain, "is always complaining about the weather, but nobody does anything about it."

Change weather to pictures and it still goes.

ANOTHER one in which we do not have to change a word. It is from a wonderful criticism by Matthew Arnold.

"Parts were good," he wrote. "Parts were original. But that which was good was not original, and that which was original was not good."

ROBERT FLOREY, an assistant director, recently produced a picture called "The Life and Death of a Hollywood Extra." It cost ninety-two dollars and set Hollywood very much agog. Although the offering is a futuristic phantasmagoria that no normal audience can possibly make sense of, it was hailed in some quarters as a new form of film art.

What it really is, is a new form of film poverty. The Florey film is significant only as an indicator. It means that Hollywood is thinking—subconsciously, perhaps—of putting into effect a few marked-down methods with regard to production. But there will never be an epidemic of ninety-two dollar pictures.
He Was Not Afraid to Die

By Jane Colman

Richard Dix tells how fear was defeated when he stood on brink of the Great Adventure—"Now I have no Fear of Living."

A GLOOMY pall lay over the revelries of Hollywood.

Richard Dix lay dying!

It seemed so inconceivable to those of us who knew Richard. Full of pep—with that amazing zest for life which seems so everlasting! Why, the very day he was taken ill, he was to toss the first ball for the Los Angeles "Angels." It didn't seem possible that Richard—

Then came the word, at the very hour when there was absolutely no hope offered, that Frank H. Deweese, the boy whom we all knew so well as Richard's understudy—who had "stood in" for him on every scene of "The Quarterback" and other pictures—had passed away while en route to Hollywood to help Dix in his next picture. The lad who had roomed with Charles (Buddy) Rogers at the University of Kansas. Did his death, from an operation for quinsy, mean that this team was to be entirely extinguished?

As Richard Dix approached the Great Adventure, he was awake and conscious—and undoubtedly the least worried man in all Hollywood.

It may be a little hard for you to believe this story of Dix's Greatest Adventure. It is even a little hard for Richard himself to believe it. He feels that he should look back on those long days when his legs and arms seemed among those parts of life already forgotten—and remember nothing. Or, at least, he should recall how frightened he was when he realized that life's span was ending. He doesn't believe that it's quite decent—that all he can recall is the image of vast open spaces, a light, irresponsible, unworried, happy feeling of "Here I am, at last, on the road of Life's Greatest Adventure."

I DO not mean when he was on the operating table. He was taken to the hospital in the wee hours of the early morning following an acute attack of appendicitis. An X-ray employee accidentally let the star know, when the doctor was out of the room, that the appendix had ruptured. Richard knew what that meant. His uncle had died in his arms following such a happening. But he had no particular thoughts of life and death at that moment. "Cheerio" was the last word he uttered as they clapped the ether-mask upon him.

Nor do I mean during those ugly hours while he was coming out of the ether. All he remembers of that is a vague outline of white caps, sinister whispers and a terrible nauseated feeling.

I mean a few days later, when his breath began to weaken—when he couldn't make his lungs function—when the terrible hush of frightened attendants brought the revelation that he was fighting pneumonia—and no one believed he had a chance to recover.

Then he knew—knew without a doubt in his own mind—that he stood on the brink of earthly oblivion.

"This may sound silly—may sound like I am trying to create a sensation—but it's true." He was terribly in earnest about it a few days after his return from the hospital with one of those one-out-of-a-thousand recoveries to his credit. "When I knew—or knew for certain—I remembered first that Caesar, Alexander the Great, Napoleon, movie actors, ditch-diggers, even policemen—all had to take the jump. And I decided I was as ready as I'd ever be for it.

"Then I felt a sort of an awe about it. I recalled a poem, 'Friend, what is it all about?' and if I could have smiled, I would have—at all of those white folks hovering so tense and so anxious outside there—somewhere away from where I was walking.

"It seemed almost as though there were a hand holding me here—" he pointed to his left shoulder. "I didn't think to call it God or Evolution or Electricity or Power—I didn't think about anything like that. I just felt rested and free and ready. Ready to step wherever that hand was to lead me.

"It was as though I had stood on the top of a high mountain looking down on the people working and sweating and fighting one another in a valley below.

"It was as though I were floating in an aeroplane—just floating away—peering down on the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]
ELINOR GLYN is one of the most fascinating personalities in motion pictures. Stars and producers seek her advice and respect it. In this article, Mme. Glyn talks in an informal and straightforward way about a problem that interests every girl—whether she will admit it or not. Be sure to read it. It may answer your question.
HOW to Get a Man
and
HOW to HOLD Him
By Elinor Glyn

The first of a series of articles on Men and Women written for Photoplay by famous authors

To "get" a man presupposes that it is not he who is the anxious one. He may be complacent and ready to fall in with the desire of the woman in the case, but he is not the actual chaser.

So we had better take the thing in two aspects: (1) When the man has not shown any sign of being attracted, and (2) When he is mildly attracted but has not made up his mind to go as far as putting his head in a noose.

To take Number One: The first bit of advice which one could give the woman or girl who desires him, is to make a comprehensive study of his character. Notice every instinct he displays. If he is vain, observe what flatters him most. If he has obvious weaknesses, analyze them, and discover their roots. It is not that I am advising to play upon weaknesses, but complete knowledge of every reaction is necessary to win the difficult game of securing a man who, until now, is indifferent.

Above all, analyze what arouses his enthusiasm—what brings forth the best and highest in him. Study and discover if he likes rest and peace, or if he likes stimulation. This may take you some time and must be done intelligently and without prejudice—so, during the period when the examination is proceeding, just be calmly friendly, not the least eager or apparently interested; then, when you have gathered convincing evidence of certain characteristics, make your plan of attack. Should you be an egotist and, like so many modern girls, only anxious to express yourself and your own personality in the chase game, you have not a chance. These characters win only when they happen to be so fascinating that it is the man who is doing the chasing—then they can be as selfish and egotistical as they please—they have aroused the hunting instinct, and the more capricious and difficult they are, the more they will draw the man.

But we are not speaking of these types. We are talking plain English to the girls who deliberately admit to themselves that they want certain men who have not shown the slightest desire for them.

Now listen, Louise, you who are out to secure Morden, who has not looked at you! We will suppose that you have made the study of his character. You have found that he is commonplace in many of his tastes—liking his golf and his swimming—taking interest in real estate deals—reading current novels in his rare leisure moments—not keenly interested in women as a bunch, but not adverse to them. He likes male company best, however.

You have seen that he has several little irritating habits—and that he perhaps likes to smoke an old pipe at home, or some brand of cigarette or cigar you hate. He is vain most probably, too, and loves to let all women think that he is a master who must be obeyed. Then tabulate all his virtues. He is most generous, we will say. He dislikes to see suffering. He is honorable, even in what men call honor to women! He is a very decent fellow in short—but alas! he has not looked at you!

A MUTUAL friend now gives you the chance to sit beside him during a dinner. For an hour, at least, he cannot get away from you, so, knowing all his tastes, you begin by-talking about them sympathetically, and directly you get him on the subject of one of them so that he is now showing interest in your conversation, draw him out to expatiate upon it—listen with undisguised interest, and make him feel that, although you may not know about this particular subject, you love to hear his account of it!

Above all, at this stage, do not show the least coquetry—or put forward the smallest suggestion that he could be interested in you—but leave the mildest insinuation with him that you are certainly interested in his conversation. He has not had to make any effort—he is soothed, he does not realize why. He registers that this is a nice girl who does not bore him.

If you feel that during the dinner he has become sufficiently interested in you to want to talk to you afterwards when you are perhaps going to dance, then you can be a little attractive, suggesting by your carefully worded phrases, that there may be some surprises in you which will be worth his while to investigate. If he loves dancing and you do not dance perfectly, either avoid it except in such a crowd that he will not remark that you are not A1—or do your best to learn to follow his step.

If he is bored by evading round, infer to him that you, also, are wearied with it, and would much rather sit and talk. If by intelligent handling of these two hours, you have been able to arouse his admiration or soothe his vanity, in such a case the first step will be won.

And here, you who read, do not pause and say, "How [continued on page 110]"
ANOTHER answer to the question on the opposite page. But this is not an inferiority complex in a one-piece bathing suit. It is Joan Crawford in a half-a-yard of chiffon and a few bunches of grapes. Before Prohibition, this would have been a Bacchante costume. But to conform with the law, Joan wears synthetic grapes. Joan can invent more ways to have her photograph taken than any other girl in Hollywood.
“What is beauty?” I asked, Miss Dressler looked off into space. Finally she spoke.

“Do you know,” she said, “you remind me of Herman Tuttner?”

“Herman Tuttner? Not the Herman Tuttner. You don’t mean him.”

“I mean—I mean—”

And before she could answer she fell asleep. When she woke up, I asked her again, “What is beauty?”

“Beauty,” she returned, “beauty is a second-hand lawn mower—beauty is a pale green ice-cream cone—beauty is a theater ticket without a stub—beauty is a—”

I cut her short.

“You mean?” I asked softly.

“Exactly!” she spat out.

“Then tell me, Miss Dressler,” I said, “do you think beauty is something absolute? That is, can beauty be grasped—like a hoe-handle for instance?”

She didn’t answer for a moment. Then in a subdued mysterious voice she sighed, “Yes—and no, if you get what I mean.”

She didn’t answer for a moment. Then in a subdued mysterious voice she sighed, “Yes—and no, if you get what I mean.”

“I don’t think you know anything about beauty, Miss Dressler,” I said. “I was sent here to interview you on beauty. Now if you’re going to act like this I’m going home and cut the lawn.”

I rose and started to leave.

“Sit down, sit down,” she cried. “I was only fooling. It takes a little while to get started, you know.”

“Very well,” I answered. “I’ll give you one more chance. I’m going to count to three and if you don’t tell me what beauty is by then I’ll be good and mad. Here I go. One—two—”

“Whoa!” Marie called. “I’ve got it! Beauty is an inferiority complex in a one-piece bathing suit!”

“That’s better,” I smiled. “Now tell me how you found beauty, Miss Dressler.”

A far-away look came into her eyes. She shuddered.

“It seems like a horrible nightmare,” she sighed. “I was just a kid—one of a large family. There were twenty-four of us and we had no food.”

“Someone has to work,” I told myself. I asked everybody else to go to work but they refused and I saw it was up to me. I decided to come to Hollywood.”

She dabbed her eyes with a dainty lace handkerchief and continued.

“Oh, those first few weeks were hard—hard,” she quivered. “When I first went around to the studios the directors threw rocks at me.”

“And later?” I asked softly.

“Later they threw old shoes at me,” Marie went on in a tired voice. “Every day I got the same answer—’No soap—no soap.’ It began to get me. I started drinking bromo seltzer.

Then one day I overheard two actresses talking about me. “Poor girl,” they said. ‘She has hay-fever and no one will tell her.’

“And right there was the turning point of my life!” Her fist came down hard on the table and split it in two.

“You mean?” I asked gently.

“I mean—I mean—”

Her voice trailed away. She appeared to be asleep.

“What do you mean?” I repeated tenderly.

She didn’t answer. She was asleep.

Presently she awoke.

“What’s it going to do, rain?” she asked.

“Looks that way,” I answered, “but tell me more about the turning point in your life.”

She grew angry and said, “Oh, is that all you know how to do—ask questions?”

“Remember what I said, Miss Dressler,” I answered. “One—two—”

“Stop!” she cried. “I’ll go on. When I discovered what it was that was holding me back, I bought a book on hay-fever and mastered it.”

“It wasn’t easy,” she smiled. “You see I had only gone as far as long division in school and I had a hard time making out the words.”

She wiped her beautiful cow-like eyes and smiling through her tears, continued.

[CONT. ON PAGE 12]
Jack Gilbert Writes
Reel Two—The famous star bee-
Inceville and meets

Last month Jack Gilbert told of his coming to old Inceville. Jack was seventeen. He had been playing with the Baker Stock Company, in Spokane, Wash., when the season ended disastrously. The films attracted him. Gilbert remembered having met Herschel Mayall, then playing in Bill Hart melodramas. Mayall had acted with his father. Through Mayall, young Gilbert landed a job at Inceville.

"I was neither happy nor unhappy," writes Gilbert. "I was not calm, neither was I excited. I was a movie actor—and—well, what the hell of it." Now go on with Jack's fascinating self-revelation—and remember that every word was written by the actor himself.

My first day at Inceville only succeeded in increasing my conviction that dreams are things which poets write about and fools believe in. They have no place in the lives of ordinary men.

My only knowledge of transportation to the studio was the bus from Santa Monica. This vehicle I found already half filled when I arrived, and, within a few minutes, late-comers occupied the remaining empty seats and we started off. I was paid not the slightest attention. Afterwards I discovered why. There were three separate and distinct factions at Inceville. One was made up of the "hams," that is, the actors who played parts. Even the bit men or small part artists came under that category, and they rarely mingled or conversed with the lesser lights.

The least distinguished group employed in this strange community was called the "bushwa." The word must have been derived from the French "bourgeois," which Webster defines as "common people, lacking in distinction or refinement." The bushwa constituted the background of scenes, the mob, the atmosphere, so called; they were just as clannish as the "hams," and did not attempt to mingle with their superiors. Wherefore, the reason for my exclusion from the chatter about me. I had already been labelled; I was bushwa.

Arriving at the studio I was the last to leave the bus. The old gateman ignored me as I passed. Inceville was now the
Effie had a little cottage on the Santa Monica beach. Her tiny rooms seemed annexed from Heaven. Carefree days at Inceville played an obligato to love-filled nights. Long walks beneath a million stars... then home... to poetry... and conversation... and Effie

His Own Story

By Jack Gilbert

comes one of the mob at old his first film love

spirit of activity: people in various costumes ran about the place like ants, full breech Indians, blue-uniformed soldiers of the 1860 period, plainsmen, Irish peasants and Spanish troubadours, Chinese coolies and Hindu priests. The Orient and the Occident converged, here in Santa Monica, on an April morning, under a California sun. Suddenly a group of horsemen dashed down a hill and came to a rearing halt before the main office.

Now I discovered the third division in this hierarchy; the aristocrats, the mighty ones, the cowboys, all hail! Their arrival seemed to electrify the air, and with oaths and shouts they took command.

"Come on, you hams!" "On the set, bushwa!" "Get your horses, dudes!"

All was confusion. Then everyone disappeared. Some vanished into doorways which led to stages, others ran to the horse corral or rushed off to outlying sets in the hills. The streets became desolate. An occasional boom of surf and the squawk of seagulls interrupted the stillness. Inceville had gone to work.

Tack—tack—tack. A typewriter was being played inside the main office. From "The Cafe de Yellow" came a voice singing: "We were sailing along—On moonlight bay."

I followed the voice. "Yellow" was wiping his lunch counter with a damp cloth.

"Pardon me—do you sell coca-cola?"

My interruption was rude, but "Yellow" was a gent.

"Sure."

He dropped his cloth and fished in an ice box for a bottle. I wriggled to the top of a high stool before the counter.

"Not workin' today?"

I explained that I had just arrived.

"Yellow" gave me a passing inspection and went back to his damp cloth.

"It's not a bad joint."

"Yellow" was an Italian. He had served two stretches for burglary, one in Sing Sing, the other in San Quentin. No one at Inceville ever discovered his sur or Christian names. "Yellow" he was, but his nom-de-plume was no indication...
How Tragedy Came to Gilbert's First Love

of the quality of his backbone. I once saw him in action. Oh, boy!

Because of a certain complex which Freud has clearly defined, E. H. Allen, our business manager, was under the impression that I was an important person. We had been introduced by Walter Edwards, Incerville's star director, in the presence of Mr. Ince himself, an honor seldom if ever conferred upon bushwa, with the result that for four days I took no part in the general activities of the studio but busied myself through the long hours chatting with "Yellow," throwing stones for Rags, the camp dog, and drinking cocoa-cola. No one questioned my inactivity nor did I seek a continuance of my artistic career. On the morning of the fifth day a discovery of my true status must have been made.

Willie Booth, the office boy, took me in charge the moment I arrived, and politely but firmly commanded me to follow him. We went to the wardrobe where I was given a complete, soldier's blue uniform, a breech clout, a black wig, two feathers, a pair of Indian moccasins, and a can of brown paint called bol-Armenia. I was then conducted up a winding road to a small frame building, and entered a room in which six or eight boys were making up in varying stages of war-paint.

After introductions I was told to "follow the crowd." Permit me to use one phrase to describe the boys in that room—they were grand. Roy Coulson took me in charge and assigned me to my make-up shelf and clothes closet. Tod Burns taught me to apply bol-Armenia to my legs and torso. Gil Pratt instructed me as to the proper angle of eagle feathers in a redskin's mane, and Howard North showed me the difference between stage and movie facial make-up.

I had the good sense to say little and listen much, and they were charming. Then I followed the crowd.

Our morning's work consisted of riding pinto ponies bareback around a camera in a circle, giving vent to occasional war-whoops and firing rusty old muskets at imaginary blue soldiers. In the afternoon we donned blue uniforms, applied false mustaches and beards to our faces, and stood behind a stockade, giving vent to occasional shouts and firing the same rusty old muskets at imaginary Indians. It was an amazing game.

At sundown, we were dismissed. My body was sore from unaccustomed exercise, and I could not face the ride to the dressing rooms with the rest of the bushwa. I started limping down the hill, leading my pony. Roy Coulson returned from the group ahead, joined me and asked: "Tired?"

I grinned and nodded.

"Buck up. We work tonight."

I was aghast. "No!"

"Yea. With Stanford in Sulphur Canyon."

I limped along in silence. A trickle of blood ran down one of my legs. Roy saw and laughed.

"You'll harden up in a few days."

I hoped he was right.

"You'll like this after awhile." Roy was bent on conversation. "It's better than a lot of jobs. I slung hash in Venice for six months before I landed here."

I agreed that being bushwa was better than serving bourgeois.

"Just give every bit you get the best you got, and maybe you'll get a part, and if the cowboys cuss you, don't cuss back. They're a lot of rough necks."

We arrived at the corral and tied our horses. Roy led the way toward "The Cafe de Yellow."

"Let's put on the nose bag before we change." We did.

That night's work in Sulphur Canyon almost saw my career as a movie actor open and close in one. Richman Stanford was directing the scenes. He was "Mr. S." to his friends. He also played the lead in all his pictures. His acting was as bad as his direction and his disposition was worse. Jim Tully scratched his character in "Jarnegan."

The scenes to be shot were presumably laid at the bottom of a mine-shaft. An explosion had taken place in the mine. Scenes of the anguished women and children—the families of the stricken miners at the entrance of the shaft, were to be intercut with shots of the tragedy taking place below.

Jagged pieces of timber, representing the debris resulting from the explosion, were piled in a heap on the floor of Sulphur Canyon. Five or six bushwa were placed in different attitudes of death here and there about the wreckage. I was one of the deceased. Kernsene was then poured indiscriminately about the set. The radium flares were lighted (we had no klieg lights in those days), a torch was applied to the timber, and the cameras started grinding.

Stanford had cautioned us that we were dead, and had added: "Don't any move. By that he meant—no one should move. According to his direction, we were to die in death for several seconds. The hiss and crackle of flames was all about me. My feet began to feel warm. They then began to feel hot. I opened one eye and discovered that my shoes were burning briskly. Then my pants burst into flame.

Stanford bawled: "Lie still! I yelled "Nuts!" and leaped to the ground. Some one threw a blanket around me and smothered the flame. Stanford was livid.

"You've killed the scene, you yellow rat!"

I weighed one hundred and ten pounds, so I started looking for a club. Tod Burns whispered: "Don't say a word." Through my half-baked brain Tod's word made sense, and I said nothing.

I find it gratifying to note that, if Mr. Stanford's present occupation is motion pictures, his position is so remote that I have quite lost track of him.

I barely made my bed that night. I had spent my first day before the camera. If genius was burning, the flame was far removed from me. Then, Incerville got me.

The itinerary of the bushwa from town to camp was as follows: a street car from Santa Monica to the Long Wharf (the longest in the world), a change there to trolley-bus, drawn by double teams of mules; a four mile spin over a king's highway, past palisades and canyons and purple heathered slopes, and a great, friendly Pacific which roared each early morning greeting. When the last bend in the road hid the [continued on page 111]

Jack Gilbert as he is today.

Years and success intervened between the idol of 1928 and the man who gained his first screen experience in the army of Ince extras.
Companionate Marriage!

Career ruined, beauty gone, Bull Montana is first sacrifice on altar of this fiendish doctrine. So he confesses to his pal,

HERB HOWE

EVERY newspaper in Los Angeles blared the headline: BULL MONTANA BEAT UP BY BRIDE!

The shock of it stunned me. I hadn’t been informed of Bull’s marriage, I his friend and guardian since the death of his mother. Apparently Bull had eloped and married without parental consent.

Slamming my cabin door I leaped into my high-powered roadster and drove like the wind to the Sodom and Gomorrah of America, namely, Hollywood.

I FOUND Bull in negligee in his boudoir, a haunch of salami in one hand and in the other a glass of wine tonic (prescribed by his physician).

Though wan and weak, he was the perfect host and conducted me to the patio where he served me with salami, bread, tonic and toothpicks. The toothpicks served both for flipping salami out of the teeth and fishing the flies out of the tonic, for it appears that flies have no respect for the Volstol act and don’t even take the trouble to get prescriptions.

According to the newspapers, the police had arrived in time to save Bull’s life but not his beauty. The skin you love to touch had been touched by the bride with rapid applications of a high-heeled slipper.

“Bully mio,” I said, speaking his native Italian. “What-the-ell is this about a bride and a beating?”

“Goddam, wha-the-ell, oh boy!” stammered Bull incoherently. He was still a little punch-goofy. But he did not forget his innate Italian courtesy, for he leaped up to spear a fly out of my wine with a toothpick.

“Tell me all, Bull . . . you know it’ll never go any further,” I said, as I took out a pad and pencil preparatory to making notes.

“OH, OH, ————,” said Bull in his poetic Italian. “I through, Herb, I through. No more dis chicken stuff. I get me old wop mama, marry her right, wha-the-ell, oh boy, goddam. Dis dame now days all he think is give me dis, papa, give me lat . . . . all the time right. I through!”

“Bull,” I said sternly. “Were you married by a priest?”

“Aw wha-the-ell” he parried. “Goddam papers lie. Dis dame . . . . no marry her by the priest . . . . I . . . .”

The truth flashed on me. Judge Lindsey was at the bottom of this. Bull in his innocent way had been toying with the companionate marriage idea.

“Sure, sure, sure,” blurted Bull.

In a second he was confessing to me as he would to his mother or priest.

If ever a man suffered mental anguish at the hands of woman it is Bull Montana.

When a mere slip of a youth serving as a barroom bouncer in New York he met the Lady Lil of Tent ’avenoo. He was no match for her wiles, for she had money in her sock. After setting him up to a few rounds of beer she had him in her power. (Who knows but that the beer was doped?) The romance was short-lived. The end came when she called him a condemned wop and drove him out into the night, crashing an alarm clock into his new brown derby.

Bull didn’t think he could ever love again.

Gone was his sunny Italian gaiety, gone his faith in Womanhood.

Then came the lure of pictures, and Bull became the idol of women the world over. Gradually his faith revived, and the old love light rekindled in his eyes.

One day as he skipped along warbling a Neapolitan love ditty he spotted Pansy. A natural lover of flowers, Bull felt his heart swell for Pansy as it had once leaped to the lure of Lily... He entered upon a companionate marriage, that snare of our youth today.

But he was magnanimous. He wanted to give the woman all the best of it. He drew up a contract for her to sign. It read: “I agree to work for Mister Bool Montana and do what he say and not squawk, for board and room and maybe a buck or so a week.”

In boyish rapture, Bull led his bride to a love nest in Glendale.

“A SWELL joint—cost twenty grand,” said Bull, showing me through the place.

It looked all of that. When he showed it to Jack Dempsey, the champ exclaimed: “Why, you low-life guinea, this isn’t your joint. I’m going to tell the police and have you thrown out.”

It has a drawing room, breakfast nook, patio and all the other features characteristic of a Spanish joint belonging to a Hollywood grandee.

He furnished it with genuine [continued on page 128]
ACK of this quiet home scene is a tale stranger than fiction. When Miss Edith de Lacy was a nurse during the War, she found an ugly, disease-racked baby in a shell hole. As an act of mercy, she adopted it. Under her kindly care, the little war victim has grown into the most beautiful child on the screen—Philippe de Lacy.
The War Orphan
Philippe de Lacy becomes the Prince Charming of Hollywood

By Val Jo Don

Of course you've been told that Hollywood is a remarkable place where anything at all can happen, providing it is impossible. Well, let's walk down Hollywood Boulevard and see what we can find to exercise our imaginations.

Let's go up on that hill. See—beyond the bank. It's only three blocks away.

The road winds all around the hill. There aren't any sidewalks because the people who live up there don't walk. But there are the cutest little houses all along both sides of the road. And clear at the top of the hill, I'll show you a little brown house by the side of the road. If it were any closer to the road, it would be under it. As it is, you have to climb down from the road to get upstairs in the house!

Maybe the road is trying to hide the house because there is a curse on the house. Such a queer curse, I know you would never guess it. It is beauty!

The house was built by "The Girl Who Was Too Beautiful," but "The Boy Who Was Too Beautiful" lives there now.

The girl died before she had lived in the house a year. The boy has several times been so close to death that he could have reached out and shaken hands with the bony spectre. I am afraid my story is still going to sound like a fairy tale, even after I tell you that the house was built by Barbara La Marr. And that the little boy who was too beautiful to play anything but prince roles (or so the directors thought until recently) is Philippe de Lacy.

If I were to tell you that this little boy and his fifty-five-year-old father never so much as shared a breath on the same planet; that a bomb robbed him of his home and seventeen-year-old mother when he was two days old; that he spent the first sixteen months of his life in a filthy shell hole, with nothing to eat that could be called food, and with bursting projectiles for lullabies, which often left him unconscious from exhaustion; and if I...
More
Introducing

is oh, so French,
—very

VILMABANKY with Walter Byron. Ronald Colman with Lily Damita. The selection of partners for Miss Banky and Mr. Colman was more vital to the welfare of the nation than the nominations of vice-presidents at the impending National Conventions. Two continents awaited the decisions with bated breath.

Oddly enough, it was Ronald Colman who nominated his successor to the film affections of Miss Banky. Colman met Walter Byron, then known as Walter Butler, in the Players' Club in London. When Colman met Sam Goldwyn a few days later and learned of Goldwyn's frantic search for a personable young Englishman, Colman suggested his friend.

Goldwyn made an appointment to see the actor at midnight, on the eve of Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn's departure for Paris. Byron, nee Butler, appeared wearing the conventional evening, closely but unfortunately clean-shaven,

"What! No mustache?" exclaimed Mr. Goldwyn.

SOMEONE in the party had an old mustache that he wasn't using and loaned it to Mr. Byron. The effect was just what Mr. Goldwyn wanted and the actor was straightway engaged.

However, it is unfair to Mr. Byron to make it appear as easy as all that. As a matter of fact, Mr. Byron has been on the stage ever since he was thrust into girl's clothes and pushed on to play Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He was born in England, of Irish parentage; his father was George Butler, a comedian and his mother, Dulcie Lawrence, was a leading woman.

At fourteen, Walter, who was a big boy for his age, enlisted in the World War and four years later he emerged as a sergeant-major with two wound stripes and a citation to his credit. But he was also broke.

His first stage appearance after the War was as chorus man in a London musical comedy. His rise to prominence on the English screen was slow. Byron was a "bit" player, an understudy and a touring actor, and to help along his income he played in English pictures at two pounds a day. When Colman met him in the Players' Club, he had just completed his first leading rôle in "Tommy Atkins."

Byron is now in Hollywood, feeling just a little shy and out-of-it-all. His English reticence won't let him make friends. And Mr. Goldwyn is still worrying about that mustache. Until production starts on his first film with Miss Banky, Byron
PORTED Love Birds

Lily Damita, who and Walter Byron English

will experiment with various kinds of mustaches.
And Lily Damita? Ah, that's a different story. Lily was sitting in a restaurant in Paris when Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn entered. There was the usual commotion in Lily's corner. Lily was surrounded by gay friends. "There's personality for you!" remarked Mrs. Goldwyn.

LILY was coy about accepting an offer. She has been starred by French companies. She has had thousands of pictures of herself in French publications. Lily has a following in Paris as a cabaret performer. Lily should jump at a chance to go to a sleepy old village like Hollywood!
Then Mr. Goldwyn led trumps. He told her that she was to play opposite Ronald Colman. He would have saved time if he had mentioned that fact in the first place.
Lily then vowed that Ronald Colman was her favorite actor. To go into American movies—no! To play opposite Ronald Colman—yes! Women are like that, especially French women.
And so Lily, with a confidence born of blonde hair, blue eyes and perfect legs, is out to conquer. Hollywood book sellers report an unprecedented sale of French dictionaries. And Mr. Colman is in unusually cheerful humor.

Neither fame, gold nor the lure of Hollywood influenced Lily Damita to sign an American contract. Lily merely yearns to play opposite Ronald Colman. That's her story. Lily is blonde, blue-eyed, French and persuasive.
T’S a true story you seldom hear about—the beautiful and unselfish devotion of Lillian and Dorothy Gish to their invalid mother. Mother comes first, even before their careers. This summer Lillian is taking her mother to Europe, to Max Reinhardt’s castle in Salzburg, Austria. Before they departed, Dorothy took her mother in a wheel chair to a beauty parlor and treated her mother to a permanent wave, and this little fling of vanity worked a noticeable improvement in Mrs. Gish’s health. This is the first photograph of Mrs. Gish and her daughters made in five years. It was taken on the roof of their home in New York.
Winfield Sheehan is production manager of the Fox Studios. You have him to thank for some of the greatest stellar discoveries of the year.

**How to Become A GREAT PRODUCER**

EASY! Just read how "Winnie" Sheehan did it. You don't have to be born in Buffalo, however.

From that point through the war and on through a few years of more or less hectic newspaper work in Buffalo and then New York, a job on The World, alongside Irvin Cobb, Martin Green, Charley Hand and many others who have since become famous in various walks of life. Right away he began to perform miracles in reporting until he finally won this bouquet from the hardest-boiled city editor who ever slashed his blue pencil through a piece of copy: "Give me 'Winnie' Sheehan and a live composing room and I'll scoop the town."

Park Row still talks about the achievements of Sheehan. He is conceded to have been one of the very best police and general reporters that ever worked on a New York newspaper. It was quite natural that he should drift into political writing and the associations he formed during the latter years of his newspaper work probably played important parts in the mapping out of his ultimate career. He became a confidant of the late Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall and it can be safely said that several men who today hold high public offices can attribute their rise to him. He doesn't like to talk about those things, however.

Among other prominent men with whom Sheehan came in contact at that time was Mayor Gaynor and a warm friendship grew up between them until, one day, Mayor Gaynor asked Sheehan if he would accept an appointment as secretary to the city's Fire Commissioner. Mayor Gaynor told Sheehan he wished to bring about some constructive changes and thought he was the man to help carry out the programme. Sheehan accepted.

The late Rhinelander Waldo was Fire Commissioner. Sheehan was not in the Fire Department long when Mayor Gaynor asked Commissioner Waldo to become chief of the Police Department. Waldo accepted and Sheehan went along. Among his other duties as secretary to Commissioner Waldo, Sheehan had charge of permits for theaters and motion picture shows. That brought him in touch.

By James R. Quirk

**Winfield Sheehan** is production manager of the Fox Studios. You have him to thank for some of the greatest stellar discoveries of the year.
“Open wide,” says Dr. M. E. Roby, “it won’t hurt a bit.” Although Flash is a gentle dog, the dentist goes easy on the buzzer. Flash mistook a rock for an old bone—hence the repairs. He wants to keep that flashing smile.

**WILSON MIZNER**, whose quips and pranks convulse Hollywood, recently attended one of the local premieres.

It was one of those very swanky affairs. Policemen and attaches of the theater were having a terrible time handling the mobs. Imported limousines waited in line for forty-five minutes before they could reach the entrance of the theater.

In this long line was Mizner, not in an imported gasoline chariot, however, but in a rattling good Henry that was more dilapidated than the bus of Our Gang.

He wore a high-silk hat.

When Mizner finally reached the entrance, he got out and left his car by the curb.

“Hey,” yelled the door man, “you can’t leave that car here. Drive around until you find a place to park it.”

“Have you got a car?” asked Mizner.

“No,” said the door man.

“Then,” answered Mizner, “I’ll make you a present of this one.”

And he walked into the theater.

**LEW CODY** had to have a black eye for his picture. Ever the artist, Lew went forth, we are told, and achieved a real one. Just how he did it was a mystery until James, the Cody chauffeur, walked on the lot, his right eye well blackened.

Now that’s what we call real loyalty among servants.

**HERE’S** the latest on the Joan Crawford-Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. affair.

Helene Costello is divorcing her husband and the gossip hounds are wondering if that will mean a revival of interest on the part of Doug, Jr.

Mrs. Evans, Doug’s mother, says that her son will never marry Joan.

Joan and Doug, Jr., have nothing to say at all. But they continue to be the most devoted young pair in Hollywood.

**PETITE** Eleanor Ames walked onto the United Artists lot and obtained a part as an extra with D. W. Griffith in “The Battle of the Sexes.”

“But aren’t you Betty Bronson’s little sister?” a newspaper woman inquired.

“Certainly not,” was the vehement denial. “I don’t even know Betty Bronson.”

Now Betty doesn’t know whether to be proud that her fifteen year old sister, Eleanor, has decided to get along by herself, or dismayed because she repudiates the family connection.

**SALLY EILERS** and Matty Kemp may get married, but they must sign an agreement to stay so for five years! Such is the unique arrangement provided by Mack Sennett for his proteges, whom he has boosted to film prominence through “The Good-bye Kiss.”

There have been all kinds of we-promise-not-to-marry agreements signed by film players, but this is the first we-agree-to-stay-married arrangement.

Mr. Sennett admits that he would rather eighteen-year-old Sally and twenty-year-old Matty wait awhile, but he refuses to compete with Cupid. All he asks is a legal arrangement that Cupid will keep up the work he has started.
ANITA STEWART separated from Rudolph Cameron some years ago. Until the past few months, nothing has been said of a divorce. But now close friends tell us that Anita is planning the big step—and that a scion of an old New York family is responsible for the decision.

A FRIEND greeted Dick Arlen. "See you have a snappy new town car, Dick?"
"I should say not! Mine is the 1925 vintage. Oldest motor, oldest tires, most worn out and reliable wreck in this city."
"But I saw Jobyna Ralston riding around in it!" the friend persisted.
"Oh, that belongs to Jobyna. The wife can afford it—I couldn't," Dick modestly answered.

CAN you picture Bebe Daniels in a blonde wig? Well, that's what she's wearing, for the first time in her life, in "The Newsreel Girl."

The thinnest stocking in Hollywood, found after long, careful search and owned by Nancy Carroll. A newspaper may be read through it easily. Such a trick is guaranteed positively to enliven even a political editorial.

And she's so pleased with the results that you may see her that way often.

Perhaps it will be a case like that of Marie Prevost. Marie went blonde for one picture, "The Godless Girl." Now the producers won't let her appear before the camera in any other make-up. So she's blondined her hair to make it more easy.

Alice White went blonde also. But only for a few moments. Now that she's been made a real star by First National, along with Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith and Richard Barthelmess, she's gone back to the red locks. Perhaps she realizes the line "she looks so much like Clara Bow" wasn't bad advertisement.

SPEAKING of Bebe Daniels, with the beginning of summer she is resuming her real estate operations. Building her fourth house on the beach at Santa Monica, with the other three rented on long term leases. She had a good laugh the day the contractors started. They broke ground on the wrong lot—and were frantic about it. But it wasn't Bebe's hard-luck as a contract is a contract and she had given them the correct instructions.

HOLLYWOOD husbands are considering starting another Revolutionary War. They claim that they are suffering taxation without representation. Of course, it's the alimony which does it.

MARIA CASAQUANA was a stenographer in Barcelona, Spain, when the Fox Film Company staged a beauty contest and she won it.

Now, as Marta Alba, she's well towards the top of the list of those to be pushed right along in pictures.

But she hasn't lost any of her old Spanish modest-little-girl inhibitions.

She wants to play sweet, innocent roles, but they cast her as the lead in "Roadhouse," anything but a stay-at-home picture. She was to lie on a couch and play an emotional love scene with Warren Burke, another newcomer.

In the middle of it, Marta realized how immodest was her position.

She sat up, crossed herself vehemently, to show that such actions were not of her volition.

A few minutes later her little sister, who is living here with her, came on the set, saw Marta's passionate acting, knelt and crossed herself and offered a prayer for her sister.
This eight hundred dollar dress, worn by Marion Davies in "Show People," was ruined by seltzer water—deliberately and as part of the plot—in a comedy scene. The gown was made by Greer.

SPEAKING of Warren Burke, he is the son of Johnny Burke and came from Washington University to join his mother and father. He tried here and there to get into pictures—a test for "Chicken a la King" at Fox brought him nothing until Winfield R. Sheehan saw it, a week later, and sent for the lad to give him a chance in "Roadhouse." He is now signed on a five year contract.

This studio is certainly becoming the haven for young folks with no previous experience.

ALBERTO RABILGATI was another youngsters whom Fox chose in a foreign competition. He has been here a year. The studio has just changed his name to Gino Conti, keeping a touch of Italian in the cognomen. They have decided that he, too, will make good and have taken him from bit parts into features.

MARY HAY BARTHIELMESS has a big brother. When her father, Richard Barthelmess, married Mrs. Jessica Sargent, little Mary welcomed young Stuart Sargent into the family. Stuart is seven years old, just a year older than Mary.

Little Mary is the best raised child in Hollywood. Stuart, being a boy, is more careless of the fine points of etiquette and deportment.

One day Stuart was admiring Mary's goldfish. "Oh, look at the big guy!" exclaimed Stuart.

"Stuart, darling," remonstrated Mary, "don't say 'big guy.' You know I might copy you."

DOROTHY MACAUIL is the latest film star to come out openly in defense of Companionship Marriage for professional couples.

She says that motion picture people—where both husband and wife are working—are forced to such an arrangement. But she believes in the old-fashioned kind for old-fashioned women.

But, just where could you find an old-fashioned woman in the motion picture city?

Recently PILOTOPAY printed a picture of Wheezer, the Hal Roach kid star. Since then Wheezer has been getting as many flattering letters as Gilbert or Colman. And mostly from girls, he blushingly admits.

EXCEPTING, of course, Mae Marsh. The other day a producer purchased a story which was simply written to fit Miss Marsh.

He tried to obtain her services but found that Mrs. Louis Lee Arms is ready to have her third baby. In the seven years she has been married she has devoted herself entirely to the raising of a family.

Which sort of proves, however, that you have to do either one thing or the other.

MARY DUNCAN refuses to confirm or deny the report of her engagement to a London theatrical producer. But she admits that there's a romance.

And admits that she can't leave home in the evenings until the long distance telephone connection with England has been established.

The name? My dears, she's really managed to keep that a true secret.

AN independent producer recently wanted money to continue his film activities.

He asked two employees if they knew where he could get it.

They went into a huddle and decided they knew where the long green grew.

"There's a car in it if you can get the kale," said the producer.

"Very good," said the two loyal lads, and then called up Dr. Giannini of Bank of Italy fame.

Five minutes later they had $175,000.

"Wonder what kind of a car he'll give us?" one asked.

"Why a 'Mythical,' of course," was the snappy rejoinder.

ELEANOR BOARDMAN VIDOR is a brave woman. She had the courage to sail for Europe with her young baby and no nurse maid. Eleanor will take care of her daughter herself.

All those who think that the modern young woman neglects her children will please try and laugh that off.

JUST as soon as "Fedora" is finished, Pola Negri will leave for a three months' vacation in Europe. Then she plans to make one picture a year in this country and one in Europe. Fox is reputed to be the company with which she has made this arrangement.
The new Mrs. Richard Barthelmess has neither stage nor screen ambitions. She was formerly Mrs. Jessica Sargent of New York. Her seven-year-old son is already the favorite playmate of Dick's little daughter, Mary Barthelmess.

If Doris Kenyon should decide to retire from the screen and become exclusively Mrs. Milton Sills, the Kenyon name would not be forgotten.

Doris' niece, Nancy Kenyon, is playing her first role as the secretary in "The Butter and Egg Man," Jack Mulhall's latest starring vehicle.

Since Nancy has reddish brown hair, dark sparkling eyes and something of the wistful beauty of her aunt, Hollywood expects the Kenyon name to collect more laurels.

While traveling from Hollywood to New York via the Southern route, the train carrying Jack Dempsey and his wife, Estelle Taylor, of the films, was forced, because of a hot-box, to make an unscheduled stop at a way station near New Orleans.

An interested gallery of colored folks gathered to watch the crew tinker with the sizzling axle.

Jack and Estelle noted that each colored citizen, whether man, woman or child, was accompanied by a pointer bird dog.

Naturally, Jack wondered if the country offered any possibilities for hunting.

"Much shooting around here?" he asked.

"Lawd no!" a shocked darkie answered. "Us is all law-abidin' folks."

Jack turned to hide his smile and Estelle stepped forward to explain:

"Mr. Dempsey wants to know if there is any game around here."

"Oh!" the darkie instantly flashed his teeth in a knowing grin. "Dere's a right smart crap game back of dat red barn yonder, if dat's what you mean, lady."

There undoubtedly will be a new starring team on the screen if Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor go over big in "The Big Fight," that new Belasco stage play they are scheduled to open this fall.

If Broadway acclaims this opus of the ring, Jack and Estelle will be able to pick their own movie producer and begin to choose up sides for co-starring squabbles.

"I ought to be a wow in this play," Jack observed. "All I have to do is act natural. I just fight. Estelle does all the acting. Belasco says she'll knock 'em cold."

Max Marcin wrote the show and takes a twenty-five-per cent cut for his hit, same as Belasco, Dempsey and Sam Harris.

Sam got his nose a little out of joint, we are told, over the fact that Belasco is to get credit as producer.

"You know," said Sam, "other producers have staged successful plays."

Maybe Sam meant himself.

If that as it may, Belasco’s name is known even by the Nanooks of the North. Sam...well, ask anybody about Sam off Broadway!

Dempsey is training for this opera same as he would for a fight. He went West and fixed his business all up tidy, visited his mother in Salt Lake, and now you can find him, bright and early any morning, doing road work for "The Big Fight."

As for Estelle, she’s practicing manicuring and gum-chewing for her big role.

The play will try out in Atlantic City the middle of August, then move into the Majestic on Broadway September 1st.

A star and an executive were in a hot argument over some sordid question of money. The star, it seems, demanded certain small luxuries that would contribute to her happiness at the studio.

The executive was protesting. "You stars are unreasonable and childish. You are too reckless with the company’s money. How are we going to save money, if you keep up this sort of thing?"

"Why don’t you fire some of your relatives?" suggested the star. "They don’t mean a thing at the box-office."

And that ended the argument.

Greta Garbo and Conrad Nagel! There’s a new screen combination for you. Greta as a clever Russian spy, Conrad as a dashing army officer. "War in the Dark," they call it and, of course, it’s to be one of the year’s big specials. Fred Niblo megaphones it.

Exit from Hollywood: Another beauty contest winner. Miss Dale Austin, better known as Miss New Zealand, has sailed for home. She completed [CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]
Benney Osterman was carrying the Torch.

If you know your Broadway as well as your Park Avenue, you would realize that carrying the Torch means only one thing—a state of being without benefit of femininity. And if you had a flair for etymology you might trace the metaphor to Diogenes' nocturnal search for an honest man and by metonymy, asyndeton or what have you? find it on Broadway translated into the quest of a foolish virgin. But Broadway never questions. Sufficient unto the crack is the wisdom thereof.

Benney took up the Torch when he read in the pale lavender edition of The Daily Tomorrow that Hattie Humphreys had married his old pal, Lou Schultz.

Benney had not seen Hattie for two months, nor had he seen Lou for ten. But now it seemed that it was only yesterday that he had held her in his arms, shameless and unafraid, in the Pennsylvania Station. And as for Lou—he and Lou had been buddies!

Benney filled the Torch with fusel oil in Tony's speakeasy and as the flame mounted, Benney's spirit descended—and he smiled sardonically as he thought of the possible wheeze therein. So now Hattie was married and living in Joplin, Mo., with Lou Schultz? Well, there always was something snide about Lou—just like that time he sold Benney his Dagmar Sportiflette full of airplane gas, and cork dust in the oil. Lou would cross a pal. It wasn't Hattie's fault—she was a sweet kid and Benney had always meant to marry her. If he had ever known he loved her like this, it never would have happened. But love is like that! Just like pain—you don't feel it until after the blow.

Benney carried the Torch into Gil Beil's office in the Poultry Exchange Building and threw it on his desk.

"Hi, Benneh," greeted Gil with all the benevolence of his ten years as Broadway's favorite host. "Why the dead pan?"

"Hattie's gone and gotten married," announced Benney, in the sobbing voice that had made him famous.

"Well, what's it to you, Benneh? Let's see, there was Tilly and Mabel and Pearl and—oh yes, Jacqueline Rupfer and Schmidt. You're just playin' your usual horse, Benneh. Forget it, onedames's as good as another."

"No, they ain't, Gil. Hattie was different and what's more, I ain't gonna sing tonight."

"Whaddya mean you ain't gonna sing tonight? You're gonna sing tonight if it's the last turn you do. Say, I lost fifteen grand on the Klub Kismet when she was padlocked and I've spent eight hundred advertising the re-opening. I've got you down as the wind-up and you're going on. Besides, I got you under contract till next week."

"Please, Gil, I can't sing tonight. You don't know how broke up I am about Hattie."

"Now listen to me, Benneh," cooed Gil, soothingly, "I know how it is. These janes is all alike. Either they gets you or you gets them. Why, Benneh, you don't know how lucky you are. Suppose you married one of them. Where'd you be then?"
Song

when carrying the torch—
for a broken heart

"I’d be a darn sight better off if I am now."
"Is zat so? You, Broadway's favorite Torch singer. The guy that discovered loneliness—married! That would be a

wall story for the tabloids, wouldn't it?"
Benny did not answer.

And what makes you a good Torch singer, Benneh? It’s
cause you ain’t never fallen for them, see? When you sing
about how lonely you are, you mean it, and you put the old
tattle in your voice. That's art, Benneh. And you can’t fake
it. That’s the difference between you and Roy Kuhnle. He’s
got a wife and six kids, and all he can sing is 'Baby Feet.' And
here you are quitting 'cause you lost your Hattie. Why,
Hattie married is just Lady Luck for you!"
"I ain't quittin', Gil, I just don't want to put the
skids under your show."

And what do "A Shot with Mrs. Crimmins and Miss
Dolly Dole. Sit down, Mr. Osterman, and have a drink." Benny
looked at Miss Dole — and looked again to see
if it were true. Yes, it was
the girl whom he had noticed as he took
his last bow. She had not applauded. Maybe
she had suffered, too

"Oh, that's a lotta boloney. You get
together with Hymie Edwards and work
up 'Broken Hearted.' I'll take a chance.
Now do this for old Gil, Benneh, and
then we'll talk new contract. How
about?"
"Well, I'll do it for you, Gil, but God
knows my heart ain't in it."

"Aw, put your heart in your pants pocket, where your money
is! And remember, Benneh, you can't eat your love and sing
it too!"

Benny dragged the Torch disconsolately out of Gil's office
and wandered aimlessly in the vast crowded loneliness of
Broadway. "Gil just doesn't understand," thought Benny,
regaining his composure and his sorrow simultaneously.
"He’s never had his heart broken and his career wrecked."

That night the lock came off and the Klub Kismet resumed
its nocturnal cacophony in the basement of the Poultry Ex-
change Bank Building, and the financial structure of society
was once again threatened. Gil Beal was there in person, bow-
ing with West-Chesterfieldian urbanity to the elite of Des
Moines and Schenectady, ciceroned (on a ten percent basis)
by the ladies of the evening in the nether garments of the garment
trade. His cold, fishy eyes swept the crowd and saw eight
dozen dollars as good as in the till.

Broadway furnished the usual quota of ladies and gentlemen
without any invisible means of sup-
port. The cover charge was raised by an
amount scientifically gauged to pay off
the period of being padlocked.

Denatured Alkolav sparkled in ven-
tian glass. Cut Scotch was served in
cut glass thimbles at $10 per and
costs. The standard table d'hote
was served at intervals that insured
drinking. The room was kept at
eighty-seven Fahrenheit for those
who failed to respond to the tabasco
in the spaghetti.

By the time the cabaret started all
was wassail in the great sub-cellar.
The Kismet Kuties, sixteen in num-
er, opened the bill in the dance of
the rabbits, with Anastasia Gililinan
as Mollie Cottontail herself singing the
Cottontail Toot. Dolores and
Puma did a Tango interlarded with
cartwheels and chiropractic; Kitty
La Fleur, an obvious orphan, sang a
hillybilly to her father, and then
the headliner, Benny Osterman—
"Broadway's favorite Torch
Singer"

The lights darkened, Benny
ambled dejectedly to the center
of the stage and a blue spot flashed
on the death masque of a departed
lover. As he waited for the song
he thought of Hattie, and then
of Lou and he knew then that he
had loved as he had never loved
before and had lost—lost as he
would never lose again.

"There she is—my old gal"
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]
What

You recognize the quality instantly. You use the phrase every day. Do you really know what it is?

By
Louis E. Bisch
M. D., Ph. D.

sex appeal stands out as a predominant trait. It is a distinguishing mark even off the screen. Were you to be in the same room with Miss Garbo, one of a large group, even not knowing who she was, your attention would immediately be attracted to her.

Men, of course, may possess sex appeal as strongly as women.

The late Valentino is an outstanding example of this.

So great was his sex appeal that even the men seemed to be affected to the extent of imitating him. The vogue for suspenders was suddenly revived when said movie idol appeared in a fancy pair in one of his pictures.

Wallie Reid, the predecessor of Valentino, and Harold Lockwood before him, also had it.

Greta Garbo has the gift of immediately attracting and holding your attention. It is a predominant quality, even off the screen.

John Gilbert is the ideal lover. He has, in addition to good looks, what the doctor describes as "a distinguishing amount of the unusual"
And then in these days, to return to the women, there as Theda Bara. That truly remarkable alluring look hers spelled sex appeal to the nth degree. At first the directors didn’t bother about sex appeal. It must have existed as prominently among women as now. They did not recognize it as such, however. Sex appeal as a box office drawing card was still unknown. Now, however, directors are looking for sex appeal everywhere.

The man or woman who can boast its possession has won half the battle to movie fame before he starts. For one thing, sex appeal is difficult to define because it may reveal itself in various types of personality makeup.

Sex appeal is not a single entity, always displaying identical characteristics. You may say, “Oh, yes, I can figure out what it is in a on and So. It’s the quality of easy, languorous movement; hus dreamy eyes and those long, delicate, artistically-spering fingers of her.” And then suddenly you are confronted with another kind of feminine sex appeal, a personality depending for its lure upon dignity of carriage, flashing eyes, and large, spable hands—altogether an opposite combination. Indeed, a single feature or behavior habit that rouses his sex appeal feeling in us as emanating from one person may, when appearing in another, make us react in quite an opposite fashion.

A small rosebud mouth may be the salient trait that draws, in a round, baby face.

That same mouth in a long, lean and otherwise comely face would appear almost ridiculous.

Black eyes or blue eyes or hazel eyes, of and by themselves, may appear to penetrate the deepest well-springs of sex appeal. Still it depends entirely on how these eyes fit into the general personality ensemble whether or no their sex appeal will be vibrant, temperate, or zero.

Apropos is the case I had the privilege to observe and it tells its own story in striking fashion.

It concerns a woman of middle age whose right eye used to be turned inwards for ever so small a fraction of a degree. In short, she was cross-eyed.

Nevertheless, this deformity gave her face a certain distinction. One could not help looking at her. There was something fascinating about the look in the eyes that held. Many persons remarked about the lady’s unusually strong sex appeal.

Then later—it is now some five years ago—this same lady married and, as luck would have it, she married a physician.

He would, of course, just like a doctor, harp on his beloved’s eye condition. He would get it fixed up. He insisted it ought to be done forthwith.

Well, she did! And it went her peculiar attractiveness.

“The operation was successful but”—the patient’s sex appeal died!

This makes me think of Theda Bara again. I understand she is nearsighted. Is it possible her marvelous aspect of countenance was due to this?

Not only is it possible. It is probable. Often a mild physical malformation can become a decided asset, a creator of sex appeal.

Yes, absolute and perfect beauty is not necessarily a twin sister to sex appeal.

[continued on page 126]
THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

THE NEWS PARADE—Fox

AFTER discovering the romance in practically every walk of life, the movie producers have gone home and hit upon the gay careers of the newsreel photographers. The news cameramen are the boys who risk their lives every day of the week to get your newsreel pictures.

This story, built around a newsreel beginner, is a melodrama of a chase to Lake Placid, to Palm Beach and to Havana—at the height of the season in each place, of course. A colorful background for a novel film.

Nick Stuart is the nippy young camera boy and Sally Phipps is the cute little daughter of the millionaire who is pursued by *Newsreel Nick*. You will glimpse Gene Tunney on the beach in Florida. See "The News Parade" and you'll appreciate the struggle behind news films.

THE GODLESS GIRL—Pathe-De Mille

THERE has been much conjecture as to "The Godless Girl." Many prophesied that Cecil B. De Mille could not "get away with another picture with a lesson." There is a lesson in "The Godless Girl" but Jeanie Macpherson's story is so interesting you don't realize you have learned several vital facts—until you get home!

George Duryea heads a raid on the meeting of Lina Basquette, leader of a group of high school atheists. A girl is accidentally killed in a riot and the pair of protagonists are sent to a reform school. The ensuing situations are painted with broad and vivid strokes. In power of presentation "The Godless Girl" is reminiscent of "Manslaughter," although, of course, the two plots are entirely dissimilar. It bristles with familiar examples of the De Mille ability to tell a story with force and power. In it are some of the finest scenes any director has done. The death of Mary Jane Irving, the escape, the fire scene—these are exquisite gems.

The acting honors go to George Duryea, Marie Prevost, Lina Basquette, Eddie Quillan and Noah Beery in that order. As lack of space will not permit going into details, suffice it to say that no one who likes an extraordinarily good show should miss "The Godless Girl." If it sticks a knife into existing abuses—that's just an "extra" for which parents, school-teachers and juvenile court judges will owe De Mille a prayerful vote of thanks.

I cannot end without adding a word—"Watch Marie Prevost." Marie steps out and troupes!
SAVE YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

- Red Dance
- The Drag Net
- Street of Sin

The Best Performances of the Month

George Duryea in "The Godless Girl"
Marie Prevost in "The Godless Girl"
Lina Basquette in "The Godless Girl"
Ivan Linow in "Red Dance"
Emil Jannings in "Street of Sin"
George Bancroft in "The Drag Net"
William Powell in "The Drag Net"
Bebe Daniels in "The Fifty-Fifty Girl"
Billie Dove in "The Yellow Lily"
Sue Carol in "Walking Back"

Cast of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 134

RED DANCE—Fox

RUSSIAN pictures are the vogue now, and this one, like "Tempest," deals with the harrowing, pitless siege of the Bolsheviks upon the Czar's adherents and the overthrow of the imperial government.

Of course, when you have seen one Russian picture dealing with this bloody period, you have seen them all, allowing for the variation of the love theme. And even here, the heroine and the hero must always escape to foreign lands to make a palatable ending.

Raoul Walsh's handling of the theme is skillful. From a production angle, it is stupendous. You see the down-rodden, sodden peasants at their worst—the luxury-saturated nobles at the height of their near-sighted madness.

Ivan Linow as Ivan Petroff is the surprise actor of the production. He has been signed on a five-year contract by Fox as a result of his interpretation of the rough, ugly peasant who discovers his own kindness and shrewdness only when he sacrifices his personal love for the happiness of Dolores Del Rio.

Charles Farrell makes a handsome Grand Duke and proves that he is capable in other than sweet Romeo and Juliet love-theme pictures. Dolores Del Rio, as the peasant maiden, displays not only histrionic ability but a sweet lure which has been absent in some of her pictures. However, Camilla Horn makes a more intriguing Russian "Tempest" than does the leading lady of this picture.

If for no other reason than to enjoy the sheer beauty of his production, you must see the picture.

GLORIOUS BETSY—Warner

THIS, the newest Vitaphonic effort with outbursts of spoken dialogue and song, is a mildly charming tale of the early Nineteenth Century. Jerome Bonaparte, masquerading as a tutor in old Marse Patterson's Baltimore mansion, falls in love with the beautiful daughter of the household. He wins her love, reveals his identity, and marries her.

The two go to France where the Emperor Napoleon is highly indignant. He wants Jerome to marry a princess. Betty is shipped back to Baltimore and—well, there is a happy, if unhistoric ending.

The picture is a pretty one, with the lovely Dolores Costello lending beauty to the role once played by Mary Mannering. Conrad Nagel is the Jerome Napoleon and Pasquale Amato is unsatisfactory as Napoleon.

STREET OF SIN—Paramount

FROM a technical standpoint, yes: here you have great acting, direction and settings. From a human standpoint, no; the story is heavy, sordid, cruel.

Emil Jannings plays Basher Bill, boss of Harmony Row, London's filthiest street. There vice, greed and lust snarl at each other and at the little Salvation Army girl who hopes to save the souls—if any—of these gutter rats. Through Bill's desire for her, he hits the trail. It is, at best, a maudlin reformation. He is stumbling around for the straight and narrow path, when he is killed in a row between the rats and the Bobbies.

Jannings' acting is great, although the character he plays is repulsive. And Fay Wray gives a beautiful portrayal of the Salvation Army girl.
Photoplay Gets Its Reviews Months Ahead

**THE FIFTY-FIFTY GIRL**
-
**Paramount**

**THE COP**
-
**Pathe-De Mille**

WHEN Bebe Daniels makes a comedy, you laugh whether you want to or not. This one's a howl—five reels long. A super-modern young lady has half of a run-down gold mine wished on her; James Hall belongs to the other half. She wagers her half that she can run the works; he that she'll ruin the works. Then the gong rings. Ahead-of-the-moment gags, gorgeous titles, and William Austin's comedy help a lot.

**WALKING BACK**
-
**Pathe-De Mille**

A NOther melodrama of the jazzy younger generation. Here a young wastrel borrows a car, smashes it and then captures a gang of bandits, winning a big reward. Thus he proves himself and pays for the batered car. The personable Sue Carol's playing of the selfish little flapper, who eggs the brash young hero on to trouble and then to reformation, lifts the film out of the rut.

**FORBIDDEN HOUR**
-
**M-G-M.**

COl'S and crooks again. William Boyd and Alan Hale in the adventures of a tenderfoot cop; not, however, in their usual comedy vein. Bill's a bridge-keeper who turns copper to smack back at a crook who does him dirt, and after grievous and trying episodes, he gets his man. Robert Armstrong, the desperado; Alan Hale, chief of Bill's squad, and Jacqueline Logan, all give exceptionally fine performances.

**HELLO, CHEYENNE**
-
**Fox**

TOM MIX in another poor story; but plenty of action and some new stunts to thrill true Mix fans. It's all about a race to lay a telephone line between Cheyenne and Rawhide. Tom saves the payroll and the girl, and has a thrilling escape from a gang of cutthroats by riding downhill on the tongue of a wagon occupied by some of the gangsters—miraculously unobserved by them. Caryl Lincoln is the pretty heroine.

**LONESOME**
-
**Universal**

THE gay, yet stirring romance of a young king who refused to take kingsing seriously and gave up his throne for love. Probably no one on the screen does the prince-at-play sort of thing with Novarro's delicacy, gayety and restraint. It's his best picture since "The Student Prince." Renee Adoree is captivating as the Parisian coquette. Smart story, direction and titles. Ultra-modern and sophisticated.

BARBARA KENT and Glenn Tryon present a modernistic romance of young love. It has a big city and beach resort background and an earn-your-own-living flavor and would be more impressive if it were the first picture relying on trick shots for novelty and dramatic mood. Both Barbara and Glenn acquit themselves as masters in two of the best human interest scenes yet filmed. You won't be sorry you saw "Lonesome."
WITH a Hungarian village for a background, and a romantic melodrama to play with, Director Korda gives us a picture that seems fitting for Billie Dove's beauty and ability. Upped with this is the fascinating Clive Brook in the rôle of Schulte Alexander—the lover who falls for the peasant girl. He Winton and Nicholas Soussanin voice their serious objections, but the picture ends happily.

A GAY comedy of a young bushleaguer who crashes the World Series—and how. Jean Arthur, the devastating daughter of the Yanks' president, is the how. She sees the boy pitching baseballs at a concession and gets his super-arm a try-out. Of course he makes good. Who wouldn't for her? The finish is thrilling and very different. Big league stuff for baseball and movie fans, with Richard Dix in the box.

THE PERFECT FLAME—FBO

An intensely dramatic mystery story dealing with the psychological workings of a great detective's mind. Clive Brook is superbly cast as the inscrutable detective who is bored with life because he has never lost a case. He forces issue on question "is there a perfect crime?" The answer forms the ma. Irene Rich plays opposite Brook. An unusually fine ture, worth seeing.

THE HAWK'S NEST—First National

This is an interesting picture, because there is an air of mystery throughout, and some intriguing Chinese settings. "Hawk's Nest" is a Chinatown cafe, with a mysterious unknown owner. His competitor, Dan Daugherty, is a scoundrel and the picture tells the story of Dan's efforts to wreck "The Hawk." Doris Kenyon, as the bewitching dancer, is lovelier than ever. Milton Sills is ably supported by Montagu Love.

KNOCK-’EM-OVER melodrama, tailored and hand-stitched for Noah Beery—the fighting, cursing sea-tain, Hell Ship Bronson, who teaches his son, Reed Howes, to be equally tough. The mother, Mrs. Wallace Reid, and a star-coated Pollyanna, Helen Foster, enter the boy's life and work the details. The way Hell Ship loses the fight is tragic and gripping. Miss your dinner to see this one.

LOIS MORAN and Neil Hamilton, with the capable assistance of Henry Kolker and Claire McDowell, have given us a comedy drama that is replete with amusing situations. Particularly will the flappers love the manner in which Lois proves to Neil that he has no idea what he wants in the way of a wife. Splendid entertainment.

[Additional reviews on page 92]
HERE are "The Four Devils" of F. W. Murnau's new production. The youngsters who are playing the leading roles in this story of circus life are Charles Morton, Janet Gaynor, Nancy Drexel and Barry Norton. Murnau has been working on this film for months at the Fox Studios, but nobody is kicking, because it promises to be one of the important attractions of the new season.
THE locker room quality is an acid test by which men judge men.

Either a man has it or he doesn't have it. It can't be put on, and nothing can be substituted for it.

A locker room in a golf club is a place unlike any other. In a man is himself and judged for himself alone. It matters not that he is the president of the most influential bank in town, or as is the case in the eye of Hollywood's many cameras, the highest paid star or the greatest director in the motion picture business.

In the locker room, he's just one of the gang. There are no ex-men. There everyone starts from scratch and it depends on a man's real personality just how his fellow men rate him. The men in the locker room of a golf club know more about a man than his wife does.

And I saw Dick Arlen first in a locker room. He has it, and this case I don't mean Elinor Glyn's famous definition, but the locker room quality.

A few days ago I was in the locker room of the Lakeside Golf Club, feeling rather low because I'd just completed eighteen holes which were nobody's business. The story-telling bunch picked up our alley was in full swing. Doug Fairbanks was telling about a time in Holland when he and Fred Thomson were on over a flock of Dutch athletes. They were sailing in a canal with their respective wives, Mary Pickford and Frances Marion, and were held up by a closed lock. They saw the Dutchmen performing on an athletic field and got out.

The Dutch athletes didn't know Thomson was an Olympic decathlon champion and were floored when he did everything they were trying to do better than they did. America lost the vote of Holland in the League of Nations when Fred insulted them by keeping his hat and coat on and jumping six inches higher than they could in track suits.

Alan Hale and Frank Lloyd were battling about a picture Frank directed and Alan starred in ten years ago in San Francisco's Chinatown. Some Chinese tong men accidentally hit Hale on the head with a bag of litchi nuts just as Alan was rescuing the heroine from an opium den. Lloyd thought it was funny and good atmosphere and wanted to leave it in the picture. Hale said he could leave it in as atmosphere but he failed to see the humor—"it being my conk the nuts landed on," he explained.

Suddenly the door of the locker room opened and in walked Dick Arlen. Not an actor off the set, not a thespian in his odd moments, but the self-same, natural smiling boy I had watched carry off a part in "Wings" many greater actors might have ruined.

I was surprised. It was the first time that had happened to me since I arrived in Hollywood.

Doug Fairbanks walks around the bunkers on a golf course, even as you and I. He doesn't leap over them to wallop his ball as he lands on the other side. When you meet Dick Barthelmess you don't meet The Patent Leather Kid. Charlie Farrell is not a sewer sweeper and all the Seventh Heavens in the next world don't make him one.

But Dick Arlen is the David of "Wings." And, having liked him so much, I asked Charlie Farrell to introduce me to him.

"To Dick," he said. "Sure. You'll like him, too. Everybody does. Most natural guy you ever met and I ought to know. I lived with him in one room for two years. Neither of us had a dime. That wasn't so long ago, either. It's only the last year or so that Dick began to have some of the things he and you and I have always wanted. But he's still the same fellow." 

[continued on page 103]
RULES OF CONTEST

1. Fifty cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

   First Prize ........................................... $1,500.00
   Second Prize .......................................... 1,000.00
   Third Prize ........................................... 500.00
   Fourth Prize .......................................... 250.00
   Fifth Prize ........................................... 125.00
   Twenty Prizes of $50 each ........................ 1,000.00
   Twenty-five prizes of $25 each ..................... 625.00

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of the well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When cut apart and properly assembled, eight complete portraits may be produced. $5,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to CUT PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address is attached.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the poems appearing below the pictures in each issue. Each eight-line verse refers to the two sets of cut puzzle pictures appearing directly above it. The six-line verse applies generally to the four sets on that page. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying the cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestants’ methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The thirty-two cut puzzle pictures or the drawn duplicates, must be cut apart, assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the play written or typewritten below.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE’s staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of any one connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

7. In the case of ties for any of the first five prizes, the full award will be given to each. Tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses rests with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will appear on the newsstands on or about August 15th. The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1929, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Cut Puzzle Pictures Are on Second and Third Pages Following This Announcement

SUGGESTIONS

Contestants should study the poems appearing in connection with the cut puzzle pictures. These are the indicators for identifying the contest puzzle pictures and winning prizes.

Contestants will note that identifying numbers appear at the margin of the cut puzzle pictures. These numbers may be copied upon the cut portraits, with pencil or pen, so that, in pasting or pinning the completed portrait, it will be possible to show the way the cut pieces originally appeared.

As no solutions may be entered before the fourth set of puzzle pictures appears, it is suggested that contestants merely post their solutions together until the conclusion. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for lengthy consideration a study.

Each cut puzzle picture is a portrait of a well-known motion picture actor or actress.
A NEW hair-cut, invented by a lady who has been responsible for some of Hollywood's most successful bobs. Anna Q. Nilsson combs her hair to follow the lines of the new, close-fitting helmet hats. Notice the banged neckline; it's an improvement over that shaved effect. Incidentally, you'll see Anna and her hair-cut in a series of dramas for FBO. The first is titled "Blockade."
The hair's from Chicago—the city of loops,
The eyes for two years have been known,
The mouth was in ballet—she left for the screen.
And what great success she has shown!
The hair has had footlight experience, too,
The eyes are a lovely blue grey,
The mouth? It was born in an Arkansas town.
On a mid-winter, blustery day.

The hair is pale blond, the weight one-twenty-three,
The eyes from a convent were hurried;
The mouth had had luck for long years in her parts—
Mis-casting, it was—she was worried.
The hair is unmarried, she's not yet in love,
The eyes are this starlet's best feature!
The mouth left society's stage for the screen.
And Douglas MacLean was her teacher.

RESUME
It's even, this time, two have married, two not.
(The two that kneed weren't have scored it)
And one beached her hair to gain picture success,
And, oh, how her loyal public mourned it.
And two girls have light eyes, and two girls have brown,
And not one was born in a far eastern town.
The hair is as black as the wing of a crow.
The eye? Oh, a Capital boy!
The mouth can make songs, say the ones in the know.
That can thrill folk with sorrow and joy!
The hair was a dancer—a vaudeville star.
The eyes have directed for years.
The mouth plays the trombone—a talent, they say,
That enrages, and deafens, and cheers!

The hair went to school in the Bronx, in New York,
The eyes played with Mary, no less.
The mouth from a star in the yesterday's crown,
Was divorced—do you think you can guess?
The hair has a brother who acted quite well,
The eyes played in "Enter, Madame."
The mouth is quite tall—he is all of six feet—
And, though new, he is far from a ham!

RESUME
They, too, are unmarried, though one had his chance—
And two of them started through college:
And one went to Paramount school for a while,
Where the young actors tried for screen knowledge.
They're all under thirty, save just one here,
And all will be famous before they have done.
HE Younger Set of Culver City, the Misses Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. These three Graces of 1928 are sharing feminine honors—or battling for them, whichever way you consider it—in "Our Dancing Daughters." The brunette is Dorothy Sebastian. Joan Crawford is the red-head. Yes, Joan has red hair these days; it's the latest Hollywood trick. The blonde is Anita Page, the little stranger.
Herb writes another letter to the editor. He is still trying for that twenty-five dollar prize

By Herb Howe

The same artiste—for so she has become—was among those invited to become an Immortal by the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences. The price was one hundred dollars a head. This certainly was a bargain, for as everyone knows advance tickets to Immortality are hard to get and only the scalpers have them.

So a big-hearted friend loaned my girl-friend the hundred. A few weeks later an Immortal executive slashed the salaries of his fellow Immortals, and now it looks as though my girl friend would lose her Immortality, being unable to pay off the loan.

THE SAD, SHORT STORY

There’s a house in Beverly that tells the sad, short story of a star’s career.

Behind the high hedges are lily ponds, illumined swimming pool, a tea house inspired by the Kremlin. Inside the mansion is Louis Somethingth furniture, a library with a switchboard to supply whatever hue of light suits the master’s mood, and beyond is a shoe closet that’s bigger than the library. Milady’s bath is in black and gold, and the most essential fixture has silk ruffles around it. It was at a dinner in this house that a Buckingham Butler winked amusedly at Harry Carr over the master’s head.

Today milady and the master are in a stock company touring the small railroad stations, and the house has been foreclosed upon.

But maybe they’re philosophers. After living in one of these sets I could troupe with Diogenes who slept under a tub that he carried around with him. In California you don’t need even that covering except in the rainy season, and even then the chances are you wouldn’t be any better off in a Beverly castle, because half the roofs leak.

A MILLIONAIRE IN POVERTY ROW

I went to see Malcolm McGregor the other night. He just inherited a million dollars, and I’m the kind of fellow who is always on the spot when anything happens to a friend.

[CONT. ON PAGE 62]
An ambassador is killed. Wh

camera solved th

JERRY entered the subway train at Fourteenth Street, picked up a newspaper that someone had left behind and turned automatically to the “want ad” columns. During the past few weeks he had been doing practically nothing but read “want ads.” He was determined not to go back to clerking but to wait until he found an opportunity for work in which he could whole-heartedly interest himself and hope for steady advancement.

It had been a severe blow to his pride when he had been informed that his services would no longer be required by Hopkins and Company. On his own account he would not have minded so much. But it had been very difficult to tell Martha who had such wonderful faith in him and his ability to make good.

This was the third time he had been fired since he and Martha had become engaged. Lots of girls, he knew, would throw a fellow over for less than that. But Martha was a real little sport. She had become very angry, and her big blue eyes had flashed fire. Not angry at him, no siree, but angry at old Hopkins for not appreciating him.

NOW, they would have to postpone their marriage until he got another job and saved up some money. Martha had wanted to take her four hundred dollars from the savings bank and use it to furnish a tiny apartment for them. But he would never let her do that.

He squared his shoulders. There must be a place for him. He must find it. He was not an utter dummell who couldn’t make good if given the opportunity. He studied the ads carefully. There were plenty of office boys wanted, cooks, plumbers—but not a thing for Jerry Martin. Suddenly, he scanned an advertisement in bold-faced type:

“BECOME A MOTION PICTURE CAMERA MAN! BIG MONEY! LOTS OF FUN! THIRTY DAYS’ TRAINING DOES THE TRICK. Apply, Arthur Fleming, President, Madison School of Photography, A Building, New York City.”

That was the kind of a job he was fitted for! If he became an expert, maybe he could get in with some of those Hollyw motion picture companies and travel around on a big salary and expense account. He would make enough to m

The camera was pointed directly at the Ambassador. He stopped, removed his hat and started to smile. Suddenly the smile twisted with pain and he crumpled to the sidewalk. Jerry kept grinding desperately
Heads

By Eric Heath

Illustrated by C. A. BRYSON

Consequently, Jerry presented himself at the office of the Madison School of Photography the following morning. One month later he left the school with an engraved diploma in one pocket and a letter of introduction to the Apex News Weekly in another.

As he hastened over to West Forty-Seventh Street where the Apex Company had its headquarters, Jerry breathed a sigh of contentment. At last he was to engage in a profession suited to his talents. Professor Fleming of the Madison School had assured Jerry that he stood very well with the Apex people and that, if they happened to have an opening, Jerry would get a job at once.

Leaving the elevator at the seventeenth floor, Jerry stepped into a large ante-room, the walls of which were plastered with lithographs setting forth the pre-eminence of the Apex News Weekly. Through the bars of a small window, he saw a man sitting at a desk, busily engaged with some papers. Jerry coughed discreetly but the man grew even more interested in his work.

Finally the boy ventured: "Beg pardon, are you Mr. Lanning? I've a letter of introduction from the Madison School..."

The man glared. "Another one?" Without waiting for an answer he went on: "Get a camera and film some event you think will interest several million people. Send it to us. If we find it suitable for our needs, we'll pay you well for it." He waved his hand in dismissal.

"But—but—where will I go?" questioned Jerry.

"Go to—anywhere. But don't bother me any more!"

Jerry moved away from the window. His heart sank. Get a camera! Where? Cameras cost hundreds of dollars. Then he would have to purchase film, spend money traveling, and perhaps even then Apex would not like what he photographed and his time and effort would be wasted.

His thought was interrupted by someone speaking to the man behind the window.

"Lanning, O'Leary just phoned that he has sprained his ankle and won't be able to catch the arrival of the Laconian ambassador. What can we do? Jim's in Long Island doing the aviation stunt."

Jerry heard Lanning bellow: "For the love of Pete. We've got to have someone there or be scooped by National and Bioscope." There was a pause, then Lanning shouted, "Where's that nut from Fleming's? Maybe by some miracle, he could grab enough of the action to get us by." He came tearing out and yelled at Jerry. "Come in here."

Jerry's heart thumped. "Sit down," ordered Lanning. He stood in front of Jerry and punctuated his remarks by smacking his right fist against his open left palm. "I'm going to give you a chance. If you make good on this, maybe I'll give you a steady job."

"I'm sure I can..." [cont'd on page 130]
We are prone to think of our motion picture stars as women with a glamorous life of plenty and a delightful past which they prefer to keep hidden.

Yet in reality they are as feminine as you or I.

True, their lives are full of thrills and excitement and glamour, but I have been happy to find that underneath they are, as all women who enjoy a few hours over the teacups, with the one hobby of sewing, as much as the average every-day woman.

Scarlety a well-known feminine star in Hollywood or Hollywood may not have some secret hobby which is totally and wholly feminine. You can't imagine Joan Crawford sewing on the set between pictures, yet that is the very thing that Joan made a goodly number of presents.

"To sew now and then relieves my nerves—makes me feel as though I am really a woman. It gives me real happiness to know that my hands are still useful for something besides pictures," tells us. "Last Christmas I made a negligee for Shirley De..."
tars, fine needlework that will help spice and your home

Shirley

an, the little picture-girl who was living with me. These garters,” she pulled up her skirt revealing the stocking-holders you see in the picture, “I made for myself. But I gave away a dozen pairs of the same pattern. They cost me $4.82 and I had the fun of giving my friends something I had created.”

Esther Ralston makes all of the frocks for her two little ones. She doesn’t use a pattern—and she wasn’t trained for it. She just takes an old dress, lays it on the floor and pins it around it. If you step onto the set and find Esther between difficult scenes, the quickest way to throw her into a cheery, getful humor, is to ask her to describe the kiddies’ dresses she is making.

Vilma Banky was trained for a good Hungarian housewife, and her needlepoint—which was a requirement of the school she attended—is the envy of all of the women of the motion picture industry. Vilma admits that it is difficult work, but she has found scores of women in Hollywood who can do it and one woman makes teaching it her profession. Any woman with

There’s real art in making hooked rugs. And if you buy them, the ones of good color and design are expensive. Estelle Taylor makes her own at small cost

Joan Crawford made these garters from twenty-four inches of rhinestone trimming one-half inch wide, and twenty-four inches of ostrich feathers, four inches wide

Esther Ralston used two yards of blue taffeta at $4.00 a yard and fifteen yards of velvet ribbon at thirty cents a yard, to make this dress for her little niece. Total cost—only $12.50

Marta Alba learned to sew in a convent in Spain. She made the frock she is wearing and is putting the finishing touches on a new one. That’s why these young actresses can afford to dress so well.
A few tips from Hollywood's sewing circle

Another hooked rug expert—Jacqueline Logan. After a few lessons, you can become proficient. And hooked rugs are the smartest thing for brightening up a sun-parlor or a bedroom. Patience and a love for the beautiful can learn to do it—enhance the charm of her home with her own handiwork, assures us.

Jacqueline Logan and Estelle Taylor go in for hooked rugs. Jacqueline went down to a Los Angeles department store and took lessons. Her first rug cost her—including the frame—twenty-five dollars. She couldn't duplicate it ready-made under seventy-five dollars. Estelle Taylor has floored her sun-parlor with her own hand-creations.

Little Anita Page, whom Harry K. Thaw brought to Hollywood, motion picture city, has managed to make herself a star between the filming of her three pictures. Of red felt, with knobby knot on the top, she looks so cunning as though she had paid twenty-five dollars for it instead of less than that. She has drawn a design to show us how she does it.

Ruth Taylor, née Lorelei Lee, whom gentlemen pronounce, wanted a new dress for morning wear and for tennis. She couldn't find, ready-made, exactly what she wanted, so she trotted down town, bought a pattern and completed it in two days. The material cost her $4.45. She will send you a pattern if you will write her in care of the Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California. The pleats of Ruth Taylor's first attempt turned out a little wobbly, but she promises it won't happen in her next hand-made creation.

Sally Phipps doesn't see why, just because she is making a success on the Fox lot, she shouldn't do her own mending. Naturally she chose something very rare and beautiful for the picture. It's a Battenberg lace tea cloth which has been in her family for a century. She dug it out of an old trunk and had it restored. Of course, she had to give the dress a party.

Maria Alba, the little Spanish youngster who has been given a long term contract with...
Bathroom Bedlam

How the stars cut up in the bath tub

By Robert Fender

NOW to discover the bath-tub songs of the stars is not so easy. Being a man, I couldn't always go to the scene of operation. Not that I wasn't always more than willing! You see we writers are supposed to let nothing stand in our way of getting the news first hand.

But you can't do that. At the same time, you can't just sit down and ask a star hat he or she sings while in the tub. The songs that bubble during the time of the great wash are always spontaneous. They are never sung consciously, nor remembered two minutes after the last towel pat.

How to find out? My method was surprisingly simple. I would telephone first one star and then another, until I got an answer: "Sorry, but Miss Daniels (or Mr. Dix or Miss avies) is in the shower." "Fine," I would say, "I'll be right over." And before the astonished speaker could gasp an answer, he would be halfway there.

Taking up my stand as close to the bathroom door as was recently possible, I would wait, note-book in hand, the first signs of harmony.

Nor was I ever disappointed. The stars are very rarely alone. Theirs is a life of solitude at continually. After a while it begins to get on their nerves, and they pine for solitude. The bathroom is the one place where they can cut themselves off from the outside world. Believe me, they make the most of it. Once in the tub or under the shower, they work with a burst of unconscious noise that could shame old man in and his brother,acket.

To get on with the observations, it is positive true to say that the men make the most noise — and the least music.

Dick Arlen is a verible howler.

Richard Barthelmes close second.

Charles Farrell seems to chortle.

And Richard Dix. How shall I describe it? Richard deserves a story all by himself. His bathroom utterances defy classification. They are different — unique!

He starts off with something light, "My Ohio Home." And then, as the suds become thicker, he changes rapidly to a basso profundo of grand opera proportions.

"Aida," he tosses off with never a waver. Then he attacks a half dozen serenades, lullabies and sonatas and plunges into the light stuff again. The funniest one I heard was when he flew into "I Wonder Where My Babes Is To-ni-tt!"

Intermingled with these touching ballads are unofficial catalogue, groans, hoots and whistlings.

Dix, I would put at the top of the list.

If anyone can figure out what it all means, he beats me hands down.

Now from the very safe and proper distance at which I heard Constance Talmadge (although she didn't know I was listening), I would say that she is one of the best for pure unrelated noise.

What her songs (some call them [continued on page 124])

Illustrated by Stuart Hay
Two More Nutty

Are you playing this fascinating game? Correct the errors and win a prize. It’s lots of fun.

Aunt Hezekiah and Uncle Jim are beginning to think that you can’t believe a word you hear about the movie stars. Every time they tell Photoplay readers the facts about the movie players, everyone writes in to contradict them. What are the poor old folks going to do?

This month they have assembled a weird assortment of information about Greta Garbo and Ronald Colman. Can you tell them what mistakes they have made? If you can—and if you follow the simple rules at the bottom of this page—you may be among the prize winners.

You can make money from Aunt Hezekiah’s blunders. Just correct the Nutty Biographies on the opposite page and send them to Photoplay. Don’t look for errors in grammar, punctuation or spelling. And don’t look for concealed meanings. All the mistakes are right on the surface. Be sure to correct the captions under the photographs. All the mistakes are simple errors of facts. This is a good way of testing how much you know about the stars—and making money, too. You may ask your family or friends to help you. You may consult back issues of Photoplay. But don’t write the Answer Man. He refuses to help you.

The complete list of winners of the July Nutty Biographies will be announced in the September issue of Photoplay, which is as fast as is humanly possible. No solutions will be returned.

You may enter this contest every month, if you like, and as often as you like. Make your answers brief, snappy, accurate and original. But the most important thing is to get the facts straight.

Here is the list of prize-winners for the May Nutty Biographies: The first prize of $200 went to Alma C. Morley, Catherine Street, Oswego, N. Y. The second prize of $100 won by Mrs. Gladys E. Dodge, 3022 Ash Street, Detroit, Ml. Mrs. Thelma Schleyer, 393 Sycamore Street, New Braunfels, Texas, received the third prize of $50. Ten prizes of $25 each were awarded to Mr. Charles Kuebler, 801 Clay Street, Jasper Ind., and to Mrs. John D. Jesk, 214 East 51st Street, New York.

Ten prizes of $10 each were awarded as follows: Helen Be 52 West Central Avenue, Delaware, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Sturg 297 South Main Avenue, Sharon, Pa.; Mrs. Donald Quint 150 Central Avenue, Detroit; Mrs. W. P. Hoffman, Jr., 500 East Avenue, Mere, Pa.; Mrs. John D. Jesk, 214 East 51st Street, New York; Mrs. Charles Kuebler, 801 Clay Street, Jasper, Ind.; and Mrs. John D. Jesk, 214 East 51st Street, New York.

The prize-winning solutions were exceptionally clever. As Photoplay regrets that it hasn’t the space to publish all of them. The correct solutions of the Nutty Biographies that appeared in the May Photoplay will be found on page 121.

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Rules of Contest

1. Fifteen cash prizes will be paid by Photoplay for each month’s solutions, as follows:

   - First prize: $200
   - Second prize: 100
   - Third prize: 50
   - Fourth prize: 25
   - Fifth prize: 25
   - Ten prizes of $10 each: 100

2. Beginning with the April issue, Photoplay Magazine is publishing two Nutty Biographies of prominent screen players. Catch the errors in these biographies and send in your corrections. Photoplay Magazine will award fifteen prizes each month for the best solutions to its Nutty Biographies. Accuracy, neatness, originality and cleverness will be considered in awarding the prizes.

3. Each month’s solutions must be submitted within one month after the appearance of the issue on the newsstands. Your solutions for the July Nutty Biographies must be received in the office of Photoplay by midnight of July 15th. Photoplay July issue is on sale June 15th.

4. Send your solutions to The Nutty Biography Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Be sure that your name and address is written on your solution. All solutions must be typewritten on sheets of paper, using only one side of each sheet.

5. It is not necessary for you to buy copies of Photoplay Magazine to compete. You may consult file copies in your local library. It is suggested that you study back copies of Photoplay, as well as the players written about in the Nutty Biographies. Better save your back copies of Photoplay for this purpose. However, you can also obtain back copies at your local library.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of Photopla’s staff. Their decisions will be final. No relatives or members of the household of any one connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.

7. In the event of ties for any of the prizes, the full award will be given to each tying contestant.

8. It is impossible to answer inquiries regarding this contest. Do not write for facts or further information. Letters will not be answered.

What do you know about the stars?
Biographies—$500 in Prizes

Greta Garbo

Uncle Jim’s landlady gave him this picture of Greta Garbo. It was taken when Greta arrived from Budapest where she was discovered by Samuel Goldwyn.

You’ll be interested to know that Uncle Jim and I have moved to a new boarding house.

It is a much more interesting place to live because the landlady’s son is an electrician at Universal City where Greta Garbo works.

Of course, Uncle Jim asks Otto—that’s the name of the son—lots of questions about Greta Garbo.

Ever since he saw Greta in “Flesh and the Devil” he has been goofy over her. These Hungarian girls certainly know how to fascinate the men.

But Greta isn’t a Hungarian girl any more; she is an American now because she is married to D. W. Griffith. Griffith met her while he was in Europe during the War, filming “Hearts of the World.”

Greta was a nurse with the Hungarian army when they were gazing with the French against the Germans.

After the War, Greta went back to Budapest and there Samuel Goldwyn discovered her and brought her to this country.

She never had made a movie in Europe, because Griffith did not approve of a career for his wife.

You may be sure that Griffith was surprised when Greta became a movie star. But she made such a hit in her first American picture, “The Torrent,” that he allowed her to sign a long contract with Universal.

On the screen, Greta Garbo is very lively—the jazz girl of Hollywood. She is never so happy as when she is the center of a lively party. Lon Chaney is her favorite leading man, because she thinks he is a great romantic actor and very good in love scenes.

Mr. Griffith directed Greta in “Drums of Love,” which was adapted from Tolstoy’s novel “Anna Karenina.” Some day Otto is going to take us to the studio and introduce us to Miss Garbo. Otto says she just loves to have visitors hang around when she is working.

Ronald Colman

Aunt Hezekiah says when Ronald Colman looks like this, it reminds her of moonlight and roses. And she is going to ask Colman to autograph this picture.

The other night we heard a beautiful tenor voice singing in the courtyard of our boarding house, and when we asked the landlady who it was, she told us it was Ronald Colman practising his grand opera.

Do you know that Ronald Colman is studying to be an opera singer? So you see it isn’t true that he is going into a monastery.

Although Mr. Colman was born in Surrey, England, he was playing on the New York stage when Lillian Gish gave him his first chance in the movies in “The White Sister.”

Mr. Colman made such a hit that he was immediately signed up for the title role in “Ben-Hur.”

Both Uncle Jim and I thought he looked very handsome as Ben-Hur in those beautiful Fourteenth Century Italian costumes.

We were anxious to get a glimpse of Mr. Colman off the screen so we hurriedly looked out into the courtyard and saw him singing.

He has bright red hair—would you believe it?—but it doesn’t show on the screen, because it photographs dark.

He is almost six feet tall and has brown eyes. His wife is Vilma Banky who was born in San Antonio, Texas. Recently, Mr. Colman and Miss Banky have been co-starring in pictures, but they are not going to play together any more. Not that they aren’t happily married, but because they do not think it is good policy for a married couple to appear in the same pictures.

Miss Banky is also an opera singer and has appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House. They say that Mr. Colman and Miss Banky hope to leave the screen some day and devote all their time to music.

The landlady told us to write to the First National Studios, if we wanted to get a picture of Ronald. Although his real name is Ronald Colman, he is known to his friends as “the nightingale of Beverly Hills.”

This month—Greta Garbo and Colman
Peaches Jackson received screen credit when she was five years old. Today, at sixteen, she is not always so lucky. Peaches was Thomas Meighan’s best girl in many of his first pictures. Do you remember her in “A Prince There Was”? Now she is a freelance flapper, which means that she earns twenty-five dollars a day for playing “bits” here and there. Has all her early experience proved to be a total loss?

Even today Ben Alexander receives “fan mail telling him how good he was in “Hearts of the World.” And yet the Griffith picture was filmed back in 1911 when Ben was a freckle-faced kid and Lillian Gish was a curly-headed ingenue. Benny started in pictures when he was four years old, in a film called “Family Honor,” directed by King Vidor. He has worked fairly consistently ever since. Today he is a handsome lad of seventeen. Will the heroes of a few years hence develop from these child stars of the early days?
IN the rush for new faces, how about giving a chance to these young veterans of the screen?

Frankie Darro has been one of the luckier of the authentic baby stars. The solemn child in lace and velvet is Frankie at the age of four, when he played in "Confessions of a Queen," with Alice Terry and Lewis Stone. Today Frankie is FBO's youngest Western star. Thanks to his experience, Frankie has box-office value. And don't forget that he got the "breaks." He proves what the kids can do when they get a chance.

At three, Mary Jane Irving had an important rôle in "The Temple of Dusk." At fourteen, she is playing a dramatic part in "The Godless Girl." Her salary is $350 a week. Pretty good? Yes, but Mary Jane is the sole support of an invalid mother.

Pat Moore is another veteran screen kid that Cecil B. De Mille has placed in the cast of "The Godless Girl." De Mille and Pat broke into pictures together. Pat, at the age of three, played in "The Squaw Man," one of De Mille's first successes. Elliott Dexter and Katherine MacDonald were also newcomers at that time. Credit Mr. De Mille with a long memory and a fine sense of loyalty.
Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

Prize Contest Film Released to Public—Rube Goldberg Is a Movie Enthusiast—News of Amateur Clubs

The $500 Photoplay contest winning film, showing a quail hunting expedition in North Carolina and made by B. V. Covert, of Lockport, N. Y., is being released for amateurs generally.

The release of the film is being made by the William J. Ganz Company of New York, makers of the monthly "Highlights of the News" for 16 millimeter projectors. Mr. Covert has cut his contest film, originally nearly 400 feet, to 200 feet, retaining all the best of the winning contribution. Amateurs may buy this film for study at a cost of $15. Inquiries about this film may be addressed to this department.

All of the prize winning films in the Photoplay $2,000 Contest, together with the films attaining honorable mention, were shown at the Simplex Projection Rooms, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City, on April 19th. The showing attracted wide attention and much interest.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Covert, the 16 millimeter prize winner, frequently devotes a year or more to perfecting a single film. Just at present Mr. Covert, who has hunted and fished all over the North American continent, is making a sea fishing film off the Florida coast. Mr. Covert obtained part of his fishing study out of Pompano, forty miles by Palm Beach, last winter and he plans to complete the film in winter.

Mr. Covert has had many adventures on his various expeditions into the wilds since he became a movie amateur. He shot caribou within thirty miles of Greenly Island, where German transatlantic plane, Bremen, landed.

In the course of his filming, Mr. Covert has shot some 50 feet of film with either a Filmo or an Eyemo. Mr. Covert says that the secret of good amateur photography is constant experimenting, plus good lighting. Most of his best work—as in his contest winning film—was done with regular F3.5 universal lens. "I have played with all sorts of special lenses," says Mr. Covert, "but, save for extraordinary purposes, you cannot improve upon your universal lens."

Mr. Covert does not shoot at random. He will go to trouble of turning his big fishing [CONTINUED ON PAGE 10]

Do not try to film faces outdoors without a reflector. You will get a hard, shadowed close-up. Above, Marceline Day indicates correct cross-lighting. The reflector lights one side, thus bringing out the mould and contrast of the face.

The correct angle of reflector and camera for cross-lighting. Reflector is held low, to light up under hat, and at one side, to bring out moulding of face.

Here, with Miss Day as a subject, is shown the correct method of throwing light under the shadow of a hat. Note how the reflector sends the light upward into Miss Day's face, so that shadows do not obscure the forehead and eyes of the player.
Their Glamorous Beauty has captured the younger set in Chicago .... Washington .... New York.

The Pond's Way to Beauty

They are as exquisite as rare flowers—these three modern Graces! As one say which is loveliest, the tropic rose, gorgeous poppy, or delicate anemone, as choose from amongst these beautiful American girls—a vivid brunette, a Titian beauty, an ethereal blonde.

Enchanting types ... worlds apart in their individual kind of charm, but alike in the fact that each is the acknowledged leader of her own distinguished set. All the, in that each possesses the most essential quality of feminine loveliness—an exquisite complexion.

How do these girls guard the beauty of their lovely skins? Each frankly acknowledges her debt to Pond's. Each in her dressing table gives the place of honor to the Two Creams, the dainty

Pond's Preparations in the lovely gift containers used by these beautiful girls.

Tissues, the restorative Freshener.

First apply Pond's Cold Cream. Its purifying oils penetrate deep down into the pores, lifting out every particle of dirt. Then with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, so caressing and absorbent, wipe away all dirt and oil.

Next tone and firm your skin with the exhilarating Freshener. Last, apply the faintest breath of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

See how lovely you are after one treatment! The coupon brings you all four preparations.

Introductory Offer: Mail coupon with 20c for trial sizes of all 4 Pond's preparations.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PhotoPlay Magazine.
You Can Never Be An Actor

Unless you have imagination and dramatic instinct, says George Currie

By Cal York

"You can teach an unknown to act but you can’t make an actor."

That is the opinion of George Currie, who ought to know. Mr. Currie contributed a whole lot towards the advancement of Marion Davies and to such well known young players as Charles (Buddy) Rogers, Larry Grey, Anita Page, Thelma Todd and Josephine Dunn, who gained some of their first film training from him. Mr. Currie is head of the motion picture department of the Milton Anderson School and was formerly on the teaching staff of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

Mr. Currie was engaged as a special tutor for Miss Davies when she was making such historic pictures as "When Knight-hood Was in Flower," "Yolanda" and "Little Old New York."

"I found Miss Davies to be a singularly imaginative and receptive student," Mr. Currie explained to me the other day. "I was a special dramatic instructor for Miss Davies for some six months. During all this time I marveled at her power of application.

"Critics have just begun to realize Miss Davies’ possibilities. She is a superb comedienne. She is going on to bigger successes, because she is always a student and because she continually looking for something to help herself. Because, too, she has great deal of ability.

"I am selfish enough to think that Miss Davies developed much under my advice. You will remember th with ‘Little Old New York,’ she seemed break old restraints. She had been ways shy and within herself.

"I am not a director, never worked with M Davies on a set. It was a job of private tuition. I think was able, by talki and working, and exercises, to her break away from herself. I helped I defeat her reticence. I think opened eyes to what acti can mean.

"You can teach a person to sculpt. You can teach a person to sing. You can teach a person to act. You can teach them to move gracefully. But you cannot make an actor.

"That depends

[CONT'D ON PAGE 10]"
DON'T FOOL YOURSELF
Since halitosis never announces itself to the victim, you simply cannot know when you have it.

Since halitosis never announces itself to the victim, you simply cannot know when you have it.

RECOGNIZING, first, that halitosis (unpleasant breath) is widespread, and, second, that its victim is seldom aware of its presence, nice people avoid the risk entirely by using Listerine.

Simply rinse the mouth with it. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others. It immediately ends halitosis. The breath becomes sweet and inoffensive. And how important that is in social, home and business life!

Listerine ends halitosis because it strikes first at the cause. And then conquers the effect. Being antiseptic, it checks fermentation from which odors usually arise. Being a powerful deodorant, it then dispels the odors themselves.

If you have the slightest doubt about Listerine’s amazing power to deodorize, make this test. Rub a bit of onion on your hand. You know how hard this odor is to remove. Next apply Listerine clear. Immediately the odor disappears. Even the odor of fish yields to this treatment.

Don’t take the chance of offending others when, by simply using Listerine halitosis can be prevented. Keep a bottle handy in home and office. And use it. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

Have you tried the new Listerine Shaving Cream?

Cools your skin while you shave and keeps it cool afterward. An outstanding shaving cream in every respect.

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Listerine ends halitosis because it strikes first at the cause. And then conquers the effect. Being antiseptic, it checks fermentation from which odors usually arise. Being a powerful deodorant, it then dispels the odors themselves.

If you have the slightest doubt about Listerine’s amazing power to deodorize, make this test. Rub a bit of onion on your hand. You know how hard this odor is to remove. Next apply Listerine clear. Immediately the odor disappears. Even the odor of fish yields to this treatment.

Don’t take the chance of offending others when, by simply using Listerine halitosis can be prevented. Keep a bottle handy in home and office. And use it. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

Have you tried the new Listerine Shaving Cream?

Cools your skin while you shave and keeps it cool afterward. An outstanding shaving cream in every respect.
What was the Best Picture of 1927?

Eighth Annual Gold Medal Award

Winners of Photoplay Medal

1920
“HUMORESQUE”

1921
“TOL’ABLE DAVID”

1922
“ROBIN HOOD”

1923
“THE COVERED WAGON”

1924
“ABRAHAM LINCOLN”

1925
“THE BIG PARADE”

1926
“BEAU GESTE”

Vote for the Picture You Think Should Win!

This year Photoplay readers have a singularly interesting array of pictures to vote upon for the eighth annual award of the Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor.

Voting is now under way for the award to be given by readers of this publication for the best picture of 1927. It will help a lot if you send in your ballot as soon as possible. But be sure to vote, either now or before the balloting closes on October 1st.

Back in 1921 Photoplay announced that a gold medal would be awarded each year for the picture which, in the opinion of its readers, would come the nearest the ideal in story, direction, continuity, acting and photography. And, of course, revealing the highest and finest spirit behind its production.

Each year Photoplay has been proud of the choice of its readers. A glimpse of the seven awards reveals a list of the best productions of seven years. Photoplay readers have revealed an unfalling judgment, both sane and accurate. The Photoplay Medal of Honor is recognized as the highest award in the world of motion pictures because it is the only award coming directly from the people who go to pictures. It presents no opinion of screen authorities or critics. It is the unified opinion of the film fans of America.

While it seems unnecessary, Photoplay once more urges its millions of readers to vote. In no other way can you definitely and directly do your bit to improve pictures. This award goes to the producer. It means that he appreciates his endeavor to put his best on the screens of the country.

The voting this year, as it began six months after the close of 1927. This was done so that the Photoplay readers in all parts of the country could have an opportunity to see all of the productions released during the twelve months of 1927. It takes months for these productions to reach all parts of America—and Photoplay wants all of its readers to have as many of the significant pictures as possible.

In case of a tie in the voting, special awards will go to each of the producers.

The Photoplay Medal of Honor is of solid gold, weighing 1 pound, weighs 14 and one-half inches in diameter. Each medal is designed and made by Tiffany Company of New York.

Be sure that your vote is mailed Photoplay’s editorial offices, 221 West 57th Street, New York. Your vote must be in before or not later than October 1st, 1927.

You may vote for any film released between January 1, 1927, and December 31, 1927. The list this page is designed as an aid.

A glance over the list, however, may be a definite air refreshing your memory. In casting your vote, you are reminded to bear in mind the high standards of the gold medal awards. And, above all, do not be influenced by the opinion of others. Make the vote your own.

Fifty Pictures Released in 1927

- Annie Laurie
- Barbed Wire
- Cabaret
- Camille
- Captain Salvation
- Cat and the Canary
- Chang
- Crooks Sneakers
- Cruiser Potemkin
- Fair Co-Ed
- Fire Brigade
- Flesh and the Devil
- Garden of Allah
- Gorilla
- Hard-Boiled Haggerty
- Hotel Imperial
- Hula
- It
- Jesse James
- Kid Brother
- King of Kings
- Love of Love
- Magic Flame
- Metropolis
- Monkey Talks
- My Best Girl
- Night of Love
- Patent Leather Kid
- Private Life of Helen of Troy
- Quality Street
- Resurrection
- Rookies
- Rough Riders
- Scoundrel
- Service for Ladies
- Seventh Heaven
- Show
- Slide, Kelly, Slide
- Sorrell and Son
- Stark Love
- Student Prince
- Tell It to the Marines
- Twelve Miles Out
- Two Arabian Nights
- Underworld
- Way of All Flesh
- What Price Glory
- When a Man Loves
- Wings
His first love

Mother—radiant and youthful, with the charm of that schoolgirl complexion. This simple daily rule is known to thousands:

**Palmolive**

Youth is charm, and youth lost is charm lost, as every woman instinctively realizes.

To keep youth, keep the skin clean and the pores open. Banish artificial ways in skin care. Nature's ways are best.

Use soap, but be sure it is a soap made basically for use on the face. Others may prove harsh. That is why, largely on expert advice, women the world over choose Palmolive for facial use.

**What** mother's heart but quickens at her small son's adoration? What, in life, is sweeter than those worshipful eyes that follow every move and hang on every word?

Keep that devotion, mother! Hold that love. Always be, to him, the beautiful princess of fairy book delight. And above all else, keep youth, keep beauty as your most priceless asset.

That schoolgirl complexion is synonymous to natural charm, today. And thousands of women, in keeping that schoolgirl complexion, are holding their youth through the thirties, into the forties and beyond . . .

**The daily rule in skin care that countless thousands know**

Keeping the skin cleansed, the pores open, with a pure beauty soap—a soap made for one purpose only and that to guard the skin—is the important thing to know. That is Nature's beauty secret.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy 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 the amazing difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Illinois.

**Palmolive Radio Hour**—Broadcast every Friday night—from 10 to 11 p.m., eastern time, 9 to 10 p.m., central time—over station WEAF and 31 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Palmolive Soap is unwrapped by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped.
HAVE A CAMEL

It's the favorite.

When smoking is recognized as a pleasure, Camel has the call.
QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of Photoplay to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning release, situation, writing or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.

C. McH., San Francisco, Calif.—As I am a year older than your Dad, perhaps he’ll take your word on some of the questions that bother you. The books by William S. Hart were totally written by William S. Hart, and that’s the fact. The Life Stories in Photoplay are fully written by the stars themselves and by professional writers are called in to put the material in form, the assisting writer is often full credit, as in the case of Adela Rogers St. John and Ruth Bussy. John Gilbert is writing his own story. The agents not only do not write the stories, they don’t see them until they appear in print. Photoplay does its best to give you the facts and honest opinions. As for learning to be a “camera girl,” the best way is to get a tall camera and start as an amateur. Yes, if you want to act, why doesn’t he try the British studios? It’s a long trip from Glasgow to California; the possibility of heartbreak andappointment is far greater than any remote chance of success.

Suzanne, Philadelphia, Pa.—Richard Tenen was twenty-nine years old. Adolph Menju was born February 18, 1891; Billie Ove, May 14, 1903, and Charles Rogers in 08.

Eileen A., New York, N. Y.—Loretta Jung was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, about fourteen years ago. She is five feet, three and a half inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. She has light brown hair and blue eyes. I wish to write and tell me the story of her father. You see, it doesn’t take much urge to write to me.

W. L. R., Hurffville, N. J.—Is that really the name of your town, or have I misread your writing? William Powell was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29, 1892. He is six feet tall and weighs 160 pounds. He has curly brown hair and clashing gray eyes. And married, write to him at the Paramount-Famouskysky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Mrs. P. M. B., Long Beach, Calif.—Syd d Charlie are brothers. Will Rogers is even funnier than his writings, because he has a gorgeous way of telling them. Lon Chaney’s next picture is “Easy Money.”

A William Boyd Fan, Philadelphia, Pa.—I won’t fool you for anything. And since I am so bright, I’ll tell you that William Boyd is happily married to Elinor Faire. He was born in Cambridge, O., about twenty-six years ago. He is six feet, one inch tall and weighs 160 pounds. Light brown hair and very blue eyes. Write to him at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif.

J. H. B., Lemoine, Pa.—Sally Phillips was born May 25, 1909. She played in “Why Sailors Go Wrong.” You can’t beat that for a title! And she is working in “The News Parade,” which probably will be released some time this Summer.

Dorothy B., Galena, Ill.—Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, Canada, August 10, 1904. That’s her real name. She is married now to Irving Thalberg.

H. R. C., Galveston, Tex.—Mae Murray and Wallace Reid played in “To Have and to Hold.”

A Waterbury Fan.—Patsy Ruth Miller was born January 17, 1903; Colleen Moore, August 19, 1902. Thelma Todd isn’t married. Not a bit of bother!

Louse.—“Scaramouche” was filmed before “The Arab.” Philippe de Lacey’s latest picture is “Four Devils,” filmed at the William Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif. That boy is getting to be a matinee idol.

An Adelaide, Portland, Ore.—Ernest Gillen changed his name to Red Red, hence your confusion. Lawrence Gray has been very much present in a number of films—“The Patsy,” “Diamond Handcuffs,” “The Dead Line,” and “Love Hungry.” Good crock pictures never hurt any actor; bad pictures of any sort are the only ones that are fatal to popularity. How do leading women keep from falling in love with the hero? Sometimes they do; but often, far oftener, they are merely interested in their own close-ups.

E. Cathcart, Berwyn, Pa.—Thomas Meighan’s wife is Frances King. Not in pictures, but formerly on the stage. And very charming, too. Neither May McAvoy nor Mary Brian is married.

M. G., Middleboro, Ky.—“Is Jack Dempsey going to play in the movies?” Who knows?

“Peg.” Manheim, Pa.—Here’s the information for your scrapbook: John Gilbert has brown eyes and dark brown hair. Ben Bard played Brissac in “Seven Heaven.” Claire McDowell was the mother and Kathleen Key the sister, in “Ben-Hur.” Betty Bronson is not engaged to Paul Ecclesworth or anyone else. Betty says she never met even the man. Fred Thomson is married to Frances Marion. His next picture is “The Sunset Legion.”

Midge, Syracuse, N. Y.—Ena Gregory and Marian Dough are one and the same person. Miss Gregory was over thirty years ago. Marian (or Ena) was born April 16, 1907. She is five feet, three inches tall and has been in pictures since January, 1921.

V. S., College Point, L. I.—The title of “Crew of the Earth” has been changed to “Red Lamps.” They will do things like that. Charles Rogers was born in Olathe, Kansas.

Marjorie Day Fan, London, England.—Your favorite is still in pictures. She played in “Toppy and Evi.” “Home Made” and also “Strollers of the West.”

[Continued on page 102]
The tabloid auditorium of Ramon’s Teatro Intime, looking across the footlights. Note the special spotlights looking through the back wall. The theater seats sixty-five. Here Ramon stages little plays, acts upon occasion and sings for what Trader Horn calls a few convivials.

Ramon’s Toy Theater

Novarro calls it his Teatro Intime. You’re lucky if you’re a guest.

The little theater is equipped with every modern device for lighting and scenic effects. Here you see the model electric switchboard, operating all lights, and the curtain mechanism.

Ramon, himself, standing in the doorway of his private theater. The miniature playhouse is attached to his home. And it has an electric sign.
To wives and mothers  
about husbands and children

ho will take care of this important  
atte if you don’t? Husbands usually  
ink about their hair only after it begins  
thin, and children never.

Yet hair troubles are so much easier  
prevent than to cure. And it is quite  
imp to keep the scalp healthy. Why  
start the family on the way to  
athy hair habits now by providing, for  
gular use, one of these three Packer  
aps: Packer’s Tar Soap, or Packer’s  
ar Shampoo, or Packer’s Olive Oil  
hampoo.

Regular Packer shampoos are the  
fastest, surest road we know to healthy  
— and we have been studying the  
re of the hair for 53 years. Into these  
aps go ingredients especially selected  
for their benefits to the scalp—like  
stimulating pine tar, bland glycerine,  
imported olive oil. Each ingredient is  
the finest and purest we can obtain.

Try a Packer shampoo. Notice how  
quickly the snowy lather billows up.  
Feel its richness as you massage it into  
your scalp. Feel the scalp waking up.  
Now rinse, and see the rich lather vanish  
in a twinkling. Dry, and notice how  
lustrous your hair is . . . and how  
manageable.

Even one shampoo with Packer's  
makes your hair so much more attrac-  
tive. And regular Packer shampoos  
keep your hair healthy. Read the offer  
below and start the family off to better,  
healthier hair habits now.

Send for sample. Send 10c for a sample of any  
one of these Packer soaps and "The Care of the Hair,"  
our new 28-page book on hair-health, the care of dry  
hair, oily hair, dandruff, etc. Specify which soap you  
Dept. 16-G, P. O. Box 85, New York, N. Y.

Packer Shampoos

Packer’s Tar Soap  

Packer’s Olive Oil Shampoo  

Packer’s Pine Tar Shampoo

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
**A Prop Boy’s Dictionary**

**Studio Language Made Simple for the Beginner**

*By Robert H. Cowing*

**DIRECTOR**—Mr. God in Hollywood.

**Assistant Director**—The guy who yells “Lunch.”

**Gaffer**—A guy who walks all over the clean floor with his dirty boots.

**Juicer**—Another electrician who’s got nothing to do but walk on the floor.

**Technical Director**—A guy from outside who is expert at not knowing anything you want.

**Set Dresser**—The guy who spots heavy furniture on a set.

**Swing Gang**—The boys who place the heavy furniture for me to move.

**Swing Gang Boss**—The guy who says “The boss wants to see you.”

**Prop Boss**—The guy who says “I’m laying you off tonight.”

**Art Director**—A guy with long hair and a hot line.

**Producer**—A guy who spends $5,000 in time trying to save $5 overhead.

**Efficiency Man**—A guy who loses $5,000 for the studio but saves $5 for his unit.

**Superintendent**—Grab a mop and hit the floor when he comes around.

**Front Office**—Where they get swell looking secretaries.

**Scenario Writer**—A guy who agrees with the director on story construction.

**Reading Department**—Where they send relatives and rejection slips.

**Supervisor**—In charge of guessing with the producer and interfering with the director.

**Personal Assistant**—A friend who wanted a job.

**Yes Man**—A guy who has give up.

**Secretary**—Somebody’s sweet mama.

** Casting Director**—A wet nurse for relatives who want to break into the movies.

**Assistant Casting Director**—A wet blanket for the hams.

**Central Casting Office**—Situated on Casting Problem’s Bluff and dealing in bologna and hams.

**Actor**—A real guy who always gives you a decent break.

**Ham**—An unpopular egg who thinks he or she is an actor.

**Extra**—The marvel of dietitians. Can eat any amount of food or none at all and still look for jobs.

**Grip**—A standby carpenter who drops his hammer in the middle of a dramatic scene.

**Painter**—A guy who splashes paint on the clean windows.

**Carpenter**—A guy who leaves shavings on the grand piano.

**Business Manager**—The guy who sees you get fed at midnight.

**Star**—A man or girl who keeps the front office guessing.

**Trouper**—A man or girl who is cheerful, helpful, and willing at all times to consider the other fellow’s feelings.

**Up-Stage**—Generally some gutter-pup, drawing five thousand dollars a week who gets canned after the second picture.

To Back Up—To hog the close-up by facing front and the other player get the back of his neck photographed.

**Bit**—To walk in, walk out, scene’s over.

**Part**—To walk in, stay a while, walk out.

**Free Lance Artist**—Somebody who has lost his or her contract.

**Artist**—An imported cheese-opener from Europe who makes artistic failures in America till his contract is up.

**Stool**—A snooping skunk who better keep off my set! drop a chandelier on him!

**Spaghetti**—Electric cable you trip over when you’re in a hurry to get bicarbonate of soda for the boss.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 118]
Dorothy Dwan, dainty movie star, says, "Every day is a happy day when I’m wearing my Bradley."

SMART as a smacking sea breeze are the new Bradley Bathing Suits for men and women.

Colors as fast as Gibraltar.
Patterns as gay as Paris.

And, with it all, a new-bathing and beach comfort due to the Bradley "Loop of Life"—a stitch with a stretch and a "come-back".

Your dealer has Bradleys for the whole family. And, if you’ll write, we’ll send you a free copy of the colorful Bradley Style Book... Bradley Knitting Company, Delavan, Wisconsin.

Slip into a Bradley Knit Wear and out-of-doors

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
ALL the beautiful stars in Hollywood know that exquisitely smooth skin is essential to a success on the screen.

Only genuinely lovely skin, say leading directors, can confidently face the all-revealing lights of the close-up. How wisely the stars care for their smooth skin!

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap. There are in Hollywood 433 important screen actresses, including all stars. 417 of these use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their lovely skin soft and smooth!

Luxury hitherto found only in French soaps at 50¢ or $1.00 a cake—now just 10¢!
Lux Toilet Soap cares for the skin the true French way for it is made by the famous method France developed and uses for her finest toilet soaps. Order some today—you, like the lovely screen stars, will enjoy the delicate fragrance of this firm white cake, the instant abundant lather which even hard water can't quell! It is so luxurious!

When you write to advertisers please mention PhotoPlay Magazine.
Hear Ye! Hear Ye!
Court is Called in Hollywood

This is called reconstructing the crime. The district attorney in "The Bellamy Trial" has built the murder room in miniature for the benefit of the jury. Here he is closing his argument. In the distance is the battery of newspaper folk, working hard so that the Great American Public can follow every development in every edition.
Two exclusive new features in the Improved Kotex

and—Prices Reduced

The Improved Kotex was two years in the making. When it was finally perfected, our enthusiasm for it was doubled. As a result, you get the Improved Kotex, with its exclusive features, for less than you formerly paid.

The New Exclusive Advantages

1. Form-fitting, non-detectable shape, with corners scientifically rounded and tapered to fit. Now the most clinging gowns may be worn without altering slender, smooth lines.

2. Softer, fluffier—thus ending chafing and similar irritation.

& All the qualities you have always known in Kotex are retained.

Approved by Women Doctors, Nurses

These important changes were made under the supervision of women doctors and nurses because they could appreciate your problems from a woman's point of view as well as professionally. Their approval of each detail is particularly significant. And these improvements, which carry their enthusiastic endorsement, are found in Kotex only.

Former Exclusive Features Retained

The remarkably absorbent powers of Kotex remain, the same protective area is there. Cellulocotton wadding which is exclusive to Kotex has all the advantages of any waterproofed absorbent, plus its own unique qualities—5 times more absorbent than cotton—discards like tissue—you simply follow directions; it deodorizes thoroughly while worn.

You buy Kotex by name, without embarrassment, without delay... in two sizes, Regular and Kotex-Super. At all drug, dry-goods and department stores. Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Company.

Remember, nothing else is remotely like the new Improved Kotex. Buy a box today to learn our latest and greatest contribution to woman's hygienic comfort.

KOTEX COMPANY
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago Ill.
TELLING THE WORLD—M.-G.-M.

Wise-cracking Bill Haines makes us laugh again in spite of ourselves. A banker’s son gets his first newspaper assignment to interview his own father (with whom he is not speaking) and he does it. The newspaper work takes Bill all the way to China and there we have excitement galore. The young lady who interests him all the while is Anita Page. Although this is her first screen appearance, her beauty and charm have carried her far already. Picture is full of hokum but also full of laughs.

THE MICHIGAN KID—Universal

A SKILLFULLY directed and beautifully photographed tall timber tale, intensely melodramatic but very real. No one will mind the Horatio Alger plot of the small town ragamuffin who ran away and became the “Michigan Kid,” Alaska’s richest and most notorious gambler, because Conrad Nagel is so convincing in the role. Being lucky at both cards and love, he wins his boyhood sweetheart, the delightful Renee Adoree, after many vicissitudes. Thrilling stuff.

A CERTAIN YOUNG MAN—M.-G.-M.

A FROTHY narrative of distinct Arlenesque flavor, dealing with the blase adventures of a London Johnny. Ramon Novarro plays the languid Lord Gerald Brinsley with his characteristic youthful dignity. Marceline Day blows into Bizarotta where milord has gone to duck women; he goes off the deep end about her and gives his sophisticated London mistress, Carmel Myers, the bird. Completely lacking in dramatic fire and suspense, but full of rude ret is that frighteningly amusing, eh? what’s what?

LADY RAFFLES—Columbia

AFTER all these years, we’ve found a mystery picture with a mystery. Imagine! And, to top that, Estelle Taylor and Lilian Tashman are very effective in this baffling melodrama. They juggle identities all through the picture—Estelle is a fast worker whose goat no cop can get, and Lilian ballrooms with her usual savoir faire. One of them is Lady Raffles, a big-time crook, who doesn’t know when to stop. Go see it.

THE DANGER PATROL—Rayart

ONE of those big, wholesome, fresh-air epics of the Royal Northwest Mounted. There are two villains, a beautiful girl, an erring father, an injured Mountie, and a smug, bad-beaver kind of murderer—all in Peaceful Valley. Not hysterically different, but Virginia Brownie Faire is very easy to look at, and William Russell is the convincing hero of the North who gets his man, and the girl to boot.

THE GOLDEN CLOWN—Nordith-Pathé

Costa Ekman, a superb actor deserving of real stories, registers favorably in spite of a stupid story, the sole purpose of which is to prove that even Denmark has its Pagliacci. He shows a decided streak of genius in his interpretation of the deterioration of an intrinsically fine character. The traditional European tragedy, done with a heavy Nordic hand, stalks through the picture, but it doesn’t mean a thing. Ekman, however, is very worth seeing.

GOLF WIDOWS—Columbia

A HIGHLY-AMUSING comedy drama, logically constructed. Golf-playing husbands must expect their wives to find amusement during lonely hours—and sometimes others pay the penalty. Harrison Ford loves Vera Reynolds, but his lack of sophistication makes him an easy prey for a “golf widow,” and thereby many laughable, compromising situations arise. The charm of Vera Reynolds and the seriousness of Harrison Ford, to lady of her. A weak, dull story, top heavy with a cast too fine for the production. Bet Cottyn is more at home on the Stage, but she redeems it to the point of real entertainment.

GIVE AND TAKE—Universal

WITH actors like Jean Hersholt and George Sidney furnishing cuckoo humor in abundance, it's no wonder the attractive youn gerstars, Shaza Lynn and George Larkin, are most forgotten. Hersholt owns a canny patrol at George Sidney is his foreman. Things run smoothly until Jean's son comes home from college and makes the business profit-sharing. From then on the laughs come thick and fast. A silly story but funny, so why worry?

THE SCARLET DOVE—Tiffany-Stahl

RUSSIAN military life as she were before the war with special emphasis on bedroom angles. Not startling, however, is so-so program stuff. Lowell Sherman is in perspicacious as the vain young commanding officer of a Cossack regiment. The charming and genuine Here’s a snappy plight and a bit of pathos wound around Jil Jeffries—in person. Some pappy titles, too.

THE HIT OF THE SHOW—FBO

THIS might easily be called “The Journal of a Disappointed Man. It spills enough grief for the old heartstrings into handsome Joe E. Brown's as a too-too beautiful character of a kid trickster with big-time ideas four months back rent, a big heart and a funny face. Broadway's always just around the corner, but when he gets the big break, the shock's too much. Quite dull, were it not for Gertrudes Omlstead and Astor.

RINTY OF THE DESERT—Warners

THE story of a desert-bred dog who seeks his lost mate in the city. Highly dramatic and appealing, it successfully avoids the customary setting for dog pictures. Rin-Tin-Tin’s voice can only be described in spattering superlatives. What an actor that canine is! He’s just naturally marvelous! The supporting cast is adequate, but not important, and the direction is quite good, but Rin-Tin-Tin is the whole show.

THE HOUSE OF SCANDAL—Tiffany-Stahl

MORE cops and crooks. This time it’s the pearls, by George! But, with Dorothy Sebastian, the gang’s master mind and be switching young lady back of the deed, a very funny face. Broadway’s always just around the corner. Rather inconveniently for the crooks, she falls for an Irish cop’s kid brother who has sneaked the big boy’s uniform to make a kid Carkoffs of confusion, consternation, and chaos.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]
One dirty corner breeds another

Certainly it's easier to other with the gang on the corner than to sit and fret a shabby, shoddy home. What a mission the soap rush has to perform! Let it brighten up dirty corners at home—and watch dirty corners everywhere vanish.

And remember, soap and water can't begin too early in life to tie up cleanliness and character.

Even dark deeds flee—before SOAP & WATER

Published by The Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of Cleanliness Institute
ten weeks' work with M.-G.-M.—which was the fulfillment of their promise to her.

Of course, she landed with the usual great ambitions and usual blare of publicity trumpets. In a year she would be a star.

The sad part is she didn't fail. She played in several pictures. But she just didn't click, either.

At least she had common sense. She went home instead of joining the long line of other beauty winners in the ranks of the hungry extras.

When she was Enid Gregory, she just couldn't get along in pictures. A little work once in a while—but nothing definite.

Then she changed her name to Marian Douglas. And there has scarcely been a two days' rest.

"I was frightened backward—shy. My husband (Al Rogell, the director) used to say, 'Baby, if you'll only get a hold of yourself, you could make a success in this business."

The burning of the Reformatory in "The Godless Girl." To direct a mob in a spectacular scene of this sort, takes the utmost in directorial skill

Including the second lead to Molly O'Day in "Shepherd of the Hills," two leads with Ken Maynard. Now she is the heroine in a Tim McCoy picture.

ANTA PAGE, the younger who has made good despite Harry K. Thaw's introduction, is determined that the temptations of the big city shall not reach her. She has become a regular little hermit. Goes to bed at seven o'clock each evening—refuses all party invitations. And the other morning we heard her refusing to grant an interview for any evening except Saturday, because she didn't have to get up Sunday morning. Which is the height of innocence in this city!

ALL those who work with little Anita have nice things to say about the girl's ambition. Anita is dead set on making good in the movies. When she acts, she acts all over the studio. Directors have a terrible time getting Anita to stand still for her close-ups. So now they have solved the problem by putting Anita in a soap-box, so that she can't run around while her close-ups are being filmed.

WILSON MIZNER continues to amuse all the other Hollywood wits with his fund of once-upon-a-time-thes-happened stories.

Now he is telling about the time he saved a friend's trunk in New York City.

The friend owed several weeks' rent and the landlady was keep-

Mitchell Leisen, De Mille art director and the keyboard by which he controlled the various fire effects

"Then, one day, I met a woman who told me that in numerology my name came out at seven, the most unlucky number for a person. She suggested that I change it to something that came out at nine. We chose Marian Douglas.

"It sounds silly, I know. But, honest, I haven't felt like the same person. I used to stand in line and wait. Now I walk right in and just get a part in a picture."

In four months she has made five pictures

Cecil De Mille's jab at the medi-

A READER writes in to find out why they called it "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" when, he points out, there wasn't a gentleman in the picture.

And there you have the reason why satire fails at the box office.

MARY BRIAN has signed a new long-term contract with Famous Players-Lasky. And her fan mail was responsible for it. Mary gets one of the largest

94
"I wish I'd known"

There's always a new experience ahead—something you haven't done before and which calls for a decision.

You become engaged—and immediately you are called upon to decide on the purchase of many, many things you never bought before.

You marry—and furniture, draperies, silverware, china, talking-machines, oil-burners, gas-stoves, automobiles claim your dollars and call for your choice.

A baby comes—and again you face a new experience in purchasing clothes and powders and blankets; in buying a crib, baby-carriage, foods, toys.

Next—what school? For the years pass incredibly fast. Once more, a new decision.

Every room in your house requires a choice. Every meal served in your dining-room results from your having decided on what to serve. Every day confronts you with a multitude of possibilities from which you must select those which make life happier and better, and make the dollars go farther.

How on earth are you going to make those decisions? How can you know what you want and what you don't want? How can you buy to such advantage that you'll seldom, if ever, have occasion to use that futile phrase, "I wish I'd bought something else"?

Read the advertisements—read them carefully. The advertisements are an encyclopaedia of news and information on the things you want and need.
fan mails in the city—all because she is the innocent, sweet stay-at-home type of girl whom mothers and sisters, as well as college boys hunting for the old-fashioned non-flapper type, like.

ELINOR GLYN spent a quiet month in Hollywood as the guest of Marion Davies. But she couldn’t quite avoid getting herself tied up with the promise to write some more for the movies. Two Clara Bow stories, one with the title "Make Them Love Her"—is her promise to Famous Players-Lasky. You will remember that "It" and "Red Hair," two of Clara’s best sellers, were from the pen of Madame Glyn.

CAMILLA HORN has gone back to Germany for a vacation. When she returns, she will bring her mother with her. Not much is made of the fact that Camilla is married. Her husband stayed in Germany when Camilla came to this country. However, we hear that they are a happy couple and so when Camilla announces that she must see her mother, she probably means that she is sailing to persuade her husband to return with her.

LITA GREY CHAPLIN and her now constant attendant, Roy D’Ar- cay, the one-out-of-five heavy, arrived after eleven at a recent dinner dance given by the Mayfair, that Hollywood celebrity social organization.

Ten dollars a plate is the regular charge for the occasion. But Roy mysteriously summoned the officials, of which Charlie Chaplin is one, by the way, and asked about half price admissions since he and Lita were so late and had missed the dinner.

SHADES of Peter Pan! Wandering through the Paramount wardrobe department, we noticed a man struggling over a huge dog skin. Piling innumerable wires in the great head, testing the huge eyelids which rolled up and down in perfect imitation of life. But the man looked sad, depressed with his labors.

"It can’t be done, Pete!" he murmured to an assistant. "It can’t be fixed even for a publicity picture. It seems a shame. This dog was the friend of every kid in the country."

Then we recognized him. It was all that was left of the big woolly pet who played such a prominent part with Betty Bronson in "Peter Pan," the huge skin that covered George Alli. The dog, which cost hundreds of dollars, had innumerable publicity stories written around him and received thousands of fan letters from children all over the country. The hair was in shreds, the eyes shrunked, the teeth broken. Even prop dogs have their day and pass on.

JOSEPHINE LOVETT ROBERTSON has sailed for London where she will join her husband, John Robertson. Mr. Robertson is all set to begin work on his first English production. It will probably be a modern story of social life in the British capital.

PERHAPS you think these tears of the movies are caused by glycerin or onions. If so, you should watch Clara Bow turn on the faucet. She was sitting on the set watching and waiting while the prop boys arranged Dick Arlen in a chair, ready for supposed torture.

"All ready, Clara, get ready!" the director shouted.

Clara leaned forward, looked at Dick, then without even closing her eyes or moving her position, great tears welled up in her eyes and all at once she was sobbing—"Camera!" the director shouted. And she did it over and over.

WHY barbers break down and cry. Raymond Hatton is now growing his 115th beard.

WHEN Lina Basquette was announced at a recent Hollywood film opening, she stepped before the microphone with this sentence: "You know I am not going to say what all these other people are saying—how happy
Preferred

"For its personal service"

Lois Moran, like other film stars included in the distinguished clientele of the Golden State Limited, finds praise for the service of this great train.

Experienced travelers everywhere, content with no less than the best, choose the Golden State Limited.

Luxurious in appointments, quiet deft service—none finer. Over the direct route between Los Angeles and Chicago in 61 1/4 hours—none faster—the 'Golden State' sets the pace.

Golden State Limited

Southern Pacific

Rock Island

Southern Pacific Company
San Francisco, California

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
They also need not worry. F. W. Murnau, at the last moment, would not let Janet leave the set of "Four Devils." And he sent for Nancy Drew to come back when he learned she was posing in a garden costume.

If the miles Jesse L. Lasky has traveled between New York and Hollywood were laid end to end they would reach. . . But wait a minute! Mr. Lasky has just finished his ninetieth round trip. It's three thousand miles one way, so figure it out for yourself. Maybe the railroad shouldn't give him a rebate.

Six months ago a newspaper woman visited the set of Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody.

"What are you going to do when you've finished this picture, Mr. Cody?"

"I'm going abroad," Cody answered.

"And you, Miss Pringle?"

"Oh, I'm going to try and pay off the mortgage on my house!"

The other day the same newspaper woman visited the stage where Pringle and Cody are again co-starring.

"What are you going to do when you finish this picture?"

"Oh, I'm going abroad," Cody nonchalantly answered.

"And you, Miss Pringle?"

"My story still sticks," the non-forgetful Aileen answered. "I'm still trying!"

There's a thrill in being a Hollywood newspaperman.

Three hours after Betty Montagne, extra girl, shot and killed Hamilton Mannon, vice president of the Tec-Art studios, and then put a bullet through her own head, a reporter was going through her trunk, finding and copying her most private love letters for the waiting public to read.

He found odds and ends, quite feminine and funny. Little love notes from old admirers. A picture of her baby girl. A "frat" pin—a memory of happy school days. A piece of hard grease paint. A powder puff and slipstick. And some steel-cased bullets.

February Charles Rogers wrote his father that he had received 15,000 fan letters during the month.

Father immediately wrote, from his desk in Olathe, Kansas, a long sympathetic letter. "It's too bad, son. They must have all written in one month," was one sentence.

When his mail climbed to nearly 20,000 letters in March, Buddy wired his father. And now Rogers, senior, admits that he believes miracles can happen.

Wilson Mizner had an attack of heart trouble recently and was unconscious for some little time. When he came to, he discovered himself to be surrounded by anxious friends, all inquiring how he felt and what he was going to be all right.

"We thought you were dead," said Mal St. Clair, hugely relieved to see Mizner open his eyes.

"I guess I was—for a minute," returned Wilson. "It was like this. I felt myself floating 'way up and up and up. I went through some big, golden gates. When I got inside I saw a lot of familiar faces. And I said, 'Oh hell! This is just a conference of supervisors!'

"So I just went out and floated back down and here I am!"

Alice White isn't quite sure whether she is going to marry Dick Grace, the aviator of 'Wings' fame, even though she has announced her engagement to him.

She gives as a reason, her career. Can't just make up her mind whether being an actress and being married go well together.

Of course, there are those who say that Dick has been a little rough with her. There's the night he's supposed to have forgotten she wasn't an aeroplane and gave her a spin to the floor for making eyes at a former admirer—then there's that other night—

But you can't believe all you hear—even about a girl with as many engagements as Alice!

From wires to soap. William Russell, once a star, has been investing his money in local projects. He formerly owned a well-known hair store and beauty parlor.

Just recently he sold out with a large profit and has now gone in for washing the motors of the ultra-smart movie stars.

Bill has a first class, super-special automobile service station.

For five years Sunshine Hart dodged custard pies on the Mack Sennett lot. For five years her heart was aching because she really wanted to be a character actress.

Then the Mack Sennett studio closed down.

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**The Stars That Never Were**

The first of a charming and delightful series of short stories by Margaret E. Sangster, whose frequent contributions to *Photoplay* have been a popular feature, will appear in the August number.

This short story, "The Madonna Bit," is complete in itself, as will be the other stories of the series. Watch for this series, beginning next month.

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*SAL HEPATICA*

*The Sparkling Effervescent Saline*

*© 1923*
How to look cool and chic on a warm summer's afternoon. Bebe Daniels wears this dress of periwinkle blue chiffon. A gracefully pleated bertha falls into a cape at the back, while the skirt repeats the idea with a mass of sunburst pleating. Small rhinestone buttons do a perpendicular drop from the bertha to the hem.

She was forced to look elsewhere for employment. It was a long, hard climb because she refused to play any role which called for a comedienne, the only part for which she was noted. But she persisted until Mary Pickford gave her a chance as her mother in “My Best Girl.” Now Edwin Carewe is using her as Binka with Dolores Del Rio in “Revenge.” And she's happy. Only two roles—but they mean that she is really started on her life's desire.

Robert Armstrong, the prize-fighter player on the legitimate stage in “Is Zat So?,” finds there is one unpleasant thing about playing in the movies. On the stage he didn't have to go to sea on location. Since he finds that the sea does things to him, he's lost two very fine pictures because he didn't dare risk it. When he went out for five days in “A Girl in Every Port,” he stayed four hours. Then they had to return him. For all that, he still prefers the movies.

Every woman wants a soft, smooth skin with the glorious feel of rare velvet—

Which explains why the Linit Beauty Bath is so popular among thousands of fastidious women.

After a luxurious Linit Beauty Bath you instantly “feel” the results—your skin is unusually soft and delightful to the touch.

Merely dissolve half a package of Linit (the scientific starch discovery sold by grocers) in your bath—then enjoy the soothing sensation of a rich, cream-like bath—and feel your skin. It is like rare velvet.

After your Linit Bath, powdering is unnecessary as Linit leaves just the right amount of powder on the skin, evenly spread. You will find that Linit adheres well, absorbs perspiration without caking, eliminates “shine” on body, hands and face, prevents chafing and affords protection against wind and sun.

Harmless and Refreshing

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit and, being a pure vegetable product, is absolutely harmless to even the most delicate skin. White is the natural color of Linit—it is not disguised by color or odor.

Linit is sold by Grocers

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A Sunproof Complexion

You can enjoy all the delightful outdoor sports and still be confident that your appearance will not be blemished by the sun or wind. Gouraud’s Oriental Cream renders an entrancing film of pearly beauty which affords positive protection to the complexion.

Just think! An unusually attractive appearance that will not “rub off,” streak, spot or show signs of perspiration can be secured instantly. No messy “rubbing in” or tedious treatments necessary.

The highly antiseptic and astrigent action Gouraud’s Oriental Cream exerts makes its use particularly helpful in treating blemishes, skin troubles, freckles, wrinkles, tan, flabbiness, redness, muddy skins and similar conditions. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel.

GOURAUD’S ORIENTAL CREAM

“Beauty’s Master Touch”.

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Check shade desired: White | Flesh | Rachel

Name

Street

City

THE LITTLE SNOB—Warner

A CONEY ISLAND bred youngster takes a society background at boarding school. All she has to hide is her father’s concession, their cheap flat, their freak friends, and a young bachelor. When she returns, sheOp the first for the ritz crowd—but not for long, oh no! The high-hats go slumming, roommate insults dear old Pop, daughter fusses up defiantly and gives society the go-by. A bit slushy, but May McAvoy is cheering.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE—Rayart

H ave you a little amateur detective in your home? Then send him to see this one. Have him take along his slide-rule and sextant, because “A Midnight Adventure” had us fooled up to the last fade-out. A man is murdered in the first five minutes of the picture. The next hour and a half is given over to “who pulled the trigger?” Cullen Landis is starred, but this is essentially an all-cast movie.

BEYOND THE SIERRAS—M-G-M.

EVEN the kids didn’t applaud “Beyond the Sierras.” When kids don’t applaud a Western, it’s bad. If Tim McCoy doesn’t show more Western spirit, he may be ordered back to the reservation with the Indians. To call this performance “adequate” would be singing loud praise. The same goes for Sylvia Beecher. When this one arrives at your favorite theater, turn on the radio and prepare for an evening at home.

THE FLYING COWBOY—Universal

A NOTHER treat for Hoot Gibson fans. In this one Hoot is cast as the main attraction of a dude ranch. To please the customers he disguises himself as Black Bart, a bold bad bandit, and tries to frighten a pretty Eastern arrival with an old-fashioned hold-up. The gal...
doesn’t frighten easily and humorous complications follow. Many funny spots and Hoot’s hell-for-leather riding is as thrilling as ever.

HEADING FOR DANGER—FOB

KIDS yell, “Gee, he's keen!” Schoolgirls gasp.

“Ain’t he grand!” Grow-ups heave a breathless, “Gosh—will you look at that boy!”

And they’re right. Bob Steele, a superb athlete and horseman, is gay and charming as a modern Lochinvar-Zorro sort of fellow. New plot, new situation, new gags, new hero and heroine who know their stuff—what more could one ask of a picture? It’s undoubtedly the best Western in many months.

STATE STREET SADIE—Warners

LAST season it was war yarns—this year it’s underworld stories. This is just another. Plot features Conrad Nagel as the bright boy who plays crook to revenge the death of his brother. Myrna Loy is the girl friend who’s really as good as gold but poses as tough little State Street Sadie from Chicago to abet in the gangster’s capture. Of course, they win out and win each other. Nagel is excellent; the lady has a lot to learn about camera angles. Of average interest.

THE DANGER RIDER—Universal

Hoot Gibson rides flamboyantly through the better-than-usual Western, to the rescue of an unprotected girl, her money, and other such details. The plot is quite amusing, too. Eugenia Gilbert is a young lady with an altruistic slant toward ex-convicts. She fills her ranch up with them and expects them all to sing hymns. They’re an ungrateful bunch of sons-of-guns, so Hoot steps in and makes them sing hymns; he cleans up the joint and grabs the girl. Passably good.

BACHELOR’S PARADISE—Tiffany Stahl

CHECK this one out as passable entertainment. A go-between for comedy and drama with some good old fashioned pie-throwing, a mammoth street brawl and an inquiring prize fight prominently featured. Sally O’Neil is the little bachelor girl whose nondescript apartment becomes a paradise for the boy-friend when he is injured. Only the boy-friend shies at marriage—shies so hard that he disappears while the minister gets his prayer book ready. Does she get him? And how! Worth an otherwise empty evening.

NO QUESTIONS ASKED—Warners

William Collier, Jr., and Audrey Ferris battle companionably through a marriage farce. Grandfather settles a fortune on them if they survive the first year, and they cook up the cash if they split. He drags in Margaret Livingston to do some heavy vamping on hubby. When wifey barges out with her favorite perfume salesman, Andre Beranger, divorce looks imminent. The story, deftly handled, would have been a knockout. Laughs anyway, thanks to Joe Jackson’s titles.

DETECTIVES—M.G.M.

This time Karl Dane is a big goof of a hotel detective and George K. Arthur is a little goof of a bell hop, which tends to make this rather a goofy picture. Not even the titles and the touches of rieque humor can make up for the lack of real action. There are jewel thieves, spooks, gun battles—and a few really good gags—but combined without that zip which spells success for a comedy production. Marceline Day is wasted in such a picture. Better catch up on your sleep when this is shown.

FREE LIPS—First Division

June Marlowe does a Pollyanna of the night club, an innocent, virtuous, sugary-sweet country girl who gets mixed up with a goldigger who’s been twenty for twenty

Get His Photo
and many others—all different!

WM. HAINES, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Player

Autographed Photos of

20 SCREEN STARS
—and beautiful album for mounting them.

There’s a real thrill in showing your friends a wonderful collection of your favorite screen star photos. Start your set now—get these attractive autographed pictures of 20 famous stars. Sent prepaid to any address, including beautiful album, for only 20 wrappers from single sticks of Blatz Gum, mint or grape flavors, and 20 cents (stamps or coin). Size of photos, 3½ x 5½ in. Address Blatz—Dept. N., P. O. Box 1573, Milwaukee. Blatz Gum will surprise and delight you just as surely as the beautiful autographed photos. It’s the hit of the nation for taste—for goodness. Ask for Blatz—treat yourself to mint gum, full of real peppermint; and the original grape gum. Sold everywhere.

Start saving the wrappers NOW—

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“Everybody Loves It”

Also Blatz Buttons
Grain and Mint Flavors

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Taking a Vacation Trip this Summer?
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GENUINE STEERHIDE HANDBAG

You'll use it thousands of times. You'll find it carefully designed and divided for milady's convenience. Practical beyond anything else in this line on the market.

Meeper made genuine steerhide leather goods are serviceable. The longer used, the richer they become—the leather becomes softer, their tone more mellow.

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Joplin, Missouri

Largest Manufacturers of Steerhide Leather Goods in the U. S. A.

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**Questions and Answers**

*Continued from page 83*

"Red" Boots, Atlanta, Ga.—Any relation to Kid Boots or to Puss-in-Boots? Renee Adoree is about twenty-six years old. Write to her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Clara Bow and Louise Brooks may be reached at the Paramount-Famous-Lucky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. And Antonio Moreno at the Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

E. C., Detroit, Mich.—John Gilbert is an American. Fling out your flags. Born in Logan, Utah, July 11, 1897. Write to the handsome, dashing, fascinating, talented, etc., etc., Mr. Gilbert at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Calif.

Germaine S., Cincinnati, O.—Welcome, newcomer! Charlotte Merriam and the late Barbara La Marr played with Harry Myers in "The Brass Bottle." Sally Blane is seventeen years old and Mary McAllister is eighteen. Thank you and come again.

I. T., Milton, Pa.—My European scouts tell me that Ivan Petrovitch is six feet tall, thirty years old and has black hair and black eyes. He's a Russian and lives in Europe. Divorced. Write to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1520 Broadway, New York, for his photograph.

F. C., Monroeville, N. C.—I love frankness. So here's a brief biography of your crush: He was born on December 11, 1905, at

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The chief indoor sport of wild, wild Hollywood is a rousing game of Ping Pong. Dorothy Sebastian and Joan Crawford have just played a hot set. Don't be surprised if you hear of these gay movie stars collecting stamps or getting all worked up over lotto.
Chihuahua, Mexico, and he's five feet, eleven inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. His hair is jet black and he has hazel eyes. Write to Gilbert Roland at the United Artists Studio, 7500 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

M. T. C., DUNCA, OKLA.—Glad you dropped in for a call. So you have gone in for long hair and a business career? Good luck. Lars Hanson is not a Bohemian; he was born in Sweden. Come again some time soon.

R. B. L., BREST, VA.—Donald Keith is twenty-two years old and married. Nice boy, isn't he?

You Can Never Be an Actor

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

the student's imagination and dramatic instinct.

"Miss Davies is essentially a comedian. She can put across pathos, too. That, after all, is the proof of a comedian, for the essence of comedy is to make an audience cry at one moment and laugh at the next. Joe Jefferson was a great comedian with this ability. Miss Davies is beginning to reveal this. Then, too, she fulfills another test of comedy: she makes you feel the truthfulness of the character she plays.

After the withdrawal of Tom Terris, Mr. Currie had charge of the now famous Paramount School. If this class did nothing else it justified itself by producing Buddy Rogers.

"At first Rogers did not impress me as an outstanding pupil," says Mr. Currie. "Several weeks passed before he astonished me one day with a flash of genuine ability. Then I watched him carefully. He has three requisites: he is amenable to suggestion, he has inherent ability and he possesses a charming personality."

Mr. Currie speaks kindly, too, of another student, Josephine Dunn.

"She has ability," he says, "if she gets a chance."

Incidentally, Mr. Currie has given dramatic instruction to Betty Compson and Larry Grey and, more recently, to Anita Page, then a Milton-Anderson student under the name of Anita Pomeres.

The Locker Room Quality

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

As Arlen came from his shower, Farrell took me over to him. About five foot ten or eleven, 170 pounds, no fat, long muscles, clear eyes, good chest, about a forty, dark hair sopping wet.

Yes, it was easy to believe that bozo took a wallowing.

"They tell me—I had my trousers on and he didn't so I was going to talk right up to him—that you don't act. Aren't what they'd call an actor?"

"Me? I dunno. Guess not. At least if grease paint makes an actor I'm no actor, because I never use it."

My memory wandered back to a remark I have often heard Dick Barthelmess make, one that originated with Wally Reid. "When you put grease paint on the face, something goes out of the heart."

May be true, may not be.

Anyway, it might account for Dick Arlen keeping the locker room quality.

This will cool your children's sun-scorched skin

SUNSHINE is good—taken in small doses until the skin gets accustomed to it. But children, your children, won't do that. They'll play long hours under the blazing sun—and get badly sun-scorched. When that happens, gently smooth in Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. It cools sun-scorch immediately. Takes out the heat. Makes the skin feel soft and fresh again.

But better still—use Hinds Cream to prevent sun-scorch. Before your children go out, smooth Hinds Cream into their skin. Dust powder lightly over it. Then there'll be no sun-scorch! Because, you see, Hinds Cream, with powder over it, prevents it. Gives the gentle protection the sensitive skin of a child needs.

The coupon below will bring you a sample bottle of Hinds Cream. Send it today.

HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM


Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors, Dept. 688, Bloomfield, N. J. Send me a sample bottle of HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM, the protecting cream for the skin.

Name.

Address.

Buy Hinds Cream in the 5c and 1$00 sizes. You get more at less cost.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Let's look at Dick's beginnings. Born in Charlottesville, Virginia, in 1899 he was still a kid in 1917. This boy who might be you or me, felt the urge we all did at that time. Just before we entered the war he left St. Thomas' College, St. Paul, Minnesota, and joined the Royal Flying Corps. He came out of it after the war a second lieutenant.

Jobs were scarce, as every man who doffed khaki for multi about that time can attest. He finally got one, however.

"It was driving a motorcycle for Joe Aller's Film Laboratories," he told me. "I had never been on one in my life, but did know something about motors and besides, by that time, I was kinda hungry. The job was to deliver rolls of film the laboratories had developed to the different studios.

"It was all right for a week. Guess I forgot to do something over Sunday because the second Monday I came shooting out of an alley on that motorcycle and couldn't stop it. I reached for the ignition but it wasn't where I reached for and by that time it had stopped anyway. A big truck stopped it for me."

When Arlen got out of the hospital he decided he wanted nothing more to do with motorcycles. His former job had taken him into the studios. He had seen scores of extras around the lots. Thinking the matter over, one job was as good as another to him. They all meant work but, more important, they all spelled e-a-t.

So, acting became Dick Arlen's job, his business. It is still a business to him. He has no inner flame burning to make him express his art. He doesn't feel he is an actor in the common meaning of the term. He is just a workman, carrying on his business during hours a little longer than nine to five, even as you and I.

After investing eight years in his job, he's become a proficient workman. He has learned one of the hardest things in the world, how to be himself before a camera.

That is why Dick Arlen on the screen has typified the average young man of today. He is that himself. The one who does the things we all do, including falling in love and marrying the "only girl."

During one of our later talks he referred to his "lucky year." "Lucky year?" I asked. "What one was that?"

"1927."

"Why?"

"Because I married Jobyna on January 27, 1927."

Jobyna Ralston. The girl who played opposite him in "Wings." In that picture he sat with her in a swing and looked down at her with eyes that expressed love with a capital "L." The part called for it. But the son-of-a-gun wasn't acting even then. He played it straight. He was just being natural. The boy who was in love with a girl. One of us.
Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

But Only in Reel Life

Minneapolis, Minn.

I saw "The Circus" at its first matinee here. Children were everywhere and they
were not silent. On the lips of children the name Charlie becomes an endearment.
I heard it from all parts of the theater in childishly varying tones of tenderness. It
bespoke a magical sort of intimacy that a child might feel for a beloved book character
come to life.

Finally, I heard a small boy behind me
make an unconsciously penetrating criticism of Chaplin and his art. When Chaplin turned
disconsolately and began to disappear, with
his walk growing steadily more jaunty, into
the early morning mists, the boy's voice rose triumphantaly, "See, he never gets married.
That's why I like him.

MRS. H. E. BRIGGS.

Think This Over

Boston, Mass.

I believe that when the Almighty finished
making the jackass, He had scraps of material
left with which He constructed the professional
reformer. Due to lack of organized opposition
and public indifference, they are actually
putting over some of their crazy schemes and
telling Bostonians, reared in the shadow of
the Cradle of Liberty, what books we "shall
not" read. If allowed free rein they will soon
be telling us, not only that we must go to
church, but also, what church we "shall"
attend.

RICHARD C. JACOBS.

It Keeps Them Beautiful

North Syracuse, N. Y.

It is so easy for the busy, tired wife and
mother to neglect her own appearance in
striving for the best interest of husband and
children. But after an evening at the theater,
watching the exquisite visions flitting across
the screen, she usually decides to change
the style of her hair, or that she needs a new gown or hat, or at least, she goes
in for a little daily beautifying. Thanks to
motion pictures, every woman now knows how
to dress, how to stand, how to walk, and how
to act on every occasion.

Studying the pages of Photoplay has much
the same effect. New styles usually originate
with the stars, and even women on isolated
farms and ranches may follow the trend of the
times by reading Our Magazine.

DOROTHY COFFEY.

Did Mary Malign the Shop Girl?

Bradford, Pa.

Mary Pickford has attempted a come-back
in "My Best Girl." Personally, I consider
it the greatest shop next to the New York
show, "The Ladder." Analizing the picture,
you will find that the modern shop is ridiculed.
How many shop girls today do not know table
manners? How many do not dress smartly?
How many would make the gross mistakes
that "America's Sweetheart" does in her
picture? The answer is: none. The modern
shop girl knows her salad fork, her bouillon
cup and her entrée, as well as the importance
of dressing cleverly.

DAVID J. KREINSON.

Let Him Marry the Girl

Seattle, Wash.

Please let us have Lon Chaney as he is.
We do not want him disfigured. He isn't
homely. To me, he is beautiful. He has the

G RACEFUL and buoyant, she invariably
presents a lovely picture, whether
on the dance floor, the golf course
or the beach. She has learned that
the secret of safeguarding and en-
hancing the charm of her spring-
time loveliness is Manon Lescaut
Face Powder — from Paris.

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Time. WEAF and the Red Network.

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Bobbed Again! She has found Perfect Dressing Combs

Of course bobbed hair must be treated with great consideration if it is to be quite smart! The comb is responsible for its beauty, and although an Ace Pocket Comb should be always in the purse, there is more to do, you know, than just "tidy up." Upon arising, a large (9 inch) Ace Comb should touch the hair first, untangling and gently straightening out snarls, using the fine teeth to deepen the waves and form the favoritelines. Every night an Ace Dry Shampoo Comb removes every bit of dust or powder, stimulates the scalp and brings back the gloss and radiance which the day's activities had dimmed. These Ace Combs make the hair beautiful, for they are of hard rubber with rounded and polished teeth.

Ace Combs

A C E  C O M B S

OF GENUINE ACE BOBDED HAIR COMB, FOR EXAMPLE, MAY BE PURCHASED AT TOILET GOODS AND NOUCTION COUNTERS EVERYWHERE, OR IF YOU ARE NOT ABLE TO OBTAIN IT AT TWENTY-CENT STORES AND WE WILL SUPPLY ONE TOGETHER WITH OUR BOOK "LOVELY HAIR, ITS CARE AND COMBING.

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER COMPANY
Dept. P.7, 11 Mercer Street, New York, N. Y.
Enclosed is 25 cents (stamps preferred) for book "Lovely Hair, Its Care and Combinoing," and sample Ace Comb as mentioned above. Please send them to:

Name
Address

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Amateur Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

boat completely around in order to get high light correct.

On a trip to Key West over the Florida Keys, Mr. Covert tried out an interesting amateur stunt. Shooting with his Filmo upside down, Mr. Covert made a whole roll of film from the back platform of the observation car. Running the processed film through the projection machine, Mr. Covert obtains the effect of having shot his picture from the front of the locomotive. Turned over to get the shots right side up, the film, of course, runs through the projection machine backwards. Naturally people occasionally come into view walking backwards but these shots may be cut from the finished film.

KING VIDOR, maker of "The Big Parade" and other pictures, has become an amateur cinematographer—at least for the time being. Mr. Vidor and his wife, Eleanor Boardman, are spending a vacation abroad.

The director took along an Eyemo and almost a trunk full of raw film. When last reported, the Vidors were shooting scenes in Paris. It is possible that Mr. Vidor's films may be released by the short subject department of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Do you know that Rube Goldberg, the comic artist, is a movie amateur—and then some? Rube, plus a police card and a Filmo, shot the New York reception of the German and Irish fliers from the middle of Fifth Avenue.

"I bought a Bell and Howell Filmo camera to take with me to Europe last summer," says Mr. Goldberg. "I have a fine collection of very interesting stuff—over two thousand feet—taken in Austria, France, England, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, Switzerland and Germany. I pride myself upon the fact that, in spite of the good results I got in my first operations with the camera, I have not become a bore."

"I show the pictures only to people I feel sure are anxious to see them. Very often, when I hesitatingly suggest that I might show a few of my movies, my guests show a surprising lack of enthusiasm. Their faces assume a painted expression which seems to say, 'My God, do we have to look at some more of those things?' Of course, I immediately start a game of bridge, or tiddly winks or throwing button balls at the ceiling and the matter is dropped."

I BELIEVE, that the mechanical part of taking a picture, if you pay attention to the stops and are not afflicted with a severe case of galling palsy or St. Vitus dance, you are bound to get good, clear pictures. But the big idea, I think, is to get the right subjects. A great many amateur movie hounds take reels upon reels of pictures that nobody wants to see. The very attitude of my friends, when I mention the showing of movies, proves that they have been subjected to many harrowing evenings of gazing at terrible insanities.

"A movie camera deserves to be treated as fairly as a telephone or a radio or an automobile or a whoopee cushion. It should not be used unless there is some reason to use it. Before I push that little metal button I always ask myself, 'Will this be worth while showing on the screen at home?' Very often you have a hilarious time taking a picture that looks deadly on the screen.

Recently I went to Palm Beach to play in the Artists and Writers Golf Tournament. There were many celebrities in the crowd. I got excellent pictures of Gene Tunney and Tex Rickard (they were guests), Rex Beach, Grantland Rice, Ring Lardner, George Ade, John Golden, George Abbott, Clare Briggs, Clarence Budington Kelland and many other nation-

In Years to Come

How much of their fascinating childhood will remain on Memory's Page?

Let your Kodak record those happy childhood days that pass so soon and never come again. They change so quickly. Snapshots taken now will be priceless later on.

YOU'RE busy now, to be sure. Watching over them, Mothering them. Seeing that they get the right food, enough sleep, plenty of fresh air and sunshine. Doing everything a mother could to make them the finest children in the world.

But don't make the mistake of thinking yourself too busy to take snapshots of them.

You couldn't possibly take too many. The cry is always "Why didn't I take more?"

How easy it is! We don't need to remind you either of the great pleasure you get in seeing how the prints turn out. From seven-year youngsters to seventy-year oldsters, everyone enjoys the fun of taking snapshots.

The chances are that you already own a Kodak. If you don't, get one at once. They are on sale everywhere at prices to fit any pocketbook. You can buy the Brownie, a genuine Eastman camera, for as little as $2, and Kodaks from $5 up. And every Eastman camera makes excellent snapshots. Particularly the Modern Kodaks. Many have lenses so fast that you don't have to wait for sunshine. Rain or shine, winter or summer, indoors or out, everyone can take good pictures with these marvelous new Kodaks.

Kodak film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. It has speed and wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under- and over-exposure. It gets the picture. Expert photo finishers are ready in every community to develop and print your films quickly and skillfully. So begin—or continue—taking the pictures that mean so much later on.

FASTMAN KODAK CO., Dept. 102
Rochester, N.Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation your interesting booklet telling about the Modern Kodaks.

Name:
Address:

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
ATTRACTION, smart women have found it easy to gain lovely skin, absolutely free from the slightest blemish of hair growth. They simply wash away the annoying hairs from limbs, underarms, neck or face with the delicately perfumed, liquid De Miracle! Only a touch with De Miracle, a quick rinse with water and your skin is left clean and smooth. You actually see the hair dissolve.

De Miracle is guaranteed to satisfy or money back. Sold everywhere, 60c, $1.00 and $2.00. If you have difficulty obtaining it, order from us, enclosing $1.00. De Miracle, Dept. 47, 138 West 14th Street, New York City.

**De Miracle REMOVES HAIR**

**Buy for Less this Easy Way!**

**SPECIAL OFFER!**

No C. O. D. to Pay

Only the finest, and a full year to pay—send $1 with order; your order prepaid—C. O. D. to pay on delivery.

**FULL YEAR TO PAY!**

After examination and free trial, go on charge for 12 equal monthly payments. No interest. No extra. All dealings strictly confidential.

**BO2—Hand engraved white gold mounting with white diamonds, $48.50**

**BO3—Clasp of 18k white gold with white diamonds, 18k white gold mounting, looks like 18k solid gold, $48.50 **

**BONUS OFFER!**

Find White Gold Combination Charm, $25 Free

**10 Days Free Trial**

You take no risk, satisfaction absolutely guaranteed or money back.

**ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.**

ADDRESS DEPT. 7-G 170 BROADWAY, N.Y.

They really are blondes! But if their hair is flat and lifeless—if it is beginning to fade or darken in streaks—it is certainly far from attractive.

Thousands of blondes keep their hair beautifully golden with Blondex, the new shampoo for blondes only. Brings back the true golden color—brightens the hair and prevents fading and darkening. Not a dye—no harsh chemicals—safe for the scalp. Over a million users. All good drug and department stores.

**The new Filmo 75. The new machine is described as “watch-thin” and costs one-third less than the regular Filmo 78. It weighs but three pounds and fits into the coat pocket.**
Girls' Problems  
[continued from page 18]

you yourself. The American Library Association has a list of books for "Reading with a purpose." Find this list in your local library and pick out the subjects you wish to study. I cannot advise you on the stage dancing without knowing how much aptitude, personality, perseverance and cash you have. It's a hard and expensive road, leading sometimes to the heights and frequently to heartbreak.

Anxious, Washington:
Oh, my dear child, don't, don't let anyone persuade you to have your toes amputated, no matter how "twisted" they may be. Amputation should only be resorted to in order to save life, never for vanity. The ugly space those missing toes would leave, to say nothing of how it would cripple your walk and the pain it would cause you, would be ghastly. Surely you are always wearing shoes when seeing people, and as for bathing at beaches, wear rubber shoes.

Lolita I.:
You should weigh 115 to 120 pounds. I do not recommend reducing by any other method save diet and exercise. The field of aviation is still so experimental it offers few opportunities to girl flyers. At best it is costly and dangerous. Education will not help you particularly in your movie ambition. To succeed in Hollywood you need the greatest influence, the most unbelievable luck and the most flawless beauty. Be a wise little girl and pick a career closer home and on the earth.

Mary, Los Angeles:
Of course you shouldn't have wrinkles at twenty. The chances are your diet is wrong and your skin is dry. Eat more fats, oils and green vegetables. Get more sleep. Drink more water. Use sufficient cold cream on your skin to keep it pliable and soft. Use a superplated soap. Careful attention to your general health and to "oiling" your skin in this manner will help you greatly.

Deepa:
Do get yourself out of this uncomfortable "eternal triangle." You can't marry both boys and it isn't fair to either one of them to keep them pitted one against the other. With the one boy so melancholy, some dreadful thing might happen and any such tragedy would overshadow your whole life. Do decide which one you like best and drop the other, for the good of every one of you.

Do You Write to the Stars?

THE next issue of PHOTOPLAY will contain an article dealing with fan mail, by Mark Larkin, who for many years supervised the fan mail of Doug and Mary. Larkin will give you a peek into the mailbags of the stars, showing what happens to mash notes, pleas to break into pictures, and the flood of intimate letters that pours in upon cinematic celebrities from all corners of the earth. Learn what to write to your favorite star if you want your letter read. Don't miss this article in the August issue, out July fifteenth.

ON ALL NEWS STANDS

---

NEW... and Divinely Smart!
This Slim, Octagonal Vanity... with Lipstick to match!

OUT of the ateliers of Kerkoff, master parfumer, comes this exquisite octagonal compact— with a harmonizing lipstick... the newest of Djer-Kiss spécialités. Both divinely smart—and very, very moderne!

The compact intriguing you—immensely. So slim and petite yet so capacious! A double mirror, revealing your face in full view and in miniature! Soft, scintillating tones of poudre, and rouge! And the lipstick, too... so smartly distinctive... and disclosing such luscious, glorifying colors!

Pervading both—is the same bewitching romantic fragrance which has made Djer-Kiss face poudre a reigning favorite... the parfum that adds "magnetisme" to beauty!

ALFRED H. SMITH CO., Sole Importers
New York... Paris... Montreal... Chicago... Los Angeles

Djer-Kiss
Kerkoff, Paris

Djer-Kiss Face Poudre in Naturelle, Blanche, Rachel—each Parfum Djer-Kiss—enchanting—magnetisme! $1.00

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
**How to Get a Man and How to Hold Him**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

If only powder didn't SHOW! If you could use it... the secrets of "Majestic Makeup.""

**PERFECTLY HORRIBLE to go out and deliberately try to trap a man!"** Admitted that it may not be very fastidious instincts to permit oneself to give

my opinion as to whether it was or was not. But I was asked to show the women who were out for this, at least not to bundle the issue, but to achieve their desire successfully.

Our Louise, we will now suppose, knows that she has made some headway. She must continue to cause the man to feel pleased with himself until this feeling reaches a height such that if she can continue it without it being obvious, she might maneuver that he shall take her home. Only the main thing to be certain of is that at this first part after his interest is ardent, he is not disdained. He is adored, and free from all suspicion that she has any plan or idea about him.

**MILLIONS of women lose the men that** they desire by showing eagerness to meet them again after the first introduction. If you have made yourself as attractive as you can, in an abstract sense, the man will keep the memory of his own pleased sensations and will try to arrange to see you again—but even if he is too fastidious to do this, the second meeting must be contrived to appear as an accident or an ordinary politeness.

The next time you get a chance, then in- 
sidiously show admiration for the qualities you know he possesses—and when you have got him worked up to a degree of appreciation for **hims**elf you can subtly present some quality of your own for his attention.

After this, it is according to the character of the man. If with vile temper he still this advice is on the premise that you have made a study and do know his qualities and reactions thor- oughly. The affair is going nicely now! Use all your tricks to get him into the mood. If he feels the atmosphere, and when emotion is neces-

sary to stimulate his emotion—show it.

But never let yourself be cheap. The girl who makes herself into a doormat for a man—

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sary to stimulate his emotion—show it.
You Needn't Ever Guess at a Woman's Age

If She's Reached 30, Her Skin Will Show a Certain Darkness

The Simple Way Science Has Found to Correct It By Whitening the Skin 4 or 5 Shades, UTTERLY WITHOUT a Harmful Bleach!

That one of the most unsatisfying signs of age in a woman is the coloring of her skin is now known in beauty science. As years go by, the skin darkens . . . noticeably. Look at your friends and note how true this is.

To overcome that situation, an utterly new way of whitening the skin has been perfected. A way that not only lightens the skin to ivory tint almost overnight, but that contains none of the irritating features of old-time "bleaches."

Thousands of women are gaining new Youth in this way. Largely on expert advice, women are flocking to its use.

It removes freckles of course. Erases blotches, liver spots and moth patches. It eliminates blackheads almost unbelievably.

What It Is

It comes with the warranty of a world-noted laboratory and最上流 research to commen it. A laboratory, purposely situated in the center of the South, where hot sun and dust make darkened skin woman's greatest problem, whose sole scientific goal is skin lightening.

Over 1,000 laboratory tests were made in its development. Some 30 eminent doctors, scientists and skin specialists helped to perfect it. Over 10 years research was spent attaining it.

Instead of harshly "bleaching" the skin, it acts to neutralize the elements in the skin which cause yellowness and darkness. And thus marks a new era in skin care.

Old-time bleaches depended often on instant bleaching agents for their results. And thus were warned against. This new way employs, as its bleaching element, one of the most potent healing agents known to science.

An agent employed by virtually ALL doctors in combating skin disorders. And rated as such by the world's highest printed authority, the United States Pharmacopoeia. And thus makes it folly to endure a dark skin even another day.

Results Overnight

4 Shades Lighter in 3 Days

A single application will prove its powers to you. Prove them beyond all doubt or skepticism.

Apply it tonight. Tomorrow your skin will be appreciatively lighter. In three days it will be 4 to 5 shades lighter—no matter how dark it may be today.

Unqualifiedly Guaranteed

It is called Golden Peacock Bleach Creme. And is unqualifiedly Guaranteed to bring those results to you, or the purchase price refunded without question.

Please learn what it means to you. Some 500,000 women now use it nightly. Results to you will prove a revelation. To obtain it, go to any drug or department store.
"I wouldn’t be without it any more than I would be without soap"

by Ruth Miller
Authority on Perspiration Problems

SCORES of women tell me that they consider keeping the underarm dry and fresh all the time is an absolutely essential part of an adequate toilette.

When the underarm becomes damp one never knows when an unpleasant odor of perspiration will be noticeable. When a cherished frock will be ruined. But if dampness on the underarm is impossible one is certain of complete personalirreproachableness.

To keep the underarm perfectly dry and fresh through heat, nervousness and exercise, make impossible the reproach of odor and of stained dresses, simply apply Odorono after the bath a few times a week.

So regular a part of the toilette is Odorono that four million bottles are used every year.

As one woman says, "I wouldn’t be without Odorono any more than I would without toilet soap. I have used it constantly for ten years."

Odorono is endorsed by physicians. Regular Odorono (ruby colored) used at night about twice a week keeps the average skin dry. Odorono No. 3 (colorless) powder, is for sensitive skins and must be used more often. At toilet goods counters 35c and 60c. The new Odorono Cream Deodorant 50c. Send 10c with the coupon for a complete kit of samples.

New 10c Offer:
Samples of Odorono, Odorono No. 3, Odorono Cream Deodorant and Deodorant Powder

they play their scenes; learn something. Why won’t they give me a part?

Months of that, and then—Effie. On the night of the Fourth of July the beach from Santa Monica to Venice was a blaze of fireworks. I was alone in my room, and lonesome. I didn’t go about much at night, but the fireworks and the voices of people passing my window made me long for companionship.

With the few dollars I had saved stuffed in my pocket, I hopped a ferry bus for Venice. The pier was jammed; still I felt alone. I swung in with the mob and drifted along the midway. From the open, screened doors of each cabaret came the sound of music and laughter, and the tinkling of ice against glass. As I passed the old Ship Cafe I heard my name called. Langdon Gillette, with two girls, was standing in the entrance, waiting to be seated. Would I join them and make a foursome?

"You bet!"

"You know Effie?"

"Yes." Effie was of the bushwa.

And Miss—" (I’ve forgotten her name.) At last a table. Four glasses. A bottle of Scotch. The usual self-consciousness displayed when strangers are thrown together. Little quips and smiles and laughter. A clash of cymbals. A walk from a saxophone. Boom! Boom! Everybody loves a baby, that’s why I’m in love with—Pretty baby, pretty baby.

"Let’s dance!" Effie led me to the floor. She hummed an accompaniment in my ear. I made no attempt at conversation. Effie wassmall and fresh and feminine. I was supremely happy.

The music stopped. Thunderous applause.

"That was grand."

"Wasn’t it?"

"I hope that won’t quit."

A silver dollar from somewhere clanged against a brass megaphone. Tick—tick—Boom! Boom! "Here they go!"

Everybody loves a baby, that’s why I’m in love with—Effie looked at me and smiled. I grinned back.

"You’re nice," she said.

I held her closer. "You’re glorious!"

Effie’s smile reminded me of sixteen babies all in a row. I told her, and she giggled.

"You’re not as I expected."

I was carried away. I had expected her to say:

"You hardly speak to anyone at camp."

I explained my timidity of people before knowing them. Secretly, I was flattered that she had noticed me at camp.

"You’re not timid now, are you? Effie’s eyes were eager—eager with friendliness. My lips brushed her cheek. "No, I’m not timid now."

SOMETHING had happened to us. Sympathy of mood and desire. Strings had been played upon, chord struck. I closed the eyes and listened.

"Boom! Boom! Pretty baby of mine."

"Ah!" Applause.

"That will be a—"

Sights of people. Feet shuffling toward tables. Handkerchiefs dripping with perspiration from flushed faces; body smells; then the cool trickle of iced Scotch and white-rock, beneath the tablecloth I pressed Effie’s hand, and then—

Johnny Weaver understands:

"Now, while life is raw and new, Drink it straight—drink it deep. Let the moonlight through. Tear away your cautions. Be Proud, and mad, and young, and free! Grass a cornet, kick at stars Laughingly! Fight! Darn it! Arms are soft, breasts are white—Magic’s in the April night . . ."

There was magic that night for Effie and for me, and magic filled the months that followed.

Nestling at the feet of the palisades, low on the Santa Monica beach, was Effie’s cottage. A geranium bordered path led from a tiny gate past whitewashed stones to the threshold.

Three little rooms, annexed from Heaven. Perc cretome subdued the glare from the faceted, sapphire sea. Grass mats cooled the floors for blue wicker furniture, and in the walls two bedroom oilblongs framed Fujiyama, and an indignant slant-eyed lady, her skirts blown high, by a Nipponese wind.

All of these, and—Effie.

CAREFREE days at Inceville played an obbligato to love-filled nights.

Long walks beneath a million stars; songs of moonlight.

A whir of the nickel dancehall. Laughter for the hysterical shrieks from women in the roller-coaster.

An actual soiree at the Ship—with understanding smiles each time the orchestra played "Pretty Baby."

Then home—to poetry, and low conversa-
tion, and—Effie. This was ours.

Effie had said: "Let’s keep it secret." So no one knew.

One night we quarrelled, stupidly and foolishly, like children. I sulked for two days.

Then we made it up. Reconciliation was so sweet.

I was given my first bit to play in "Hell’s Hinges," with William S. Hart. While the cameramen were setting up, I glanced off and saw Effie looking at me.

Her eyes seemed filled with criticism of my work. When she was finished I rushed to her.

"Please don’t stare at me when I’m working."

Her lip trembled. "Why, dear, I was proud of you!"

I became petulant.

"But, Effie—you make me nervous. Damn it, don’t watch me."

The assistant director called: "Gilbert. Front and center!"

I fled to the camera. Now came a close-up with Hart. My blood raced with excitement. All the bushwa watched to see if I would fail. The camera started. Once more I felt Effie’s eyes upon me.

I WENT to pieces. The scene was stopped, and Mr. Hart, with saintly patience, told me where I had gone wrong.

I glared furiously at Effie, and waved her away. She disappeared through the crowd. I played the scene over, to S. Smith, the director, was warm in his praise.

I did not seek Effie that night, nor for a week thereafter. I felt lonely.

No! I was through with Effie! Solitude is sweet; but how much sweeter to have someone to whom you may say: Solitude is sweet.

The bare walls of my two-dollar-a-week room howled at my vain efforts to find sleep. I tossed about for hours.

I dressed and sought Effie.

Her cottage was dark, but the bedroom window was open. I softly called her name.

Rudely awakened, Effie inquired: "Who’s there?"

"Jack."

A light flashed. The front door opened, and I flew into her arms. Effie pressed her cheek to mine and stroked my head. "You poor, sweet baby,"

What is this madness which seizes men, this proving instinct, this cancerous discontent, which causes them to flee from and abuse that which they love most? I became satiated. Effie’s eyes grew large and troubled as she sensed my mood. She was older than I, and wiser, and saw the end approaching. She tried in every way to make me stay but every effort became an annoyance to me. I wanted to be free. For several days I stayed away.

One morning on the way to Inceville I sat beside her in the streetcar. I quietly and dispassionately explained that I was through. She smiled and looked away. When we arrived at Long-Watt’s she pressed my hand very lightly, and left. I did not join her in the rally-bo.
That day the bushwha were all sent to the top of a hill overlooking Incrivel. The set was a replica of the German Kaiser's palace at Potsdam. The picture was "Civilization," Ince's grand gesture, our first great, special production for the newly formed Triangle Corporation. Hundreds of mounted soldiers, of which I was one, lined the courtyard before the palace, and on the steps and balconies, civilians were grouped, eager to thunder: "Hoch! to the War-God!"

SEVERAL long shots were taken and the great scene was about to be filmed when, from one of the balconies came a wild, terrorfilled scream. The sound was fraught with horror. Every face blanched, and every eye sought the source of the cry. An appalling sight was there.

One wall of the palace was falling. Agonized shrieks, rearing horses, dust, curses, shouts, bellam, hell! I rushed with others to lend assistance. Timbers and plaster were torn away to gain passage to the injured. A woman was dragged from the wreckage and borne in the arms of two men toward a waiting bus.

The woman was Effie. Her eyes were closed and her face was chalken. Two drops of blood were on her cheek. Something froze within me.

"Effie!" I screamed and leaped forward. Two cowboys shoved me back. The bus roared down the hill.

"Effie! I stood transfixed. A cowboy shouted: "Get in and help, you fool!"

My limbs were rigid. Roy Coulson flew by. "Come on, get 'em out!" I could not move.

"Effie!"

The horror of the calamity was everywhere. No attempt was made to work. In our dressing room each witness described what he had seen.

As we climbed into the tally-ho, a bus drove through the gate. We plied the driver with questions. He switched off his engine—unbuttoned his greasy gloves—dipped a cigarette, then said:

"Effie Stuart died on the way to the hospital."

The silence which followed seemed an eternity.

I wish I had not lived beyond that moment. The tally-ho slowly left the studio.

That night my naked walls reeled and I sat afraid.

I fled to the street. The noises drove me mad. I roamed the darkness, past the hospital where I knew Effie lay.

"Effie!"

I was drawn to her cottage and stood dry-eyed, gazing at the little house, ready now for a new tenant.

I had expressed a desire to be free. I fell, sobbing, upon the sand.

I did not go to Effie's funeral. The bushwha took up a collection for flowers. No one offered me sympathy.

I went to work. Cliff Smith came to my dressing room with some old clothes under his arm.

"Make up for a test, kid. I think you can play Hart's brother in our next picture."

A part! After a year of bushwha! I threw the greasepaint on my face.

"Oh, God—let me make good."

A part! A part!

Next month Jack Gilbert will tell another absorbing chapter of his fascinating life story. The trials, the heartaches and the brief joys of a young actor trying to get over in pictures are related with amazing frankness by the popular star. Remember that every word is written by Jack himself.

Whose fault?

Not a real quarrel—but one of those baffling misunderstandings for which neither can assign any reason. Frequently these quiet tragedies are due to the wife's neglect of seemingly trivial things.

But modern science offers to woman a simple remedy. Sane habits of living and the correct practice of feminine hygiene protect her health and youthfulness which often have so much to do with her happiness. Neglect of the proper practice of feminine hygiene may lead to serious, irreparable consequences.

The makers of "Lysol" Disinfector will send you on request a booklet called "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth." Simply mail us the coupon below. The booklet gives the facts about feminine hygiene. It contains sound, professional advice and the simple directions which should be familiar to every woman. It was prepared by an eminent woman physician. Send the coupon now.

In the meantime, do not take dangerous chances. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfector at your druggist's today. Complete directions come with every bottle.

New Loveliness for Your Eyes

To make your eyes enchanting pools of loveliness, frame them in a soft, shadowy fringe of luxuriant lashes. Apply wonderful Winx.

(pointing to the writh of Hattie), "And there he is, my old pal" (Lou Schulte), sang Benny. His voice trembled and she felt pathetic grace accidents along with the melody: "And here am I, broken heart—ed. Mine in May," moaned Benny, "His in June—She forgot mightily soon and here am I broken ha-ha-told."

And cause bunched in the pause, card "Dolly's" dropped into the golden frame, and Dolly clogged neatly to center stage and dimpled her audience into instant submission.

As she stood or rather as she vibrated—for Dolly never stood—in rhythm with the music, Benny thought he had never seen anything so lovely nor so fine. If an artist had been asked to analyze Dolly's structure he would have noticed that there was not a straight line in it, nor were the lines obviously curved. They were made up of series of different degrees of curvature. The stage lines had "character"; and it's character that men like in a woman. And he would also have noted that most of the lines pointed upward in a very slight way. Her smile pointed upward. Her nose and the tips of waving bobbed hair, the corners of her eyes and even the tip of her chin seemed to reflect the exaltation of health—upward. The recognition in Benny admired and the man was stirred. "What she hasn't got, she don't need" he reflected.

And then Dolly sang—and Benny suffered a shock. A strident note rattled in his ear, like a child's cry in a game. It wasn't singing, it was just Youth. And as such Benny accepted it, reluctantly.

And then Dolly danced—"Well, why sing at all?" thought Benny, for Dolly danced as if she had never walked, as if anything else would be absurd. She tapped, she kicked, she flipped, gayly and freely in the rhythm of happiness.

The audience was overwhelmed and Benny sighed happily.

At the evening performance Benny sat at the helm of his sky blue runabout by the stage door. Dolly stepped out—exhibited just the right amount of surprise, stepped into the car with just the right amount of diffidence and was whisked off the country with just the right amount of knee in the corner of Benny's vision. There were no accidents. They sipped briefly of sea food at Weisheit's Half-Way House and looked at each other and smiled until they laughed and laughed until they just had to say something.

DOLLY, you're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen," declared Benny.

"Aw, gowain, you big bum," giggled Dolly.

"You say that to every girl you meet."

"No honest."

"Cross your heart, betcha don't know where it is. Well, you aren't so homely yourself, Benny, and I could listen to you sing all night—though I wish you wouldn't sing such sad songs. I hate to think of you being so sad, Benny—it's terrible."

"Well, I have been sad in my time, Dolly, but one look at you just throws me into a smile."

"Let's dance," decreed Dolly by way of reprimand. With the ancient logic of her sex, Dolly rebuked her suitor for his forwardness by placing herself in arms. It's a great technique. And if the floor is crowded, it is just that much quicker.

As they motored home through the patient Connecticut Hills, Dolly leaned her head on Benny's shoulder. This made steering hazardous.

But Benny, with the age-old logic of his sex, solved the problem by ceasing to steer. He parked the car in a grove of whispering
``Benny Osterman, what are you doing? I'm not that sort of a girl."
``Say, what do you think I'm doing? Can't a gentleman help a lady over a log?"
``I didn't see any log."
``That's because you were looking at me."
``I was not."
``You were so."
``I was not... you'll be full of mascara. ... Now, Benny, be a good boy, or we'll have to go home."

They sat and looked out over the lake. Fireflies sparkled over the water.

``Let's talk," said Dolly. 
``Why don't you sing something happy?—like Ain't She Sweet, or Baby Feet." Benny winced.

``Well, you might answer me. I don't mean that way... I don't know what you're going to think of me, Benny... I never felt this way before... I've never let fellows kiss me before... but you're so different, Benny."

``I've been looking for you all my life. Dolly. Oh, I've cared for other girls, but it isn't like this, Dolly. You aren't like the other girls I've known."

``Gee, isn't it great to be here, Benny?"
``Isn't it wonderful?"
``No, Benny, you mustn't. What would you think of me?"
``I love you, Dolly."
``Well, just the same—"

The rest is silence.

The first time Benny ever saw Dolly in the daylight was when they went to the City Hall for the marriage license. He was thrilled. Dolly was a spectrum of the sun's rays. They were married at high noon. At one P.M., Benny received the first great shock of his married life. Dolly had decided to give up her career.

``Why, darling Benny, you didn't think I would leave you alone, did you?"

``Over my dead body," replied Benny. It was not a lie, because he had no sooner said it than he believed it.

And then to tell the glad news to their friends!

They went to the Orpheum office, where Dolly presented her blushing bridegroom to her friend, the general booking manager. He congratulated her as follows:

``Well, kid, it's something I suppose you got through. They all take a shot at it. I'll cancel your contract, but remember any time you want to come back, I'll give you fifty-two weeks on the Big Wheel."

Dolly gasped. The Big Wheel, the goal of all minstrels: Chicago, Denver, Salt Lake, Frisco, Los Angeles—But away bright hope—maybe later, with Benny, of course that would be grand.

Then to Gil Beal's office.

``Well, Benneh, old kid, so you went and done it, and I don't know as I blame you when I see what you pulled out-a the bar."

Benny blushed and Dolly dimpled.

``Here's a little wedding present!" continued Gil, and he shoved a roll of bills into Benny's hand. 
``But I can't let you off till the end of your contract, Saturday, Benny. You know how it is. I got to make the Kismet carry the other padlocks."
``Well, how about the new contract, Gil?"
``Now, Benny, don't you bother your head about that. Just you take the bride out for a little shopping tour. We'll talk contract Saturday. Don't do any business on your wedding day, it's bad luck. By the way, I own the Miramar at Long Beach, you're my guests any time you wanna ast it, see. No hard feeling if I kiss the bride, Benny?"

There was no hard feeling, only a vague premonition in Benny's heart. It wasn't like Gil to put anything off.

They made no more announcements to their guests Saturday.
“seedy” skin

**FROSTILLA**

**MOITING is great fun—but...**

After the dust and wind and sun have had their say, your skin has a perfect right to feel “seedy”—out of sorts—chafed—dry—unhappy.

Before that outing, call upon Frostilla! Rub it gently into the skin. Just a dozen drops of prevention—your perfect insurance against that after-sun smart and irritation.

And if wind and sun have already played their irritating pranks—Frostilla will quickly soothe, cool and satinize that flared surface. It will put a new “complexion” on your out-door days and foil all irking weather troubles. Carry a bottle in your car—that's a good idea!

Sold at all drug and department stores in those trim blue-labeled bottles, 50c and $1.

The Frostilla Company, Elmira, New York
Sales Representatives: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc. Madison Avenue at 36th Street, New York City

**FROSTILLA for exposed and irritated skin**

Friends. Time was precious and youth is fleeting.

They motored daily to Long Beach and swam and sunned in the sun—and dined of clams, lobsters, scallops, crabs—and so back to town for Benny's act at the Kismet.

Benny sang and Dolly sat radiant and worshipping in a corner. Somewhere science has taken the joy out of singing by explaining it as the "opiate call" of the satyr to the banquet. But if you have banquetted and your mate is right there in front almost within your arms—it seems superfluous to call her.

Benny sang "Broken Hearted"—but his heart was no longer broken—it had been repaired and permanently cemented by the joy of having Dolly. And as he sang—"There she is," he pointed at Dolly and smiled, and as he sang "There he is," there came no image to his mind, and his face showed it.

GIL BEAL watched from the wings and Benny thought he avoided him as he went off.

The next night Benny sang "Ain't She Sweet," at Dolly's suggestion. And Dolly drank it in. And Benny looked at her—and her applause was sufficient—even if the audience didn't tumble the way it used to—she should have worked out his routine beforehand. He would rehearse it on the beach the next day.

But the next day was Saturday and Benny had a rendezvous to keep with Gil about the new contract.

He arrived and was kept waiting. As he waited, Joe Thomas came out of Gil's office. There was an instant flash of recognition and antagonism between them, so they greeted each other with extreme politeness and passed.

"Hi, Benny, how's the Benedict?—not bad for a wise-crack—without any rehearsal—" and Gil laughed just a shade too spontaneously.

"What was Joe Thomas doing in here?" Benny came to the point.

"Oh—nothing special—just taking things over—I may use him in "The Blue Dawn"—when it opens."

"Well, how about signing up for another year, Gil? I'm a married man now, you know, and I've got to save money, you know, and a little more salary, too, for that matter."

"That's just what I was thinking, Benny. Got anything saved up?"

"Saved up? Why?"

"Oh, I was just wondering. You see, Benny, I have been thinking about you a whole lot lately, and I think you oughta take a little vacation—a little honeymoon so to speak. Now there's a nice trip on the Old Dominion Line to Virginia Beach and—"

I HAVEN'T got the dough, Gil, and besides I wanna go on at the Kismet."

"Well, Benny, I'll tell you about that— the Kismet ain't doing any too well—and I don't know as I can afford to keep you on—certainly not at your present salary."

Benny's lips twitched."

"Tell you what I'll do, Benny, inasmuch as we been friends. I'm gonna take a shot at a review in January and you come around then. Work up a specialty and a few songs and the meantime and I'll give you a big spot in it."

"But, Gil, I can't wait till January—I got my wife to think of."

"That's just Benny—you would do it. I tried to warn you. Why you ain't got no more business married than I have, Benny—"

"You're married."

"Well, I ain't a Torch Singer, Benny— Now you take Joe Thomas. He can take a jive or he can leave her alone—just like with his liquor."

"I eat so?" Benny retorted as he always did when there was no doubt in his mind. "Oh, I got you—big bunch—you've given my job to Joe Thomas. Well, you can take your damn racket and burn it up for all I care."

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it, Benny, it's K. O. with me. But I don't like to have us part this way, Benny. We've been pretty good friends. Come around in January, and I'll give you a good break."

Benny refused the professed hand and left.

BENNY returned to his "child wife" fully resolved not to tell her of the news. He needed a rest anyway, there was enough laid aside for a few weeks and then he'd go to the Shuberts—a thought he did not care to complete at the moment.

He found Dolly in the bridal suite of the Miramar. She was in her tridies or stepping, or what had she—working out tap steps to the accompaniment of the radio. He took her in his arms—but she dashed away coyly—"

"Look, I got a new routine."

And she went through it—a laughing, wayward nymph—twinkling in and out of the spots of sunlight on red carpet. The routine wound up in Benny's arms. He did not tell her.

Monday morning a note from the manager advised them of their relationship with the Miramar. The hundred dollars placed to the credit of Benny's contract was exactly what he and charges to date. It was accompanied by a copy of The Morning World on which was stamped—"

"Good morning, this is your paper."

They returned to Benny's flat on Fifty-first Street.

Then two weeks of job-hunting. Benny went to the Shubert office for seven days in a row, only to find there would be no more casting till December.

That night they ate at Sing Joy's Celestial Gardens. Dolly was thrilled with her first chop suey, so much so that Benny burst into tears-"

"Why—darling Benny Boy—what's the matter?"

"I can't keep it from you any more. Dolly, I'm almost broken. That was all a lot of applicable about my quittin' Gil. Beal was fired."

Dolly smiled like the lovely precocious child she was.

"Why, Benny, that's nothing. I've got eight hundred in the bank. Why didn't you tell me? You poor kid. I tell you what we'll do—we'll go down to that Virginia Beach that Benny's been hinting about and we'll work out some stuff and go together on the Big Wheel."

A TVirginia Beach Benny received the second great shock of his married life. He and Dolly simply couldn't work together. He couldn't concentrate and he couldn't sing. She couldn't sing and he couldn't teach her. This situation led to a mutual and reciprocal discovery. They could fight—and light to a finish. And then relax and do it all over again. But love is like that. Love—fight—sleep—love—fight—sleep.

They returned to New York the same married individuals who had gone—still overwhelmingly in love—still hopelessly separate.

They did their stuff for the general bookling agent.

You're both good in your line, but there isn't any reason for teaming you up. Besides, the public's fed up on teams anyway. They ain't got no sex appeal cause everybody Knows they're married and they didn't have any before. Now why don't you both do your stuff in one?"

"Well, could you put us in the same bill?" asked Benny.

"Well, let's see—not just now—I can book Dolly right now from here to the Coast—there's a big demand for buck dancers—but Benny, you can't put your wife into a cabaret singer—and you don't dance. I might be able to put you in a revue number a little later."

Benny looked at Dolly and saw the tears brimming her eyes.

"You better take it, kid. I'll work on my dancing and follow you."

"Well, Benny, I think it's the only thing to do."

It was done.
Chew DENTYNE
..and smile!

It's the cheery smile that wins! And it's teeth that make or mar the smile. Keep your teeth attractive—a flash of snowy white behind your smile. Chew delicious Dentyne, the gum that keeps breath sweet, teeth clean and pearly white.

KEEP S TEETH WHITE

School Advice

Free complete and detailed information on any private boarding school for boys or girls. A personal service to parents that gives you authentic reports based on personal visits to hundreds of schools throughout the nation. Unbiased, practical help in selecting a school. Relieves you of all the hazards that accompany uninvestigated choice. Write for free Guide Book to Private Schools—state your desires in detail so that we may make personal recommendation. Address M. MERCER KENDIG, (A. B., Vassar College) Dir., Red Book Magazine School Dept., G. 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

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A Comb for removing Dandruff. The teeth are so formed that the dandruff is caught in the teeth. The teeth are groove shape. Dandruff is the cause of baldness. Send for this comb today. Mail $1 and I will send you one of these wonderful combs.

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"I know, Benneh. I can make allowances—just run through a couple a bars, so I can get the hang of the tune. Maybe I got a spot for it in my new Cracks of 28."

Benny hesitated and looked wistfully into space.

"Come on now, Benneh boy. Sing a little song for old Gil—I won’t listen to your voice."

BENNY BOY rang in Benny’s ears. It was what Dolly had always called him, and it brought her image to his memory with cameo clarity. He looked away to hide his brimming eyes from Gil’s gaze, and sang as best he could—and the best is like the worst!

"Dolly, my gal,

Dolly, my pal,

Say—you’ll—re-member—me!"

His voice broke to a whisper—and then the old Osterman sob:

"You took the gladness
And left the sadness;
Say—you’ll—remem-ber-her—me?"

But he could not go on. His head swam. He fell into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

Gil mulled an incipient laugh in his handkerchief, and managed to make it sound something like a sneeze.

"Why, Benneh, you got the greatest little sob line since Al Jolson discovered Motherhood."

He made a few scrawls on a printed form and shoved it across the desk.

"Two-hundred per—minimum of thirty weeks; sign on the dotted line, Benneh."

"I’ll do it for you, Gil, but my heart ain’t in it."

***

A Prop Boy’s Dictionary

[continued from page 86]

Gag—Something somebody thinks is funny.

Script—A hunk of paper with what’s left of the original story printed on it.

Continuity—The story torn down to scenes and "artistic effects."

Camera—A command to shut up everybody.

Kleig Eyes—A hell of a headache; fixation; blindness from the lights. Caused by black floors, open Crecos, and empty stomachs.

Set—Which I preside over.

New York Office—Where the orders come from.

Publicity Office—Where they make stars, directors, and pictures.

Prop Man—All I got to do is clear the set, dress the set, clean the set, and wait on the troupe. Must be decent when possible, hard-boiled when necessary, and able to “yes” the assistant director without his suspecting it. Must have muscle enough, quick wit enough, and be a mind reader for temperamental stars and directors. Must water the director, dust the stars, feed the hams, and forget nothing. Take all the cussing, give all the service, hold all the grief, and don’t bawl out somebody’s sweetie from the front office for busting up my furniture. Be responsible for all props used and imagined used, and fight for my life when they take damage claims out of my check. And then they won’t pay me no overtime like the other gals get and kick about paying my supper check when we work late at night. My assistant is the kid who chases everything I am too winded to get.

Fade-Out—When you get your last check.

S SUMMER time is talcum time! There’s nothing so refreshing on a torrid, relentless day as the cooling whisk of one of these fragrant powders: Georgia Rose, Cara Nome, Shari, Narcisse des Alps and Gentlemen’s Talc — exquisitely scented powder in distinguished containers. Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores.

SAVE with SAFETY at your Rexall Drug Store

You will recognize it by this sign. Liggetts are also Rexall stores.

Glorious Summer Days—Cool Enchanting Nights!

For full enjoyment of California’s summer charms, select the hotel of which—

MR. JOHN BARRYMORE said—

"I have always found the Ambassador a delightful place to live, and shall be glad to have you say so."

Quoted from the “Guest Book,” a collection of unsolicited commendation from world famous celebrities about—

the Ambassador

Los Angeles

NO HOTEL IN THE WORLD OFFERS MORE VARIED ATTRACTIONS—Superb 27-acre park, with miniature golf course, open-air plunge and tennis courts. Riding, hunting and all sports, including 18-hole Rancho Golf Club. Motion picture theatre and 35 smart shops within the hotel. Famous Cocoanut Grove for dancing nightly.

Write for Chef’s Cook-book of California Recipes.

ATTRACTION SUMMER RATES

BEN L. FRANK, Manager
Introducing Roland Gilby, the Great Lover of the Screen. Here is the movie idol himself as he appears in Marion Davies' picture, "Breaking Into the Movies." What actors, do you suppose, did King Vidor have in mind when he puts this make-up on Paul Ralli?

How to Become a Great Producer

[Continued from Page 45]

with the magnates of those days. There weren't many motion picture theaters then.

Among the men whom Sheehan came to know well at that time, which was in 1913 and 1914, were William Fox and the late Marcus Loew. He became acquainted with Mr. Loew first and from him gained his first real knowledge of the motion picture industry. Mr. Loew endeavored to entice Sheehan away from the Police Department, but he gracefully declined. Later and with what turned out to be a convincing argument, came William Fox, whom Sheehan had met more or less casually on several occasions. Many meetings followed the initial bait cast forth by the astute Mr. Fox to the young man whose dynamic and forceful personality had attracted him, and one day, sitting at a table in Luchow's famous German restaurant on Fourteenth Street, the deal was closed which brought the Fox Film Corporation into being.

The Fox Film Corporation wasn't much about which one could boast at that particular moment and it didn't create any arresting constellation in the ranks of those other pioneers who were at that time laying the foundation for the industry whose amazing progress ranks among the world's most remarkable achievements. It was just another company.

Fox, oh, yes, everybody in the game knew Fox. He had been conducting a few cheap store shows in New York. Well, the first crack out of the box, Fox and Carl Laemmle basted the trash. That out of the way, Fox and Sheehan rolled up their sleeves and went to work.

And how they worked. Fox told Sheehan he was going to make pictures and that Sheehan would have to sell them. "O.K." said Sheehan.

Golden Glint

the SHAMPOO plus

MAGIC KEY TO YOUTHFUL LOCKS

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Why be annoyed by armpit odor? Why let perspiration stains ruin dainty, costly clothing? The simple application of a few drops of NONSPI twice a week will prevent both conditions.

More than a million men and women use NONSPI the year around—spring, summer, fall and winter. NONSPI keeps their armpits dry and odorless—protects their clothing—gives them that sense of cleanliness so essential to all well groomed men and women.

Try NONSPI! Purchase a bottle from your Toilet Goods Dealer or Drugstore for 5c (several months' supply) or if you prefer Accept our 12c Trial Offer (several weeks' supply)
Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

The War Orphan

[continued from page 41]

Possibly I could convince you that the two were saved from deportation only by a telegraphic note sent a day in advance. But I attempted to prove that this baby boy, who was gravely admitted into the United States, was the same who became the "greatest emotional child actor of the screen"; if I did, I should fully expect some one to bring forth a sledgehammer and plead insanity as a motive for the murder—but not insanity on their part. However, I will put in a short statement about emotional actors to Pola Negri, who ought to know her emoting onions. She added, "I don't mean some day—I mean now."

Just for good measure, and as a final wallop to your credulity, I will say that Philippe de Lacy was discovered by Geraldine Farrar before June Mathis discovered Rudolph Valentino; that he has been in more features than Lon Chaney has; and that by his remarkable screen portrayals, he helped put more pictures on the "Ten Best" lists last year than any other child actor.

Philippe is a gold-mine for the biographer who wants astounding and unbelievable material. But he is the despair of a reporter who is attempting to write columns about his origin and life have been made up out of whole cloth so they would at least sound reasonable."

As a matter of fact, he has no press agent, which statement in itself smacks of a publicity gag.

The public may not realize he is so good that only his best successes are left in pictures.

Every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
Correct Solutions of Nutty Biographies for May

Gloria Swanson

The picture was not that of Gloria Swanson, but of Louise Fazenda. Renee Adorée played Melisande in “The Big Parade.” It was a World War picture, not Civil War, and directed by King Vidor and not, as the caption stated, Cecil B. De Mille.

Miss Swanson isn’t waiting for trolley cars these days and so Uncle Jim and Aunt Ida are probably not impressed. Except for the fact that Gloria looks shorter off the screen than in pictures, she is an easy star to recognize. She is just a half inch over five feet tall and wears high heels to add to her height. As her hair is brown, she doesn’t have to wear a dark wig.

She is married to the Marquis Henri de la Falaise, who was born in Chicago, Ill. She was a Sennett bathing girl, but it was Cecil B. De Mille, not William, who gave her a chance in dramatic roles.

Gloria has played in Elion Glyn’s stories. Remember “Beyond the Rocks”? And for years she played nothing but dressed up roles. De Mille has not directed all of Gloria’s pictures; in fact it has been several years since she has appeared under his supervision. Raoul Walsh directed “Sadie Thompson” and played the Marine in that picture.

And Gloria did not make “Sadie Thompson” to please the censors. In fact, she did it in spite of the professional reformers. And she has been to Europe. “Madame Sans Gene” was made abroad. The native land of her husband is France, not Russia.

Richard Dix

The picture was not that of Richard Dix, but of Chester Conklin. Dix played in “The Gay Defender” and grew the Spanish facial trimmings for the role, but it was a story of California in the early Spanish days. “Chicago” dealt with a Windy City murder trial.

Richard is no Indian; Monte Blue is the star his Indian blood. Dix’s performance in “The Vanishing American” was pure acting. His life has been interesting but not wildly adventurous. As a boy, he played football, but he didn’t ride in rodeos or wild west shows. It was Rudolph Valentino who played Julio in “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse” and it wasn’t a horse opera.

Richard isn’t married nor has he played opposite Greta Garbo. John Gilbert is the boy who likes to appear with Greta. Mr. Dix works for Paramount-Famous-Lasky, not United Artists and does not direct his own pictures. And “The Caucab” is Doug Fairbanks’ latest. Emil Jannings is a star and doesn’t support other stars and he and Dix have no intention of co-starring in comedies.

It was Jannings who played in “Variety” and “The Last Laugh.”

Richard Dix is six feet tall, all right, but he has dark brown hair and dark brown eyes. It is William Boyd who is the tall blond. It was Boyd, too, who had his hair curled for his role in “The Volga Boatman.”

His real name is Ernest Carlson Brimmer and it has nothing to do with the Iroquois or any other Indian tribe.
Gray Hair

No more dangerous "crude dyes." Instead, natural shade is called back to hair by clear, colorless liquid 100% safe, called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. Faded graying streaks disappear. Hair becomes looking and lustrous. Stay-easy toilet. Does not wash off.

This way embodies elements that take place of color pigment and give natural effect. Auburn hair reverts to auburn — black to black. Used by 5,000,000 women.

Send coupon for free test — or get bottle at drug store. Few cents' worth gives perfect restoration. Money returned if not amased.

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light auburn...blonde... (Print name)

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$5000 Cash Offer in Photoplay Cut Puzzle Contest

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Yes, It's Lon Chaney!

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

Hard Times in Hollywood
[continued from Page 65]

The day after getting the million, Mal had to go to work on a picture in Poverty Row that he had signed for, and in the first scene they hit him over the head with a break-away chair. Mal resented it. A lot of nerve they have, knocking a millionaire around in Poverty Row.

A week later they sent Mal out on a keyle boat to do scenes in a stormy sea. These producers can't bear to see a star get any money even by inheritance. Morning papers carried banner lines that the boat had sunk. I rushed to the phone to call the Widow McGregor. The line was busy; it seems a lot of other boys were also thinking of the million- aire widow. When I did get her on the wire she said Mal was rescued. In my pique I was a bit churlish. I fear. I said that knowing Mal as I did, I was sure he would never die from drinking water.

BEAUTY VS. BRAINS AGAIN

Our friend Louella Parsons thinks the day of the pretty hero has passed and the next favor- ite will look more like Abe Lincoln than a Latin lover. What's true of actors is likewise true of authors. A writer can't get by on sheik looks any more. You and O. O. McIntyre might as well haul in your pictures. The Ball Montana of literature is here.

APOLLO ARLEN VS. APOLLO O'BRIEN

You didn't make Dick Arlen happy by that picture of him as the screen's Apollo. In fact, if you happen to bump into him now, he may act like Mars.

Dick and George O'Brien are old-time buddies, and Dick used to razz George about the Greek god poses into which photographers inveigled Mister O'Brien. When Dick appeared in Photoplay as Apollo, George had his day. He ordered an enlargement made for his dressing room and invited everyone in to see his friend Apollo Arlen.

While Dick crabs over this, his little wife, Jobyna Ralston, heaves a sigh over her screen- less fate. She spent a year on "Wings" and hasn't any other releases since her Harold Lloyd pictures.

"Why, I see you on the screen all the time, Jobyna," said Harry Carr soothingly.

"Yeah?" said Jobyna with a woful eye. "What are you going in for, Harry—arche- ology?"

APOLLO MONTANA VS. APOLLO DEMPSEY

MONTANA and his old pal Jack Dempsey have also had a beauty tilt.

Bull is irritable because he wasn't picked as screen Apollo and blames his wife who dented his beauty with a high-heeled slipper. Being vain as a peacock, Bull has refused all party invitations and only attends church heavily veiled, like a haremn beauty.

"Snap out of it," said his old pal. Jack Dempsey, "and come over to the Roosevelt hotel. Estelle is giving a tea."

"Whoa! A tea party!" jeered Bull. "You gotta gotamned nerve, champ, going to tea party with a pan like you got?"

Jack kindly refrained from retort.

LADY BOUNTIFUL DEMPSEY

Bell may not think his pal "the champ" a beautiful creature, but he admires him none the less, and for good reason.

I know of a girl who was stricken with a serious illness. She had no money, and so was taken to a charity hospital. Jack and Estelle heard of it. Though they knew her only slightly, they had her transferred to a private sanatorium, called the best physicians, and not only that, they visited her personally and cheered her into a desire to live.

Jack doesn't need to battle anymore because there are plenty of friends who will battle for him any time he needs it.
NO GREATER CHARITY

That reminds me of the charity of some other friends of mine, the Raymond Hattons. Ray and Fanny Hatton have sent a boy to Italy to study voice at their expense. They heard him sing over a radio in Los Angeles. If you have a radio you can appreciate this. No one could do the world a better turn than to give vocal training to radio singers.

HOMELESS CHILDREN

Dropped into Dudley Murphy's Sunday night and found one of those types that gentlemen prefer. Her name was Goldie, and I suspect she dugs for it. She told me of an appalling condition here in Hollywood. A genunin friend of hers called her the other night and asked her to round up twenty girls for a party. Goldie rounded them up, warning her genunin friend that he had better remove any takable things from the rooms.

"There was a fat girl in the crowd," said Goldie, "and right away she spots a Spanish shawl on the piano. She takes it and drapes it on her. I tell my friend he had better watch out for her. She was liable to walk out wearing the grand piano. The dame wore a little coat with big pockets, and when nobody was supposed to be watching she'd scoop off a handful of nuts for one pocket and a couple of pieces of cake for another. Gee, it's fierce the number of hungry girls there are floating around Hollywood.

"Russia isn't the only place with hands of hungry, homeless children.

TEXAS GUINAN: PLEASE WRITE

If you see Tex Guinan, tell her to please write.

Some years ago I wrote some stories about Texas' dynamic personality, and soon after she was all the rage as a night club hostess. I reminded Tex that I was the guy who made her. "Sure, Herb," she said, "Ever since your stories came out the Guinans have had egg shells in their garbage."

A few stars are as appreciative of the guys that made them. Tex told me of a party she gave in the home of Senator Clark. The Senator and his wife lived a lonely life. Texas offered to enliven the house with a party of her Broadway friends. The Clark mansion contained among other things a fine old pipe organ.

"Don't you think I should have some favor to give the girls at the party?" asked the Senator.

"Don't worry," said Texas. "They'll find them. You'll be lucky if the pipe organ is there when they leave."

DOLORES' GARDENIAS

Had tea with Dolores Del Rio. Quelle, what an eyeful!

It was before she and her husband, Jaime, had split. Dolores was wearing a corsage of gardenias. Jaime admired them.

"Who sent them to you?" he asked.

"Mr. Carewe," said Dolores.

Mr. Carewe is Dolores' director. She said that she loved nothing in the world so much as her career; it was her whole life.

Dolores is an exquisite. I felt I left that I had seen a gorgeous, exotic bird of paradise. All the same, her genius and that of Director Carewe don't give me half as much as that of their press agent, Harry Wilson.

If you want to be a genius in Hollywood, hire Harry (Unpaid adv.).

Well, Jim, I must ring off now as I have to go to the bedside of my pal and adopted son, Bull Montana, whose wife went him up.

Give my love to the beautiful May Allison. You got a lot of nerve keeping her off the screen. But don't blame you. A bird in the home is worth two on the screen.

Your old army buddy—Herb.
Freckles
Secretly and Quickly Removed!

You can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own home. You friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches the most stubborn freckles. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent. The face reinvigorated with new beauty of natural coloring.

The first jar proves its magic worth. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists, 50¢ and $1.

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[Advertisement]

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Orange Ice
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Delicious Flavors
World's largest-selling frozen confection.

Made by leading ice cream manufacturers everywhere under license of Popsicle Corporation, 1841 Broadway, New York City, Patents.

Bathroom Bedlam

[Continued from page 71]

She shouts, "AH HA!"—waits a while, then carols a soft "ah ha." That's her own invention. I take it.

I wish Dr. Louis Bisch (who writes elsewhere in these pages), or some other equally well known and competent psychiatrist, would accompany me on my next tour of bathroom song observations.

I would like to have a few things explained. I'd like to know, for instance, if the noise coming from the tiled tub is as representative of our inner selves as dreams and the things they are made of.

One of the first puzzles I would like unravelled is the riot of sound, Bebe Daniels. Now Bebe has humor, tons of it. I've heard her keep a whole party roaring from the first drop of soup on the vest till the last weary "good night, dear!"

She has no use for fullness and simply won't tolerate a stupid party. If everything else fails, Bebe will stand on her head. She can be as serious as the next one, when necessary.

But on a party and often on the lot, she simply will not have her fun. Then the maid showed me in. Bebe was still in the shower. She had had a long hard day and was making a good job of her splashing.

I edged toward the bathroom—senses alert—waiting—waiting—Then it started. First came a low moan—softly—then louder—still louder—louder yet! The noise rose in pitch like a factory whistle. Wherever!

After it had reached ear-splitting proportions, it slowly began to die down. Softer and softer it sounded until it floated completely away.

Then came a sigh and a wild burst of song. It was "Chloe," or at least it sounded like "Chloe."

Bebe only knew about every word in ten but that didn't slow her up. When she got stuck for words she simply made 'em up or said, "Ho-de-de-oh!"

The effect was uncanny. It was worse than that.

After "Chloe" (if I remember rightly) came a dramatic rendition of "Woodman, Save That Tree!"

Such gusto! She was slightly mixed on the words—kept saying "Fireman Do That Thing!" and "Shoo! He Must This Old Grey Donnet."

Then Bebe sang a song that must be one of her very own. I certainly have never heard it before.

It finished with this niftie: "Roses are red—violets are blue—'I'd hate to be cuckoo like yoo-oo-oo." What can you do with a gal like that?

She didn't stop with that either. As I went into the drawing room to wait, she was just starting on a recitation of "She was only a tent-maker's daughter." I hurried away.

Later, she came bouncing into the room—brushed and glistening. When she saw me, she stopped short with an "Oh!—you how long have you been here?" "Oh, for about six songs and four recitations. When are you going on the stage, Bebe?" She gasped.

"Do you mean to say you heard my whole performance just now?" "Well—I heard most of it up to the tent-maker opus."

[Continued from page 35]

What Is Beauty?

Now that I look back, those were happy days. There I was, one of twenty-four kiddies, bustling hay-fever.

I took an apple out of my pocket and munching it, asked:

"Would you say they were the happiest days of your life, Miss Dresser?"

She gazed into space. All was quiet.

"Now don't say 'yes and no' again or I'll throw this apple at you," I said coquettishly.

"Oh, let's not talk about me anymore," she answered. "Let's talk about you. Who are you? How are you? Why are you? When are you?"

I did a handwriting.

"No, Miss Dresser, it can't be," I answered.

"Lord knows I'd like to talk about myself, but you are the one in whom the public is interested. Now go ahead and tell me how you found beauty or I'll thump your head, you bad girl. Ever have your head thumped? It's no fun."

"Well," she smiled warily, "there isn't much more I can say. After I'd conquered the hay-fever, things came easy. At first I only got a few small parts but soon the directors began to notice me. I remember one director especially. He said if he ever caught me around his studio again he'd make an example of me."

"I was so happy I could hardly talk. At last my big chance had come. I ran home crying to myself and I guess I didn't sleep much that night. The next morning I rushed up to the director and reminded him of his promise. At first he was so glad to see me he couldn't speak."

"I distinctly remember his answer."

"Kid," he said, "you probably don't know it, but you're a riot. You're funnier than you'll ever know."

"He said he'd make a big star out of me. When I asked him if it was because I was beautiful, he looked the other way and answered, 'Oh, of course.'"

"Do you think you could have succeeded without beauty, Miss Dresser?" I asked with a one-two-three.

A far-away look came into her eyes. She seemed to be seeking—seeking—Pretty soon she found it and blew her nose. Then she spoke with what seemed an age-old voice.

"Yes," she said, "and—"

But before she could finish the sentence I took careful aim with the apple. Then stepping over her unconscious body, I hopped, skipped and jumped for home.
"Then you missed the best act on the bill. Please let me recite the cruel tragedy of Omar, the tent-maker, and of the strange fate of his fair daughter, Old Goldie."

"Let’s have it," I answered, bracing myself. She struck a dramatic pose and started orating.

"First," she said, "I want to tell you that this will be rather silly." She laughed. "But I made it all up myself and you’d better like it." "Oh, I’ll love it," I answered. "Shoot." She took her pose once more, and assuming a deep mysterious voice, started on Omar.

"Omar was feeling sad that night. (Gesture of sadness.) He sat before his tent bowed down in grief.

"Here I am 70 years old," he said, 'and never—never!—never! I have been able to spit over my chin.’"

"He made a low purring sound like this (gurgle) as his head fell between his knees in utter despondency."

"It’s too much—too much," he said, his voice broken with grief.

Bebe paused and wiped her eyes.

"Just then Old Goldie rode up on a natty old rose camel (body with Chesterfield). She gave a running jump and landed on her poor old father’s head.

"How does that strike you?" she lisped, giving the old gent a friendly kick in his oriental pants.

"He raised his head.

"Oh, it’s you, Goldie," he hiccupped. "I thought for a minute it was a troop of cavalry."

"Yes, paw—it’s me," said Goldie, "and I have a dear secret for you (you old buzzard).

"Goldie, my daughter—tell your old father. What is it? Have you some new skates?"

"No.

"New bicycle?"

"No.

"Then I give up," said Omar. ‘Tell me your secret, you sorry looking bag, and make my poor heart happy,"

Goldie hung her head.

"Father," she belched, ‘remember that night you got the rush order for six new tents— the ones with the yellow stripes?"

"Yes," snickered Omar. ‘It was nearly a year ago. That was the last order I ever got.

"Remember how you told the guard, Shinola, not to leave my side while you were gone?"

"Yes—good old Shinola—I wonder where he is now.

"So do I," said Goldie wishfully.

"You mean—"

"Goldie’s eyes hardened.

"I mean, and now she was crying, ‘I mean that on that night, Shinola stole all my marbles.

"Stole your marbles?"

"Yes, the dirty old sneak. He said he’d kiss me if I let him have my marbles for a couple of days and as soon as I let him have them he caught the first camel for Little Bend, Ark.

"That’s the dirtiest trick I ever heard,” grinned Omar. ‘Now we can’t have the royal marble tournament. But Goldie, darling, what was the secret you were going to tell me?"

"Goldie looked sad-eyed across the desert. ‘Secret?’ she whispered. ‘Oh, I’ve forgotten what it was but I wouldn’t tell you anyway, you old zanie.’

I looked at my watch.

"Is there much more of this, Bebe?"

"No—that’s as far as I got with it," she answered. ‘I’m stuck for an ending but I think I’ll have Old Goldie run away with a camel driver and show how blue blood and red won’t mix.

"That’s swell," I answered, ‘but what will become of Omar?

"Oh, I’ll have him go to the big city and write testimonials for cigarettes. Later on I’ll have him get a sty in his eye and get caught between four elevators.

"Really, though, I can’t say what will happen to them till I get in the shower again.

"I do my best composing there.

"Be sure and keep me posted, Bebe. I wouldn’t miss the ending for anything.

"All right," she laughed. ‘Come around tomorrow afternoon and I’ll have this fable ready for publication.

And that’s a date I’m not going to miss.
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HERE is a new and totally different way to treat a corn or a callus. One drop stops all pain. You wear tight shoes, walk, dance, in comfort instantly and at once. Acts like a local anesthetic; really amazing.

Then soon the corn shrivels and bloats. You peel it off with your fingers, like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

Works alike on any corn or callus, no matter where it is, how old or how painful. Ask your druggist for “GETS-IT.” You will be delighted.

What Is Sex Appeal?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

I know for a fact that Lon Chaney possesses decided sex appeal for certain women. But I am sure this popular favorite would not think of classing himself as an Adonis.

After seeing Chaney in “The Hunchback of Notre Dame” I overheard a young woman say to her companion as they were leaving the theater:

“That man with his ugly characterizations positively fascinates me.”

Nor was I surprised to hear the girl express herself so frankly.

For horror can be fascinating—Horror may carry with it a tremendous amount of sex appeal.

Have you ever observed how often beautiful women marry homely or ugly men?

EVERY woman is fundamentally a mother and, because of this conscious or unconscious instinct, she loves to mother a man. Mother-like also, she is specially drawn to the imperfect, just as she tends to favor a crippled or feeble-minded child over its normal sisters and brothers.

The ugly, the deformed, the helpless—all those more or less handicapped in the race of life elicit feminine pity.

And the mother quality, pity and the sex urge all go hand in hand.

At the present time the four most popular picture stars are Greta Garbo, Clara Bow, John Gilbert and Emil Jannings.

Each of these is different from the other yet each, except the last-named, let us say, possesses strong sex appeal.

Garbo is quiet, deep, reserved. Miss Bow is active, mischievous, rather sophisticated.

Gilbert is the ideal lover. Jannings is anything but. If you will recall his “Way of All Flesh” you will promptly agree with me on that.

No, sex appeal is neither this nor that. It is a composite, a blending together of traits that are striking and different from the average.

A woman may be pretty, but if her prettiness is not beauty, and unusual beauty to boot, she will not possess special sex appeal. The same applies to a man. Mere average handsomeness of features and physique is not enough.

A distinguished amount of the unusual must be present.

This quality of the non-average, as inherently characteristic of all kinds of sex appeal, explains why even deformity may possess that quality.

It also explains why the dynamic Gloria Swanson has it as well as the placid and passive Vilma Banky.

EACH is a different type of personality but both show that type in unusual ways. Just how does sex appeal reveal itself? How does it manage to get across to another personality?

For sex appeal, to be worthy of the name, must be able to broadcast itself from the personality of its possessor like radium waves from pitchblende.

One has it or one has it not. It is not artificial or manufactured. It is natural and spontaneous.

Personality can be developed by fostering habits of thought and conduct that make you acceptable and liked by other people and society at large.

But sex appeal, although a distinct part of the personality, is different.

Should a person deliberately set out to
possess sex appeal he or she would probably accomplish little besides vulgarity.

Sex appeal reveals itself through an individual's appearance, bearing, conduct, deportment and address. And all of these must please us as individuals so that we are made to feel that we want to know the person and know him or her intimately.

Sex appeal carries with it the desire for personal contact. First it arrests your attention, then it charms you. Sex appeal can be so strong that it almost hypnotizes.

Sex appeal does not necessarily arouse the sex instinct although that is a concomitant urge that quickly springs into being.

OFTEN, though, when the person with the sex appeal is unattainable socially or otherwise, then the love urge is sublimated and the ideal object identified.

Whenever you meet a man or woman with pronounced sex appeal, you want either to influence them personally in some way or you want to have them influence you.

A man or woman may awaken sex interest in one member of the opposite sex and not in another.

This is particularly true of cases of sex appeal based on peculiarities or eccentricities.

The screen stars with sex appeal possess traits that awaken a more or less universal response.

They seem to possess in pronounced fashion the sex attributes that have grown to be considered superior.

Much needs yet to be done in psychology to prove scientifically, beyond a question of doubt, exactly by what means all varieties of personality appeal, including sex, manage to travel from the emotions in one body to the motions of another.

Do we give off some sort of electricity that travels across?

Is it something like ectoplasm?

Or are we affected because from childhood up various ideas and concepts are built into our minds as desirable and beautiful and the person with the sex appeal happens to possess them?

This last is about as near the truth as we can get now.

Certainly our background, early training, and our imagination play an important role in this connection.

ALTHOUGH directors are hunting for sex appeal everywhere nowadays, it must be noted that some of the best films ever produced, and several popular stars as well, are devoid of this quality.

In 1920, the readers of Photoplay selected "Humoresque," a story of mother devotion to her son, as the best film of the year. In 1921 it was "Tol'able David," youth struggling for success.

"Robin Hood," a fantasy of the Middle Ages, took the prize in 1922. "The Covered Wagon," depicting the heroism of the American pioneers, won in 1923. In 1924 "Abraham Lincoln" took the honors.

In 1925 "The Big Parade," and in 1926 "Beau Geste," both war themes and loyal devotion of buddies, one for the other, were considered the best.

There is no sex appeal about Charlie Chaplin and that characterization can scarcely be applied to Mary Pickford.

Still, public taste seems to demand more of the sex appeal stuff than it used to.

Shall we say we have become more callous and sophisticated—that we require a stronger kick in our emotional fare than formerly?

Personally, I believe the increased demand for characters and scenes where sex is stressed is but a passing phase, a fashion to be placed alongside short skirts and petting parties.

Perhaps when the pendulum begins to turn back again it will swing all the way to Mid-Victorian standards.

Who knows?

---

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on tiny shoulders

is such torture

— until mother

cools the hot
red spots with

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The cost is a tripe. You would gladly give many times as much for a normal figure means. Then learn how easily people get it.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at 50c. per box. Any druggist who is out will order them from his jobber.

Companionate Marriage

[continued from page 39]

antiques. He knew they were genuine antiques becaus he bought them from Fanny Ward who had them since her marriage.

The wood-paneled ceilings looked a little dirty to Bull so he got on top of the dining table with a pail of water and started to scrub them.

"For the love of Mike!" yelled the builder.

"You're scrubbing off the antique finish that cost eighty dollars!"

Bull was upset. He and the bucket that they fell off the table and knocked over an antique statue of a large-breasted lady (possibly Fanny's grandmother).

WHEN Bull's friends learned of his marriage they gave a party for him and the bride.

It was at this party that Bull was swiftly and completely disillusioned about his bride; she couldn't hold her liquor.

Pansy took a few harmless nips of grape, then leaped up and smashed four of Bull's figures in a row.

"What the hell, ain't you got no manners?" screamed Bull. He wasn't so much offended by her breach of etiquette, for Bull is an in- formal sort despite his position, but Pansy smashed four of Bull's pals who happen already to be punch-goody. Without heeding the remon- strance, the bride tossed off another toast to herself and turned around and smashed the groom on the jaw with a smash that was anything but bridial.

"I was goody goody, I was a crazy," says Bull.

"Don't go crazy, he makes me mad!" hissed Pansy, as she grabbed him by the neck and put him in car. He grabbed off his slipper and smashed his heel in place of her face, but she kept on, screaming.

"Half a dollar, I was going to kiss his car one hand and hold his neck in other.

"I get him home. I was goody in house. Right away he jump up and smash. I say I want to fight. If I want fight I go over to Coliseum and make two, three hundred buck fighting.

"I give him a push. Right away he get a black eye. Squawk! Yell! He run to telephone, yell, 'Help, Police.' 'What I care.' All time he squawk, 'Help, police.' I say, 'For Gossakes, shut-up.'"

"The cops come. Cops say, 'What's mat, Bulls.' Bull say up close, I say, 'Sure, sure. Take in crazy food and lock him up, he poopy.' So cops take him to jail!


Bull paused, sneered a fly out of his tone and gulped.

The cops take him to can. Well, I was a happy again. Next day I was sing, play radio, eat salami, drink gin—nice!"

"Bell ring. I go to door. It was bond's man. 'Hello, Bull,' he say, 'I put up bond and get your wife out of can.'"

"Oh, I say, 'Take him back. I no want him.'"

The bondsman replied that he was sorry but that he thought he was doing Bull a good turn. The bride would be home.

Bull was distracted. He ran around in circles yelling to all the saints to protect him. He knew that in a few hours he might be set out to some other world.

Bull is not a coward, but there are times in every man's life when the pressure is too great for the human spirit.

Bull beat it.

Out of the house he flew and into his swell touring car.

"Wha's mat, Bull?" yelled the wop gardener. he was trimming the grape vines.

"The dame, he come back!" shrieked Bull hysterically.
BULL'S car had been stolen the week previous, and Bull was thinking how lucky he was to get it back the night before, when suddenly a cop at an intersection drew a gun and ordered him to stop. The cop was comparing the number of the car with a number he had in his note book.

Bull was wearing a cap over one eye, his beard was long, and his notorious beauty had not been made any more angelic by the slipper massage of the wife.

The cop took one look at him and said, "Hands up!"

"Wha' for?" peeped Bull. "This my car."

"Shut up," said the cop, sticking a gat in Bull's tummy.

"All right," says Bull.

"Take that knife off your hip," said the cop to Bull's gardener.

The wobbling wop pulled out his garden shears as though they were hot and held them aloft.

"Get in," said the cop, "and drive to the station."

At the word "station," Bull burst into tears.

"Goddam, Herb," he said, telling me the story, "I think maybe they was go lock me up with my dame in hoosgow. Gee's! Smack! Finish for Bool locked up with crazy dame!"

Bull drove to the station with a gat in his back.

"I no give dam if cop shoot," said Bull. "I no want to get locked up with goofy dame."

At the station Bull was permitted to tell his story to the judge. Sure, sure, the car had been stolen but the cops had returned it to him the night before.

He was the owner, not the thief. He was Mister Bool Montana!

"Don't you recognize this man?" the judge asked the cop sternly. "This is Mister Bull Montana. He's a celebrity around here."

The jovial cherub had to get the cop a glass of water quick; he all but swooned. And big-hearted Bull taking pity on his condition offered to drive him back to his beat.

"But how did you get back into your house with Pansy there?" I asked.

Bull winked and poured me something which in Italian is called grappa but in English nitroglycerine.

Then he quickly seized a spade and buried the bottle under a banana tree.

Servants are not to be trusted with tonic around.

"I fetch same cop to house with me," said Bull. "Dame, he scared when he see cop. I say, 'Get out! I tussled beefin' round, all time squawk, squawk.' Dame want money; just like alimony, but I got contract in safety deposit."

The only thing that worried Bull was a tender letter he wrote in his pre-nuptial days, but I assured him that no one could read it.

I received a letter from Bull when I was in Rome, and it denied all hieroglyph experts.

If, reckless carefree youth! How little do you wreak of the snares in your path?

This companionate marriage notion, for instance. Companionate, indeed!

You may laugh and shake your golden heads at Bull Montana as you plunge into such unions, but think of the consequences to him!

His beauty marred, perhaps irreparably—the beauty which is his very livelihood in pictures.

His fighting strength impugned by a mere slip of a dame—the fighting strength that won him two, three hundred bucks in the ring!

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That, for companionate marriage!

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ONE where the struggling painter, dying of hunger, doesn't sell a picture and reach fame just in the nick of time.

One where the town no-good, who has gone to the big city to succeed, ends up as a hot-dog stand guardian' at $10 a week.

One where the little girl who has to choose between a fur coat and honor, decides on four coats and an apartment and gets along beautifully.

One where the cute little brother who sticks pins in his sister's boy friends, has his pants taken down and is given a whaling.

One where the cowboy can't roll a cigarette with one hand and so pulls out a pack of Camels.

One where the little country girl who is trying for a place in the chorus is told that she can't dance, can't sing; that in fact she's—terrible.

One where the handsome fullback who is about to win the day for old Poxham, suddenly loses his mind and starts biting the turf.

One where the young writer who has sold his first story, goes out and gets drunk instead of calling his little white-haired Mother on long distance.

One where the same young writer never sells another story and has to take an errand boy's job in his father's brace and bit factory.

One where the brilliant surgeon who is wasting his life with drink, operates on the wrong part of his dying daughter and so fails to come back.

One where just before the greatest racing classic of the Old South, the jockey who is riding for a woman's love, doesn't put his face to the horse's head and with eyes closed, mumble, "Run today, baby, if you never run again."

One where the negro piano player in the cabaret doesn't jump into the piano when the place is raided.

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Lanning didn’t wait for Jerry to conclude his sentence.

“Did you ever hear of Ferdinand Boro? I thought not. Well, he’s the new dictator of Laconia. I don’t know where the devil Laconia is, but never mind that. This guy Boro has put over a successful coup d’état, and runs the Laconian government. He wants recognition from the United States and that’s the reason he is sending over his ambassador, Anton Koph. Koph arrives on the Dedrix at twelve o’clock. It’s now eleven-thirty-five. Koph is going direct from the dock to Brauer’s Hall at Third and Rand Streets. The Laconian immigrants live in that neighborhood. While he will be given a big reception over there, there are also a lot of Laconians who are anti-revolutionists and against his party. So we’re hoping there will be a riot, see—something big. Anyway, you set up your camera...

“I have no camera,” interrupted Jerry weakly.

TAKE one of ours. Set up in front of Brauer’s Hall. Get a long shot of Koph, a close-up and a view of the crowd. If this bird’s like the rest of these European celebrities, he’ll let you get right up close, stroke his whiskers and whatnot. Now, do you get it? Or do I have to repeat it all over again?”

“I understand,” exclaimed Jerry. “I’ll get some shots that’ll knock your eye out.”

“Humph! Probably you will!” growled Lanning sarcastically.

At half past twelve, Jerry balanced his camera awkwardly on his shoulder and followed his way through the crowd of foreigners in front of Brauer’s Hall. They made way for him, which gave him a thrill of importance, but he found two other camera men were ahead of him. Their cameras were all set up and ready on the steps of the hall and they were watching the crowd with bored expressions. Jerry took up a position directly beneath them.

“You can’t stand there in our way,” they both snapped. “Get over on the side-line, Ape.”

Jerry started to obey, then recalled one of the Madison School’s admonitions: “To make a success, have guts.” Immediately he stopped his flight and tried to spread the camera tripod. He soon found that setting up a camera on narrow steps was very different from setting it up on the floor of a room. The top-heavy mechanism careened forward and it was only with a powerful effort that he saved it from crashing to the pavement. His awkwardness was greeted with howls of laughter from his two rivals.

“Tie it around your neck,” they cried.

The mob of foreigners pressing closer did not lessen Jerry’s nervousness. At last, however, he managed to lengthen the front leg of the tripod and bring it to rest on a lower step, but he found he had not lengthened it sufficiently and the camera leaned forward, affording nothing but an excellent shot of the sidewalk.

SUDDENLY the throng surged forward. Around the corner came an automobile filled with police and in its wake was an open car in which sat a heavily bewhiskered individual with a yellow ribbon across his chest.

The mob started yelling, a mixture of cheers and boos.

Jerry manipulated the tripod legs feverishly. His two rivals were already grinding away. Jerry shortened the rear legs and the camera tipped back. Desperately he clutched it and pushed it forward again. He had no time to focus. He could only grind, praying that all was well. The lens seemed to be pointing directly at the ambassador, who was stepping from the machine and walking forward, bowing and smiling.

Dorothy Mackail has heard of movie stars being accused of “putting on the dog.” She has also been told that they lead a dog’s life. So here is a picture of a star taking all those criticisms too literally.
The news reel man on the step above Jerry called out, "Just a minute, Your Honor. Hold it."

The Ambassador stopped and removed his hat, started to smile and then suddenly the smile twisted and he crumpled to the sidewalk. To his horror Jerry saw a stream of blood issuing forth from the man's body and tracing a crimson course across the pavement.

The next thing he knew was when the downpour was all over and a chunk of the crowd had broken away from the fallen man. Jerry kept on grinding desperately until the running crowd swept against him and crashed him against the face of the pavement. Picking it up, Jerry used it as a ramrod to fight his way through the mob.

WHEN he reached a quiet spot he found that the lens was smashed but the precious film safe. He must rush to the Apex studios so that his company would have this thing inside his own safe before the evening.

While a frantic taxi-man was trying to make good on the five-dollar tip promised him, Jerry reviewed the events surrounding the assassination. There had been no sound of a revolver shot. Had Koph been knifed in the back? Had the police captured the assassin? Too bad he hadn't been able to keep on grinning. He might have caught a glimpse of the man as he had caught would have been an exciting picture and should win him a permanent job with Apex. How thrilled Martha would be over his making good so quickly.

When Lanning saw Jerry enter the office he came busting out. "How did you get along?" he demanded.

The ambassador was assassinated right in front of my camera, Jerry cried. Wordlessly, Lanning grabbed the camera, and dashed through a doorway over which was a red lettered sign, "Dark Room." Jerry sank into his heart pounding with excitement.

Lanning appeared.

"Jim's developing the film and will make a positive print," he said. "The moment it's ready we'll look at it. Now tell me what happened."

Jerry gave him a detailed account. "I couldn't help but get it right," he boasted. "I was right on top of the case."

"What a break!" cried Lanning and he began telephoning theaters relative to their showing the film that evening.

A few minutes later, a courier came out of the room, handed Lanning a roll of film, muttering, "There she is. Don't know what it's all about, but maybe you do."

Lanning unrolled the film with quick, deft fingers, glanced hastily along a few feet, then turned on Jerry with a look of black rage.

"YOU fool!" he shouted. "You half-baked idiot! All you got was the side of a building! Now, get out. Get out before I commit murder." He hurled the roll of celluloid straight at Jerry's head.

The roll hit him. Jerry stopped just long enough to shove the film in his pocket. Then he made his way toward the door. From outside, he could hear Lanning swearing incoherently.

Arriving home, Jerry was absolutely heartbroken. He was a dunce, after all. He had failed again. He never could tell Martha. He would have to lie to her, what had happened was a deep secret, locked within his own breast.

As he reached into his pocket for a cigarette, his hand touched the roll of film. He took it out, holding it up in the path of the sunlight. Lanning was right. All he had got was the front of a rooming house across from Brauer's Hotel.

Then suddenly he leaned forward and scrutinized the film sharply. From one of the windows gazes a man with something in his hand. Jerry strained his eyes. Could it be a revolver? Yes, and he was aiming down, a sardonic smile lighting his face. He then darted back into the room, out of camera range.

The film fell from Jerry's trembling fingers. 

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"Don't Shut"
He brushed his hand across his forehead. Lanning, in lean, forked flame, had taken no notice of the man in the window. All that he had seen was that Jerry had missed photographing the ambassador. But by a fluke Jerry had caught and was using the flash which had killed Koph, firing with a Maxim silenced on the murder weapon.

With a magnifying glass Jerry scrutinized the film of the ambassador. The assassin’s features were plainly discernible, a dangerous face, sharp eyes, a dropping mouth, undoubtedly a foreigner and very likely a Laconian.

Jerry paced the room. Should he go back to Lanning with this finding, should he turn it over to the police? He would get a lot of publicity out of the latter procedure. Maybe it would lead to something worth while. He couldn’t think in the harbor. He went outdoors.

A newscaster came by, shouting an extra. Jerry’s eyes fell on the flaming headlines: "LACONIAN AMBASSADOR ASSASSINATED. President Cables Dole Boro. Government Authorities Reward of Twenty Thousand Dollars for Capture of Assassin."

JERRY gasped. Twenty thousand dollars reward and the only clue to the crime in his pocket! He started to run toward the subway. He was going to Rand Street, to ferret out the man with the drooping mouth and to claim the reward.

At Rand Street there was a dramatic tenseness in the air. Newboys were selling extras, numerous policemen were walking about. They all eyed Jerry suspiciously as he passed. Suppose they stopped and searched him, finding the film? He hurried on, trying to appear businesslike as he walked backward and forward for five minutes before he was photographed. He studied the face of every person who passed him, but no one resembled the man in the film. Hours passed. His watch showed 5 o’clock and he was ready to drop with fatigue.

Down the street was a small moving picture theater where a man was placing a frame at the side of the wall. Jerry came up and read the announcement. “SPECIAL ATTRACTION! THE NATIONAL WEEKLY PRESENTS A PICTURE OF THE ASSASSINATION OF THE AMBASSADOR KOPH! THE AMAZING FILM SHOWS THE AMBASSADOR AS HE FELL TO THE PAVEMENT MORTALLY WOUNDED! DON’T MISS THIS TREMENDOUS SENSATION!”

Jerry smiled wryly. The camera men had done the trick while he—had no such luck. He glanced up as a man came over beside him and read the announcement. With difficulty Jerry suppressed an exclamation of astonishment. It was the man with the drooping mouth! Jerry pretended to study the poster while he sized up the man. Tall and thin, he was dressed in a black overcoat and black slouch hat, wearing dark-rimmed eyeglasses, whichlessness his resemblance to the man in the film. But there was something different about that mouth and that pale, cadaverous face.

JERRY felt himself trembling. What should he do? Grab the fellow? Call for the police? If he made a mistake, the newspapers would certainly make him out an utter fool. Moreover, he was unarmed and the murderer surely would have a gun in his coat pocket.

Jerry stared dumbfounded as the man purchased a ticket and entered the theater. The fellow was going in to witness the death of his victim long before Jerry and the cold-blooded man. He ran to the box office. “Where’s the manager?” he demanded of the girl inside.

“Upstairs to your right. Ticket?”

Jerry threw down a half dollar, grabbed a ticket and rushed into the theater. He walked through the door marked “Manager’s Office” without knocking.

“What’s the big idea?” demanded the man behind the desk.

Jerry jerked the roll of film from his pocket.

“Please have your operator run this off at once,” he cried.

When for the manager demanded the manager.

“I’ll explain later. Please don’t waste time.”

The manager glared. “Explain now, if you expect me to show your stuff. We’ve got a full program.”

Jerry had to explain. He did. Before he had half finished the manager grabbed the film from his hands and began issuing orders.

Jerry ran out. On this right we show the ambassador falling to the pavement. If the man’s the one who did it, he ought to knock him out of his seat.”

A FEW moments before Jerry had passed dozens of police in the street but now he couldn’t see a single one. He ran back to the theater, was in a position in the back where he could watch the film and at the same time see anyone who left the theater. If the murderer tried to slip out, Jerry planned to grab and hang on until help came. There was no other way.

On the screen flashed a picture of the crowd, the arrival of the ambassador, his advance to hall, his death. The film ended abruptly. The screen showed white, hurriedly.

A scrawled handwriting flashed on the screen: “And This Picture Shows the Actual Murderer Firing the Fatal Shot.”

There was a murmur of astonishment from the spectators. Jerry leaned forward, trying to discover where the man with the drooping mouth was seated, but the theater was too dark, too many people.

Jerry grabbed him by the shoulder. “You’re under arrest,” he shouted.

WITH the strength of a panther, the man tore himself from Jerry’s grasp. His glasses fell to the floor. Jerry felt his limp, cold, black eyes boring into his. He darted through the entrance while Jerry rained after him vaguely aware of the screams and shouts from the theater.

As the assassin reached the outer lobby, Jerry sprang upon him. He threw both arms around the man’s neck and held on. The man treated him with a terrible contempt. As he struggled, he turned back the silver shirt. There was the picture he had taken on the steps of Brauer’s Hall.

In spite of the tenseness of the situation, he could feel and pride at the clearness of the photography.

This feeling vanished immediately, however, when he found himself watching in fascination the assassin coming to the window and aiming the revolver.

Then followed that keening smile and rapid disappearance.

Jerry grabbed himself. A dark form was coming up the aisle. . . . it was he! The murderer was holding a handkerchief before his face, pretending to wipe his glasses. Jerry grabbed him by the shoulder. "You’re under arrest," he shouted.

How are you old man?” greetings Lanning, who was running with Jerry, and said enthusiastically.

"That fellow cut his big chance. I’m all right now," said Jerry. "I’ve just been married."

"It’s fine," explained Lanning. "How would you like to work for us? We owe a lot for filming that fellow killing Koph. Will you sign up with us, overlook the dirty way I treated him, and let bygones be bygones?"

"Sure thing," agreed Jerry. "I got the twenty-thousand dollar reward. It’s all in the game, boss, all in the game."
tiny, crawling specks below—and wondering what in thunder they could be doing.

"I am not capable of putting it into words. I wish I could.

"But you know you are dying—and realize you should be afraid—then find that fear has died before you.

"It is an amusing feeling.

I DON'T know how many hours, how many days, I lay that way. I don't want anyone to tell me.

"I just want to remember that great open space feeling—that nothing matters—that life, death, theories, beliefs—nothing worries you when you really come to your Greatest Adventure.

"Then, one day, just when I was certain it would only be for a few moments— I heard a voice.

"Fight—Fight—Fight," it kept saying.

"It's up to you—you must fight for yourself now, Richard!"

"And all of a sudden something happened. This far-away feeling, this great open space, this hand on my shoulder was for other folk, not for me—Richard Dix, movie actor! The others had died but I wasn't going to die.

"They were telling me to fight—I was going to live—I was going to pitch that ball for the Angels."

"So I fought. Fought to see those white capped women around me; fought to see the doctor who gave me some kind of medicine. Fought to recognize my family whom they let in to see me. Fought to remember all that had happened.

"No—even then I wasn't frightened. Just as I hadn't been afraid to die—so now I had no fear of living. Five years—ten—whatever more was left for me, I determined to live and live to the fullest.

"Death just meant a walk—there was no need of being frightened.

"Life just meant a little while more—I got well wanting to get all the joy out of it while I am living!"

RICHARD DIX smiled, a jolly, meet-you-half-way smile, as he finished. Had he changed, or was it my imagination? I had it. Before, when we had talked, it was always, "Did you think my last picture was good?" or "Do you think it's true that they're not going to renew the contracts of any more high-priced players?"

And now it was, "Did you see my last picture? I think it's the best since 'The Quarterback.'" And a few moments later, "I'm going away Monday to get back my full strength.

"When I come back I'm going to make my best picture.

Suddenly I remembered. Richard Dix had always asked inferiority-complex questions. Now he made I-am-sure-of-myself statements. Undoubtedly, this shaking hands with death had indeed been his most helpful, as well as his Greatest Experience.

Richard Dix reviewed his picture, "Warming Up," from a wheelchair in the operating room of his hospital with nurses and interns as his audience. This was the last picture made by Dix before his sudden illness.
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For full particulars regarding contest see page 60. If your dealer cannot supply you with the June issue of Photoplay, just send 25c to Photoplay Magazine, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, and you will receive it by return mail, or if you prefer to take advantage of our Special Six Months' Contest rate, send $1.25 and we will mail you the June issue of Photoplay and enter your subscription for 5 months, starting with the August issue (total 6 issues).

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LADY RAFFLES—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Jack Jansseng and Fred Stanley, continually by Earl Hudson. Directed by R. William Neill. Photographic by Frank H. Clark. Cast: Lenore Raffles (Miss Lane), Estelle Taylor; Warren Blake, Roland Drew; Lillie; Lillian Tashman; Dick, Ernest Hilliard; Mrs. Blake, Winifred Landis.

LITTLE SNOB, THE—WARNERS.—From the story by E. T. Tovey, directed by Claude Smith. Directed by John Adolph. Photography by Norbert Ried. The cast: Mary Bounds, Mary McAvoy; Jim Nolan, Robert Frazer; Colonel Black, Alice Francis; Miss Jones, Virginia Lee Corbin; Alice, Frances Lee; Walt Kreese, John Millan.

LONESOME.—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Mann Page. Scenario by Edward T. Lowe. Jr. Directed by Paul Fejos. The cast: Mary, Barbara Kent; John, Glenn Tryon; Undressed Woman, Fay Helen; Mr. Jones, Pulitzer, Gustav Rahrer; The Spot, Eddie Phillips.

MAN IN THE ROUGH—FBO.—From the story by W. C. DeMille, directed by Frank H. Clark. Directed by Wallace Fox. The cast: Bruce Sherwood, Bessie Wooster; Mary, Madge Keel; Cal Winters, Tom Lingham; Jim Kase, William Norton Bailey; Buck Helm, Jack Morley.

MICHIGAN.—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Rex Beach. Scenario by Peter Milne. Directed by Jacques Tourneur. Cast: Rose MacDermott, Rene Adore; Hiram Morris, Fred Emsenton; Rose, at a child, Virginia Giesy; Jimmy Cowan, the Michigan Kid, Conard Craig, as mad, Maurice Murphy; Sherry, Adolph Miller; Frank Haywood; Lloyd Whitlock; Frank Haywood, as a child, Donald House.

NEWS PARADE, THE—WILLIAM FOX.—From the story by David Butler and William Cons- man. Directed by David Butler. The cast: "Nevi- Nick", Maria O'Sullivan, Robert Eagles, Philip Dallison, Morgan Donan, Brandon Juris; Mysterious Stranger, Earl Fose; Director-in-Chief, Truman T. Thalby; Prince Osiris, the King, Bill Walberg, Frankly Underwood.

NO QUESTIONS ASKED.—WARNERS.—From the story by Mark Canfield. Scenario by Robert Lord. Directed by Rex De Bahr. Photography by Norbert Ried. The cast: The Wife, Anna Fay; The Husband, William Collier, Jr.; Joe Rabbit, Clyde Cook; The Perpetrator, Frank Shuster; Dave Morris; The Vampire, Margaret Livingston.

PERFECT CRIME, THE—FBO.—From the story by William Consman, Scenario by Evangeline Adamson. Directed by Bert Grenon. Photography by James How. The cast: Benson, Elmer Brook; Stella, Irene Rich; Mrs. Frith, Ethel Wales; Trevor, Carroll Ney; Mrs. Trevor, Gladys McConnell; William; Edmund Bruce; James; Pat, Bill Walberg; Phil Gastrock; Frithia, Tully Marshall; Trevor Baby, June Laverne.


RETURN TO ROSS.—Directed by Robert F. Hill. The cast: "Kit Miller, Isabelle Falleron, Betty Compson; Gladys Morrison, Dorothy Cuming; John, Richard Carre; The Father, Howard Von Edes; Tony, Howard; Wolf Miller, Russell Simpson.


SCARLET DOVE, THE—TIPPANY-STAIL.—From the story by Arthur Greger. Continuity by John Francis Nettles. Directed by Arthur Greger. The cast: Col. Ivan Petroff, Lovell Sherman; Eve, Margaret Livingston; Lielar, Alvy Osgood; Robert Frazer; Anna Nather; Josephine; Olda, Shirley Palmer; Aunt, Julia Swayne Gordon; Gregory, Carlos Durand.


STREET OF SIN, THE.—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Benjamin Glazer. Adapted by Chrys Spouge. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. The cast: Sergei, Richard Dix; Edelgard, Fay Wray; Annie, Olga Bokanovna; Mr. Smith, Ernest Johnstone; George: Oehler; Bill's Creations, Johnnie Morris, John Gough; Prof of Fal, Jack Bizardte.

TELLING THE WORLD—M-G-M.—From the story by Dale Van Every. Scenario by Raymond L. Schroeder. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: Dashi, William Haines; Crystal, Anita Page; Mazze, Elmer Perry; Don's Father, Frank Currie; Landshark, Lewis Moran; Lady Liotes, William V. Mone; The Killer, Mathew Betz.
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PHOTOPLAY—ADVERTISING SECTION

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[Continued from page 17]

"RED TEMPEST"—United Artists. Reviewed under the title of "Tempest." Interesting story of the Russian Revolution. Hugh Miller is starred, it is Camilla Horn's picture. Here's a real find. (June)

"RIDER OF THE DARK"—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Tim McCoy in Western Plot Number Four. Roy D'arcy's teeth in the foreground. (May)

"RUSH HOUR"—Pathé-De Mille. Convention stuff, ornamented by Marie Prevost and Seena Owen. Oh dear, those eternal warwives—girl! (April)

"SHADOWS"—Paramount. Adapted from the musical comedy. Exciting dances and hot romance among the fur traders of Canada. Wonderful aerial stunts. (April)

"SADDLE MATES"—Pathé—Wally Wales indulges in a lot of rough and tumble fighting. You've guessed it—it's a Western. (May)

"SADIE THOMPSON"—United Artists. Gloria Swanson triumphs over the censor, in an unusual and dramatically fine story, with a swell performance by her. (May)

"SAN FRANCISCO NIGHTS"—Gotham. Mae Busch is starred, it is a love story from life in the underworld. Mae's a good trouper. (April)

"SAND AND THE WOMAN"—Excellent. Showing how a narrow-minded small town can be mean to a pretty girl like Claire Windsor. Fie on them! (April)

"SCARLET YOUTH"—S. S. Millard. Supposed to have a big social message; one of those medical films that plays to "men only" and "women only" audiences. Don't let them kid you. It's just to get the dollar out of naive small-town audiences. (April)

"SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS"—First National. Paul Ford, Dorothy Lamour, and Bob Allen. Clean, but just a teeny, weeny bit slow. (March)

"SIEGFRIED"—Bebe Daniels is great as a wild Arabian girl who captures her man and tame a wild horse for him. (April)

"SHOWDOWN"—Paramount. A good picture of life in the depressing Mexican oil fields. Not particularly noteworthy but have Louella Parsons. (April)

"SMALL TALK"—Metro. Mae Busch and Bert Lytell. A good picture. (April)

"SILK LEGS"—Fox. Bellamy demonstrates how to sell silk stockings. Whipped cream. (March)

"SILVER SLAVE"—Fox. Why mother saves daughter from the clutches of a villain by vamping him here. Ah, those self-sacrificing mothers! (April)

"SOPHIE'S BIG IDEA"—After a long time, Bryant Washburn continues the adventures of your old friend, Skimmer. (May)

Breyer advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
SKY-SCRAPER—Pathe-De Mille.—Love among the riveters. The locations are thrilling, although the plot is hackneyed. With Sue Carol and Wallace Boyd. (Apr.)


SOFT LIVING—Fox. Adventures of a stenographer who finds that it is easier to get alphabet than to live. But love saves all. With Madge Bellamy and John Boles. (May.)

SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENS—Paramount.—Especially in a haunted house. Good comedy thriller. With the eyes-sightening Esther Ralston. (May.)

SORELL AND SON—United Artists.—Herbert Berghof. A photograph of the son of a famous father's love for his son. Superbly played by John Garfield and Joyce Holden. (May.)

SOUTH SEA LOVE—FBO.—Just like any other brand of love—full of inconsistencies. With Patsy Ruth Miller and Ruth Clifford. (July.)

SPEEDY—Lloyd-Paramount. —Harold Lloyd captures all the dash and excitement of Manhattan. An amusing comedy. For the whole family, of course. (June.)

SPORTING AGE, THE—Columbia.—Good acting and a fine direction lift this trilogy above the average. Special honors to Belle Bennett and Holland Heywood. (July.)

SPORTING GOODS—Paramount.—Richard Dix plays an enterprising salesman in one of the very best light comedies of the season. (July.)

SPOTLIGHT, THE—Paramount.—How the bulge little Sokor became Rosina, the Russian star. With Esther Ralston and Lou Costello. (June.)

SQUARE CROOKS—Fox. —Original variations of the usual crook business lift this comedy above the ordinary. Jack Oakie and a three-year-old kid, runs away with the laughs. (Apr.)

STAND AND DELIVER—Pathe-De Mille. —Red La Rocque joins the French Army and goes on a fantail hunt. Once more Lupe Velez registers a hit. (Feb.)

STOCKS AND BLONDES—FBO.—Romance among a bunch of stocks and blondes for the family trade. With Jacqueline Logan and "Sweety" Gallagher. (June.)

STREET ANGEL—Fox—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell continue to remain in Seventh Heaven. This time a fine story, admirably acted. By all means see it. (Apr.)

STREETS OF SHANGHAI—Tiffany-Stahl.—Dirty work in China and slightly reminiscent of a lot of us in the Army. (May.)

SYMPHONY, THE—Universal.—Rather wooden story that tries to be another "Music Maker." Rejected by a good performance by Jean Hersholt. (Jan.)

TEMPATIONS OF A CHORUS GIRL—First Division.—Comedy about a chorus girl who makes the most of a mandolinist character. (June.)

TENDERLOIN—Warner.—This time the dirty crooks are for sale, not in our town. Giving her an excuse to register a lot of anguish. (March.)

TEN HOURS—Tiffany-Stahl.—Wherein the female outlaw outsails the fast stepper. With Dorothy Sebastian, Johnnie Haron and June Marlowe. (April.)

THIEF IN THE DARK, THE—Fox.—Supposed to scare you to death. But it merely puts you to sleep. (April.)

THIRTEENTH HOUR—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—In spite of trapdoors, secret panels and underhanded villainy, the cruxy carine, outsuits the villains. (Feb.)

THOROUGHBREDS—Universal. —Once again the great sex appeal of wild women. Good direction and some race-track scenes help some. (May.)

THREE MUSKETEERS—Paramount.—Polka Nogi as a good girl gone wrong. Not so wonderful as the good girl, but oh, she has gone wrong! Sophisticated amusing comedy. (May.)

TIGER LADY—Paramount. —Reviewed under title "Love Is Incorruptible." Old-fashioned story, trite. "Butch," the fancy costume and made-up color, the cruxy carine, outsuits the villains. (Feb.)

TIGRESS, THE—Columbia.—How much Dorothy Revier looks like Gloria Swanson! (Feb.)

TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE—Christie-Paramount.—Pittsburgh Jew, father is dead. Just no good reason for no good reason. Even with the hard work of Louisa Fasenda, it is mostly just plain silly. (May.)

TRAGEDY OF YOUTH, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—Patric Knowles and Vanessa Brown in a modern comedy showing the folly of youthful marriages. Smooth and sophisticated. (May.)

TRAVELING STAR—Fox.—Rosemary DeCamp. —An ending for no good reason. Even with the hard work of Louise Fasenda, it is mostly just plain silly. (May.)

TREE OF LIFE, THE—Zenith.—Tells the story of the world's creation, no less! L. H. Tolhurst, with the assistance of the University of California, prepared the scientific data. Educations and growth of life through the years. (Apr.)

TRICK OF HEARTS, A—Universal.—Hoot Gibson in a simple-minded story. Rather puerile, Alguns! (May.)

TURN BACK THE HOURS—Gotham.—All right, turn back the hours and what does it get you? Just a quicker, with a lot of well-known players filling in between more important pictures. (May.)

TWO FLAMING YOUTHS—Paramount.—Introducing a new co-starring team—W. C. Fields and Chester Conklin. Great fun for all but the chronic weepers. (March.)

TWO GIRLS WANTED—Fox.—Adapted from John Tuller's stage success, it's a nice, amusing story about a modern working girl. With the adorable Jack Gaynor. (February)

TWO LOVERS—United Artists.—Some direction, neat acting and fine settings cannot disguise the fact that it is a poor piece of work. With Richard Colman and Vilma Banky are simply swell. (May.)

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN—Universal.—Harriet Beecher Stowe once again written to include the Civil War and Sherman's March to the Sea. An effective picture, if you don't mind the violence done to the old favorite. (January.)

UNDER THE BLACK FLAG—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Reni. "You can't treat young dog, shows that the doggies did their share in fighting the war. (March.)

UNDER THE TONTO RIM—Paramount.—More gold rush. Richard Atten and Mary Bruce in a fairly exciting Zane Grey story. (April.)

UPLAND RIDER, THE—First National.—Ken Maynard rides the winning horse in the race that saves the old homestead. A routine plot but a grand horse race. (May.)

VALLEY OF THE GIANTS, THE—First National.—Splendidly presented drama of the Big Tree mining country, skillfully acted by Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon. (May.)

VAMPING VENUS—First National.—A "Connecticut Yankee" comedy designed to get back some of the honors of "The Great Gatsby" set. Cock-eyed enough to be popular. Thelma Todd is beautiful. So is the comedy. Dirty work. What else can you want? (May.)

VERY CONFIDENTIAL—Fox.—The small-scaled story of the first lady of society's pet. An old story in new clothes, with Madge Bellamy as the big gal. (April.)

WALLFLOWERS—FBO.—One of these stories that is motivated by a trick will. Light but adequate. (April.)

WARNING, THE—Columbia.—Jack Holt's sense of humor saves this melodrama of the Hong Kong dives for you. (May.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE—Universal.—A mediocre mystery story with a bit of comedy and a good performance by Zasu Pitts, Alan Dinehart, Alec Balsyn and Jean Hersholt. Only fair. (May.)

WE AMERICANS—Universal.—A fine drama of American life and its problems. It looks at the new Americans of today in taxation, splendidly acted. (May.)

WEST POINT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—William Chain. —As brilliant a bit of madcap as was possible to incorporate into a first rate Western. With Gene Lockhart, Pat O'Malley, Dolores Costello and Jack Oakie. (March.)

WHIP WOMAN, THE—First National.—A picture so badly made the audience laughed. Through bad judgment of a reviewer we failed to warn you how bad it was. (March.)

WHY SAILORS GO WRONG—Fox.—For those who will laugh at anything. Rather vulgar. (June.)

WICKEDNESS PREFERRED—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Allen Pringle and Lew Cody in a comedy of marriage that is naughty, sophisticated, but full of good humor. (June.)

WILD GEESE—Tiffany.—Sincere presentation of Martha Ostenso's novel, with a fine characterization by Russell Simpson. (Apr.)

WILLFUL YOUTH—Prentis.—Heavy melodrama in the tall tatters with Kenneth Harlan and Edna Murphy. (Oct.)

WIZARD, THE—Fox.—One of Monroe Lourcaster's most thrilling mystery yarns enacted by Edmund Lowe and other capable performers. (Jan.)

WIZARD OF THE SADDLE, THE—FBO.—Western legend, made to order for modern audiences, in horror melodrama. Famous man on the range, the kidder kid. (February.)

WOLF FANGS—Fox.—Ranger, the dog, saves the poor gal from her brutal stepfather. Elemental amusement. (March.)

WOMAN WISE—Fox.—Showing the downfall of a hard-boiled bachelor. With Walter Pidgeon and Jack Colvin. (April.)

WRECK OF THE HESPERUS, THE—Pathé-De Mille.—Elmer Clifton, who made "Down to the Sea in Ships," has again turned out some glorious sea stuff. Longfellow's ballad has been movieized, but you'll like Virginia Bradford. (February.)

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW—Rayart. —The title tells the story. Full of crooks and suchlike. Hale's Steele is the handsome cop. (May.)

**POISED!** That tell-tale moment before a dip.

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If the baby could talk he would say that his mother’s milk makes a strong appeal to his taste. He would also, if able, express verbally his distaste for some mixtures which are forced upon him in spite of his physical protest.

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They know that soap alone can do the one all-important thing needed to keep their skin lovely—
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The Traveler—"I should say so... a whole carton of Chesterfields!"

THEY'RE MILD and yet THEY SATISFY

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The National Guide to Motion Pictures

PHOTOPLAY

AUGUST 25 CENTS

The Best Motion Picture Interview Ever Written

See Page 92

Billie Dove

Orles Sheldon
EVERYWHERE
you go they know their BABY RUTH

Pure enjoyment has made Baby Ruth the nation's good-time candy. Your pleasure is increased delightfully by each tasty ingredient.

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OTTO Y. SCHNERING, President
MODERN FOODS, SO SOFT, SO RICH threaten the health of your teeth and gums

But IPANA and massage keep gums firm and sound . . and teeth sparkling white

GLANCE at any modern menu. Mentally check over the last meal you ate. Did it contain any natural roughage—any coarse, fibrous material—any similar substance that could really stir and stimulate the gums to life and health?

Very probably not. For nearly all the things we eat are soft and creamy. Our taste is for tender meats, for fruits and vegetables stripped of fibre, for grains robbed of their husks.

To this over-refinement of our diet the dental profession traces the under-nourishment of our gums—to it they trace, as a basic cause, the multitude of gum troubles which beset modern teeth.

Why over-coddled gums become soft and tender

There's nothing mysterious about it. Like any other living tissue, the gums need exercise. The vigorous chewing of hard foods once kept gums active and well nourished, with a brisk flow of fresh blood within their walls.

But modern diet robs our gums of exercise. They become soft and flabby. They lose their normal tonicity, and they bleed easily. "Pink tooth brush" is often the forerunner of more serious troubles to come.

IPANA and massage restore the gums to health

Fortunately, specialists have discovered an effective safeguard against the damage done by soft foods. It is gum massage—a simple frictionizing of the gums, with the brush or finger. You can perform it twice daily at the time you brush your teeth.

And thousands of good dentists prescribe IPANA Tooth Paste as the ideal medium for massage as well as for the regular cleaning with the brush. For the stimulating properties of IPANA tone and strengthen the weakened tissue and the gums become more resistant to disease.

For IPANA has an ingredient of certain and specific benefit to the gums. It contains zinc, a preparation widely known to dentists for its anti-septic and hemostatic properties. To its beneficial effect upon the gums as well as the teeth, IPANA owes the professional standing that has brought it such swift success.

Test this excellent tooth paste. Send the coupon for the ten-day tube, if you want to. It will quickly demonstrate IPANA's delicious taste—its power to make your teeth white and beautiful.

IPANA is worth a full-tube trial

But to give your gums the full benefit of IPANA, get a full tube at the most convenient drug store. Brush your teeth—rub your gums with IPANA, twice daily, for a whole month. Note the improvement in your gums—how much firmer their texture, how much better their color. Then you, too, will probably decide, as so many thousands of others have done, that IPANA deserves a permanent place in your home and on your tooth brush!

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PHOTOPLAY

For August 1928

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A complete list of all photoplays reviewed in the Shadow Stage this issue will be found on page 14.
NOW they say that Greta Garbo will do "The Green Hat" under the name of "A Woman of Affairs," with Nils Asther playing opposite.

THEODORE ROBERTS returns to the screen in Jack Gilbert's "The Mask of the Devil."

RICHARD DIX celebrated his appendicitis recovery by turning Irish in "Moran of the Marines," which is to be followed by "Redskin," in which he will again play an Indian. This will be entirely in Technicolor.

AFTER she completes "The Fleet's In," Clara Bow is to make a two-months motor tour of the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone and Zion National Parks.

WILLIAM FOX has signed Robert Flaherty to make a study of Indian life, using all redskin actors. Eight months will be spent in Arizona.

"His Private Life" will be Adolphe Menjou's first picture on a new one-year Paramount contract.

EDMUND LOWE is likely to play opposite Gloria Swanson in her new film, directed by Erich Von Stroheim. This is now called "Queen Kelly," instead of "The Swamp."

DOROTHY MACKAIL is to divorce her husband, Lothar Mendez, the director.

FAY WRAY and John Monk Saunders, the author, were married at Easton, Md., June 15th. Miss Wray and Gary Cooper have been making a picture in Maryland and the bride was still in make-up when the wedding was held. Mr. Saunders was recently divorced from Aria Hughes, daughter of Rupert Hughes.

JOAN CRAWFORD is about again after her recent illness.

JUNE COLLYER gave a silver wedding anniversary party at her Beverly Hills home for her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clafton Heermance, of New York.

EVA VONBERNE is here. Her name was Eva Von Plentzer and she is the daughter of an Austrian army colonel. Irving Thalberg saw her picture in a Viennese magazine and signed her during his recent trip abroad. When she landed she insisted that she couldn't work here unless she got her beer.

BUDDY ROGERS and his Paramount company, directed by Frank Tuttle, completed their exteriors on the Princeton campus and returned to Hollywood. They took along Phillip R. Holmes, a Princeton sophomore, to complete his role. Holmes, who is a son of Taylor Holmes, the actor, proved unusually promising.

CECIL B. DEMILLE has returned to Hollywood after a month's cruise on his yacht. Mr. De Mille has decided to insert sound effects into his special, "The Godless Girl."

JAMES MURRAY is to get another chance. Metro-Goldwyn has leased him to Universal, to play opposite Mary Nolan in "The Shakedown." After his appearance in "The Crowd," young Jimmie disappeared from sight.

THEY are casting "The Canary Murder Case" at the Paramount coast studios. Louise Brooks is to be the Canary, while Ruth Taylor will be Alice, her chorus girl friend. William Powell will play Philo Vance, the eminent detective who solves the murder mystery.

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT has been given the coveted rôle of Gaylord Ravenal in Universal's "Show Boat."

BUCK JONES has selected Joyba Ralston for his leading woman in his first independently made picture, "The Big Hop." James Horne will direct.

JANET GAYNOR devoted a day of her New York visit to working in a New York department store as salesgirl. Miss Gaynor is to do Warwick Deeping's "Kitty" next.

RUTH CHATTERTON, the stage star, has been signed to play opposite Emil Jannings in "The Sins of His Fathers."
The Biggest Hits of 1928-1929 will be PATHE HITS — Watch for Announcements at the Best Theatres.

Pathe

HERALDS NEW PROGRAM OF DE LUXE FEATURES

The season of 1928-29 will find Pathe taking the lead on the screen with the greatest output of pictures in its history. The famous rooster trademark, known to every picture fan in the world, will be your guide for the best in entertainment—the finest authors, the most popular stars, the most colorful and intriguing stories.

Two Tremendous Specials Coming Soon

WILLIAM BOYD

"THE COP"

with ALAN HALE, JACQUELINE LOGAN, ROBERT ARMSTRONG and TOM KENNEDY

A DONALD CRISP Production.
Screen Play by Tay Garnett from the story by Elliott Clawson
Ralph Block, Associate Producer . DeMille Studio Production

A thrilling melodrama set in a section of New York's West Side where there are too often guns on hip pockets, and yet where there are many hearts of gold. Remember the screen team that made "Chicago" a sensation—Haver and Varconi? Here they are in another story of romance in the underworld.

A big, human drama built around the exciting adventures of a "rookie" cop on his beat in a great city. Bill Boyd as the guardian of the law who gets his man. You must see the picture to find out whether he gets "the girl."

"TENTH AVENUE"

with

PHYLLIS HAVER

VICTOR VARCONI and JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

A WILLIAM C. DE MILLE production

From the stage play by John McGowan & Lloyd Griscom
Continuity by Douglas Doty
DE MILLE STUDIO PRODUCTION.

Pathe

Watch for Amazing New R. C. A. PHOTOPHONE musical and effect accompaniment on certain forthcoming PATHE FEATURE PRODUCTIONS.

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Brickbats and Bouquets

LETTERS FROM PHOTOPLAY READERS

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

The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views

The Monthly Barometer

It's a free-for-all fight. James R. Quirk's editorial in answer to Jim Tully's attack on John Gilbert brought an avalanche of letters. Most of them contained well-aimed bricks at the red, curly head of Mr. Tully. Inadvertently Mr. Tully has turned out to be the best press agent Mr. Gilbert ever had. One more rousing attack from Mr. Tully and Jack would be elected President.


Talking movies are both viewed with alarm and hailed as a boon. Janet Gaynor, Charles Rogers, Clara Bow, Greta Garbo and Emil Jannings are the stars who are sitting on top of the world.

Ruth Biery's story, "Misinformation," was the most popular article in the June Photoplay.

Now what have you to say for yourself?

$25.00 Letter

San Francisco, Calif.

I am under the impression that the reason so many persons find kicks against the movies is that they have a chance to see too many of them. Get out, as I have, up in the Sierra Nevada mountains for five months, out of touch with everything and you will appreciate a picture when you see it.

I saw a company on location in the mountains, and believe me they worked. Four feet of snow; storms and blizzards; but day after day they worked. I saw cameramen darn near freezing, setting their cameras to get the right angles and light. I saw the actors, stars and extras alike, rehearse again and again, day after day, until they were ready to drop.

Hollywood and luxury? Well, if the work they were doing up there is a soft nap, I'll take my job of getting out timber all by my lonesome. For three weeks they were in my neighborhood and I met them all, invited them to my lone cabin and talked with them. A finer, cleaner, harder-working group of people I never met before. One thing seemed uppermost in their minds after a hard day's grind—the tremendous desire to please their public. They did not moan and groan over blisters and frost-bites; it was part of the game. But they hoped sincerely that the picture-fans, sitting in a nice, comfortable theater, would not accuse them of using salt for snow, or a painted backdrop for mountains.

H. J. Allen.

$10.00 Letter

Berkeley, Calif.

Just a year ago I had a nervous breakdown for which the doctor prescribed "no work and a complete change of environment." Now, full purses are as uncommon among school teachers as frayed nerves are prevalent and at first that prescription seemed utterly impossible of fulfillment. To be sure, I could stop work for a year and stay at home, but how to get a complete change of environment without money?

At last, in desperation, I decided to try the movies as a therapeutic device. Certainly few plays have wornout teachers as heroines and thus I might be able to get away from myself and my troubles for a few hours daily at least.

Therefore, I started a definite program of movie attendance, always one show (and often two) per day. At first the darkness of the theater, the music and the restful atmosphere were all I could appreciate; then the plays began to arouse my interest; and soon I was taking my "daily medicine" with real enthusiasm.

To make a long story short, the movies have definitely helped to cure my sick nerves, but I now have a malady that seems hopeless: I fear I have become an incurable movie fan.

Mrs. Ruth Thomson.

$5.00 Letter

Wichita Falls, Texas.

A few words of thanks to those people of magic who create the marvelous gowns and costumes worn by the leading ladies of the films. To an eighteen-year-old bride of a small-salaried clerk the opportunity of seeing the forecast of Parisian fashions, together with an evening's entertainment, is very much welcomed and appreciated.

A new hem-line, a novel sleeve, or the cut of a collar quickly catches my eye and for a few dollars I can buy material and copy the mode of the moment. So it is with hundreds of other girls and wives whose trips to Paris are still castles in the air. With a small amount of cleverness and ingenuity we can be as smartly dressed as our wealthier sisters.

I believe that moving pictures are largely responsible for the not infrequent similarity of American women's clothes, because many a moral is pointed out in the modern dramas by the contrast of an overdressed woman and one whose smartness is almost severe. The frilled and curled doll-woman is of the past generation.

Mrs. Dorothy Lawrence.

The Pendulum Swings

Montgomery, Ala.

I am writing in behalf of the young people. We wish to register a kick against all pictures in general. We are so tired of being forced to look at pictures portraying life as we see it daily. We want stories of the American Revolution period, when women wore long funny dresses and men were gallant, bending to kiss a lady's hand. Kisses were not given promiscuously; they were fought for. We want to see beautiful love stories with happy endings and real men and women who were good, pure and brave. We are so darned tired of milk-sop men, who kiss and pet, and girls who smoke and drink. Why should we be tortured by having to watch them?

E. Singleton Cook.

[Continued on page 113]
“I'd give a hundred dollars for a Quip of Scotch!”

“Mindy, I did na’ say Nip; I'm not a drinking mon!”

Here’s How—and Why

Al Christie, the famous comedy producer, is a Scotchman.

He is producing a novel series of comedies starring Jack Duffy as “Sandy McDuff.”

Mr. Christie wants motion picture fans to tell him the best Scotch jokes they know which might be a gag or a subtitle in one of these films.

The $100 in gold will be awarded to the reader of Photoplay Magazine who submits the best one.

Besides—a ten-dollar gold piece will be sent to each of the five who send in the next best jokes.

And a five-dollar gold piece will be sent to the five who submit the next best.

If they made one-dollar gold pieces there would be more prizes; but anyway, Sandy McDuff will send his picture, autographed in gold ink, to those who don’t win prizes.

(In case of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to all tying contestants. Jokes and gags submitted in this contest will not be returned, and will be considered the property of the Christie Film Company.

Send answer by August 15th to Sandy McDuff, Christie Studios, 6101 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Sandy McDuff denies that the Highland Fling was originated by a Scotchman throwing pennies out the window for lads to scramble over.

JACK DUFFY

“SANDY McDUFF”

in a series of eight Paramount-Christie Comedies

Ask at your favorite theatre when they will be shown.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE—Paramount.—The great and original Irish-Jewish comedy, played by a likeable company of well-known players. In this a Carol Re- naud Gorcey and Ida Kramer. If this doesn't amuse, none of us knows in the art. (April.)

ACROSS TO SINGAPORE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Villainy on the high seas, complicated by a thrilling story of romance and intrigue, well played by Ramon Novarro, Joan Crawford and Ernest Torrence. (May.)

ACTRESS, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Adapted from "Trelawny of the Wells," one of the most delightful of stage stories. After a series of pert, modern stories, it is good to see Norma Shearer return to her old-fashioned charm. (June.)

ADORABLE CHEAT, THE—Chesterfield.—Nickelodeon fare. Lila Lee looks as pretty as ever and she's the only bright spot in the film. (June.)

AFTER THE STORM—Columbia.—Thrilling sea story with good human situations. H hobart Bos- worth, and Charles Delaney and Eugene Gilbert head cast. (June.)

ALEX THE GREAT—FBO.—The funny adventures of a country boy who comes to New York to "press his pants with the Flitron building." With "Skeets" Callaghar. (July.)

ALMOST HUMAN—Pathé-De Mille.—Original twist in this film. It's a story of human beings, told by three dogs. Entertaining and different. (June.)

APACHE RAIDER, THE—Pathét.—Leo Maloney gets all hot and bothered about a few stolen cows. (May.)

AYEING SHADOW, THE—Pathé.—Introdu- ding a new star, Klondeik. Klondeik has looks, brains and IT. (June.)

BABY MOTHER, THE—Plaza.—Humorous and amusing little comedy with Priscilla Moran and her dog, Dinty. (June.)

BACHELOR PARADISE — Tiffany-Stahl.—A somewhat different comedy-humor with a little old-fashioned pie-throwing and an invigorating price fight. (June.)

BARE KNEES—Gotham.—Proving that the flappers are not as bad as their big sisters. With Virginia Lee Corbin and Jane Winton. (May.)

BATTLES OF CORONEL AND FALCKLAND ISLANDS, THE—Artiste.—An authentic record of two big naval engagements between Germany and England. The picture tries to be a "Potemkin"—but misses. (May.)

BEAU BROADWAY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Adele Pringle and Sue Carol fight for the affections of Lyle Talbot, a hard-boiled, inconsequential comedy. (April.)

BEAU SABREUR—Paramount.—Not another "Beverly Hillbillies." A clever picture and picturesque tale, nevertheless. You'll like Evelyn Brent, Gary Cooper, William Powell and Noah Beery. (Marn.)

BECKY — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Again the roof working girl goes on the stage. A light, routine comedy, brightened by the antics of two Irishers—Sally O'Neill and Owen Moore. (February.)

BEYOND LONDON'S LIGHTS—FBO.—The young master gets familiar with the second girl and the result is a battle between the high hats and the lower classes in dear old London. (May.)

BEYOND THE SIERRAS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A Tim McCoy Western that will put the kids to sleep. (July.)

BIG CITY, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Leo Carrillo as Brandt, with George Kibbee in a cock story in which Leon proves that he needs no trick make-up to make him a fascinating person. (March.)

BIG NOISE, THE—First National.—Concerning a city election. And just as interesting. (May.)

BLACK FEATHER, THE—Wm. Fier.—Very odd mystery drama with what is known as a "sockey background." Some of the characters seem a little demented. (May.)

BLONDE FOR A NIGHT, A—Pathé-De Mille.—A light domestic force made agreeable by the clever presence of Margaret Peabody, Harrison Ford and T. Roy Barnes. (April.)

BODY PUNCH, THE—Universal.—All the makings of a play are here, and those who say the public is too big will know better. You'll like it. (May.)

BRANDED SOMETERO, THE—Fox.—Buck Jones plays Buck Jones in a conventional picture that is only enlivened by a good fight. (March.)

BRIDE OF THE COLORADO, THE—Pathé-De Mille—Starring the Grand Canyon of Colorado. And what a great, big canyon it has grown to be! Nice scenery, but the picture offers little story interest. (May.)

BURNING UP BROADWAY—Sterling.—The doings of bootleggers and such, made very dull. Not worth the talents of Helene Costello and Sam Hardy. (June.)

BY WHOSE HAND—Columbia.—Those dog-gone jewels are missing again. The result is the usual gag-a-look stuff. (March.)

CAME THE DAWN—Hal Roach M-G-M.—Max Davidson and Polly Moran have some bad moments in a haunted house. A short comedy, but funny. (May.)

CANYON OF ADVENTURE, THE—First National.—Ken Maynard sets the western scene afire again. A good one. (June.)

CASEY-JONES—RKO.—"Come all you rangers if you want to hear. 'Simple melodrama with Ralph Lewis as the brave engineer. (February.)

CERTAIN YOUNG MAN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Romantic two-timing in Arlenceque London scenes. A bit better than what played by Ramon Novarro, even if he isn't precisely the perfect Anglo-Saxon. (July.)

CHASER, THE—First National.—Harry Langdon and a lot of gags—some of them too rough to be in good taste. Don't cry if you miss it. (April.)

CHICKEN CHESTERS—Universal.—Fun among a lot of unusually agreeable crooks. With Betty Compson and Kenneth Harlan. (February.)

CHEER LEADER, THE—Gotham.—This time the cheer leader rushes in and wins the game for dear old Alma Mater. All right, if you still have a taste for color pictures. (March.)

CHICAGO — Pathé-De Mille.—A shrewd satire on the body构筑, enlivened with a good performance. And Paul Haver. Grown-up entertainment. (May.)

CHICAGO AFTER MIDNIGHT—FBO.—Ralph Ince in a vigorous melodrama built around the sufferings of one of those innocent crooks. (March.)

CHIEF TOWN—Charles.—First National.—Johnny Hines cuts down on the gags and builds up the plot, and the result is one of his best pictures. (May.)

CHORUS KID, THE—Gotham.—Goody but amusing story of chorus girl, played by Virginia Brown Faire. (June.)

CIRCUS ROOKIES—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Reviewed under the title of "Monkey Business," with Karl Dane, George K Arthur, and a comedy gorilla. Good slapstick. (March.)

CLOTHES MAKE THE WOMAN—Tiffany-Stahl.—Help! The Car's daughter is with us again, this time played by Eva Southern. The picture has its good moments. (July.)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN PARIS, THE—Universal.—It was funny the first time, but not so good in repetition. Time to call a halt. (April.)

COME TO MY HOUSE—Fox.—Oliver Borden and Antonio Moreno round in a lot of inquisitive doings. (February.)

COMRADES—First Division.—Again comes the World War! The story of a brave boy who takes the place of a cowardly one. With Helene Costello, Garet Huxley and Donald Keith. (May.)

COP, THE—Pathé-De Mille.—Once more the war story, this time a German melodrama well acted by William Boyd, Alan Hale and Jacqueline Logan. (July)

COUNT OF TEN, THE—Universal.—Something different in the way of a prize-fight story, with James Cagney as the star, stealing the show. Charles Ritz, too, deserves mention for a good performance. (May.)

CREAM OF THE EARTH—Universal.—The romance of a week-end butterfly and a shy college youth, beautifully acted by Marion Nixon and Charles Rogers. A Grade A picture. (May.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

****Indicates that photooplay was named as one of the six best upon its month of review.***

Pictures You Should Not Miss

"The Godless Girl"  "Wings"  "Sorrell and Son"  "The Circus"  "The Patriot"  "Love"  "Abie's Irish Ros..."
“Street Angel” transport you to the Seventh Heaven of Delight

Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor rise to new heights in FRANK BORZAGE’S new love lyric from the play by MONCKTON HOFFE

“Street Angel”

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

“Street Angel” is a picture of such exquisite beauty as only rarely emerges from Hollywood—except from the Fox Studios, which gave you Sunrise”,“7th Heaven”,“Four Sons”, What Price Glory”. It will live when other feeble efforts have had their final screening.

“When all is said and done Charles Farrell is a very remarkable fellow.” —Los Angeles Herald

“The charm of Janet Gaynor lingers like the fragrance of a rose.” —New York American
The glorious flavor of "PEP" and the healthful roughage of BRAN

A bowl of Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes is the high-spot of breakfast. You've never tasted anything quite like this delightful cereal. Practically a perfect food, with milk or cream.

Combines the flavor of PEP, the rich food elements of whole wheat, and enough bran to make it mildly laxative. Only Kellogg could have blended so much goodness and nourishment into these crisp, tasty bran flakes.

Try Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes. You couldn't give the family anything more healthful. For breakfast, lunch, the children's evening meal! At grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

IMPORTANT
Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are mildly laxative... ALL-BRAN — another Kellogg product — is 100% bran and guaranteed to relieve constipation.
Recipes from Mr. & Mrs. SILLS

New variations in serving meat and potatoes—From PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book

Two of the best recipes submitted for the new enlarged edition of PHOTOPLAY's Cook Book were sent in by Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills. Perhaps I like these recipes because they are so simple and unflussy. And then, too, new and uncomplicated ways of preparing meat and potatoes are always welcome. Both of these recipes are practical for the hurry-up meal. They may be prepared and cooked inside of forty-five minutes and all the ingredients used in them are to be found in every kitchen.

Milton Sills calls his recipe Ham Steak a la Fresno. Buy a ham steak and have it cut at least three-quarters of an inch thick. Select a piece with a good amount of fat. While the frying pan is heating, prepare a sauce by using two tablespoons of water, one fourth cup of raisins which have previously been fluffed by soaking, two slices of orange, cut very thin and two tablespoons of brown sugar.

Mix until the sugar dissolves and then pour into the skillet in which the ham is to be cooked. Allow the sauce to come to a simmer. Then place the ham steak into the sauce and fry, or cook under broiler, until it is a golden brown. Baste or turn the meat frequently so that the sauce cooks thoroughly into it and so that it will not burn.

Now for Miss Kenyon's recipe—Potatoes a la Florenzo. Peel six large potatoes and cut into thin slices. Place the slices one over another and cut into thin strips, like straws. Butter eight small molds, dust with breadcrumbs and fill a little over half full with the potatoes, after seasoning them to taste with salt and pepper. Sprinkle grated cheese over the top of each mold and pour over them a generous amount of melted butter. Bake in a moderate oven about thirty-five minutes.

As I have said, these two recipes are among the fifty new dishes that have been added to PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book. The Cook Book now has one hundred and fifty recipes and if you fill out the little coupon at the bottom of this page and send a quarter, one of these new Cook Books will be mailed to you.

Many of the recipes were submitted by the younger stars who have come into prominence since the first edition of the Cook Book was published. Although the Cook Book is much larger, the price remains the same.

You will find the Cook Book particularly valuable in arranging menus for dinner parties and luncheons. Many of the recipes are entirely new and the recipes of standard dishes are made attractive and individual by the addition of some distinctive touch. In spite of the fact that the dishes are of wide variety, none of them is beyond the capacity of a cook with the average amount of experience.

Next month I am going to tell you something about the labor-saving devices that are to be found in the well-appointed kitchen of Hollywood, and also something about various simple ways of giving color and charm to the kitchen. And this article will be illustrated by specially posed pictures.

Carolyn Van Wyck
CRIMSON CITY, THE—Warners.—A drama between two couples of victims of bad luck in Singapore. Lots of action—and you can take the hint, Mary. (March.)

DARE TO CUER UP?—Here's just a fair, to-modern comedy, for evenings when you have nothing to do...ARMS AND THE MAN. (April.)

*ZCAR IVAN THE TERRIBLE—Selkirk.—A really great picture, made in Russia that, in acting and production, has been surpassed. A marvellous performance by L. M. Leonidoff. If this continues it will be all right. (April.)

DANGER PATROL, THE—Rayart.—A big wholesome, fresh air drama of the Northwest with the lovely Glenda Farrell. (April.)

DANGER RIDER, THE—Universal.—There's a saving dash of originality in the plot of this Hถo G!k picture. (April.)

DEAD MAN'S CURVE—F-B-O.—An automobile yarn that is a flat tire. Dorothy Farnbach, Jr., heads the cast, in case you care. (February.)

DESERT PIRATE, THE—F-B-O.—Filled with the usual chap-strap of the orthodox Western but made bearable by a plot with some originality and the charming presence of little Frankie Darro. (May.)

DETECTIVES.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Karl Dane and George K. Arthur in a collection of plays—and some of them are not exactly sordid. (July.)

DEVIL'S SABRE, THE—Tea.—Chaplin in a remarkable performance by Belle Bennett. (May.)

DIAMOND HANDCUFFS.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A frequent recurrence here is the curse of a diamond, probably written about the suppose dismembered hand of a gypsy. Some fine acting by Eleanor Boardman, Lena Malena and Conrad Nagel. (April.)

DEAR HEARTED WOMAN, THE.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—How an ugly duckling becomes a great actress in the person of Greer Garbo. And Lars Hanson is a great help. Naturally, you'll go and see it. (March.)

DO NOT MARRY.—Fox.—An amusing little romance, that will please the girls. Gayly played by Margaret Sullavan and John Boles. (July.)

DOOMSDAY.—Paramount.—Florence Vidor's sympathetic and intelligent portrayal of a farm woman who tries to escape drudgery merits your attention. (April.)

DOVE, THE.—United Artists.—Norma Talmadge is startled, but it is Noah Beery's picture, the naughty thief. An exciting stage play becomes a rather longueur tale. (May.)

DRAG NET, THE.—Paramount.—Vivid and swiftly moving underworld story with great A acting by Greta Nissen, Eloisekolb and Frank Nance. (April.)

DRESSED TO KILL.—Fox.—A tale of the underworld that grabs your attention every second. It is all action and suspense. And splendid work by Earle Williams, Victor Varconi and Gigi Perreau. Recommended. (April.)

DRUMS OF LOVE.—United Artists.—D. W. Griffith's picture of one of the last of the Saharan and Francesca legend, but spoils it by changing the locale and by overloading it with such stars as Mary Philbin branches out with lots of IT and Don Alvarado gives a good performance. (April.)

EASY COME, EASY GO.—Paramount.—Richard Dix as the innocent partner of a crook. A bright, fast-moving comedy and Richard's best in months. (June.)

*ENEMY, THE.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Anti-war propaganda, a bit long but telling why believers in a Viennese household, Lilian Gish's most human and appealing performance makes it worth seeking. (February.)

ESCAPE, THE.—Fox.—An ancient melodrama that should have been allowed to rest in peace. With Virginia Valli and William Russell. (May.)

FAITHLESS LOVER, THE.—Kreml.—The dam bursts again! But aside from that, this is just a lot of mediocrities with pin-ups. (May.)

FALLEN ANGELS.—Universal.—Norman Kerry scraps through some very dashing doings in the role of a man who must play dead. Interesting but hardly cheerful. (May.)

FASHION—Educational.—Lupino Lane in a hilarious barogue of all the English pictures ever produced. (June.)

FANGS OF JUSTICE.—Bjochoff.—A regular old home week of hokum. (May.)

FEMALE MADNESS.—Columbia.—Once more the tortuous delusions are dragged off to the woods by the hom-meros, Claire Windsor is the girl this time. (June.)

FEEL MY PULSE.—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels is terribly frightened by William Powell and his radio gang. But Richard Arlen comes to her rescue. Fairly good acting, by all. (April.)

FIFTY-FIFTY GIRL, THE.—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels inherits half a gold mine. It turns out to be a gold mine minus half. Recommended to your kind attention. (July.)

FINDERS KEEPERS.—Universal.—Laurea La Plomme, wittily, workers and charron on a lot of trite gags. (May.)

FIRE AND STEEL.—Elche.—Hot yarn of steel furnaces, with the young inventor, the jealous foreman and the girl. homophobic. (June.)

FLYING COWBOY, THE.—Universal.—Fun—and lots of it—on a dude ranch. With Hoot Gibson. (July.)

FOOLS FOR LUCK.—Paramount.—W. C. Fields and Chester Conklin in a comedy that is only fairly funny. (May.)

FORBIDDEN HOUR, THE.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Raymon Novarro is at his best as the prince in-play. The story of a king who gives his throne for love. And Renee Adoree is in it. You'll like this one. (July.)

FOREIGN LEGION, THE.—Universal.—A following up of the popularity of "Beau Geste," if you are just frantic for Legion stories, this is your entertainment for the moment. Recommended. (July.)

FORTUNE HUNTER, THE.—Warners.—Syd Chaplin messes up a good comedy. Why people stay home one. (May.)

FREE LIPS.—First Division—Victoire triumphant in a night club. Just another one of those pictures. With Jane Marlowe. (July.)

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS, THE.—Universal.—Reviewed under the title of "Graft," wherein a man is repeatedly tried to clean up the big city grafters. Interesting performances by Henry B. Walthall and Lewis Stone. (April.)

FRENCH TOUCH.—Nordisk-Pathe.—The story of the National, in which the dowdy wife outvamps the vamp, Swell performance by Lois Wilson, Lillian Tashman and Clive Brook. (February.)

FRENZIED FLAMES.—Elche.—For the boys of all ages. (April.)

FRESH EVERY HOUR.—Universal.—Reviewed under the title of "The Prince of Peanuts." Nutty fare with George Arliss. (April.)

GALLAGHER.—Pathe-Del Mille.—Richard Hardin is the charmer of this office boy in a newspaper office. Young Junior Cogihan merits applause. (February.)

GATEWAY OF THE MOON.—Fox.—Dolores Del Rio gets a cozy in a South Sea Island picture. This star should keep her clothes on. (March.)

GAY DEFENDER, THE.—Paramount.—Richard Dix, in Spanish get-up, straids by accident into a Douglas Fairbanks plot. A pleasant evening. (February.)

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES.—Paramount.—If you don't want to see this film version of the original story. Thank you, Miss Du Maurier! You'll laugh, thanks to Ruth Taylor, Alice White and Ford Sterling. (February.)

GODFATHERS OF THE PROLETARY.—Paramount.—Clara Bow and Charles Rogers in a light romance, made especially for Young America. (February.)

GONE.—Warner.—The romantic adventures of a deep sea sailor, played by Victor McLaglen, and every funny, too. (March.)

GIVE AND TAKE.—Universal.—A silly story but made into good entertainment by the expert comedy productions of Jean Hersholt and George Sidney. (July.)

GODLY SLOTS.— Warners.—The romantic slapsome harem story with Betsy Paterson of Baltimore. Tricked up with a happy but uninteresting ending. Mildly charming, and decked out with Vitaphone inserts. (July.)

GODDESS GIRL, THE.—Pathe-Del Mille.—A vitally interesting and vivid story told with all the bombast of the lower ConR B. De Mille could give it. Incidentally, it takes a poke at reform schools. This is a real potboiler, with a fine acting by Marie Prevost, George DuRye, Noah Beery and Lina Basquette. (July)

GOLDEN CLOWN, THE.—Nordisk-Pathe.—Even Denmark has a clown who laughs to conceal a broken heart. Turgid foreign drama with a fine performance by Gusta Eckman. (July)

GOLDY WIDOWS.—Columbia.—Comedy drama between the stories of two O. T. T. club life. With Harrison Ford and Vera Reynolds. (April.)

GOOD-BYE KISS, THE.—Mack Sennett.—The daddy of screen comedy fights the war in his own way and in the old style of comedies because there's real entertainment in this here picture. You'll like Sally Eilers. (May.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER brings great news to you for the coming year. JOHN GILBERT and romance, “The Carnival of Life”, and JOHN GILBERT will be in two other pictures and GRETA GARBO in three. “Show People” brings MARION DAVIES and happy WILLIAM HAINES together in a marvelous special production. MARION DAVIES has three additional pictures and WILLIAM HAINES has four. “The Loves of Casanova” is a surprise special from M-G-M. LON CHANEY will be in “While the City Sleeps” and three other films; RAMON NOVARRO in “Gold Braid” and one more; NORMA SHEARER in “Ballyhoo” and three other productions, and LILLIAN GISH in “The Wind”. BUSTER KEATON appears in “The Camera Man” and in another comedy. DANE and ARTHUR’S plans include “Camping Out” and three NORMA SHEARER in “Ballyhoo” and three other productions, and LILLIAN GISH in “The Wind”. BUSTER KEATON appears in “The Camera Man” and in another comedy. DANE and ARTHUR’S plans include “Camping Out” and three more pictures. TIM McCLOY has six adventure pictures. That amazing dog, FLASH, has two thrillers. There will also be three COSMOPOLITAN PRODUCTIONS and three ELECTRIC LIGHT HITS with big, absorbing themes. Rounding out M-G-M’s new offerings are its famous HAL ROACH comedies: those rascals, OUR GANG; the laugh artists STAN LAUREL and OLIVER HARDY; and rib-tickling CHARLEY CHASE with HAL ROACH’S ALL-STARS. The M-G-M NEWS will again bring you the world’s happenings and, with M-G-M’S GREAT EVENTS Series in TECHNICOLOR and M-G-M’S famed ODDITIES, there’s the best entertainment in the world in store for you.

And now see the wonderful array of photoplays which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will bring you during 1928-29.

AT YOUR THEATER NEXT SEASON!

(Be sure to ask your Theater Manager to make arrangements now)

Winners of the Ralph Forbes Memory Contest for May: Mrs. Berniece Jackson, 214 West Elm St., Ludlow, Ky., and Mr. Milburn Carl Smith, 520 South Rose Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich. Autographed photographs have been sent to the next fifty prize winners.
What Kind of a Picture Is It?

PHOTOPLAY's reviews are the most authoritative published and are a true guide to your evening's entertainment. Too, PHOTOPLAY getsthis reviews ahead of all other publications. You can determine at a glance what kind of a picture your theater is showing by consulting this guide.

LEGIONNAIRES IN PARIS — FBO. — A burlesque of what happened to the American Legion in Paris last summer. You'll laugh and laugh and laugh. (February.)

LEOPARD LADY, THE — Pathé-De Mille. — A story with a fine cut and a savage that Billie Dove takes place in a Continental traveling circus. A fine performance by Jacqueline Logan. (March.)

LIGHT IN THE WINDOW — Universal. — A simple tear jerker with some sincere acting by Henry B. Walthall and Leatrice Joy. (February.)

LITTLE MESSIC GROGAN — FBO. — A sweet and sloppy story, which Frank Darro and Jobyna Ralston cannot help much. (May.)

LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME — First National. — Released in New York under title of "Kenton's Kingdom." A pseudo-epic, with Richard Barthelmess, The story rambles all over Kentucky and the Civil War, but it is fair entertainment. (July.)

LITTLE SNOB, THE — Warner. — A Coney Island kid tries to crash society and discovers that he is an aristocrat. With May McAvoy. (July.)

LONDON AFTER DARK — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Lon Chaney in a grand masterpiece. Mr. Chaney plays a dual role. (February.)

LONER, THE — Pathe-De Mille. — An old-fashioned melodrama with Lew Ayres and Glenn Tryon in a good human-interest story of young love in modern backgrounds. Lots of trick camera work brings out the story. (April.)

LOVE AND LEARN — Paramount. — Wherein Esther Ralston keeps Fapa and Mamme from getting a divorce. Smart, light comedy. (March.)

LOVE HUNGRY — Fox. — Concerning a mere innocent love affair of a chorus girl. Adorable picture and Luise Ritter plays the lead, but Marjorie Beebe steals the picture in a comedy role. (June.)

LOVE MIRR, THE — First National. — Pictorially and dramatically, the picture is superior to "The Sultana." With Billie Dove and Gilbert Roland. (February.)

LOVE ME AND THE WORLD IS MINE — Universal. — Dowdy story of war-time Vienna, with a picturesque background. With Leatrice Joy, Josephine, and Henry B. Walthall. Betty Compson is the only liveliness. (January.)

MAD HOUR — First National. — Ellyn Glyn produces a none too convincing story on the follies of jazzmen. Snappy acting by Sally O'Neil. (May.)


MAN-MADE WOMEN — Pathé-De Mille. — Modern and daring. Written by Philip Winant, and directed by Delmer Daves. Leatrice Joy and Leatrice Joy's clothes. (June.)

MAN WHO LAUGHS, THE — Universal. — Droll, the GO-Action — Something very nifty and baffling in the way of a murder. (April.)

MILLION FOR LOVE, A — Sterling. — Feeble melodrama. (June.)

MOTHER MACHREE — Fox. — Get out your handkerchiefs: this is a tender. The story of the Irish mother is conventional but Belle Bennett's performance is touching. With John Barrymore and Robert Young. The delightful of stage Lilliput in the cast. (April.)

OUR HOME TOWN — Paramount. — The hero is charged with manslaughter, self-breaking, self-breaking, self-breaking, self-breaking. Stay home and read the newspapers. (June.)

NAMELESS MEN — Tiffany-Stahl. — Cinque Woods is simply the perfect thing in the secret service. Don't cry if you miss it. (May.)

NEWS PARADE, THE — Fox. — A snappy and entertaining news parade made by the famous Fox photographers. Nick Stuart and Sally Phipps head the cast. Excellent way to spend the evening. (July.)

NIGHT FLYER, THE — Pathé-De Mille. — Big doings among the railroad men, with William Boyd's charm triumphing over a dirty face. (April.)

NO SECRETS — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Adaptable Menjou involved in the romantic dilemma of a captain of the French-African Chaunners. One of the most complicated of the pictures of the season. With Evelyn Brent. Adult amusement. (June.)

NOSE OF MYSTERY, A — Paramount. — Adaptable Menjou involved in the romantic dilemma of a captain of the French-African Chaunners. One of the most complicated of the pictures of the season. With Evelyn Brent. Adult amusement. (June.)

OUT ALL NIGHT — Universal. — Real oddity Dean's best at putting spontaneous into a machine-made farce. (March.)

OUT OF THE PAST — RKO. — One of those things you can forget. (June.)

PAINTED TAIL, THE — RKO. — Buddy Roseveet is dynamite. (June.)

PARTNERS IN CRIME — Paramount. — Beery and Huston in the underworld. Mostly gags. You know them if you've seen them. (April.)


PEST— THE — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Marion Davies is charming in a modern ugly ducky story. You'll love her impersonations of famous screen girls. Get a box of candy. (June.)

PAY AS YOU ENTER — Warners. — A motorman and conductor both love Louise Fazenda. What can be more thrilling? A singing track comedy. (June.)
Ask Edwin Schallert
—he says in Los Angeles Times: "Famed for the discovery of Gloria Swanson, Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver and other first-water stars, Mack Sennett has registered again as a Columbus of talent. In 'The Good-bye Kiss' Miss Eilers discloses as much youthful charm as any girl who has come to the screen for a long time. Perhaps more."

Ask famous Lonella Parsons
—she says in Los Angeles Examiner: "'The Good-bye Kiss' is an original and delightful romance. Johnny Burke, Sally Eilers and Matty Kemp are accorded praise for their artistry in this Sennett comedy."

Ask Photoplay's Expert
—he said in Photoplay's May issue: "Romance, kisses, comedy, pathos, all intermingled, keep you laughing and crying in this personally-directed special of Sennett's. Sally Eilers justifies the claims about her beauty and ability, and Matty Kemp, her leading man, has much appeal. Johnny Burke is a comedian of first rank and walks away with honors."

Ask anyone of the millions
who saw "Mickey" and "Molly O," Mack Sennett's previous full-length feature hits!
And besides it's

A First National Picture
THEY TAKE THE GUESSWORK OUT OF GOING TO THE MOVIES

See 3 New Stars
in the Making—
JOHNNY BURKE
SALLY EILERS
MATTY KEMP
Discovered by the most famous of all star-makers—
Mack Sennett!
DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:
The first two weeks in August I'm going on vacation to the seashore and I want your advice. Every year I get a beautiful coat of tan—and always wish I hadn't. I go without hats and lie on beaches and, much as I enjoy the sun and sand, I always regret it afterward. But as I'm a working girl who gets little chance to be out of doors ordinarily, vacation freedom is so tempting. Is there any compromise I can make between going about latticed and sleeveless, or returning to my job looking like a red Indian?

DORIS.

SUMMER Complexions! What a problem they are! I know exactly how you feel, Doris, for I am in the same position. Two lazy summer weeks from the whole year in which one may loaf and dream in the peace and fragrance of the country. I, too, always want to absorb all the sun and wind and light existent. But, Doris, you and I and all the working girls like us must make up our minds that just for the fun of it, we can't sacrifice our most precious beauty assets, fair skin and shining hair. Vacation time is the season when one may relax, stop "doing" and flirt with leisure and luxury. Yet, though summer days come and go, we must remember that the need for a perfect appearance goes on all year.

Now there is nothing finer for acquiring new energy, beauty and youth than the sun's rays. In them lies a magic cure for almost everything from weariness to nervous breakdowns. Properly taken, nothing is more beneficial. To lie in some sheltered spot, unclothed, for a few moments daily in summer is absolutely tonic. But—and it's a big reservation—the difference between a little sun bath and a "beautiful coat of tan" is all the difference between wisdom and nonsense.

For I disagree with you, Doris. I do not believe that a coat of tan is "beautiful." To acquire it one usually burns first, very painfully, and browns later. Superficially, it looks well. Boy friends remark on it. In a bathing suit brown skin seems charming. But dressed in one's prettiest frocks it is something awful.

High-water marks of tan above necklines of delicate organdie. There is nothing charming about it. A "coat of tan" is really a thickened, protective coarser-pored skin that has taken the place of the delicate, thin skin through which your healthy color was revealed. The sun peels that skin away. Your natural color becomes obscured. Make-up no longer looks well on you. You get a dulled fabric in place of a delicate one. The skin, you must remember, is the finest material known. The sun is the most powerful light. Common sense proves that a thing so fine should not be exposed to a force so tremendous.

But you, Doris, expect to be at the seashore where the sunlight is bright. Naturally, you want to do all the things you can't do during the year, loaf about in a bathing suit, let your hair go free, let down on your beauty treatments a little.

Well, do this much, my dear, to save yourself all the bleaching treatments and care you will need later otherwise. Pack shade hats and parasols, a good cold cream, a heavier than usual powder, a good skin tonic and a bathing suit whose neck exactly matches the neck of your summer frocks.

THERE is the first day at the beach do not stay in the direct sun for more than five minutes. Each day you may increase the time a little—for a coat of tan on your legs does not matter greatly. You will gradually become accustomed to the sun and not burn. But always keep your face and neck shaded. Before going out in the sun, rub a heavy coating of cold cream well into your skin. Without removing all the cream, powder heavily, being careful not to give yourself too white a make-up. Patting the powder on will make it cling more than rubbing it on. When you go out into the open, carry a parasol be wear a shade hat. The parasol is better for it gives you a chance to air your hair without exposing it directly to the sun, which dries up its natural oils and destroys its lustre.

Keep your favorite skin tonic on ice and when you know you are going to take a nap, even outdoors, put pads of cotton, wet with the tonic, on your closed eyelids.

WHEN you are dressing for dinner, give yourself this excellent skin treatment. Cold cream your face and neck, then dip a pad of cotton into hot water and run it over your creamed face, wiping the cream away. Cream once more and remove it with cotton dipped into the ice astringent. This will give your complexion a delightful refreshed feeling. If your skin is oilly, do not need as heavy cream as your winter cream except around eyes. But if your skin is dry, give it a heavier cream.

If you have a tendency to freckle, for beauty's sake, don't indulge your craving for sun and wind. Cold cream and shade your face and arms always. For light freckles use equal parts of glycerine and lemon juice twice weekly; or if your skin is too thin for glycerine, rub it with a fresh slice of lemon, letting the juice dry and remain on for some time. For heavier freckles, the following is a good cream: Lactic acid, 4 ounces; glycerine, 2 ounces; and rosewater, 1 ounce. And while I shouldn't have any pity on you, Doris, if you get sunburned in spite of all this advice, I recommend equal parts of linned oil and lime water to be applied to your skin in case you do.

One final injunction. Even perfect summer complexions still come from the inside out. So watch your diet and your exercise. In your idle days, remember walking is good for the legs, but it doesn't exercise the rest of the body, and if you are trying to reduce, beware the appetite it gives you. Horseback riding should

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 137]
BEAUTY CREATIONS

COTY

THE TRIO OF LOVELINESS

Wake up your beauty — let it radiate its own distinctive charm. "Colcreme," COTY keeps your skin exquisite. It cleanses, nourishes, beautifies in one. COTY Face Powders give you the one true flesh-tone to glorify your complexion. COTY Rouges complete the chic art of individuality, with an enchanting note of colour in the correctly harmonizing shade.

"COLCREME," COTY—in a fancy glass jar, air-tight cover.
COTY FACE POWDERS—in Nine True Shades.
COTY ROUGES—in Five Glorifying Tones. Refills obtainable.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
This Vigorous Method

with a soap recommended by skin specialists

for skins that incline to be oily

ANYTHING but an oily skin! most women will say. And they are right.

For excessive oiliness is not only a serious aesthetic defect; it is a danger to the health of your skin, as well.

Excessive oiliness brings other attendant troubles in its train. Blackheads and acne (blemishes) are frequently the penalty of excessive oiliness.

Don't try to combat this trouble by temporary expedients—by smothering your skin with powder! Only the clean sure method of science will help you really to overcome it.

Vigorous cleansing treatments with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap followed by a brief application of ice—this is the method recommended by a famous skin specialist for correcting excessive oiliness.

First, cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp.

Now, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is so mild and non-irritating that it can be used vigorously on the sensitive skin of the face. It is especially beneficial in the care of an oily skin.

The treatment given above is only one of the famous Woodbury skin treatments. If you have never used them—they will be a revelation to you of what you can do to improve your complexion.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Get a cake of this wonderful soap today!

Is one of these conditions keeping your skin from being attractive?

Blackheads  Dryness, scaliness
Blemishes (acne)  Sallowness
Excessive oiliness  Large pores

Treatments for each of these troubles, and the famous Woodbury ice treatment for normal skins are given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

To overcome excessive oiliness—follow the vigorous Woodbury cleansing treatment given here

How it goes straight to the heart—the radiant, innocent beauty of a lovely skin!
CLARA BOW is more than just a movie star. She is the living symbol of the Modern Girl. Her name is synonymous with jazz and Flaming Youth. She is the goddess of the new freedom. No star since the days of Valentino has had such a wide influence on the manners, clothes and behaviour of a devoted public.
NORMA SHEARER returned from her honeymoon in Europe and contributed this bit of Old World Culture to Hollywood's educational circles. In case you want to know, this splendid example of Modern French Art is a sleeveless sport frock. The blouse is of white jersey, with bands of red grosgrain ribbon. It's little things like this that improve a girl's tennis game.
ILMA BANKY is almost the perfect Anglo-Saxon type, more English than the English. Only it happens that Vilma was born in Budapest and is a Magyar. Nevertheless, her temperament and her beauty register as British before the camera, which is probably why she is at her best when her leading man hails from the Isles. Her first picture as an independent star will be "The Awakening."
RONALD COLMAN'S ambition to play Sydney Carton in "A Tale of Two Cities" has unfortunately suffered a temporary defeat. Joseph Conrad's story, "The Rescue," has been substituted for the Charles Dickens' novel, because it gives Lily Damita a better rôle in which to make her bow to the American public. And Mr. Colman, always the gentleman, defers to the lady.
My eye! Or rather, Blanche Sweet’s eye. Blanche went to England to play Iris March in "The Green Hat," but changed her mind and returned to Hollywood where green hats are banned on the screen. Now will some producer reward her by giving her a good part for a change? It has been so long since Blanche had a real picture that it’s about time for her to join the ranks of the "new discoveries."
The hard-boiled hero of the Fox Studios, Edmund Lowe. Here is a boy who is not too handsome to act, as you know if you saw his splendid performance in "Dressed to Kill." Edmund is the new type of screen favorite, the bad man with good ideas, and he reflects the change in public taste from the too-noble hero to the gentleman with just enough of the villain to be interesting—and plausible.
The Gossard Line of Beauty

Smart Smooth Lines

Showing model 390 . . . a dainty featherweight girdle from Gossard's group of Summer foundations. Deftly fashioned of two thicknesses of crepe de chine, with hip sections of soft elastic, it skillfully controls the figure to smart, smooth lines without the aid of the smallest bone. With its frill of lace, and delicate flower trimming, it is as cool and light as a Summer breeze. $3.75

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO.
EVERY Musical Show in New York uses Lux to double the life of stockings...

EVERY woman faces the silk-stocking problem! ... New York’s gorgeous musical shows face it on a vast scale...

Thousands of dollars’ worth of silk and chiffon stockings are worn by the gay choruses of these famous shows—danced in night after night.

These stockings must look brilliant and new. And they must last!

To find the safest way to wash silk stockings, various methods of cleansing, different soaps, were tried.

Now the fact is disclosed that stockings washed in Lux wear twice as long! Give twice as many performances!

This means so much in dollars and cents to the producers of New York’s dazzling shows, that each one has standardized the method by which stockings are washed.

As the Shubert general manager puts it, “We would use Lux if it cost $1.00 a box. Lux cuts stocking bills in half.”

So the wardrobe mistress of every musical show in New York—without exception—now specifies Lux for washing silk stockings—to get double wear!

Like the wardrobe mistresses, women everywhere use Lux for silk stockings. They know rubbing may fade lovely colors—that many soaps (whether flakes, chips or cakes) contain harmful alkali that weakens fibers. So they cleanse safely with Lux.
PHOTOPLAY

August, 1928

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk

The next two years will see an investment of $250,000,000 additional in talking pictures in theaters, studios and production.

It means that thousands of musicians in the large theaters may be turned out of work. They realize it and their unions are attempting to raise a $10,000,000 fund to fight sound pictures; but no human agency can stop the progress of a great mechanical advance.

Stars and players seeking new contracts are given voice as well as screen tests today, and the Fox Company recently took tests of all its stars. Two good box office bets, Janet Gaynor and Sue Carol, failed to sound impressive, but there is no doubt that a year's study and training will overcome this deficiency.

Complication is piling on complication. Companies that have bought rights to musical comedies and stage productions will have to test in court their rights to have their characters sing the music and talk the lines. All contracts provide for such rights now.

The newly imported foreign stars will be at a disadvantage. The accents of Greta Garbo, Pola Negri, Del Rio and Lupe Velez will be great handicaps in casting them, and the English actors, with their definite accents, will have a difficult time.

Hollywood is all agog. Vocal teachers from New York and Chicago are pouring into the village and at night mansions and bungalows

The so-called talking pictures have been developed so wonderfully in the past few months that, although skeptical of them for a time, PHOTOPLAY believes they will change the map of the entire motion picture business within two years.

We are so convinced of the ultimate success of this form of entertainment that we will predict that, within that time, they will double the present motion picture audience in the United States.

They will bring to the screen new personalities from the theater, vaudeville and grand opera.

They will relegate to second place some of our most popular screen stars.

They will force the dropping of many affectations of speech.

They will revolutionize the news reels.

They will bring about an entirely new technic in the making of pictures, and will bring into the studios stage directors who know their diction to take the places of veteran movie coaches.

They will win back millions who have been ed up on the mediocrity of the average picture of today.

They will bring back a large proportion of picture production to New York studios which have been closed for years.

Within a year, 1,000 theaters will be equipped or talking pictures and within two years 4,000 will be equipped.
of the stars resound with declamations and recitations.

WITHIN five years there won't be a motion picture theater in the United States that will not be using talking and sound pictures. They will bring the finest music in the world to the smallest hamlet.

The movie, so far, has entertained the eye alone, but talking pictures will satisfy the hunger for the human voice.

Color photography is practical, so that we will have almost immediately a combination of voice, music and color in a motion picture.

You will hear the wind blowing through the trees, the rain falling, the waves breaking, the booming of thunder, the roar of the cannons and the songs of the birds.

The next development will be the perfection of stereoscopic photography.

The motion picture will be the shadow stage no longer.

Next month PHOTOPLAY will inaugurate the first department of sound picture reviews in any national publication.

DURING the past week I have seen some remarkable demonstrations of the development of the technique of combining sound with pictures.

I have seen the first complete talking picture, a Fox one-reeler called "The Family Picnic." This one-reeler is historically comparable to "The Great Train Robbery," the first motion picture with a plot and a complete story. That was made just twenty-five years ago and brought to the screen a vaudeville performer who later became known as G. M. Anderson and famous as "Broncho Billy."

It gave me the same thrill that I experienced when I saw my first motion picture. If you get an opportunity to see this, do not miss it.

I ALSO saw and heard George Bernard Shaw. I heard the crunch of his shoes on the gravel as he approached. Nothing that I have read by or of Shaw gave me the satisfaction and the insight into the man's character that that ten-minute picture gave me. I was astounded.

I saw "The Lion and the Mouse" produced by Warner Brothers. Don't miss that either. While New York reviewers criticize May McAvoy's voice, it fascinated me and Lionel Barrymore and dear old Alec Francis are worth hearing.

THIS tremendous stimulus comes at a time when the industry was in sore need of a shot of something to liven it up.

Small town audiences have been falling off at an alarming rate. Several causes are given for this. One exhibitor, running a chain of a hundred theaters in the middle west, told me that the small town audiences, having seen elaborate presentations with first-class music and vaudeville in the large city houses, become dissatisfied with the more limited program of their home town movies.

Several of the larger city houses have given up their elaborate presentations and acts and are going in for short subjects with sound accompaniments. And the public seems to like it.

THE right to use sound pictures will be wide open to all companies and the executives of the companies talk nothing else these days. There is a mad scramble to get aboard and the companies that have pioneered the movement have a distinct advantage. There are several different processes, but the two groups of companies that control the patents, the Western Electric and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company working together, and the General Electric, the Westinghouse and the Radio Corporation in close co-operation, are getting together, seemingly in complete harmony.

Talking and sound pictures may prove the economic salvation of the motion picture.


It was just a mess of symbolic rot and disconnected shots. It has a motive, but not a motif. The motive was pure soviet propaganda and, cleverly enough, ended with the overthrow of the Kerensky régime and the promise of a better day.

It is not entertainment and, with the exception of the pitiful character of Kerensky, it does not pretend to show historical figures. It is a sad film.
RUDOLPH VALENTINO died two years ago—August 23, 1926. He was the most idolized figure the screen ever has known. His passing was mourned all over the world. Even today Valentino is a living factor in motion pictures. In offices at 6606 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, S. George Ullman still acts as manager for the estate of his friend. Thousands of photographs are sent out every week to those whose love for him never has wavered. Rudy's personality has triumphed even over Death.
The Best Motion

The Great American Master of Tragedy brilliantly interviews the Great American Master of Comedy

My admiration for Mack Sennett is temperamental and chronic. I think it dates from that long ago when he played the moony, semi-conscious farm hand, forsaken by the sweetly pretty little milkmaid for some burlesque city slicker, with oiled hair and a bushy mustache. And it endures today when he is a multi-millionaire, the owner of a moving picture studio with some twenty-two or twenty-four stages, and an established reputation as the producer of comedy of a burlesque type. For to me he is a real creative force in the cinema world—a master at interpreting the crude primary impulses of the duff, the numbskull, the weakling, failure, clown, boor, coward, bully. The interpretive burlesque he achieves is no different from that of Shakespeare, Voltaire, Shaw or Dickens, when they are out to achieve humorous effects by burlesquing humanity. To be sure, these others move away from burlesque to greater ends. It is merely an incident in a great canvas. With Sennett it is quite the whole canvas. But within his range, what a master! He is Rabelaisian, he is Voltairish. He has characteristics in common with Sterne, Swift, Shaw, Dickens—where they seek to catch the very thing which he catches. Positively, if any writer of this age had brought together in literary form—and in readable English—instead of upon the screen as has Sennett—the pie-throwers, soup-spillers, bomb-throwers, hot-stove stealers, and what not else of Mr. Sennett's grotesqueries—what a reputation! The respect! The acclaim! As it is, there exists today among the most knowing of those who seek a picture of life as it is—or might be were it not for these inherent human buffooneries which Mr. Sennett so clearly recognizes and captures—a happy and sane tendency to evaluate him properly.

And so, for the past fifteen or eighteen years—whenever and wherever I have seen the name of Mack Sennett posted above a movie, I have been tempted and all too frequently possibly have succumbed to an incurable desire to witness his latest antic waggery. The bridges, fences, floors, sidewalks, walls, that give way under the most unbelievable and impossible circumstances. The shirt-collars that, too tightly drawn, in attempts to button them, take flight like birds—the shacks (like the one in Chaplin's 'Gold Rush') which spin before the wind, only to pause, with a form of comic terror for all, at the edge of a precipice, there to teeter and torture all within—trains or street cars or automobiles that collide with trucks and by sheer impact transfer whole groups of passengers to new routes and new directions! Positively, as I have often told myself at such times and countless others, are not these nonsensicalities but variations of that age-old formula that underlies all humor—the inordinate inflation of fancy to heights where reason can only laughingly follow;
"Just a canceled stamp in the post-office of life."

"—and as hungry as a sparrow at a Scotch picnic."

"—so stupid he thought pickled herring ought to be reported to the dry squad."

"He believed that woman's place was in the home and not in the English channel."

"Call for my laundry at my apartment — it's just a little step-in."

"—and so dumb she thought a meadow lark was a picnic."

"—and so stupid he thought an oyster bed was where fish slept."

**Mack Sennett's Philosophy**

**YOU** have to spill soup on dignity to get a real burlesque laugh.

"Everybody wants to laugh at something. Mostly at the other fellow's troubles."

"If there is any change in the kind of comedy that makes people laugh, it's in the way it's presented. Ten or twenty years ago a man might sit on a hot stove longer than he would today and without the audience stopping laughing. Maybe more trains could hit him and all in the same picture."

Theodore Dreiser, who wrote this remarkable interview with Mack Sennett, stands at the forefront of American letters today. His "Sister Carrie," his "The Genius" and his "An American Tragedy" have stamped him as one of our few literary geniuses.

stalled by the Irish adequateness to resist any blow, which is his to a terrifying degree.

"Well, now, that reminds me of a row I once saw in one of the streets up here in Harlem. Two men were fighting. An Irish policeman came up to stop it, but couldn't get the hang of it by watching. So finally he grabbed the nearest one by the neck and shook him until he was dizzy. Then, as soon as he let him go, he said: 'Now, what's all this about?' And that's how I feel now."

"But there's still the question," I persisted teasingly.

"Well, you can't tell," he said. "It may be that I think that stuff's funny."

"Acquitted on the grounds of delusion," I said. "But there's still something worse. You're here to give a complete reason for your being — the artistic faith that is in you. You're to tell me what you think the intrinsic nature of comedy is — why, for instance, you prefer it to drama or melodrama — and — " 
Remember the old Keystone comedy days? Mack Sennett and Fred Mace, who died some years ago, co-starred in a series of detective comedies in 1913. Sennett wrote, acted and directed in those gay days.

"We made a melodrama once," he interrupted, smiling, "or started to. I don't know whether I ought to confess that, though," he added, a boyish and naive smile playing over his face.

"And what happened to it?"

"Well, I don't know exactly," he went on, an infectious chuckle emanating from his throat. "We kind of lost it. We had a plot, we thought, but when we got it worked out, people laughed when we thought they ought to cry or shiver."

"Yes, that might have been a little disconcerting," I agreed.

"It was," he said—and in that same, dry, dubious tone that characterizes so much of his best manner. "We tried to fix it up, make it more sad or something. But we had to turn it into a comedy."

"What a tragedy!" I ventured.

"Yes, sir, a comic tragedy—that's what came of it at last, I think. I scarcely remember what happened to it."

BUT anyone taking Mack Sennett's genial, easy manner for anything but a front or mask behind which lurks a terrifying wisdom and executive ability would be most easily deceived. For, looking at him as he sat there—the bulk and girth of him—I could see the constructive energy and will, the absolute instinct and force, which has led and permitted him to do so ably all that he has done. It was interesting just to feel the force and the intelligence of him, his willingness and determination to give a satisfactory account of himself—his mental, if not emotional, satisfaction with himself—his dry, convincing sanity that assures him to this hour—and rightly so, I think—that his view is as good as any other.

I had read an article by one writer who said, quoting Sennett: "You have to put in some rough stuff if you want to make them laugh. Only exaggeration up to the nth power gets the real shout." And another quoting this same Sennett said: "You have to spill soup on dignity to get a real burlesque laugh."

And I agree, whether Sennett said these things or not. In the world of the commonplace, only the extraordinary, the unbelievable almost, is truly amusing or interesting.

But let that be as it will. Here was Mr. Sennett, and most agreeably, seeking to interpret himself. So I said, after a time:

"When you first started out years ago—but exactly when was that, if you don't mind?"

"Oh, back in 1908 with the old Biograph."

"And how did you come to get into that work, if it isn't too much trouble to you?"

"WELL, I was a flop in musical comedy—used to sing pretty well, but I never could get the fancy stepping of the chorus man. So I went to still in the Biograph pictures. They didn't make comedies then, just sentimental romances and very meller melodramas and tragedies—what tragedies! These were awfully funny to me; I couldn't take them seriously. I often thought how easy it would be, with the least bit more exaggeration—and they were exaggerated plenty as it was—to turn those old dramas into pure farce.

"I couldn't get the comedy idea out of my head and finally persuaded two other fellows to go into partnership with me on producing comedies. We didn't have any money, but at the time this didn't impress us as being important."

"And so, the Keystone Comedy Company came into being, didn't it?"

"Yes. We hired a camera man and started out. That camera man—hews the most impressive-looking camera man in the world. He looked like a Russian grand duke and had the lofty manners of an Oriental prince. We didn't stop to inquire whether he knew anything about cameras; we hired him on the strength of his grand ducal whiskers."

"And how about your first studio?"

"We didn't have any studio. We just carried the cameras and props on our shoulders and started off somewhere on a street car. Usually we hung around near Fort George."

"My God," I exclaimed sadly, "of all places."

"Yes," went on Sennett, looking at me. "And we had so little money that we had to make three comedies before we had the film of the first one developed; we could get it done cheaper that way, you see. And I remember how proudly we went into the projecting room to see our maiden effort; and how we came out staggering with dismay. The grand ducal camera man hadn't turned the crank fast enough, and consequently the picture didn't move—it leaped in wild and fantastic kangaroo bounds!"

"Like some of your best comedians since?"

"Yes, like some of my best ones since. But to go on. There was nothing to do but throw the stuff away and start all over again. By this time we were flat broke. We made a pool of all our watches and stickpins and got together enough money to go to California. I brought two actors West with me, the two business partners remaining in New York."

"WHEN we arrived in Los Angeles, I wandered out to an unfrequented part of town where the families kept goats in their back yards. I rented a vacant lot and had a little shanty put up. This was my first studio and the little shack is still standing there in the middle of our twenty-two acres of studios in Endendale. I guess I'll never tear that shanty down."

"It took a lot of physical endurance to get through the work I undertook in those days," he went on reminiscently. "Every morning when the bricklayers were going to work I went out to the 'studio' and got the props ready for the day's work. We made new sets by painting them on the wall paper."

"All day I acted in my pictures myself and directed, too. At night when the other actors had gone home, I stuck around late cutting the film shot the previous day. I was telephone operator, bookkeeper, actor, director, publicity man and film cutter. It was a job."

"Finally I shipped the first comedy to my partners in the East. Their verdict was prompt. 'Terrible,' they wired me.
of Laughter for Theodore Dreiser

I took a cinch in my belt and started another comedy, which was eventually shipped. The answer was just as prompt: 

"Worse."

"I wonder now that I didn't lose heart entirely, especially with money by this time being as scarce as hen's teeth. Then I got a 'break,' as we now call it. It happened that the G. A. R. was holding a convention in Los Angeles and there was a great parade. As a last desperate chance I photographed this parade; took some comic scenes to fill in and made a war comedy. This time the message that came back from New York was: 'Great!'

"It was easy from then on."

And it was pleasing to see him sit and cogitate in a pleasant April manner in regard to his own past. And none of the hardened granite that one suspects in his nature from time to time showing in his words or eyes. Instead, nothing but Rabelaisian gaiety and vitality.

"But to return to my first question—your artistic excuse for being—the animating faith that is in you?" I said, after he had finished all this.

He stared unblinkingly, the blue-grey of his Irish eyes fronting me like two milky, unrevealing crystals.

"My artistic reason for being! The faith that is in me! I guess I never thought of those things when I started out, but I can give a fair answer now, I think. Everyone wants to laugh at something. Mostly at other people's troubles, if they're not too rough."

"But you never thought of that when you started, you say?"

"Oh, I must have—as a comedy idea—but not as a philosophy," was his prompt reply.

"And you still adhere to it?"

"Something uncomfortable happening to the other fellow, but not too uncomfortable? Yes. Things must go wrong, but not too wrong. And to some fellow that you feel reasonably sure can't be too much injured by it—just enough to make you laugh—not enough to make you feel sad or cry. And always in some kind of a story that could be told very differently if one wanted to be serious, but that you don't want to be serious about, see?"

"I see. But years ago, when you started, the type of comedy you produced was decidedly crude, wasn't it? I recall the hot stoves on which people fell, the hot soup that steamed down their backs, the vats of plaster, or tar, or soup, that they fell into; the furniture, walls, ceilings, even houses, that fell on them; the horses, wagons, trains that ran over them. Any change in that respect?"

"Well, no. I don't know that there is any actual change in the kind of burlesque that makes people laugh, although there is some. I guess, in the way it's presented. For instance, ten or fifteen or twenty years ago, a man might sit on a hot stove longer than he would today and without the audience stopping laughing. Or, maybe, more trains could hit him and all in the same picture. Fifteen years ago the settings could be cruder than they are today, and a waiter in shirt sleeves and no collar could spill soup down the shirt front of a laborer and get a laugh, and that in some ordinary one-armed place not very nice to

[continued on page 124]
The Confessions of
Why a screen star's mamma is
a movie studio—as

MOTHER LOVE is the most precious thing in Hollywood—on the screen. What touches the heart, what appeals to the box-office so strongly as the sufferings and the sacrifices of a white-haired mother? Hollywood respects Mother Love—as an ingredient, like sex appeal or suspense, in a picture.

But the most unwelcome person on a movie lot is a screen star's mother.

I, who am one, know that only too well.

In a great number of cases there is excellent reason for the prejudice. I know that, too.

And yet some of the finest, bravest mothers in the world are in Hollywood. Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, who has just passed on, was a greater woman than anyone in the world, except Mary, will ever know.

In Hollywood, too, there are mothers who have no right to the title. I mean the professional mamma, complaisant to all her daughter's doing, who is willing to sell her daughter to the highest bidder and profit by the transaction.

But that isn't the sort of mother I am going to talk about. The screen mother I am going to tell you about is the one who fights her daughter's battles, takes all the hard knocks and insults, sees to it that her daughter is kept sweet and wholesome and yet that she learns enough of the world to understand human nature. The mother who sees to it that her daughter isn't pushed back for some girl with the wrong kind of pull. The mother who takes the disappointments, the rebuffs, the setbacks. The mother who insists that her daughter be paid a salary commensurate with the demand for her. And last but not least, the mother who makes sure that her daughter is brought up with the health of mind and body that is part of an actress's equipment.

Some of this, I hear you say, sounds like a father's duty.

It is. But, somehow, the fathers of screen actresses seem mysteriously to vanish out of the picture, especially when the daughter is safely launched.

In my own case, my husband died when my daughter was a little girl. Perhaps she would never have gone into pictures but for that fact. But, in the case of other families, I think there is often a sort of jealousy which drives the husband away when a mother begins to devote her entire time to her daughter.

MANY'S the tale I could tell of these screen fathers. Since I am mentioning no names, I am divulging no secrets that would humiliate anybody. But I know of one star's father who is janitor in a studio. Another keeps the gate of a movie plant.

Unjust, unnatural and cruel? Not if you knew the facts. Both of these men had allowed their daughters to shift for themselves when the girls were little more than children. And, without their daughters, neither of them would have been able to get even the humble job of janitor or gatekeeper.

But while the screen fathers remain obscure, the screen mothers are very much in the limelight. They have been called viragoes, vulgarians, tigresses and old hags. They have also been called some good old rousing Anglo-Saxon terms. Ah, most of us are middle-aged and unbeautiful and we have to fight two bitter battles for our daughters! We have to fight to see that they earn their money and that they keep it. We have to fight to keep them from being seduced through their ambitions, their emotions or their youth.

So I am telling these stories of screen mothers without malice. I know most of them, some good and some bad. Some helpful to their daughters' careers, some ruinous.

Without comment or without drawing any morals, I am going to tell you some of the things that happen in Hollywood, in the name of mother love.

In the name of mother love, a woman shot a man who had been paying too much attention to her daughter. The man recovered, but the mother had to leave Hollywood. The tragedy of it all was that the girl really loved the man.

One mother that I know, whose daughter is now married to a...
wealthy film man, has to send word ahead to the mansion where her daughter dwells, asking permission to visit her child! Yet that mother was most self-sacrificing. She gave up her home—and her husband—to bring her girl to Hollywood. She went without clothing and food many times that her daughter might have both. The mother and daughter were really devoted to each other.

But the film man didn’t get along with the mother before the marriage. No mother-in-law in his household! Daughter offered to give up the man she loved but her mother wouldn’t let her do it. She actually urged the marriage which meant a cruel separation from her daughter.

“The marriage is for your happiness and success,” she said. “I won’t stand in your way.”

She receives a small allowance from her daughter. She is content because the girl is happy and prosperous.

And the daughter? I think the daughter has some blackly unhappy moments.

Now for another sort of picture. Another mother forbade her daughter to marry the man she loved. The mother had some reason on her side. The man was an obscure actor and we screen mothers are distrustful of actors. Rightfully so, too, I think, as they are too superficially emotional to be depended upon.

This particular mother was also out for a bigger game than a second-rate actor. But, unfortunately, the actor didn’t remain a second-rater for long. He is now one of our biggest stars and the devoted husband—of another girl. And the daughter? With the broken-hearted desperation that Hollywood knows so well, she plunged into other affairs—to forget. She has been involved in several scandals that have well-nigh ruined her.

I don’t envy that mother her thoughts, her regrets!

I said at the beginning of this article that the most unwelcome person in a movie studio is a screen star’s mother. And I am going to tell you why.

I know of one promising girl whose mother used to go and sit on the set and interfere with the director. Not only that, she tried to direct the daughter herself and only succeeded in making the girl miserable and self-conscious.

Her tactlessness was beyond belief. One day she said to an exceedingly capable director: “My daughter has been on the stage and knows her business. What do you know about acting? You used to be a newspaper reporter.”

When the argument got hot, mamma ended by throwing a script book at the director, narrowly missing his head. The missile landed beyond and broke a few lights. Daughter lost her job; you really can’t blame the management. And it was some time before she landed another, although she was young, beautiful and talented.

Before she could get a new contract, she had to sign a clause barring her mother from the lot.

There is such a thing as being too self-sacrificing, even for a mother. A wise mother, be she in Hollywood or in Iowa, soon finds this out. Even an animal mother knows it; just watch a mother dog discipline her puppies.

And so I don’t quite feel the sympathy I should for the screen mother who is now working in a millinery establishment while her daughter lives in a Spanish villa. The mother made every sacrifice. [continued on page 134]
What Happens to

The stars find constructive criticism and real encouragement in their mail order applause

First of all, they go into your nearest mail box and thence to Hollywood. And what happens to them after they arrive depends entirely upon their contents. From all over the world these letters come, in all shapes and sizes and with all manner of addresses to guide them. They are the stars' applause. They are the stars' best critics. They are the instrument that measures the stars' worth.

Of all the stars in the cinema capital, Clara Bow receives the most mail. Billie Dove comes second. Among the male stars, Charles Rogers leads the parade, with Richard Dix next. But no male star ever receives as many letters as an equally important feminine star.

For the month of April, Clara Bow received 33,727 letters. Billie Dove received 31,128. Charles Rogers, 19,618, and Richard Dix, 12,002.

Clara Bow and “Buddy” Rogers with their best friend, the postman. Clara leads all the girls in fan letters. “Buddy” heads all the boys. They are both young enough to enjoy reading every serious communication.

The author of this article should, by all odds, know his letters. As publicity director for Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks he supervised their fan mail for years. Read what he says about what the fans write to the stars and what the stars think about it.

—The Editor.

AND now . . .

We come to this matter of fan mail.

What, if anything, happens to the letters you write to the motion picture stars? That question cannot be answered in one breath. In fact, it cannot be answered in two breaths, because too many things happen to letters you write to the stars.

Billie Dove values the friendship of the thousands who take the trouble to write to her. In reading her fan mail or answering requests for photographs, Billie is one of the most conscientious of the stars. She is second to Clara Bow in post-office popularity.
Fan Mail?

By Mark Larkin

THE LEADERS IN LETTERS

Clara Bow ........................................ 33,727
Billie Dove ........................................ 31,128
Charles Rogers .................................. 19,618
Colleen Moore ................................... 15,000
Mary Pickford .................................... 14,000
Dolores Costello .................................. 14,000
Richard Dix ..................................... 12,002
May McAvoy ..................................... 12,000
William Boyd .................................... 11,000
Mary Brian ....................................... 11,000
Bebe Daniels .................................... 10,900
Charles Farrell ................................... 10,000
Janet Gaynor .................................... 10,000

(Figures are for the month of April)

Since Clara receives the largest number of letters, let us peek first into the Bow mail bag. Here's what we find: letters suggesting stories; letters inviting Clara to parties; letters criticising her work; letters complimenting her work; letters asking for money; letters assuring her she has "IT"; love letters; letters from persons who are sure they could succeed in pictures if Clara would only help them; silly and inconsequential letters; letters requesting photographs; letters asking for old clothes; letters offering Clara golden opportunities to get rich quick . . . letters, letters, letters, from an idolizing public that is interested in every red hair of the Bow head.

And the contents of Clara's mail bag is typical. In all general aspects, it is the contents of every star's mail bag.

When you write a letter to Harold Lloyd that letter is first opened and read by J. Darsie Lloyd, Harold's father. If your letter is particularly interesting, amusing or helpful papa passes it on to his boy.

There are additions or subtractions, as the case may be, to fit the personality of each particular star.

It is too bad that people write begging letters. And it is too bad that they ask to be helped into pictures. And it is too bad, too, that some are incoherent and that occasionally one is a raving mad. But that is life. It will be so to the end of time.

Many of Clara's letters are about "IT." One was addressed to her recently as "IT," Hollywood, California." This letter came from Glasgow, proving that the Scotch have a sense of humor as well as a sense of economy; also proving that even if postal employes do not themselves possess "IT," at least they know where "IT" abides.

Fifty per cent of Clara's mail is from high schools and colleges; thirty per cent is from men, and five per cent is mash notes from these men; another five per cent is from elderly men and women and ten per cent is from children under twelve years of age.

Of course, Clara is not the only film luminary who receives oddy addressed letters. One came to Colleen Moore last week from Dublin, Ireland, with only a drawing of the star on the envelope and the word "Hollywood!" lettered neatly below. Mary Pickford receives countless letters from all over the world with only "America's Sweetheart" written on the envelopes. Sally Phipps received one from Rome.

Most of the big studios maintain special departments to handle the fan mail. Here is the letter room at First National where 55,000 brickbats and bouquets are received every month. Billie Dove, Colleen Moore and Richard Barthelmess are the stars who receive the greatest number of letters in this studio.
embellished, "To the kindest young lady, Sally Phipps, United States." Harold Lloyd received one from London with the name "Hollywood" and the picture of a pair of horn-rimmed glasses cut from a magazine and pasted on the envelope. Douglas Fairbanks, Tom Mix, Fred Thomson, Jack Mulhall, Charlie Chaplin and Rin-Tin-Tin receive letters with only their pictures cut from magazines and pasted on the envelope as addresses.

All the stars are vitally interested in their fan mail. Three secretaries are kept busy opening and sorting letters for Clara Bow. Every letter that is not merely a request for a photograph, or utterly inconsequential, is perused by Clara. She takes a youngster's pride in her mail, especially in the invitations she receives, and reads with eager interest every "bid" to a "prom," hoping she may be able to attend.

At the Famous-Lasky-Paramount Studios, where Clara works, star mail is so heavy that a private post office has been installed. It is the only private post office in the world operated to accommodate cinema celebrities. It handles an average of 375,000 pieces of mail each month. Executives say these figures compare with postal records of the total mail handled in such cities as Syracuse, N. Y.; Topeka, Kans.; Pueblo, Colo., and others of like size. The greatest amount of mail that goes to any studio in Hollywood is handled here.

To give you some idea of the mass of fan mail that reaches the stars through this office, the following figures were taken from the records for April. Not counting Bow, Rogers and Dix, because their figures have already been quoted, other tabulations are: Mary Brian, 11,000; Bebe Daniels, 10,980; Esther Ralston, 8,600; Dick Arlen, 6,000; Gary Cooper, 5,852; James Hall, 5,032; Louise Brooks, 5,021 (with very few pictures released, her fan interest has been created primarily through publicity). Ruth Taylor, 3,240 (one picture and intensive publicity did this for Ruth). Wallace Beery, 1,485 (a very popular star with little fan mail because his appeal is to men, not women). Women, you see, write 75 per cent of the fan mail). Emil Jannings, 680 (a marvelous actor, Jannings, but in no sense a romantic figure, and therefore he receives a very small fan mail. The fact that he is a foreigner may also have something to do with this).

Each studio, of course, has its own method of handling fan mail. In some instances the stars take care of their own; in other cases the studios assume the task. At all events, the purpose is the same; to serve the fan on a personal basis and to give an intimate touch to the correspondence.

Although the value of fan mail has always been somewhat in dispute, a majority of the stars and producers feel that it is well worth its cost because it builds good will. It also offers a star an ideal means of direct advertising. And, too, it shows the popularity of every production released by a star.
If a prize fight were to be fought the way they make movies... the first two hours would be given over to tributes to the producers. The bell would ring. Signal from the executives' corner. They would take out Dempsey and put in somebody's relative.

Illustrated by Russell Patterson

STILLING the screams of a guilty conscience, I have ruthlessly abandoned the motion picture industry to its fate. It will have to try to stagger on alone without me. I don't care if they just beg and beg and beg...

Like Thomas Jefferson when he wrote the Declaration of Independence, I feel that the world is entitled to an explanation. I have been everything in a studio except the mother of the star. At that, I was once a sort of stepmother to a whole studio. It was at Mack Sennett's — my first movie job. I was doing publicity. It was the heyday of the bathing girls.

I didn't have an opportunity to do much publicity work. Most of my time was occupied in mopping up tears. My office was the official weeping station of the studio. No young lady could weep comfortably except on my office desk. I was in danger most of the time from pneumonia — the perpetual dampness. Their tragedies were frightful and harrowing. Jane — the mean old cat — had taken the only bathing suit on the lot that showed Elaine's legs to advantage.

I remember one girl, who has since left the screen. She had the face of an orphan angel. One day a sheik proposed to her—

Harry Carr's Valedictory:

"I HAVE been everything in a studio except the mother of a star.
"I have been expert production adviser. But I never could find anyone who wanted to listen to advice.
"The reason the critical mind has a hard row to hoe in the studio is that you are always dealing with people who have the vanity of little children. You must always say: 'It is very, very wonderful.'"

Why I Left the Movies

By Harry Carr

nearly everybody proposed to her sooner or later — but I remember this one especially. He told her that she would marry him and pass the rest of her days in golden luxury.

In maiden meditation, fancy free, she begged bashfully to be allowed to think it over until Saturday. When he came back for his answer, he found a cold and sarcastic young lady waiting for him.

"Where do you get this stuff — you're worth two millions?" she said bitterly. "I've looked you up in Bradstreet and Dun. You are all in the red. You owe $85,000 to Pickles & Kraut — you owe ..."

But the young man had fled.

In those days the Sennett studio was an incubator of genius... Louise Fazenda, Wallace Beery, Ray Griffith, Mal St. Clair, Phyllis Haver, Marie Prevost...

I remember one day that Sennett happened to look out of his office window (for some extraordinary reason he always transacts all his business in the rubbing room of his Turkish bath) and saw a little girl coming up the walk. He hurried out [continued on page 98]
The Simple Art of

What is it that clever women have found out about men? A witty short story writer gives you the answer

By Lucian Cary

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

Everybody likes to believe that women are mysterious, strange, inexplicable, unpredictable and all the rest of it. Men like to believe it because it is a blanket alibi, a ready excuse for their failures with women. Women like to believe it because it gives them a sense of power.

But clever women see through this pleasing illusion and grasp the fact, which is that men are more mysterious than women.

Once they have grasped the fact, women are free to go directly at the job of solving the mystery. For the mysterious thing about men is not very deep, not very strange, and not in the least inexplicable. It is really just that—that he makes a complex demand of women. He wants several things in a woman.

The best way to find out how other people feel and what other people think is to ask yourself how you feel and what you think. But in this particular case a woman cannot find out how a man feels and what a man wants by asking herself.

All she wants is a man who will make good. She may prefer him to be tall, handsome and athletic. She may prefer that he dance like a sheik and make love like an artist. (I ought to say, “Make love the way an artist is supposed to make love and never does.” The first rule of womanly wisdom is: Never fall in love with an artist, or an actor, or an intellectual, or a writer—they are all promise and no performance.)

But to get back to woman’s preferences. She may prefer a man bronzed by the tropical jungle, like those Englishmen who are always going off to Africa to hunt big game. She may prefer a millionaire broker in Wall Street to the fellow who has a nice garage business and will probably get the Buick agency next year. But these are merely preferences. All she expects, and certainly all she demands, is that he will make good in his business and—as men who make good in their businesses usually do—make sincere love to her.

She will cheerfully stand for an immense amount of awkwardness. You know the utterly boob-like way in which even the most sophisticated man acts when a woman cries real tears. He will pound her on the back as if he had just rescued her from drowning after she had gone down for the third time. He will say in what he thinks are tender tones but in what is really the exasperated voice of defeat, “There, there, don’t cry—it’ll be all right in a minute.” But she doesn’t mind as long as she hears a sincere ring in his voice when he tells her he loves her.

Men, though awkward, are not simple. Now, don’t misunderstand me. Men are simple-minded. Men are dumb. The cleverest man who ever lived must often have seemed a poor dumb brute to his wife. And what’s more, he was probably just as dumb as he seemed. Women are ever so
Fascinating Men

This is the second of PHOTOPLAY’s series of articles on Men and Women. It expresses a man’s viewpoint on the modern relations between the sexes. You will like this article. It is frank. It is clever. And it is wise. “Men,” writes Mr. Cary, “though awkward, are not simple. The least complicated man wants five separate and distinct kinds of woman. He wants a mother, a wife, a pal, a child and a sweetheart.”

Next month you will hear from a woman. Phyliss Duganne asks “Has the Modern Girl IT?” And then she answers by telling you how the girl of today looks at the problem of sex.

much wiser than men because they are so much simpler in what they ask of life. As I have been reminding you, all a woman wants is a man who will make good.

The simplest and least complicated man wants at least five separate and distinct kinds of woman. He wants (1) a mother, (2) a wife, (3) a pal, (4) a child, and (5) a sweetheart.

Some men want a lot more. I knew a writer once who was sore because the curly-headed blonde who had married him, doubtless in a fit of absent-mindedness, could not be a brunette in the afternoon and red-haired at night. He was disappointed because, though she could dance like a witch, her golf was terrible. He was bitter because, though she was an uncommonly good listener, she wasn’t much of a talker. He crabbled because, though she was charming in a dinner dress, or a bathing-suit, or an afternoon costume, she couldn’t and wouldn’t wear sport clothes. And so on, and on, and on. He was what you might call hard to please.

The answer is: Don’t fall in love with a writer. Or if you do, be clever enough to let him get away.

The only question worth a girl’s while is what the ordinary or decent man wants—and expects—and gets from any woman who is at all clever. Because there is no doubt that if he gets it, he sticks. He is permanently fascinated.

The ordinary man wants five different kinds of women and—this is important—he wants them all in one. His idea of the right sort of girl is printed in raised letters on the American silver dollar: E Pluribus Unum. Or, in our language, one who has everything. He usually doesn’t know this; and even when he does he may be ashamed to admit it. That is why women need to be clever; or else to read this article.

First of all, then, a man wants a mother. He wants a woman who will cool his fevered brow with a soft and gentle hand and lend a willing ear to his swear words, when somebody else gets the order for a fleet of twelve motor trucks; or when the boss has been particularly unjust, unreasonable and persnickety, or when somebody has criticized him and he is not angry but terribly, terribly hurt.

I know a man who wrote a book. He got three reviews of it in one morning’s mail. None of these reviews called his book a masterpiece. He went to bed. He had to be fed pot-roast with dumplings, strawberry short-cake and pie à la mode. He had to have somebody play “Just Around the Corner There’s Sunshine for You” on the phonograph over and over again. In short he was sick and when a man is sick he wants a mother.

Any trained nurse will tell you that a man who has gone to a hospital for a slight operation makes more trouble than eighteen women with babies. That is one reason why trained nurses marry so well.

The girl who is a true mother takes a man’s ailments seriously. Between times she darns his socks, sews on his buttons, and convinces him that he can lick the world. [cont. on page 106]
The Inside of a
Being a psycho-analytical explanation
of how they get that way

By Louis E. Bisch, M. D., Ph. D.

Several months ago—I make the time indefinite on
purpose—I had a patient from the Middle West, a quiet,
shy, demure little miss, who wanted "Oh, so very much!"
to see a certain play in New York. She had read advance
notices about this drama and was considerably keyed up over it.
But on the night she presented herself at the box office she
found, to her surprise, that the play had been closed by the
censor. In this case censor meant the police and the district
attorney's office.
The interest which attaches itself to the incident is not the
fact that the play had been shut down—that has happened
"many a time and oft" before. The significance to be found
here centers on the young lady herself.
She was furious for one thing and her eyes flashed as she
spoke. "They say the play was immoral," she went on.
"Well, I have since read the book. And lucky it is for me
that I did happen to find the play in printed form.
"When I came to New York I was all set to have a good
time, to break the restraints that have hemmed me in all my
life in the small town I live in. And you know as well as I
do, Doctor, that opportunities to run wild are never lacking
in a big city. At home I used to toy with this idea, dream
about it, build castles in Spain. I think it was Pope who wrote
that every woman is at heart a rake or something like that. At
any rate, although people would never suspect it in me—and
I'm really confessing it because I'm mad, I suppose—I cer-
tainly had the rake craving pretty strong. That's why I
specially wanted to see that play. It is a study of the kind
of thing—"

She stopped abruptly, apparently deliberating how much
more to tell. Then her face flushed scarlet and finally she
began to weep.
"But do you mind telling me why you said it was lucky
for you that you found the play in printed form?" I encour-
ged.
"Because I read it just in time," she blurted out. "And had
I had the opportunity of seeing the play when I
wanted to I would have been spared the humiliation
and self-torture I endured while I still held those crazy
ideas, but which the book settled for me."

Here is one case, at any
rate, where the censors
went wrong.
Instead of demoralizing
this particular girl the play
actually moralized her!

Just how often censors
make errors of judgment it
would be impossible to de-
termine. But that they do
make such errors there can
be no question whatsoever.
The reason I make this
assertion is because I have
known personally many
censor-minded individuals
and often have I dissected
and analyzed their mental
and emotional slants on life.

And from such studies I would conclude that the case of the
young lady just cited is not exceptional by a long shot. I
believe that many more women were benefited by seeing that
particular censored play while it ran, and that perhaps hun-
dreds will continue to be helped by reading the printed text.
You see, the censor type of mind is a very peculiar one.
And perhaps the most striking peculiarity about it is its
inability to appreciate and understand its own differences
from that of the majority of people.
The censor reasons from the particular to the general
instead of, as he should, from the general to the particular.

If, for instance, a female censor suddenly felt impelled to
wear trousers she would deduct therefrom that the rest of
womankind should wear trousers also. But she would not
necessarily feel impelled to don man's apparel simply because
the rest of the women did.
Furthermore, not only does the censor mind fail to note its
own differences, it goes a step further and believes quite
implicitly that its own differences are correct and should
become standard.

In other words, the censor glories in his individual difference
from everybody else.
He is proud of it. He may boast of it. He often shouts it
from the housetops. All in all the censor is as supreme an
godless as could possibly exist.
It is plain, therefore, that the censor leads a sort of detached
and isolated life, a kind of self-satisfied and self-glorified
existence, which makes him strikingly unqualified to judge
what the effect of a play or novel or story or picture may be
upon the morals of the majority.
By nature the censor is conservative.
By temperament he is suspicious of change and progress.
By habit he is exclusive and shut-in.
His type of mind is pronouncedly single-track.
He is out of tune with life. Often he is woefully
ignorant of what life is.
Having had comparatively little experience the cen-
sor cannot possibly get the viewpoint of the other
fellow.
And just because he has
had so little knowledge of
the ways of the world he
overvalues his own limited
experiences absurdly.
Censor-minded indi-
viduals annoy most people
and produce a feeling of
distrust. To me they have
always appeared rather pit-
able.
The reason is that I have
found each and every one of
them neurotic.
Can you imagine how it
must feel to be obsessed
with the impulse to regu-
late other people's morals
and compel their right-
eousness?

What is a Censor?
"By nature a censor is conservative.
"By habit he is exclusive and shut-in.
"His type of mind is pronouncedly single-track.
"He is out of tune with life. Often he is
woefully ignorant of what life is.
"Having had comparatively little experience
the censor cannot possibly get the viewpoint
of the other fellow.
"And just because he has had so little knowl-
edge of the ways of the world he overvalues
his own limited experience absurdly.
"Nearly always feelings of shame, guilt and
self-accusation are to be found somewhere
buried in his unconscious mind.
"Really the worst you can say of the censor,
pestiferous though he often may be, is that he
is mentally sick."
Censor's Mind

These censor folk cannot exactly help themselves. They are suffering from compulsions just as much as the person who is forced to touch every gate post he passes, or to add up all the automobile numbers he sees, or else be tortured by feelings of tormenting uneasiness or a sense of constantly impending danger.

There are degrees and grades of censor-mindedness, to be sure. The milder forms are not so distressing and in these the ego gets a kick out of meddling into others' affairs and dictating what they should or should not do. But the more severe forms of censor neurosis are no joke. Sometimes they are agony.

"I want to be cured of this habit of mine to want to reform the world," said an intelligent man of forty who called to see me professionally. "I want to be like other people and enjoy life," he went on. "This way I am most unhappy."

An analysis of the man's mind revealed repressed and hidden feelings of self-accusation dating from childhood.

Whenever he committed some childish prank or indiscretion his mother, a most severe and censorious woman, would scold and humiliate him. Disobedience of any sort meant swift and hard punishment. The boy was often whipped for going fishing without permission. One day when he went to the circus, even although he paid his admission with money he had saved, his mother locked him in his room all day without food. On another occasion he went in swimming without a bathing suit and his mother shamed him before the neighbors again and again.

"I got so I felt I was an outcast," the patient said. "And I grew up convinced not only that I must atone for all my wickedness but that I must devote my life to stamping it out whenever or wherever I could."

Not all censor compulsions have an identical analytic explanation like the foregoing but most of them are similar. Nearly always feelings of shame, guilt, and self-accusation are to be found somewhere buried in the unconscious mind. And always there goes with it a compensatory reaction of wanting to do good and help others by way of atonement.

Every human being worth his salt resents interference with his personal liberty.

We dislike regulation. We rebel against it. We become bitter toward those whom we hold responsible for it.

And that probably explains why we tend to believe that all censors are hypocrites.

Personally, I have not been able to substantiate this rather prevalent opinion.

That some censor types, especially some who make a living out of professional censorship, are pure fakes there can be little doubt.

[Continued on page 118]
ONE glimpse of the sky will tell you that the weather forecast is "cloudy, with probable showers." This remarkable photograph shows Noah's Ark in the process of construction. It is a scene from the Biblical story of the Deluge, now being filmed at the Warner Studio where, for the first time in the history of the movies, everyone is praying for rain and lots of it. According to scientists, the Ark, from Biblical description, was 300 cubits long, 50 cubits broad and 30 cubits high. A cubit is 18 inches, so you can figure out the modern measurements. It was built of "gopher" wood. The elephants in this picture which are helping with the work will also be on the passenger list.
Anita's Dad Spills the Frijoles

Sensational exposé of Miss Loos' early life by a father who prefers brunettes

By R. Beers Loos

A SCRAPBOOK before me supplies the information that my daughter, (Corinne) Anita Loos, was born in Montreal, Canada; Clyde, Ohio; San Francisco, New York City, San Diego, California; Atlanta, Georgia; Tulsa, Oklahoma; Moonachie, New Jersey, and in several other towns and flag stations too numerous to mention. Traveling around to be born simultaneously in so many different and widely separated places must have proved a trying ordeal for one so young, and this possibly accounts for her diminutive size. She weighed five pounds when born and today stands four-feet-ten in her French heels and tips the hay scales at eighty-six pounds, with rouge and powder.

As a matter of fact Anita was born in her grandfather's ranch house near Etna (formerly called Rough and Ready), Scott Valley, Siskiyou County, California. Siskiyou County in early days was the stamping ground of Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller, "the poet of the Sierras," both of whom Anita's grandfather knew well. These two celebrated authors thoughtfully removed themselves from Siskiyou several years before Anita arrived in order that she might have a clear field.

At this late date an appreciative father extends to the heirs and assigns of Messrs. Harte and Miller, deceased, sincere thanks for the kind consideration shown his daughter by Bret and Joaquin.

I was running a newspaper in Yreka, the county seat of Siskiyou, and one sunny April day when the wild flowers were lazily nodding in the warm spring breezes and all nature seemed to smile, especially in the vicinity of Junker's brewery, a feeling stole o'er me that I must hie to Scott Valley. I remarked about it at the time to Mr. Junker as he was drawing another one. So I put on my collar and an hour later was exercising my well-worn pass over the California and Oregon Stage Line.

At eight years Anita Loos sold a poem for five dollars. She was the only child in San Francisco who ever bought five dollars' worth of gumdrops.

[Continued on page 110]
The girls again steal the boys' fashions. This handkerchief ring was worn in the days when men dressed in satins and laces. Mary Brian found it in the wardrobe department and decided it was just the thing to wear to dances.

REPORTS trickling East from Hollywood indicate that someone should take Lina Basquette aside and give her a few words of advice. Lina has advanced rapidly to stardom and she has the leading rôle in one of the most conspicuous productions of the year. But it is bad form to boast and, in Hollywood, it is dangerous. This business is like a trick stairway. You may get halfway to the top but the stairs are apt to slip and slide you down.

It's fine to know that you are good, but it is not so nice to keep reminding others about it.

And Lina seems to have stepped on the toes of other troupers who have worked longer and harder for their success.

The Movie Suicide Club, composed of stars who have killed themselves on the screen, is always looking for new members.

LEATRICE JOY has a precious young daughter. She came home from Sunday school quite puzzled, after hearing the song, "Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love." "Mother, why doesn't God like all his flowers?" she inquired.

"He does, my dear," explained Leatrice. "Well, today they sang, 'Sweet Peas, the Gift of God's Love,'" she protested.

CHARLES FARRELL was dining at the Russian Eagle with Virginia Valli.

Janet Gaynor came in with an escort, a handsome young fellow.

Charles was unable to take his eyes from the nearby table and Janet.

And the next day he confessed to friends he never felt so peculiar in his life. Something just seemed to choke him, he admitted. It was the first time he had seen Janet with another fellow.

Loving two women is always a hard job, Charlie!

PRODUCTION had begun on the Greta Garbo picture, "War in the Dark," when the fact was disclosed that the star was to wear another fur cape or coat.

She stoutly rebelled, saying she had worn a coat in every picture she had made and she would not wear one in this.

Every sort of subterfuge was tried; coats of satin and various combinations, but none was satisfactory and eventually they were compelled to return to the original fur cape.

Seeing the uselessness of further argument, Greta slipped the cape on, entered the scene smiling sweetly, and remarking: "Eef I was temperamental, I would not work until I got what I wanted."

WILLIAM HAINES was watching Greta Garbo make love to Conrad Nagel on the set of "War in the Dark."

"My Gawd," he exclaimed, "if Greta kissed a tree she'd start a forest fire!"

REGARDLESS of rumors about Garbo's temperament—the statements that she likes to be alone; that she is "different," "the one great exception"—the film players adore her.
An instance of her naive manner:

A group of film people were dining with Jack Gilbert. Lilyan Tashman sat opposite Greta. Greta whispered to the girl next to her, "Do I look like Lilyan?" The other girl answered, "Well, I admire you both, but I don't think you look alike."

"Oh, I am so sorry," Greta said. "They told me I looked like Lilyan and I did so want to be like her."

A ROMANCE that began in a fashionable charity bazaar in Mexico City in 1921 ended in the prosaic divorce court at Nogales. Dolores Del Rio, the much press-agented star, was awarded a decree against Jaime Del Rio. Jaime has sailed for Europe, vowing that he will not return to Hollywood until he is as famous as his ex-wife.

Immediately after the divorce was awarded reporters flocked to ask Dolores if she were to marry Edwin Carewe, her director and discoverer.

Miss Del Rio handed the old carbon-copy answer, "I am interested only in my work and do not, at this time, contemplate any other matrimonial adventures."

Where have we heard that before?

Stardom—obscurity, and now a return to the screen. Just for luck Lila Lee has changed her personality and is playing a giddy girl in "Just Married." Her husband, James Kirkwood, is appearing on the stage in England.

CLIVE BROOK was playing a prison scene. The call came for lunch. He walked slowly back to his dressing room wondering why anyone would be tempted to turn criminal and invite such a costume as he was wearing. He changed to his own clothes, slipped his hands in his pockets and discovered that $107 and his $300 gold watch were missing. Now Clive has his prison garb hanging on a very handy peg.

But he and the Paramount officials have been unable to find the man who should wear it.

WHEN Wilson Mizner, Hollywood's much talked about wit, ran a racing tip bureau in New York City, he advertised with this sign: "Our selections even amaze the horses!"

DON'T believe a word you hear about Lupe Velez and Al Jolson. That's just Hollywood gossip. Al admitted to us that he is much in love with his former wife, Ethel Delmar, and by the time you see this they will be married again.

BY the way, besides being actor, director, etc., Al has added cooking to his accomplishments.

"I cooked all my own birthday dinner, even to the turkey, last week," he boastfully announced, "and even husbands have more than that to recommend them."

NOAH BEERY, the "best damn caballero in all Costa Roja," sets a good example for temperamental married folks in the film colony.

He has built a new honeymoon bungalow for the wife from whom he was separated a year or so ago and gracefully admits he was just as human as she.

"I am moving heaven and earth to get her back. Any man builds a house for his bride and who wouldn't for a woman whose worth he already knows?"
Janet Gaynor looks like a school girl. Or rather most school girls look more like movie stars than Janet. Accompanied by her mother, Janet recently spent a vacation in New York, her first visit since she achieved top place on the screen.

First National's initial talking motion picture will be, appropriately, "The Squall." Now there's a chance for young Clarence Kenyon Sills or little Donald Reid Hughes, offspring of Milton Sills and Lloyd Hughes, respectively, to display some natural talent.

Overheard at tea.
"And, my dear, this is what she said, 'I'll have my pictures shown somewhere, if I have to marry an exhibitor to do it.'"

Colleen Moore says Sherman was right about war. She has just been through it.
In one sequence in "Lilac Time," a French village was destroyed by artillery fire.
Colleen crouched in one corner. Dirt and splintered wood fell upon her, following a terrific explosion.
The property men above, who were dropping the debris, let a small bit fall on her head.
"Gwan!" barked "Hezi" Tate, sorrel-topped assistant director, "whattaye think this is, a tea party? Pretend it's me down there."
A perfect avalanche fell all once and Colleen spent days recovering from the shock and bruises.

It happened during Lon Chaney's visit to New York. As Chaney stepped into a taxicab in front of his hotel, another taxi driver yelled to Lon's chauffeur, "Hey, that's Lon Chaney you're drivin'."
"Shut your face," shouted the irate cabman, "and stop insulatin' me customers."

A friend was querying Mrs. Griffin, Bebe Daniels' dear little grandmother, on the outcome of the charm-against-jinx campaign that Bebe has been sponsoring to rid herself of the bad luck that has been chasing her for these last several months.
"And what, Mrs. Griffin, will the prizes be?" she asked.
"Well," smoothing her dress neatly, "they're going to be an evening dress for the girl and a signal ring for the boy."
It happened that a little religious medal, sent by a Long Beach, California, girl, was the one selected by Bebe. So the "signal" ring was not awarded.

Cecelia De Mille, daughter of Cecil, worked up enough courage to ask her father for a part in "The Godless Girl." Papa consented, but warned her that she would have to start in a small role. And she did.

What a time the Fox Company is having choosing a name for their little Spanish actress.
First it was Maria Cassawana. That being too long for electric lights, they changed it to Marta Alba.
However, when Marta returned from location she refused, with many polite thanks, the Marta.
"'Mata' in my language means to kill. If someone should mispronounce—it would be veree bad luck!"
So now it is Maria.

Just to keep in style, Marcella Battelini, the Italian gal whom Fox imported, has changed her name to Lola Salvi.

Nothing like the post-divorce friendliness that prevails in Hollywood.
The other night at the Alexander Theater, in Glendale, where Billy Haines' "Excess Baggage" was being previewed, I saw its director, James Cruze, with his wife, Betty Compson, chatting amiably with Marguerite Snow, who once was Mrs. Cruze, too. With her was Neely Edwards, her husband, who does a nice piece of work as a vaudeville hoofer in Cruze's picture.

Neither Richard Arlen nor his wife, Jobyna Ralston, will admit that this happened. But they have a maid.
They were dining in their Tulsa Lake home and listening to the radio.
"Just listen to that!" exclaimed Jobyna. "Another imitator of Al Jolson."
"These radio stations shouldn't allow singers like that on the air," answered Richard. "That fellow is awful. I hope Jolson isn't listening in. It would embarrass him so."
Just then the number was finished and the announcer spoke, "KFWB, Hollywood. You have been listening to Al Jolson singing 'California, Here I Come.'"
It wasn't Jolson who was embarrassed.

One of Ralph Forbes' cue-lines (oh, yes, they have cue-lines even in the silent drama) was, "We'll have no back talk!" Came time to say it. "We'll have no back chat!" he announced with fervor.
Not Richard Barthelmess’ kid brother, in spite of those serious brown eyes. Louise Brooks as she appears in “Beggars of Life.” A little neat and clean but otherwise a handsome and convincing boy.

Everyone on the set laughed so hard it stopped the picture. They did not need this line to prove to them that Ralph is all English.

“You want to hear about my embar’sing moment?” Lupe Velez speaking.

“It was like this. Meestair Schenck, he call me in his office and he say, ‘Lupe—you know we all love you’!


‘He go on and say, ‘We hope to make beeg pecture star of you, Lupe! Some day.’ I say, ‘Yes!’ again.

‘He say, ‘But not eef you swear so bad all the time. You get common.

‘Common girl cannot be beeg star! Now, Lupe, I want you to promise not to swear so bad. No bad words! Promise! Put up your right han’!

‘I put up my han’ and promise, ‘No more swear! No more bad words. Not ever!’

“So—two days—tree days after, I drive my car down Hollywood Boulevard. Someone get in my way. I lean out and scream, ‘Hey! You———***!!! You lose your arm in the war, hey? You can not signal me? What the——***!!!’

“The man turn round. It is Meestair Schenck! Whoosh! And I have promised no more bad words! What a embar’sing moment for me! Whoosh!”

CONVERSATION overheard in a studio the day after a preview:

“What’s the verdict on the picture?”

“Well, the producers don’t know whether to shelve it or release it as an epic.”

ANITA STEWART has established a residence in Reno. After years of indecision, she has decided to sue Rudolph Cameron for divorce.

Don’t forget that there is a handsome blond stranger, who is anxiously waiting for the judge to tell Anita that she is free at last.

“Your future is all wet,” says Dorothy Sebastian to Anita Page. The two girls are demonstrating the new bathing pool bridge table and waterproof cards invented for players who want to play a cool, clean game of bridge.

“ALL stars have children named after them. But during the month of April Corinne Griffith won the silver cup when she received word that there were four more little Corinnes in this country. Corinne and her husband Walter Morosco take this as a good omen.

PERHAPS one of the most concrete proofs of the economy wave in the movies is the “back-to-the-apartment-house” movement. Many stars and featured players are giving up their homes and moving into small apartments with “maid service” included.

In one rent-your-home building in Hollywood you will find Laura La Plante, Olive Borden, Mary Brian, Anita Stewart, James Hall, Ben Lyon and a half-dozen directors. Pola Negri will live in her own apartment when she returns from Europe. Madge Bellamy has taken a tiny house somewhere in the country for the summer, then contemplates “aparting,” they tell us. And now an energetic builder is erecting a house “just for the stars” which he says is already reserved, but won’t be finished until Fall.

Do you remember all the excitement caused by Pola Negri’s arrival in America five years ago? Pola was the pioneer European star imported to Hollywood. Pola’s was the first exotic accent to be heard in the land of the rolling R. Pola was the first girl to play temperament for all it was worth. Well, Pola’s contract has expired and she has gone to Europe. No brass bands accompanied her to the pier. Other foreign stars and other lispers of English occupy Hollywood’s attention.

AND just to show you how American morals have wrought their devastating effect on Pola, here is a true report of an incident which happened recently.

A certain couple who were waiting for two divorce decrees to clear the path of their romance decided to give a little party and invited Pola and her husband, Serge.

“Are you going to accept?” asked a friend.

“Certainly not!” answered Pola. “We will wait till they are married.”

ESTELLE TAYLOR was discussing her fan mail and explained that whenever a fan writes for her picture, she sends back, not only the photograph, [continued on page 92]
The Stars That

The first of six stories based on real off-screen dramas of the movies

We see them in nearly every one of the great feature pictures—the stars that never were. Girls, lingering on the outskirts of the mob who—in their dark eyes—show some of the fire that Pola Negri brought to "Passion." Other girls—slim and wistful and white and gold—who use their hands after the fashion of Lillian Gish. We see dark, slim boys—doing a bit in some super production. And we catch our breath quite sharply and say—"There's something about him that—that reminds us of Rudolph Valentino!"

Sometimes even the critics notice these stars that never were. Sometimes, instead of lauding the real star, they say—"An unknown woman, in the dance hall scene, walked away with the picture." Or "That girl in rags, who asked for money in the slum set—we don't know her name, but she has something—"

And so it goes! For they have something, indeed—many of these extras who belong to the studio, and to the life of the studio, as a shadow belongs to the sun! They have something well worth the giving. As many of the great ones, who have themselves risen from the extra ranks, can prove!

Yes—some of the great ones have risen from the extra ranks. But some—who, equally, might have been great—never get ahead. Oftentimes, having prophesied a career to an unknown, we watch for the reappearance of a face that has caught at our attention—or at our heart strings. And oftentimes, we fail to see it again. For the stars that never were have a miraculous way of vanishing. And back of each disappearance—if we were to take the trouble to investigate—lies a story...

* * *

The most conservative of the critics spoke of the flawless beauty of her face. "New type," he wrote in his column, "this girl who did the Madonna in the stable set of 'The Princely One.' There is an old world loveliness about her—she might have stepped from an early Italian painting. Let us see more of her—for the screen needs new faces."

That was what the most conservative of the critics wrote. The other less conservative ones spoke in glowing adjectives. They praised the hair of the girl, and her gracious hands, and her wistful mouth. They praised the quiet eyelids that drooped so broodingly over deep eyes. They praised the passion of tenderness with which she held the baby—the baby that was a mere bundle in her arms.

"She will go far," they said, "for she is unique. She will go far," they added slyly, "if she is given a chance."

But when the powers-that-be, contract in hand, went searching for her, the girl who had played the Madonna—a mere bit in a great picture—was nowhere to be found. She was not at the address which the office kept upon its list. She had passed, completely, out of the scenario...

* * *

Myra Hale sat in the porch swing and listened to the croak-
By
Margaret E. Sangster

Illustrated by
Everett Shinn

The director didn't have to tell Myra how to bend her head. But, while her eyes rested upon the baby's crumpled flower of a face, she heard a boy's voice saying, "What's better than being married to a man who loves you... than being a wife—and mother?..."

Myra gave the floor of the porch a wee tap with the toe of a white canvas slipper. It set the swing to swaying.

"And I suppose," she answered slowly, "with the frogs, and the whippoorwills. Why, Bobby—" she paused, "the thought of never getting away from this place is enough to drive a girl crazy! Especially my sort of a girl—who'd have a chance at something better—"

The boy, Bobby, looked mournfully down at the little canvas covered toe that glimmered white in the moonlight. He wasn't clever enough to tell the girl he loved that his heart lay on the porch floor, under that tapping foot. Instead he said sulkily—

"What's better than being married to a man that loves you—than being a wife and," he gulped, overcome with a momentary shyness, "and a mother?"

Myra Hale's slim toe ceased to tap the floor. All at once the swing was very still. All at once she was seeing a vision of herself, with a baby in her arms. A baby with her dimples—with Bobby's eyes. It would be, perhaps, the nicest thing in the world—to be a wife and mother. If one only hadn't—ambitions.

"That director, last summer," she said finally—"he told me it was a shame. That I was buried here. He said that my hair was like Vilma Banky's hair. He said—"

Bobby was interrupting.

"He said," quoted Bobby, "'You'd better come to Hollywood, little one.' I heard him—the dirty bum! Well, I'd like to know what right he has to say such things—to put such ideas—"

It was the wrong method to take. Myra, who had been so close to softening, was sitting straighter in the swing. Her foot was again tapping, with even more impatience.
The Girl Who Ran Away From Success

"You've no right to take that tone to me, Bobby," she said, "after all—we're not married. Not—yet. Maybe we'll never be married. Anyway, I've got to have my chance—"

Bobby, looking straight off, through the summer dark, asked a blunt question.

"What do you mean, your chance—?" he asked. "And, when—"

But Myra Hale was answering. Very gently. "I mean, my chance to be a great actress," she told her lover—"and I'm leaving for the Coast at the end of the week. I—I'm sorry, Bob!"

But the boy made no answer. He didn't even seem to see the hand that reached toward him, through the dusk.

IT had all started a year before when—great event—a motion picture company had taken possession, for a whole glorious week, of the country town's one hotel. Myra Hale, like the other young people of the place, had flocked toward that gay group of magic people as a moth to the light of a candle. She, with the other boys and girls, had grouped about the camera, asking breathless questions—receiving breath-taking answers. She had been given by the star's own hand (as had the rest) an autographed photograph. But—and in this she was different from the others—she had caught and momentarily held the director's attention.

"Come to Hollywood, some day," he had told her—and his eyes, upon her lovely face, were the eyes of a man who appreciates beauty —"Come to Hollywood, and you'll make a hit, kid. You've got the prettiest mouth—and hair—"

So said the director. But when some twelve months later a girl came to his office, asking work, he did not remember her face or her name. He wasn't being unkind—only, during the year, he had seen so many lovely ladies. So many beautifully curved lips—so much bright hair.

"We'll put your name on our books," he said, eyeing Myra in her clumsy country frock, "and if a chance comes, the office'll send for you!" Only, somehow, the chance didn't come. And the office never issued its summons. After a while Myra stopped waiting for it.

And yet, even though the director had forgotten her, Myra Hale didn't despair. For she wasn't penniless. Her aunt—who she had all loved—had been unexpectedly generous. And she herself had made some money during the winter, clerking in the general store—money which, religiously, she had saved. She had come to Hollywood with three hundred dollars in her pocket—and three hundred dollars, back home, was a great sum. Enough to keep a girl for a couple of years. It kept Myra, in Hollywood, for a little more than a couple of months!

For in Hollywood rooms are high, and two eggs, fried, cost much more than a dozen eggs—fresh from the hen—cost in a country town. And walking from studio to studio is hard on shoes—and very hard on stockings! At the end of two months Myra sat wanly on the edge of her bed—and reviewed the situation. Her mirror told her that she was underweight—and extreme thinness, according to the fashion papers, was passe. She knew that her eyes were too worried to show vivacity—that her lips were more inclined to quiver than to smile. And Hollywood—Mecca of gaiety—wants the vividness of youth and youth's glad laughter!

TWO months and, from the standpoint of success, she was beaten. And yet—Myra's gaze rested, just a trifle proudly, on the pile of letters that stood upon her dressing table! Laughingly, at first, she had called Bobby's day letter her "fan mail." Later—when some of the laughter had drained from her heart—she came to call it her anchor. There was something very reassuring in this regular reminder of love and a home and security. It was nice to know, when she came back from a round of denials and refusals, that the letter would be waiting. Begging her to give up her career—to come back to a pool of welcoming arms. To a steadfast heart.

The career had seemed such a certainty, once. For—no matter what anyone said, no matter how thin and worried she grew, Myra's prettiness was undeniable. But in Hollywood, there is so much beauty. Prettiness is a drug on the market, almost!

"We want types," a casting director told Myra, one day. "For every thousand lovely girls there's only one that's different. A cross-eyed woman, or an enormous— or a woman, or a grotesquely tall one, would have more of a chance than you have!"

And so it went. Until, at the end of two months the girl sat on the edge of her bed, beaten. Ready, almost, for anything. Except just one thing. And that one thing was to admit defeat, and to go home.

"I can't tell Bobby that they never gave me a try at it," she half sobbed. "I can't wire him for the money for a ticket back. I—I'd be miserable for the rest of my life!"

Oh, call it pride, if you want to! But—understandable pride.

And then—then out of the very air, almost—came the chance. The chance for which Myra Hale had waited and hoped and prayed. The chance to appear before the camera, to be a part of the great industry that fluttered all about. The chance to do more that appear as an extra, among a thousand other extras. The chance to play a bit—and a rather important bit—in one of the great pictures of the year!

Had Myra known it, the chance came to her because of the very disturbing thinness of her cheeks—the very shadowed sadness of her eyes. It was the wistfulness of her young mouth that made a certain very important man pause, as he saw her turn away, discouraged, from the casting office. Had she been the plump, pretty, unworried girl who had come to Hollywood answering the casual voice of a casual director—the important man would never have visioned her as a Madonna. Would never have thought of framing her face in a veil of some heavy, deep blue stuff. Would never have [CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]
I DON'T Care If I Never Make Another Picture

By Ruth Biery

JUST what has happened to Carol Dempster?”

We had heard that question so often that we determined to find the real answer.

We knew, of course, that she was still under contract to D. W. Griffith. Knew that she had been with him seven and a half years, played leads in nine of his pictures. But we also knew that “Sorrows of Satan” was her last. For more than a year she hadn’t played in one picture.

It took us four days to find the young woman. She wasn’t in town; she’d gone to the beach; she’d gone to the dressmaker’s. Her sister and her brother and the rest of the family were sorry, but not even they seemed to know what had happened to Carol Dempster.

It was five o’clock one evening when we finally reached her. “A story? Oh, yes, a story. But why do you want a story?”

As we hung up the receiver we felt conscience-stricken. Poor child, it was too bad when she’d had such hard luck, been off the screen so long, to make her remember all she was missing. We sighed as we looked forward to an evening of tears, regrets, a long, heart-rendering sob story.

We could understand. We’d seen it happen so often. Years of praise, glory, public adoration—then that terrible let-down feeling when the picture days were over.

We thought of Josephine Dunn and the horrible eight months she had spent without an engagement. We remembered Mabel Normand, Mary Miles Minter, Jetta Goudal—oh, any number who for one reason or another had been unable to hold their exalted positions. And we were prepared to weep with as well as for poor, woe-begone Carol Dempster.

But her car didn’t harmonize with that woe-begone feeling. A big, grey straight-eight, with three different horns which honked one after another. And her clothes! The chic green ensemble looked anything but the garb of a heart-broken used-to-be-famous screen lady.

“Where shall we eat?” Her eyes danced as she asked the question.

“A brave front,” we inwardly murmured.

Forty minutes later we were seated in a smart dining salon in down-town Los Angeles. She looked at us in dismay. “Oh, I’m so sorry. Perhaps you would have preferred Hollywood. Only I know so little about places to eat in that part of the city!”

An actress who didn’t know the places to eat in the Motion Picture section of the city?

“You know,” she continued, “I know very little about motion pictures.”

“But you were a star?”

What has happened to Carol Dempster? Let Carol answer the question herself: “I don’t care to work for anybody but Mr. Griffith. When he has a part which he thinks is my type, I suppose I will play it.”

Carol Dempster Can Be Happy Without Fame
The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

LILAC TIME—First National

ANOTHER thrilling, romantic war drama, in which Colleen Moore covers herself with glory. "Lilac Time" is a small farm near the French front, where seven of the Royal Flying Corps are quartered. Its lilac garden forms an exquisite setting for this love story. It is essentially a beautiful love story, but the war background is as realistic as if it were the central theme. It is, necessarily, reminiscent of other air pictures, but it also has much that is new and breath-taking.

Colleen Moore, as Joanne, and Gary Cooper, as Captain Philip Blythe, do beautiful work in the romantic roles, and an excellent supporting cast assists in the spectacular activity, the result being one of Colleen's most compelling and elaborate pictures. It's too good to miss.

OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS—M.-G.-M.

GALS with gold-digging aspirations can see this and learn. The story depicts life in the younger set and deals with the struggle of two gals for one lad. The presentation of youth is a lovely one, what with a yacht club and cocktails. The main issue is: Will the rich young hero succeed in rectifying the tragic mistake he made by choosing the wrong girl? Light romance—and good. One thrill you won't forget, nor the girl—Anita Page. Hers would be the outstanding performance if Joan Crawford and Dorothy Sebastian were not also in the picture.

Nice restraint in the work of John Mack Brown, leading man. Nils Asther's fervent kisses not too good, but his jealousy is real. Eddie Nugent, a prop-boy turned actor, is well started.

THE RACKET—Caddo-Paramount

AN underworld story of nightsticks, bootleg and bullets that presents Tommy Meighan in his most distinguished role since "The Miracle Man." It is a crook classic.

Louis Wolheim, as a bootlegging gunman, gives an interpretation that stands as a masterpiece. For suspense, grin humor and compelling characterization, this picture will be difficult to beat. Those who saw the play will discover little lost in its transfer, although a more comprehensive treatment is afforded by the screen. The rôle of Nick Scarsi is one of contemptible villainy, but Wolheim imbues it through his incomparable touch, with that subtle sympathy and fascination which, since time immemorial, have given glamour to the bad man. And in direct contrast, Meighan presents an up-standing Irish police captain who can't even SPELL the word "fear." This characterization should set the censors to cheering and should also stimulate much general respect for the arm of the law.

The story deals with the struggles of a lone cop to upset graft, political corruption and governmental rottenness that foster city-wide liquor rings and gang wars. Two rival boot barons embroil their forces in war in this captain's district. The love interest is superficial—which proves that excellent photoplays can be made without love.

Every character in the picture is superb. Marie Prevost is marvelously hard-boiled, as per scenario requirements. The reporters are splendid. And a gold medal should be given Lewis Milestone for his effective direction. No one can afford to miss this.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month
THE RACKET
LILAC TIME
OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS
SHOW PEOPLE
THE COSSACKS

The Best Performances of the Month
Sybil Thorndike in "Dawn"
Thomas Meighan in "The Racket"
Louis Wolheim in "The Racket"
Colleen Moore in "Lilac Time"
Richard Barthelmess in "Wheel of Chance"
Bodil Rosing in "Wheel of Chance"
John Gilbert in "The Cossacks"
Joan Crawford in "Our Dancing Daughters"
Eddie Nugent in "The Bellamy Trial"
Jack Mulhall in "The Butter and Egg Man"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 135

THE BELLAMY TRIAL—M.-G.-M.

STARK realism, this, from start to finish, and gripping suspense. Practically the entire action occurs in a courtroom where testimony unfolds the sordid tragedy of murder. The audience actually sits before the bar.

Sue Ives and Stephen Bellamy are on trial for the murder of Stephen's wife, Mimi Bellamy. The alleged motive is revenge on the part of the husband; jealousy on the part of Sue Ives. The only known fact is that Mimi Bellamy was found stabbed to death in a lodge on a neighboring estate. Circumstantial evidence weaves the usual web, but conflicting testimony casts sufficient doubt to warrant a verdict of acquittal. This is brought about largely by the admission of the custodian of the estate that he loved the dead woman; also by the statement of Pat Ives, supposedly the man in the case, but in reality fighting desperately to save his wife from the noose.

His testimony shows that he was not secretly meeting the murdered woman because he loved her, but because she was blackmailing him. The denouement comes as a startling surprise and completely dispels the mystery.

The cast is excellent, but treatment and direction rather than acting make this an exceptional picture. It shows flashes of originality never before approached. A truly excellent picture of its type. The outstanding performance comes from the gag-writing prop boy, Eddie Nugent. Other fine interpretations are Charles B. Middleton, district attorney; Leatrice Joy, Sue Ives; Betty Bronson, the girl reporter; Kenneth Thomson, Stephen Bellamy. Don't miss it.

SHOW PEOPLE—M.-G.-M.

THIS is the first time Marion Davies has ever shared honors with anybody, while Bill Haines gave up stardom, temporarily, to co-star with Marion in this picture.

Rarely have we had such a complete picture within a picture. Marion and Bill depict most vividly the methods by which aspirants get into pictures and what they get out of them. Furthermore, you have never before seen as many stars in any one picture. Their combined salaries would bankrupt the U. S. mint. Among these visiting guests are Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Norma Talmadge, John Gilbert, Claire Windsor, Polly Moran, Dorothy Sebastian, Estelle Taylor, Aileen Pringle and Bill Hart.

The story is not new nor startling but Bill and Marion keep you laughing. Don't miss this.

WHEEL OF CHANCE—First National

TENSE drama is popular this year and this one will delight Richard Barthelmess fans. The main theme of the story—a man prosecuting his twin brother for murder, believing that brother was killed in childhood—has been done before, but the fine touches of Director Santell make this intensely interesting and strongly appealing.

Barthelmess plays dual roles—the black-headed, polished lawyer and his twin brother, the red-haired, uncouth gangster—and does them both with fine distinction. The ill-fated brother is tried for the murder of a little "gold-digger," whose pernicious influence has touched both boys.

Bodil Rosing, as the mother, gives an exquisitely touching portrayal. Lina Basquette is wasted in a minor role, while Margaret Livingston fascinates as the gold-digger.
HAPPINESS AHEAD—
First National

ANOHER red, roistering Russian drama, glorifying man's brutality. It is Tolstoi's Cossack tale screened with a wild abandon. John Gilbert plays the effeminate son of a bold, blustering Cossack, Ataman, who courts the sweet mamma of the clan. She scorns his love, and her contempt, with village taunts and the Ataman's lash, turns him into a throat-slitting demon who revels in Turkish blood.

HERBERT WILCOX made this "to perpetuate the story of Nurse Edith Cavell," who was executed at Brussels by the Germans. Shown in New York over heated protests from many sources. Bends over backwards to be fair to all sides and aims at war as a wrecker of world ideals. Depressing but worth seeing owing to Sybil Thorndike's remarkable performance of Edith Cavell. It is tremendously moving.

IF you saw the stage play, you remember the Slide for Life. Bill Haines repeats it in the picture—and how! He's the small time performer who sacrifices his chance at the big time so his wife can become a film star. Josephine Dunn gets her first big opportunity as the wife and how she airs the "villyun" and dashes to hubby just when his act is about to flop is nobody's business! Very good.

THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN—
First National

THIS is Jack Mulhall's first starring vehicle and he sure takes the film version of this stage success for a buggy ride! He's the well-known wow as the country gentleman from Chilli-cothe who goes East to mop up Broadway. Two producers with no conscience to guide them grab his bankroll for their poor play, but the boy pulls a grand slam that makes New York gasp. Consistently funny and hilarious in spots.

Photoplay's Famous Shadow Stage Department

THE COSSACKS—
M.-G.-M.

THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN—
First National

THE WHITE SHADOWS OF THE SOUTH SEAS—
M.-G.-M.
An Insurance Against Wasted Hours

WALLACE BEERY and Raymond Hatton have a happy genius for finding trouble; if they can't find any, they always make some. This time they are traveling side show impedimenta (sharp shooters) and go too far down into the Kentucky feud belt and all but lose their funny lives. Their antics are convulsively funny, particularly when assisting Mary Brian and Gardner James in their romance. Many laughs.

HOT stuff. A desert sheik falls in love with a beautiful Parisienne. Even sheiks prefer blondes. The blonde is unhappy away from him and with him. Ditto for the sheik, although he has a very complete harem. The problem is solved when both characters die while walking a mile for a camel. Greta Nissen is an eyeful as Fabienne and Charles Farrell is an amateur theatrical son of the desert. Just a shocker.

BILL FARNUM nearly made his return to pictures as the Irish patriot, Citizen Hogan, Donn Byrne's hero who poses as a monk and then as a blind beggar to work his revenge upon the evil gent who desired his sister. However, the role neatly fits Victor McLaglen. And Earle Foxe makes the villain credible. There's a pretty background of old Erin enveloped in the usual Fox fog—and a fine horserace. A pretty good film.

FLORENCE VIDOR, more beautiful than ever, gives us a delightful portrayal of a clever Parisienne who flirts magnificently. The situation is complicated by the romance of her flapper daughter, done by Loretta Young. Matty Kemp and Loretta give us a charming picture of youthful love and innocence. This French farce shows such dazzling gowns that no woman can afford to miss the treat.

A SERIO-COMIC small-town story. Perfect background for the priceless buffoonery of Charlie Murray and Lucien Littlefield. The Ladies Auxiliary steams down en masse, on Charlie's daughter, played by Loretta Young, to pull some dirty work. Then Lucien brews lemonade for the damsels, and presto! They go back to their big-wig husbands politely plastered. Guaranteed to get gourmets giggling.

SALLY OF THE SCANDALS—FBO

[Additional reviews on page 88]
$5,000 in Fifty Cash Prizes

RULES OF CONTEST

1. Fifty cash prizes will be paid by Photoplay Magazine, as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prize Type</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tr>
<td>First Prize</td>
<td>$1,500.00</td>
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<td>Second Prize</td>
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<td>Third Prize</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fourth Prize</td>
<td>250.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fifth Prize</td>
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<td>Twenty Prizes of $50 each</td>
<td>1,000.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Twenty-five prizes of $25 each</td>
<td>625.00</td>
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2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) Photoplay Magazine is publishing cut puzzle pictures of the well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When cut apart and properly assembled, eight complete portraits may be produced. $5,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to CUT PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, Photoplay Magazine, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address is attached.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the poems appearing below the pictures in each issue. Each eight-line verse refers to the two sets of cut puzzle pictures appearing directly above it. The six-line verse applies generally to the four sets on that page. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of Photoplay Magazine to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in Photoplay Magazine and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of Photoplay Magazine may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestants’ methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The thirty-two cut puzzle pictures or their drawn duplicates, must be cut apart, assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of Photoplay Magazine’s staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of any one connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

7. In the case of ties for any of the first five prizes, the full award will be given to each tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with Photoplay Magazine. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will appear on the newstands on or about August 15th. The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1929, issue of Photoplay.

Cut Puzzle Pictures Are on Second and Third Pages Following This Announcement

NEW SUGGESTIONS

Just to aid you in getting your solutions under way, Photoplay will tell you the name of one of the players in the first set of cut-face pictures, which appeared in the June issue. This player is Harry Crocker. Since this actor has appeared but rarely in films, Photoplay feels that his inclusion may have been a little unfair to contestants. All the others included in the contest are well known players.

Contestants should study the poems appearing in connection with the cut puzzle pictures. These are the indicators for identifying the contest puzzle pictures and winning prizes.

Contestants will note that identifying numbers appear at the margin of the cut puzzle pictures. These numbers may be copied upon the cut portraits, with pencil or pen, so that, in pasting or pinning the completed portrait, it will be possible to show the way the cut pieces originally appeared.

As no solutions may be entered before the fourth set of puzzle pictures appears, it is suggested that contestants merely pin their solutions together until the conclusion. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for consideration and study.
EATRICE JOY had a lot of bad luck with recent rôles at the manse of old Marse De Mille. Never another part such as the one in "The Ten Commandments." The gods seem to have been kinder over at the M.-G.-M. studios, where she is playing in that best selling mystery yarn, "The Bellamy Trial." After that Miss Joy is scheduled to go abroad for a vacation—her first in a long time. Isn't it refreshing to see long skirts and a high neck dress for a change?
The hair has a sister—they're both lovely girls.
The eyes are as blue as the sea.
The mouth to a clever director is wed—
As happily wed as can be!
The hair is a blonde and as fair as they come,
The eyes, too, belong to a fair one,
The mouth went to school in a city that's wet,
Guess this clue—we think it's a rare one!
The hair is unmarried (one does wonder why),
The eyes are as grey as they're pretty,
The mouth claims a town as the place of its birth
That has furnished full many a city!
The hair went to school in a far western state,
The eyes—guess the color! They're green!
The mouth in the part of a murderous girl,
Was not very long ago seen.

RESUME
Three never have married, one owns wedded bliss,
Three of them are light, one is not,
And one of them newly has come to the screen,
And, oh, what a role the girl got!
They're all of the west (both the far and the middle),
And all have light eyes—can you answer their riddle?
The hair is twice married; from Pittsburgh he came.
The eyes are black—so is the hair.
The mouth did cartoons, as an artist, they say.
The boy was a lot more than fair.
The hair lived in England for much of his youth.
The eyes came from Penn's Quaker state.
The mouth's a heartbreaker—he mows the fans down—
He's the sort that no woman could hate.

The hair changed his name—and quite wisely—from Joe—
The eyes were a real cowboy, once.
The mouth to a school of fine acting has come.
And he's proved that he wasn't a dink.
The hair has a son, and he lives in the east.
The eyes dared to dramatize France.
The mouth has the look (he's not long in the game)
Of a boy who will capture romance.

RESUME
Just one of the four is a bachelor now
(He once was expected to marry)
And one was an extra before he had won
More laurels than he can well carry
Two went into college (one east and one west)
And all have done work fit to rank with the best
THE producers have dropped the name of Olga and simply call her Baclanova. Perhaps this was suggested by the success of that other daughter of Russia, Nazimova. Baclanova has been stealing so many pictures recently that they have given her one of those long term contracts. Baclanova came from the land of the Soviet with the Moscow Art Musical Studio but, when the company went home, she remained. Read the first interview with this vivid new actress on the page opposite.
Baclanova

By Esther Dawson

Jesse Lasky says that this Russian woman is “potentially the finest actress on the American screen”

WHEN an artist signs a contract with a motion picture company in Hollywood, it’s a matter of offering congratulations and discussing it with your friends at luncheon.

That, at least, is the usual way.

But when the newcomer is openly heralded as the actress chosen to succeed Pola Negri and is announced by Jesse Lasky at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky convention as “potentially the finest actress on the American screen”—well, that lifts the stranger into the extraordinary.

That is the case of Olga Baclanova.

Baclanova—and she is to be called Baclanova—was chosen because of the scope of her emotional acting. Her one stipulation to her producers was that she be given an opportunity to interpret women who are “big, intense, all the one thing or the other.”

That is because she, herself, is that kind of woman. She is Russia incarnate—its soul, its centuries of repressed feelings, its mystery which has never been successfully fathomed. Like all Russians she lives on the inside, does not like to know many people, and comes out of herself only in her acting, her painting and her opera-singing.

Like Pola, she is also exotic. She proved that in her three pictures, “The Man Who Laughs,” “The Street of Sin” and “Three Sinners.” She showed it in her ten years of work for the Moscow Art Theater and in her vivid interpretation of Carmen in “Carmencita and the Soldier” when Morris Gest brought the Moscow Art Theater’s Musical Studio to this country.

And she has all the superstitions indicative of a truly temperamental woman. We asked her about her reported engagement to Nicholas Soussanin, one of the screen’s Russian character actors now in Hollywood.

“Oh, you must not print that!” Her blue eyes flashed a mixture of fear and of anger. “It is very bad luck to say you are engaged or going to be married until you have your happiness with you.

“Look! See my good luck pieces!” She opened her red purse with hands which trembled in their red gloves as she poured upon the table between us an astounding array of small objects. We picked up a green trinket. It was an uncut emerald of huge dimensions. We touched a small chamois case. She snatched it from us.

“No! Not even I know what is inside of that. The man said it would bring me good luck only if it were never opened.”

She caressed it with long, supple fingers, a mixture of curiosity and awe in the way she handled the trinket.

“He was a student of the occult and used to sit in our seances in Russia when we studied hypnotism.”

Which is the way we learned that she is also a hypnotist and used to meet with the professors and scientists of Moscow to study the unknown.

Her father was a wealthy Moscow manufacturer; her mother a woman who forsook her desire to go on the stage to become the mother of six children—who passed along her dreams and longings for fame to her daughter.

“My father is dead now!” She paused to cross herself in his memory. “It was the Revolution. He lost everything. I was not harmed. The Bolsheviks were good to the actors. My mother lives in one room of the ten-room house which used to be our home in the city.”

“Who lives in the rest?”

“Of course, you!”

But what about Pola Negri?

“Nothing. I adore her. I love her.”

“Do you pay her a compliment?”

“Of course I do. She is a Russian. I am a Russian. She is Pola Negri. I am Olga Baclanova. We are both Russian.”

“Can you sing?”

“Of course.”

“Who in Russia taught you?”

“Sources.”

“Hollywood now?”

“Hollywood now.”

Oh, everybody!” with an outspreading of the hands in a gesture which might have included the entire population of Russia.

“When was your screen debut?”

“It was during the Revolution. My family—” She covered her mouth with her hand in a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 129]
Poise Will

How Cyrus Keele, the millionaire, tried to cure his daughter of her love for the idol of Hollywood

Natalie Keele was luckier than the usual ruck of studio visitors in Hollywood. Natalie not only got on the lot of Goliath Productions, Inc., but she also saw the great romantic artist, Cecil Darling and actually met him.

Old Cyrus Keele hadn't thought much of this motion-picture business—less, in fact, than he had thought of this whole monkey business of a southern California motor tour at the height of his busiest season just because it was Natalie's vacation-time. And grousing along in the tag of his daughter's erraticisms, when he came through that long corridor adjacent to the wardrobe department and beheld Cecil even as Natalie beheld him, he thought less of the fellow than he did of the motor-trip. It was half after five of an evening in April. Sets on the Goliath lot were being deserted, extra people were in line for their day's checks, stars were denuising themselves of war-paint and being gathered into ten thousand dollar limousines. Cecil Darling had paused in the corridor outside the wardrobe department to converse with an assistant cameraman. And Natalie saw him and collapsed against a wall.

"Daddy! Daddy! Oh, great heavens!—look!"

"What's the matter? What all you?"

"It's—it's—Cecil—D-D-Darling!"

"What is?"

"That man beneath the light!"

"Well, what of it?"

Old Cyrus had tramped between sixteen and seventeen miles. His feet were burning up. So was his sense of values. All this money, this time, this trouble, this outlay—for what? To give a lot of mountebanks the opportunity to turn the heads of girls like his daughter. To catch a few lights and shadows on strips of celluloid, that taught idleness to the youth and romantic nonsense to married women who might better be at home cooking liver and onions. A fig for movies! No, not a fig. Figs were of some use in human life.

"Oh, Daddy!—isn't he glorious?"

There was small doubt about it, looked at any way you please, that just at the moment Cecil was glorious. He had been working—working hard—since nine o'clock that morning on his latest vehicle, "The Vicar of Wakefield." At least, that was the genesis for the super-production. But when continuity-men had finished with it, the action took place on the Santa Maria, which, as everyone knows, was Columbus' flagship when he discovered Cuba for the Rough-Riders. Cecil played the role of Sir Walter Raleigh. And he certainly looked the part. Standing beneath that high-power incandescent lamp he was a

Quicker than his screen work was Cecil's manoeuvre. He straight in the bandit's face it struck. Then it slivered on the Give him th' rush! But they never reached
Be Poise

By
William Dudley Pelley

Illustrated by
R. Van Buren

Natalie could equally have heralded the bodily profit accruing from the use of a soap made from palm trees—according to all the best billboards.

A sleek turban hat over the latest boyish bob, pearl pendants in her ears, a luxurious grey fox that made her look top-heavy, a blue tailored suit that came to her knees. No further. Below her knees she ceased being soap and became Amethyst Hosiery.

"SNAP out of it!" growled Cyrus.

His auto cap was awry; he was dying for a smoke.

"Daddy!—I want to meet him. I've got to meet him. Daddy, we don't need to go on to San Diego if you'll only let me meet him. I'll be willing to turn 'round and go back home without seeing another thing if you'll only fix it so I can." This she promised though she didn't say when.

"Y' mean that?"

"Yes, daddy, daddy!—quick before he leaves!"

Old Cyrus Keele who made and un-made senators, was not to be abashed by a youth in green drawers. To his daughter's cold horror, he shouldered toward the Idol. He made short work of it.

"I'm told you're somebody's darling," he snapped. "I want you to meet my daughter. I'm Cyrus Keele."

Cecil Darling frowned. Yes, he even scowled. What was the gametan thinking of, to let these—these—plebeians—promiscuously around the place, confronting one in halls and dragging up their offspring?

Cyrus was wagging for Natalie's approach. She shambled glassy-eyed. The movie star's face became coolly wooden.

"My daughter! Natalie!" the father grumped curiously. "Whatever your name is, she wanted to know you."

Natalie could have slaughtered her parent in that moment. Whatever his name was! As if everybody, from the president down, didn't know Cecil Darling. And yet she said something—she didn't know what. Miss Moore's curriculum at Gables-in-the-Hills hadn't instructed her pupils in the "meeting" with movie stars. It comprised some banality about having seen his "work" and admiring him immensely. To which Cecil bowed. He was posed—Cecil posed!

"Now you've met him," Cyrus addressed his offspring, "let's get out o' here an' back amongst real men!"

The girl's face turned scarlet. "My father," she delivered herself, hearing her own voice as though through a veil, "isn't much of a movie fan, Mr. D-D-Darling.""

"So I perceive," the Great Artist observed, "—or a gentleman, either."

"Hi? What's that? What's that remark you made?"

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 121 ]
Jack Gilbert writes his own story

Jack Gilbert has told you—in his own words—of his adventurous coming to old Inceville at the age of seventeen. Gilbert landed as one of the mob, alternating between Indian and cow- boy roles, and encountered his first romance—with an attractive little extra named Effie. The girl was killed in the collapse of a big set and the tragedy very nearly ended Jack’s career.

This remarkably candid life story was written by Gilbert himself, every word of it. Not a single change has been made in his manuscript.

I shall never forget the thrill of having successfully played my first part in pictures. By successfully I mean that Cliff Smith, my director, and William S. Hart seemed satisfied. I was convinced that my troubles were over. Stardom was merely a question of days.

Reginald Barker cast me to play in “Shell 43,” starring H. B. Warner, and I knew that I was indispensable to the Ince Studio. But bitter days followed. After becoming the envy of every “bushwa” boy at camp, I discovered that my efforts had gone for nothing and one fine morning was ordered to make up for a kanaka on the “Aloha Oe” set. I sulked through the Hawaiian picture and returned home each night to brood over the lack of appreciation of my work.

And so another year went by. Long periods of “bushwa” interrupted by an occasional part. Stage stars arrived from New York to add glamour to our pictures—Julia Dean, Frank Keenan, Billie Burke, Forrest Winant, Dorothy Dalton, William Collier and others.

Then word came that a new girl had been signed—Enid Bennett, fresh from a nationwide tour with Oris Skinner in “Cock O’ The Walk.” I had become friendly with C. Gardner Sullivan, the scenario head, and Monte Katterjohn, author of “The Apostle of Vengeance” in which I had been given my first opportunity, and as a result of this intimacy was present at discussions pertaining to Miss Bennett’s first vehicle.

One day Sullivan revealed a possibility of my playing opposite the new star. I shouted my delight. Then Mr. Ince broke the glad news with the additional surprise that a two years’ contract was ready for me to sign. Thirty dollars a week the first year and forty the second. My joy knew no bounds. I rushed to the studio manager, E. H. Allen, and told him that if he would take me off the time clock, my happiness would be complete.

I had found my place at last! No time clock to punch, a leading part to play and a contract in my pocket. I dined alone that night and drank beer until my head reeled. The world was mine.

We started the picture. “Princess of the Dark” it was called. Enid played a little blind girl, while my characterization was that of a crooked boy with a twisted leg and a hump on his back. We waited and suffered all through the filming of the production, imagining we were performing great dramatics. When we finished, I had planned a vacation. To my disgust, my name was once more placed on the “bushwa” list. I rushed indignantly to Allen, who told me in no gentle terms that I should feel damned lucky I had a job.

Irwin Willat had just been made a director. My name was
Reel Three—Our hero tries to enlist and is drafted. He meets a pretty little Southern extra named Leatrice Joy and he marries Olivia

By Jack Gilbert
Illustrated by Everett Shinn

"I was engaged as leading man in a new Paramount picture. A little girl was cast to play my sister. Her part was very small and the salary was only $5 a day, when she worked. The child was very nervous and got grease paint all over my twenty dollar dress suit... Her name was Leatrice Joy"

me became a loathsome thing. What madness had led me to believe myself capable of pleasing audiences with such a countenance? I sobbed bitterly and not until darkness came did I attempt to show my face beyond my dressing room. Then I dragged my weary carcass away—a broken pitiful remnant of what I had thought was a dynamic, forceful man.

I wrote my first story that night—and what a story! The original manuscript is still in my possession. The plot concerned a persecuted boy, a Jew, shipwrecked on a desert island and proving his reason for existence by throwing himself upon the natives' sacrificial altar, that the lives of a white missionary and his daughter might be spared.

Poor Gardner Sullivan paid the penalty for his display of interest in my future. He suffered my reading aloud this maudlin monstrosity, and when finished—eager for the praise which I knew would flow—I was advised in as mild a manner as possible to stick to acting. I secretly determined that Sullivan had no soul.

Then the great upheaval at Triangle. Ince was about to abdicate. Whispered rumors grew to ominous rumblings and fear was struck into the hearts of all who had grown to love the "little Napoleon." No contract player knew what his fate would be until Ince returned from New York. But Ince never returned from New York—that is, he never returned to Triangle. He purchased the old Biograph studio at Pico and Georgia streets and began to make his own pictures for Paramount, but

suggested to him as a possible choice for a part. I overheard him say, "My God, no—he's terrible! Besides, his nose looks Jewish." My heart turned cold. I hid myself in my dark dressing room—the same one I now occupy—and struggled with this great, tragic problem. My career as an actor was unquestionably over. No hope for me now. I gazed long into my mirror and burst into tears. The reflection in the glass before for a year collected a fabulous rental from the Aitken brothers of Triangle for their studio. He owned the land on which the buildings were erected and threatened to destroy them if he was not paid the figure he demanded.

My contract was with Triangle, so there I unhappily remained. My dislike for the new studio management increased with each passing day. H. O. Davis, [continued on page 102]
Down to the Sea

The movie colony on the Pacific where land rents for only a dollar a day

Malibou Ranch — that's the name of the beach colony—is only 25 miles from Hollywood. But that short distance means the difference between the high hat and no hat at all. Here are Allan Dwan and his brother rejoicing in the freedom from the ties that bind the sunburn

Why worry about the upkeep of a bathing pool when you can have the Pacific Ocean in your front yard? Herbert Brenon calls his beach home Peter Pan's Cottage because it never grew up. One of his neighbors is Betty Bronson, who leased land nearby, just to be within calling distance of Peter Pan

Sadie Thompson's pal, Raoul Walsh, says that this section of beach is as restful as Pago-Pago before the reformers moved in. Notice the garden furniture and elaborate window-boxes affected by these luxury-mad directors. Note, too, what the well-dressed man wears on Sunday afternoons
In Shacks

General view of the Malibou colony. For a dollar a day, you can lease a patch of land. The cottages cost from $2,500 up—but not very far up. In the foreground is the mansion of Richard Dix. It is mostly chimney and fireplace. Here Richard and his friends gather to pity the poor sailors.

Just a humble little shack but it’s home, sweet home, to Louise Fazenda in the summer. The stones are piled in front of it to keep a skittish breeze from blowing the place away. The houses are merely perched on the sand and may be moved intact, if the owners feel so inclined.

Dorothy Mackaill in a bathing suit is the real reason why sea-gulls never sleep. The biggest problem of these dwellers in the sand-dunes is how to keep the seaweed from cluttering up the front yard.
Barrymore

Press agents can make terrible teas but

United Artists had arranged this meeting and there, by the grace of heaven and his personal representative, was John, behaving politely.

I came on time. I would. After three years I haven’t yet learned that isn’t done. John’s press agent—a properly Barrymoresque lady with white hair above an amused youthful face, who is always gloved in black and the possessor of an unlimited expense account—had warned me that John was very, very shy and that one false word would—in her phrase—send him scampering up the highest limb of a tree like a silver squirrel.

I kept remembering that. I was conscious of the tragedy it would be if I were to be the interviewer to utter the fatal word that would make the screen’s great lover take to tree-climbing. I planned to play safe and stay silent. And then in answer to my knock and hideous punctuality, the youngest of the Barrymores opened the door and looked at me.

Right here seems to be the spot for me to break down and confess that I have been a Barrymore fan ever since I first had the price of a theater ticket—which is some years. I have sat at the shrine of the royal family of Broadway and watched Lionel, Ethel and John in all their roles.

Sometimes I have held Lionel to be the best actor of their trinity, but Lionel lacks “that damned charm,” as it has been called. Sister Ethel has the charm, voice and acting ability together with many pounds of too, too solid flesh. But John! Well, I witnessed his “Hamlet” nine times without a reservation and considered it nine times more perfect on my last visit than on my first. In other words I—who should know better—had a crush, one of my few remaining crushes. And here I was, the first to arrive. All alone, face to face with it.

One false word. We eyed each other, Mr. Barrymore and I, while I felt false words sticking out all over me. His glance seemed to weigh me and wonder what on earth this funny package was doing outside his door. I saw that he is quite stoop-shouldered and probably has never been very young. I saw that he must be one of the great make-up artists of the world, for that famous face which, on the screen, assumes a vast and startling handsomeness, is in reality as thin and worn as a fine gold coin.

An actor, and a scholar, and a gentleman. It was all plain upon him. I wanted to start talking immediately but the Barrymore tradition held me. I slid through the doorway and into a chair just as the rest of the gang started coming in.

There were fifteen of us who had been invited. A select group, the press agent said. We all knew each other. But never before have I seen the group so obviously frightened. We nodded to each other, grinning in our grand selectness and the sexes separated like the Red Sea, the girls on one side, the men on the other. The star sat in our midst and for two minutes for all the activity that went on in that room it might as well have been noon-hour in a tomb. Finally one girl spoke.

“What is the difference between stage and screen, Mr. Barrymore?” she piped.

The trite, inevitable question. We had all teethed on the first law of interviewing—don’t bait a Barrymore. We waited for the rebellion.

The Barrymore muscles twitched and he started to rise, then caught the eye of his press agent. He sank back.

The girl repeated, “What is the difference?”

“The climate,” answered Mr. Barrymore.

I wish I could tell you how his suave voice, in those two

The Barrymore the ladies know, John of the ever perfect, ever present profile, the great lover, the debonair dilettante. In pursuit of his art Jack never turns the other cheek, since this is the best one.
the illustrious John come to one of those they can’t make him behave

words, became darkly important. We laughed weakly. Then he grabbed his company manner and made a desperate attempt.

“T had a good director on my last picture,” he started. “Sam Taylor, who used to direct Harold Lloyd. Because he has a comedy sense he knows a great deal about how people really act, which isn’t emotionally. Sam has a face that looks as though he was born in Denver and all the excessive sentimentality of a man with a large Adam’s apple.”

The screen’s most perfect profile swung away from us. His voice sounded as though he was quite alone in the room. Then he got back to the work the publicity department wished on him. He continued the noble effort.

“I like ‘Tempest,’” he said. “It’s even possible it’s a good picture. Certainly Camilla Horn is delightful—a lusty German girl with a big appetite. When she eats or starts to tell a joke it lasts forever. She knows so little English that when we went on location she told one joke that lasted from Hollywood to Tuckahoe. Her appetite never got diminished. The reason she looked so fragile in ‘Faust’ was merely because Murnau put her in corners and made her think of sad things like virtue.”

The wise Barrymore eyes swung around to see if we got that, swung away.

“My next picture was to have been ‘The Last of Mrs. Cheney,’” he continued. “With Lubitsch directing. Lubitsch has great ideas and I should have been glad to be back in comedy again, consciously. I have made several very funny pictures recently but none of them were deliberate. As for ‘Mrs. Cheney’ having a feminine slant, as you are all doubtless thinking, I can not see where it would have been more ladylike than ‘Don Juan,’ in which I looked like a female impersonator. Today, however, I hear ‘Mrs. Cheney’ has been given to Constance Talmadge and I get something else, heaven knows what. The trouble with ‘Don Juan’ was that I got hypnotized by a wigmaker. He made a blonde of me and I made a blunder for Warner Bros.”

I THOUGHT you made ‘Don Juan’ for satire,” said the thin-voiced girl.

“I made it for money,” said Mr. Barrymore.

“Adolphe Menjou wanted to make ‘The Last of Mrs. Cheney,’” I ventured. “He planned to make the man in it very old and disillusioned.”

“He didn’t like him he would not have been disillusioned,” murmured the youngest of the royal family of Broadway.

He looked at us all again. “I am going to do ‘Hamlet’ at the Hollywood Bowl this summer,” he murmured. “I haven’t the faintest idea whom I want to be my Ophelia. In London I had my finest one, Fay Compton. She played Ophelia with a proper robustness, not in the usual fragile manner. It delighted me because I have always thought Ophelia must have been quite a girl to have loved Hamlet in the first place. We played all the scenes lustily. One day in rehearsals I had to speak to the extra women. There were London extra women and there are none others like them.

‘Ladies,’ I commanded, ‘when you bring on the body of the fair Ophelia, be virginal, ladies, be virginal.’

“One old dame rolled a bleary eye at me, then drew herself up. ‘Sir,’ she said, ‘I am not being paid to be a character actress.’”

[ CONT. ON PAGE 99 ]
AN informal portrait of Gloria Swanson in her California garden. Her next film, "The Swamp," will be directed by Eric von Stroheim. Gloria and Eric ought to be a wonderful combination. Anyhow it's a safe bet that "The Swamp" will not be a cheap picture.
Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

Lon Chaney Films Manhattan—Advice on Writing Captions—How to Make Your Own Filter—Club News

ON CHANEY is the complete amateur movie enthusiast. During his recent brief New York visit, he devoted an entire day to a camera expedition about Manhattan. Equipped with his Filmo, Chaney made all sorts of angle shots of the high spots of New York.

Chaney visited Mayor James Walker at the City Hall and filmed him with his f 1–5 lens. He shot the new Telephone Building, the Woolworth Building, Wall Street, old Trinity Church, the Aquarium, the Ghetto, the Bowery, Police Headquarters and the New York skyline from the Manhattan Bridge.

Chaney was identified as he was entering the City Hall and a large crowd gathered. The reactions of this assemblage were interesting. Most New York crowds try to rush a star, to shake hands and speak a personal word. Chaney's crowd, however, drew back a bit involuntarily, a mute testimony to his sinister film portrayals. Only a few audacious newsboys tried to be familiar. When these boys led a cheer, as Chaney's car drew away from the City Hall, Lon stood up in the machine and filmed the crowd.

AMATEUR cinematographers will be interested to know that Chaney uses DuPont panchromatic negative. He enjoys the advantage of having the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Cinerama laboratory do his developing and printing. Thus he manages to achieve chemical fadeouts and other professional touches out of reach of the average amateur.

Chaney is proud of his carefully edited library of shots of notables. The star catches all the famous folk when they visit the Hollywood studios—and everyone of note eventually appears to see movies in the making. Chaney, too, is enthusiastic over the various films made upon his many camping expeditions. "The best thing I do," he says, "is to thread my camera on horseback."

Zealous press agents have publicized the statement that Chaney owns a hundred and one cameras. Lon actually possesses a Filmo and a Graflex. Sometimes, he says, he hopes to buy another movie machine. Then he'll keep his four-inch telephoto lens attached permanently to his reserve camera, ready for any emergency.

JOE FARNUM, the chief film editor of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the man who titled "The Big Parade" and other pictures and an amateur movie enthusiast himself, has written the following interesting advice for Photoplay's legion of amateur cinematographers:

Unless a title serves a distinct purpose it has no place in a motion picture. It must serve a very useful purpose or be better never to have been written.

When you sit down to write a title, ask yourself: "Is it necessary?"
Do not write titles for the sake of writing titles only. A title should never be obtrusive. It must belong to the picture.

ESPECIALLY in amateur films should the title-writer exercise great care and judgment. For, in an amateur film, the audience is a particular group. You are writing to a CLASS, not a MASS, as in commercial film products.

In a newspaper office is this sign: "Would you want your sister to read what you have written?"
That is a good question every amateur film title writer should have in mind.

Remember that your films will live long after you are dead. They are seen by those who know you well, your friends, relatives, children. And your grandchildren will see them too.

Would you want some wise-cracking drivel to rise up from your grave and smack you down in front of your grandchildren? Be brief. Avoid being "smart."

Don't poke fun at anyone needlessly. Guard your language and humor. Make it endure as long as the film will.

THE life of a commercial film is limited as far as exhibition purposes go. But the amateur film goes on forever, more valuable and interesting as years roll by.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]

Above, Gwen Lee filmed straight. Right, how to use the home-made gauze filter described in this department. The filter, made of ordinary veiling, can be held to the frame with paper clips.

Gwen Lee is shown above in a 'soft focus,' filmed with the gauze filter shown at the left. Care must be taken to get the filter at the right distance from the lens. Five inches is correct.
B.C. — Meaning

Some photographs from the old decade ago, in the days when "It" bobbed hair

Corinne Griffith in 1918, when critics were just beginning to notice the rarely pretty girl at Vitagraph

Do you remember the fervent but refined love scenes of Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien in "The Moth"?

Don't scream! It is John Gilbert as a minister in an obscure and forgotten masterpiece of 1917

Marion Davies, looking like the Prince of Wales, in one of those war films
Before Close-Ups

family album taken a was only a pronoun and merely a rumor

What the young girl wore ten years ago — at the risk of choking to death. The chic lady is Alice Joyce in the days when hairpins were a vital necessity.

Gloria Swanson, A. D.—ante De Mille. The hair dress is prophetic of the boyish clip.

Before and After

From prologue dancer to United Artist.
Two years ago Lupe Velez crossed the Rio Grande. She came to dance but remained to star.

Above: Very much North of the Rio Grande—Miss Velez of Hollywood. Not completely chastened but considerably tamed. She no longer dances in four shows a day. In fact, Lupe is now a member of the Academy of Arts and Sciences.

Left: A diamond in the rough from San Luis Potosi. Senorita Velez was just another Fanchon and Marco movie presentation dancer in Los Angeles. Life was full of ukes and leis. And ups and downs. Before that Lupe had been dancing in the cantinas of her native land.
LADY LAVERY
Subject of Celebrated Paintings
The greatest beauty since
Lady Hamilton

RED-GOLD Titian hair
crowning a lovely Grecian
head; great amber eyes; ivory
skin,—delicate as the tints
that hold lily and rose by pale
moonlight,—this is the won-
drous beauty of Lady Lavery.
Beauty which vividly attests
that life has its masterpieces just
as music has, or sculpture, or
painting.

The wife of Sir John Lavery,
the internationally known Brit-
ish painter, Lady Lavery is the
inspiration of many of his por-
traits which hang in the famous
galleries of Europe.

Such beauty as Lady Lavery's
gives so much to the world. To
the artist—inspiration; to life—
color and romance. And noth-
ing contributes to this precious
quality more delicately—more
elusively than the exquisite
beauty of her lovely skin.

Knowing well the irresistible
charm of her "lily and rose"
complexion, Lady Lavery has
considered—perhaps more than
most women—the art of cul-
vating a beautiful skin.

ABOVE everything—she believes
in a simple method of care. "For,
after all," she told us with know-
ing conviction, "the secret of a lovely
skin lies in keeping it clean. My
formula is a simple one. I always
use Pond's! The Two Creams, the
cleansing Tissues, the Skin Fresh-
ener—that is all."

To achieve the same wonderful re-
sults which cause Lady Lavery to
prefer the Pond's method of care
to all others—use the four products
daily.

First—as always, apply Pond's
light and fragrant Cold Cream. Its
purifying oils penetrate deep down
into the pores, lifting off every
particle of dirt. Then—with Pond's
Cleansing Tissues wipe away gently
and completely every trace of oil
and dust.

Next—tone and firm the skin
with Pond's Freshener. It closes
the pores, leaves your skin refreshed
and free without a trace of coarsness. Last
for a final touch of loveliness apply
the merest breath of Pond's Van-
ishing Cream.

Just one treatment—and your
mirror will reflect new loveliness.

Go, fashion me with jewell'd gold,
With coral pink and ivory white
And delicate as the tints that hold
Lily and rose by pale moon-light.
Go, fashion me with loving care
And all the skill that art can bring
A figure of my lady fair,—
A gossamer and dainty thing.

—from a poem
dedicated to Lady Lavery


A priceless Venetian
glass mirror—exquisite
crystal candle sticks—
and lovely old Chelsea
Ware—define the rare
charm of Lady Lavery's
dressing table.

On its top stand jade
green jars of Pond's
Two Creams and the
Tonic Skin Freshener.

Mail Coupon With 10c—for a week's
supply of all four of these delightful preparations

POND'S EXTRACT CO., Dept. H
114 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

Name
Street
City
Starving Back To STARDOM
The sad story of Molly O'Day whose career was blighted by ice cream and candy

By Lois Shirley

MOLLY O'DAY is waging a battle as important to her as Waterloo was to Napoleon. To remain on the screen she must lose twenty pounds and lose them gracefully.

If Napoleon had won he would have been Emperor of Europe. If Molly wins she will be a full-fledged star at First National with four pictures each year, just like Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith, Billie Dove and all of the others.

Which is merely the news-angle introduction of a rather pitiful but decidedly human story.

Molly was just the big-little sister of the rather over-populated Noonan family. Just in-between age among her ten brothers and sisters. Just a good little pal who was not exactly fat but most certainly pudgy.

It wasn't easy for Molly to rollick through comedies for Hal Roach at seventy-five dollars a week while sister, Sally O'Neill, grew to the thousand dollar class in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures. It wasn't fun for her to hear folks rave continually over sister Isabel's perfect figure.

But with all that Molly knew deep in her soul that she had more dramatic ability than either of her sisters. Knew it, but didn't know how to prove it.

One day she threw up her job (they had refused to give her more money) and started job-hunting. And probably she'd be doing that yet, if Al Rockett, production manager at First National, hadn't remembered the wistful, big-little sister with brown eyes that had Irish twinkles and asked that she be given a test for the lead opposite Richard Barthelmess in "The Patent Leather Kid."

And, somehow, Mr. Rockett came to believe in Molly.

Now, it's no secret in Hollywood that Mr. Rockett put Molly into that part over the dead body of every other studio-worker. They just couldn't understand what he saw in Molly. That is, not until they saw the picture. Then they understood and praised Mr. Rockett. For what producer ever discovers a new girl makes her a potential star in one picture at a salary one-tenth of a regular star's salary, that he isn't praised for his judgment? After the picture is finished, of course.

MOLLY did have to fight against over-weight even during this picture. But when it was shown and audiences saw that the girl could really act, they forgot whether she was big, little or indifferent. But, unfortunately, only a few pictures are sobsister productions.

During "Hard Boiled Haggerty," Molly began to get a little too heavy. She was told she must diet.

In fact, when she began "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" the studio [continued on page 120]

To the left you see Molly O'Day as she looked in "The Patent Leather Kid." Not exactly slim, but merely pleasingly plump. Shed a tear for the Molly O'Day at your right. She is twenty pounds too heavy for stardom. The picture was taken before Molly went to Hot Springs to melt that too solid flesh.
HAVE A CAMEL

"Personally, I smoke for pleasure"

When enjoyment is the first consideration, the overwhelming choice is CAMEL

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.
He remembered—
That Schoolgirl Complexion

THE beauty that men admire—and remember—is natural beauty.
And that may be yours whether you use powder and rouge—or not—if you observe one simple beauty rule.

Washing the face for beauty is the recommendation of all leading skin specialists today. Make-up, grime—the greasy exudations of the pores—can be removed thoroughly only by careful warm water washing. Women whose charm is natural, know this.

Soap and water daily—but not just ANY soap

The lather of Palmolive Soap, widely urged for proper care of a good complexion, is a blend of famous beauty oils—the oils of olive and palm.
These gentle cleansers soothingly penetrate the pores, remove accumulations which, if left, would form into blackheads, or, becoming inflamed, would cause unsightly blemishes.

They bring the charm of natural loveliness because they keep the skin cleansed Nature's way. To keep that schoolgirl complexion through the years, do this at least once daily.

This simple beauty rule

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin with your two hands. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. Dry by patting with a soft towel—never rub the gentle skin fabric.
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.
And Palmolive 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 the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Company, Chicago, Illinois.

Palmolive Radio Hour—Broadcast every Friday night—from 10 to 11 p.m., eastern time; 9 to 10 p.m., central time—over station WEAF and 31 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion
BARRY NORTON leads all others in inquiries this month. Although he is not a star and has only played in a few pictures, Barry has the gift of arousing curiosity. Barry Norton is twenty-three years old. His birthday is June 16th. He is a South American and his real name is Alfred de Biraben.

Sue Carol and Nancy Carroll are not related. Note the difference in the way they spell their names. Sue’s real name is Evelyn Lederer; Nancy’s is Nancy Lyahiff.

Ramon Novarro is twenty-nine years old. His next picture is tentatively titled “Gold Braid.” And, once more, Greta Garbo is twenty-two years old, five feet six inches tall and weighs 125 pounds.

Gary Cooper is not married. He is twenty-seven years old and was born in Helena, Montana.

Rene Adoree was born in Lille, France.

Nils Asther has brown hair and hazel eyes. He was born in Malmo, Sweden, Jan. 17th, 1902.

In writing to the stars for photographs, PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

Puzzled Pen—You may write as often as you like. Billie Dove is married to Irving Willat, the director. Her real name is Lillian Bolin and she was born in New York City. Billie’s real brown eyes and brown hair weighs 114 pounds. She is five feet, five inches tall. Her next picture is “The Yellow Lily.”

J. Barry, Sydney, Canada—Betty Bronson is five feet, three and one-half inches tall. Not married. Yes, Walter Pidgeon was born in St. John, Canada. He is a widower. Rex Lease and Lola Montez were the “romantic interest” in “Not for Publication.”

Dora S., Bozeman, Mont.—Joseph Striker played Miltair in “Annie Laurie.” Like him?

Senorita Espinoza, El Paso, Tex.—No can answer your question. All clues to the cut-face puzzle contest are barred.

Two Sisters, Chantion, Iowa—Robert Armstrong has dark brown hair and brown eyes. His next picture is “Celebrity.” Write to him at the Pathé-McMullin Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Sorry. Can’t place the picture you mention. Are you sure you have the cast correct?

B. B. B., Birmingham, Ala.—You mean Ricardo Cortez? Ricardo’s real name is Jack Krantz and he is married to Alma Rubens. His next film is “The Grain of Dust.”

Eleanor G., New Hartford, Conn.—Rex Lease is twenty-five years old and hails from Central City, Wash. Nancy Carroll may be reached at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif., and Nick Stuart’s address is the William Fox Studios, same city.

Bert W., Milwaukee, Wis.—Richard Talmadge made “The Poor Millionaire” in January, 1927. After that he believes he had some trouble with his managers. For the life of me, Bert, I can’t tell you what has happened to Richard Talmadge.

Mrs. C. L. A., El Paso, Tex.—Thank you for your great faith in me. Al Jolson’s name is pronounced Jol-son. His father was a rabbi and the family name was Yaolen.

H. L. B., Gloucester, Mass.—Do you know that your last name is the same as Marie Prevost’s real name? Any relation? Hollywood’s newest turning point. He is married to Mrs. Cecile Percival. Write to him at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.


(Continued on page 101)
What was the Best Picture of 1927?

Winners of Photoplay Medal

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Eighth Annual Gold Medal Award

Vote for the Picture You Think Should Win!

When you make out your ballot this year, remember the high standards of past awards. Photoplay is proud of the fine discrimination expressed by its readers in past years. The list of gold medal awards is a veritable array of the best motion pictures of the past seven years, the actual landmarks of the industry.

Also, when you vote, do not be swayed by personal opinions. Vote for the best picture, not your favorite star. And do not be influenced by the opinion of others. Make the vote your own. Be sure that your vote is mailed to Photoplay's editorial offices, No. 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Your vote must reach these offices not later than October 1st, 1927, to be counted.

You may vote on any film released between January 1, 1927, and December 31, 1927. A list of important pictures released generally during this period is presented on this page. It is offered for your guidance, but your selection, of course, is not limited to this list. It may serve to refresh your memory, however.

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

Editor Photoplay Magazine
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1927.

NAME OF PICTURE


Fifty Pictures Released in 1927

When you make out your ballot this year, remember the high standards of past awards. Photoplay is proud of the fine discrimination expressed by its readers in past years. The list of gold medal awards is a veritable array of the best motion pictures of the past seven years, the actual landmarks of the industry.

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Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

Editor Photoplay Magazine
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1927.

NAME OF PICTURE

See Yourself as Others
See You for $98.50
($99.50 WEST OF ROCKIES)

The Q·R·S
Combination Movie Camera and Projector
COMPLETE WITH CARRYING CASE

Your Choice of 3 Beautiful Colors
Brown  Green  Black

Equipped with Special F. 3.5 Graf. Lens. No focusing
necessary either for taking or projecting pictures.

Uses Eastman or other 16 mm. Reversal Safety Films.
Original price includes developing and return postage.

Easy to understand — to operate and take and project
quality pictures without experience.

Can be used with hand crank for faster or slower than
normal pictures, if desired.

See Your Dealer or Write Us for Particulars

The Q·R·S COMPANY
Established 1900
SAN FRANCISCO  333 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois
306 7th Street  Refer to Dun, Bradstreet or any Bank

NEW YORK  135th St. & Walnut Ave.

GUARANTEE
Every Q·R·S Movie Camera and Projector is guaranteed for one
year against any defects in material and workmanship, and
there will be no charge for adjustment to either the owner
or dealer.
The winners of the June Nutty Biographies of Bebe Daniels and Lon Chaney were awarded as follows: The first prize of $200.00 was won by Mary Ruth Moore of Altadena, California, for her clever and ornamental handling of the solution. The second prize of $100.00 was awarded to Lydia Ann Smith of Oak Park, Ill. Charles Churchill, Carson City, Nevada, carried off the $50.00 prize. Two prizes of $25.00 each were won by Josie E. Dossat, 2535 Auburn Avenue, Toledo, Ohio, and Mrs. Oriana B. West, 1009 Milam Place, Austin, Texas.

The ten winners of the $10.00 prizes were:

- Miss Florence Louise Mills, 2304 Long St., Chattanooga, Tenn.; Mrs. Sydney A. Rushin, 84 Tenth St., Atlanta, Ga.; Harry Hewitt, Aposka, Fla.; Rose Kay, 3122 S. Morgan St., Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. A. H. Koch, 3824 S. Harvard Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.; Marion Coumbe, Yakima, Wash.; Wallace M. Kelly, Walnut Street, Lebanon, Ky.; Jeannette Parmerter, Florida, N. Y.; Mrs. Ethel L. James, Cedaredge, Colo.; Miss Florence R. Bloom, 26 Canterbury St., Dorchester, Mass.

And here are the correct solutions for the Nutty Biographies of June: The pictures captioned Bebe Daniels was not Bebe at all, but Laura La Plante. However, the caption was correct in that it stated that Bebe Daniels once played opposite Harold Lloyd.

Uncle Jim was fooled by the conductor of the sightseeing bus who claimed to be the husband of Bebe Daniels. Bebe is not married. She is a popular star and she earns a lot of money, but she has no husband to support.

Bebe was not born in Rome, Italy, but in Dallas, Texas. Her ancestry is Spanish and Scotch. The Crimean War was fought in 1854-56 and so that lets out both Bebe and her mother. Bebe did play on the stage for some years; she made her debut as a small child. And her first step towards popularity was as a leading woman for Harold Lloyd in the Lonesome Luke comedies. That much Uncle Jim and Aunt Hezekiah got straight.

Bebe has never made any pictures in Germany. Pola Negri first can't show the attention of the American public in "Passion." Nor did Bebe run off to Europe to swim the English Channel. It was Gertrude Ederle who swam the English Channel and Miss Ederle also appeared with Bebe in "Swim, Girl, Swim."

As for marriage hurting Bebe's popularity, that's an impossibility. Does not she play heavy vamp roles; her pictures are light, breezy comedies. Bebe works at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios and she certainly can drive a car. Once she drove so well—and so fast—that she spent a few days in jail for speeding. And it is Belle Bennett, not Bebe, who plays in "Mother Machree."

Now for Lon Chaney. The picture was that of Harold Lloyd and it doesn't have to. Lon made it up as "The Phantom of the Opera," although Chaney did play in that picture.

Aunt Hezekiah and Uncle Jim should have known that the man who entered their room was a burglar. Chaney doesn't go about as a burglar. And Lon is not six feet tall but five feet, ten inches. He weighs 153 pounds.

Chaney was born in Colorado Springs, Colo. His father was a barber and both his parents were deaf-mutes. Lon held a variety of positions before going on the stage; but he never was a barber or a sheik. He entered pictures in 1912, as a silent actor. His first big lift as a character actor was with Betty Compson in "The Miracle Man."

Chaney did play in "The Unholy Three," but not in "The Thief of Bagdad." That was Douglas Fairbanks' picture. But no one has thought of making a sequel to "The Thief of Bagdad." Fairbanks has thought of continuing the adventures of the Three Musketeers.

Mr. Chaney is a serious man of forty-five years old, not a merry-hearted one of twenty-five. And Uncle Jim will never get his watch and money back, because Chaney is not a D. W. M. H. player, but a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Star.

The correct solutions of the July Nutty Biographies and the list of winners will be printed in the September issue of Photoplay Magazine.

**Twentieth Years Later**

Charles Middleton, who spurned the offer that made Hart famous, goes to Hollywood.

**Bill Hart took the chance that the bigger vaudeville headliner refused. He was the pioneer Western star. But today?**

**Today Charles Middleton joins up with the movies he once scorned. He draws roles in two big features. There you are!**

Charles Middleton, the actor who laughed at the offer which made Bill Hart famous, has arrived in Hollywood, after twenty years, to try his hand at the game which he spurned in the beginning.


Thomas Ince leaving the two-a-day to go to California to produce pictures, a rabbit's foot and $1,100 in his pockets.

Fred Nibo returning from a vaudeville tour in England.

Returning with him, Charles B. Middleton and his horse of wild Westerners who had made a hit in both England and this country.

Middleton booked at Hammerstein's winter theater.

Up the street, at the American Music Hall, a white canvas train jerked its wary way across the stage in another wild Western. The tall, lanky, acrobatic man who adroitly maneuvered two guns for its protection, was booked as Bill Hart, a second rate performer.

Ince decided Westerns meant money in motion pictures. He wired Joe Schenck to book him a hero. Schenck invited Middleton to go to California and so that last few days on Ince's rabbit foot and shoestring; remembered that his one and only experience with "movies" had ended with no money for any of the actors. Ince owed the twenty-five. That twenty-five dollars was just completed on Long Island—and turned down the offer, suggesting Hart and his wobby train for the proposition.

And Hart, who was too old to remembering except that his vaudeville contract expired in three weeks, accepted.

You know the rest of the story. Hart's name blazoned the trail for all Westerns.

Middleton went from vaudeville to the stage, scoring his biggest success as "Dead Legs" Flint in "Kongo."

Middleton is beginning in Hollywood, with the role of the District Attorney in "The Bellamy Trial" at M-G-M. He has been signed for a role with Thomas Meighan in "The Rach a real A And Bill Hart? Bill sits in his big, worn-out chair, in his little nondescript office poring over the three hundred fan letters he receives daily. He keeps a secretary because he hasn't the heart not to answer the words worship and love him. Yet his first work in four years was to play an "extra" for Marion Davies in "Show People," along with Douglas Fairbanks, Norma Talmadge, John Gilbert and a host of other famous "bit" players. They paid him, as they did most of the others, the regular rate of seventy-five.

Twenty years can make a Lige difference.
They'll both neglect it... unless

These men of yours may think it a little feminine to bother about their hair... men usually do think so until hair begins to thin, or dandruff appears.

But there is one tactful way of starting them on the road to good hair-habits now—have on hand, for constant use, one of the three Packer shampoos: Packer’s Tar Soap, Packer’s Pine Tar Shampoo, or Packer’s Olive Oil Shampoo.

And watch them use it! (Of course you’ll use it too.) Right off, a Packer shampoo gives billows of lather. The richest lather you ever massaged into a sleepy scalp. How alive your scalp feels! That’s waked-up circulation! Now rinse, and see how quickly every bit of lather vanishes. Dry, and notice how lustrous your hair is. That’s the way to start a good habit—to keep a scalp healthy.

Each Packer shampoo has been made to foster the scalp’s health. Into each go ingredients known to be good for the scalp, each ingredient the finest and costliest of its kind—soothing glycerine, imported olive oil, pine tar with all its curative properties. And into every cake or bottle goes also the priceless experience of 55 years in making soaps for the hair. Read the offer below and start the family off to healthier, better hair-habits now.

Send for sample. Send 10¢ for a sample of any one of these Packer soaps and our new, 28-page book—on hair health—giving information on the care of dry hair, oily hair, dandruff, falling hair, etc. Specify which soap you prefer. Address The Packer Mfg Company, Inc., Dept. 16-H, Box 85, G. P. O., New York, N. Y.

Packer’s Olive Oil Shampoo
A golden liquid of imported olive oil, bland coconut oil, soothing glycerine. It lathers in an instant, rinses in a twinkling. faintly perfumed.

Packer’s Pine Tar Shampoo
A liquid soap containing the soothing benefits of olive and coconut oils and—in addition—healthful pine tar—without the tar odor. Quick to lather—quick to rinse.

Packer’s Tar Soap
Doctors long ago learned that one of nature’s most effective remedies is pure pine tar. So skin specialists prescribe Packer’s Tar Soap as the most effective pleasant way to give your scalp the benefits of pine tar. Each cake now in an individual metal box.
HALF A BRIDE—Paramount

THIS is advertised as a “compromise marriage” but don’t be misled, it’s nothing of the sort. The heroine marries one man and spends her honeymoon with another, but not “with malice aforethought.” Stranded on a desert island, the young people do the different thing by refusing to fall in love—until they get back to the mainland. Esther Ralston and Gary Cooper, in their respective roles, handle this delicate situation with commendable restraint. Good entertainment.

THE STRANGE CASE OF CAPTAIN RAMPER—Defi-First National

THIS German-made film has a novel idea. An aviator falls in the Arctic. Alone in the wilderness the bird man reverts back to savagery. Rescued years later, he can not stand civilization. So he returns to the life of solitude. Settings are studio-like, the handling is a little heavy but the fresh idea and Paul Wegener’s performance put it over. Do you remember Wegener’s Golem?

THE END OF ST. PETERSBURG—Sovkino Production

ARTHUR HAMMERSTEIN brought this new film from the Soviet Moscow Studios “New York.” See the editorial pages for PICTORIAL’S judgment. Shows the collapse of the Romanoff regime and the quick flop of Kerensky rule. Ends with the shelling of the Winter Palace and the dawn of the Soviet. Pudovkin, the director, has a remarkable pictorial sense. Film is told in jerky, news-reel style of “Potemkin.” Striking technique and remarkable portrayals of peasants by peasants.

STORMY WATERS—Tiffany-Stahl

EVE SOUTHERN tries a Sadie Thompson, but doesn’t quite get by with it. She’s one of those swell cabaret dames in a South American port, and emotes and undulates heavily through a role in which she is badly miscast. Malcolm McGregor, as a drifting sailor lad, throws her a line, and learns that tropical women, like wildcats, should be looked at and not petted. A “no-woman-shall-come-between-us” story of brother love.

THE DESERT BRIDE—Columbia

BETTY COMPSON, as Dione Dural, the toast of Paris, learns that a frightfully last place in the world for a beautiful woman to spend the week-end. She visits her uncle, a Foreign Legion commandant, and gives his garage something to do. Her blonde beauty lends impetus to an Arab uprising, an officer sings her “The Desert Song,” and she finds herself knee-deep in bullets and love. Adventurous, colorful, full of romantic action.

WHEN THE LAW RIDES—FBO

WESTERN that’s so good, even if it were bad, you’d like it. Tom Tyler is a deputy marshal sent to a desert town to clean up horse.-roaders. He meets a killer bound for the same place; a clever situation results when the marshal assumes the identity of the crook. There are some wonderful desert scenes and Frankie Darro, small brother of the heroine, puts his usual piquant spin into the picture. Very stimulating.

WOMEN WHO DARE—Excellent

THE West Side messes about the East Side long enough to see what a frightfully last un-ouch place it is. Helene Chadwick is charing as the angel of Poverty Row, and Charles Delaney’s a boy who simply can’t spend his money by himself. There’s a lot of slum stuff, and a chink dive that may give you the heebie-jeebies, but it’s just the thing for those who like their squalor squalid and their realism real.

THE GIRL HE DIDN’T BUY—Peerless

ALTHOUGH Cinderella finds her titled hero just as the fairy book would have her, this is pleasing, colorful, light entertainment. A charming maiden promises to marry a wealthy man about-town in return for GOLDEN SHACKLES—Peerless

IF there’s anything small producers love to get their teeth into, it’s a long, melodramatic story with plots and inter-plots. They uncorked one here with a plot so involved you couldn’t follow it with a compass. Besides a lot of other knickknacks, there’s a robbery, a murder, a suicide, and a train wreck. Hardly makes sense, does it? One of the best arguments we can think of in favor of “Old Home Week.”

A WOMAN’S WAY—Gotham

THE diamond necklace again. It’s lost this time in the Latin Quarter of Paris, where artists starve, and loose ladies and gentlemen sleep all night and think all day. Quite a tense tale, saved from the “my man” twist by a clever finish. Margaret Livingston handles the title role with marked ability. She is La Flamme Glacier, song-and-dance girl in a Quartet cafe, who rises to operatic heights. Interesting and authentic French atmosphere.

THE QUEEN OF THE CHORUS—Anchor

SERGEANT RILEY knew he could whip Corporal Sharkey “on a diet of cream puffs and dill pickles”—and he does. But it’s only half a victory, for he loses his girl. But just see how United States Service compensates the loss! Pictures like this will soon put Eddie Grilbom and Mickey Bennett right across the plate, for this comedy drama will bring shockers to any theater offices. A guaranteed panacea for any brand of blues.

GYPSY OF THE NORTH—Rayart

THIS story is laid in the Northern mining country, where men kill as lightly as they love. Georgia Hale, who did her first mining in “The Gold Rush,” does an excellent dual role, playing the contrasting part of an actress and that of her weak brother, and completely fools the audience. Hunter Gordon, as a straight-shooting gambler. Beautifully filmed, realistic scenes, and some good dramatic situations make this above the average program picture.

THE RAIDERS EMDEN—Emelka—Columbia

DRAMATIC cinema chronicle of the career of the Emmon, showing modern marine warfare as actually fought. We see the Huns as barricades, the Allies as slavering dogs, and at the same time witness a fact-story as vivid and thrilling as a news-reel. Directorial delicacy eliminates war hatreds, and historical fidelity convex cold facts. Hints of the tightening recital of the World War’s most spectacular sea exploits. Good entertainment and education for the entire family.

DOG JUSTICE—FBO

A DOG story. Or, shall we say, a dog in search of a story. The usual dull North-west Mounted yarn, a stupid film vehicle for a dog of Ranger’s talents. Too bad; he’s such a
It ruins romance

Popularity passes by those who have halitosis

WHEN you go away on your vacation you expect to have a good time—to meet and like others and be liked by them.

Is there anything that may prevent this? Yes. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) can minimize every other charm you have.

Don't fool yourself as thousands do that you never have halitosis. The insidious thing about it is that it does not announce itself to the victim. But it does to others. And that offends.

Why take this unnecessary risk when by using Listerine with its powerful deodorant properties you can put yourself on the polite and popular side?

Keep a bottle handy always and rinse the mouth with it often—especially before meeting others.

By the way, if you are going abroad we suggest that you take several bottles with you. There will be dozens of times when Listerine will come in handy. For freshening up after a long motor ride, for instance, as a stimulating substitute for a bath when a bath cannot be had (you know how it is in Europe) and for the daily care of the mouth. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE

The safe antiseptic

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Don't fool yourself

Since halitosis never announces itself to the victim, you simply cannot know when you have it.

Have you tried the new Listerine Shaving Cream?

Cools your skin while you shave and keeps it cool afterward. An outstanding shaving cream in every respect.
Pauline Starke, whose delicate beauty is reflected in the mirror, says, “Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin beautifully even and smooth.”

Bebe Daniels, piquant Paramount star and the bathroom designed for her loveliness. She says—“Lux Toilet Soap is a great help in keeping the skin smooth and lovely.”

Corinne Griffith knows how much lovely skin adds to a girl’s attractiveness. “Lux Toilet Soap’s wonderful lather gives my skin the same velvety smoothness expensive French soaps do,” says this First National star.

Lois Moran takes the most exquisite care of her blonde loveliness—“Even the most expensive French soaps could not leave my skin more wonderfully smooth than Lux Toilet Soap does,” declares this Fox star.

Joan Crawford, M. G. M. star, whose lovely smooth skin has won millions of hearts, says, “Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin so smooth.”
luxurious
of 9 out of 10
and in the dress-
all the great film
Toilet Soap is used
smooth skin.

A GIRL'S smooth, soft skin—how deeply it moves
you—and how it glorifies every other charm!
To screen successfully in the close-up, directors say
a star must have skin of utter smoothness—"studio
skin," for make-up is very little help under the
blazing lights.

Nine out of ten screen stars care for their priceless
skin with Lux Toilet Soap. There are in Hollywood
433 important actresses including all stars. 417 of
these use Lux Toilet Soap!—96%!

All the great film studios have made it the official
soap in their dressing rooms.

Buy some today. The smoothness the delicately
fragrant, white cake gives your skin will delight you.

Luxury hitherto found only
in French soaps
at 50c or $1.00 a cake . . . now

Winsome Mary Brian is most fastidious about
all her toilet accessories. "Lux Toilet Soap
certainly keeps 'studio skin' in perfect con-
dition," says this Paramount star.

Myrna Loy, for whose auburn-haired beauty this
unique bathroom was designed. "Lux Toilet Soap
leaves my skin beautifully smooth," says this
lovely Warner Brothers star.

Dorothy Mackaill has the exquisite skin of a
true English beauty. "The close-up takes the
true measure of a screen star's beauty. I find
Lux Toilet Soap lovely for the skin," says this
First National star.
but also a friendly letter telling what productions she is in and when they are released. All of which is to build up box-office value.

Jack Dempsey, listening with one ear cocked, contributed further information to the recital: "And do you know what's on the upper left-hand corner of the envelopes that carry these letters and pictures? Just this: 'When in Los Angeles, stay at the Barbara Worth Hotel.'"

A. L. Green, Fox director; Bill Councilman and Harry Brand, Fox writers, were in a story conference when the door suddenly opened and a reporter entered unannounced. Though annoyed, Councilman and Brand managed a grin. But Green, with his head still down and absorbed in the story, said, "What we need here, fellows, is a fade-out."

They say he got it.

Once in a blue moon they do arrive through a "Want" ad.

Ask Albert Conti! When Eric Von Stroheim was making "The Wedding March," he wanted an ex-Austrian Army Officer to act as technical advisor. As Conti (full name is Albert de Conti Cedassame) was formerly with the Austrian Hussars, he answered the advertisement and got the place. Since then he has played important parts with Norma Talmadge, John Barrymore, Florence Vidor and others. The only framed motto that hangs on his wall is "It Pays to Advertise."

When irate landladies in Hollywood became embarrassing, this is the threat that silences them: "Don't be silly. When I can't pay my rent, I'll go to Beverly Hills and build a home."

A heck of a lot of trouble with Mr. Thomas Meighan's attire in "The Racket." Maybe you noticed how spic-and-span and immaculate he appeared, in startling contrast to the Captain McGinty of John Cromwell, who played it in New York and Los Angeles.

The bonnet of the French shepherdess brought up to date and worn by Alice White. It is navy blue felt, lined with scarlet and held in place by a scarlet metal ribbon.

Tom insisted that the suit be pressed, the braid and buttons polished, at the break of each day's work. Lewis Milestone, the director, had other ideas. Every time Tom put aside his coat, a prop boy pounced upon it, threw it to the floor, trampled it, and generally gave it "the works." It looked like the fighting regalia of a hard-working police captain. But Tommy would insist that it be brushed and pressed immediately.

He won, as you may see by the pristine freshness of his attire in the picture. Remember Warren Kerrigan's sartorial perfection in "The Covered Wagon"?

A new stunt to avoid "Misinformation" scandal stories in Hollywood: Gertrude Olmstead entered The Little Club one Saturday evening unattended by her husband, Robert Z. Leonard, the director. Immediately friends queried, "Where's Bob? What are you doing without him?"

Gertrude smiled, pulled from beneath her coat a double frame with a huge picture of Bob in each side. This she placed on the empty seat beside her. "Just to prove there's no separation," she announced loudly. A few moments later she looked down. Bob's picture was missing.

Gertrude looked around.

On the empty chair next to Carmel Myers reposed friend husband's picture. Now Gertrude and Carmel are both wondering what rumors will go forth from that bit of husband-snatching.

Who wants movies with incidental sounds? Who would be disturbed by the smack of the kiss that Conrad Nagel is planting on Greta Garbo's neck in "War in the Dark"?

Once you loved his father, the late Harold Lockwood. Now Harold, Jr., is making his way on the screen. You will see him in Corinne Griffith's film, "The Divine Lady."
"It has women's enthusiastic approval!"

The IMPROVED KOTEX

combining correct appearance and hygienic comfort

How many times you hear women say—indeed, how many times you, yourself, say: "What did we ever do without Kotex?"

This famous sanitary convenience is now presented with truly amazing perfections. And already women are expressing delighted approval.

"It is cut so that you can wear it under the sheerest, most clinging frocks," they tell one another. "The corners are rounded, the pad fits snugly—it doesn't reveal any awkward bulkiness. You can have complete peace of mind now."

The downy filler is even softer than before. The gauze is finer and smoother. Chafing and binding no longer cause annoyance and discomfort.

**Positively Deodorizes While Worn**

Kotex is now deodorized by a patented process (U. S. Patent 1,670,887), the only sanitary pad using a patented treatment to assure absolutely safe deodorization. Ten layers of filler in each pad are treated by a perfect neutralizer to end all your fear of offending in this way again.

Women like the fact that they can adjust Kotex filler—add or remove layers as needed. And they like all the other special advantages, none of which has been altered: disposability is instant; protective area is just as large; absorption quick and thorough.

Buy a box today and you will realize why doctors and nurses endorse it so heartily—45c for a box of twelve. On sale at all drug, dry goods, and department stores; supplied, also, in rest-rooms, by West Disinfecting Co. Kotex Company, 130 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

KOTEX

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Gossip of All the Studios
(Continued from Page 92)

Two little tragedies: Mary Alden, one of the screen's greatest character actresses, plays a small comedy bit in the Fields-Conklin farce, "Fools for Luck." Two inexperienced players, Sally Blane and Jack Luden, are prominent in the same film.

And the late Willard Louis, a star at the time of his death, plays a valet in "A Certain Young Man." This picture was made several years ago, but has only recently managed to crawl down from the shelf.

Wilson Mizner, Hollywood's famous wit, says that all that "The Trail of '98" needs is Burton Holmes and his pointer.

Norma Shearer's sister recently married Howard Hawks, film director. Howard's brother, Kenneth, is the husband of Mary Astor. Norma, of course, is the wife of Irving Thalberg. Now what relation is Irving Thalberg to Mary Astor?

Patsy Ruth Miller, who so lately returned from Europe, was giving a buffet supper. A group of young people were discussing Sally Phipps' announcement of her "companionate engagement" to Wallace Sullivan.

"Why, I thought that was what all engagements were," remarked Patsy.
Instantly at least eight young men rushed forward, with eager anticipation, agreeing they thought so, too.

Ben Lyon refused to put his approval on the "companionate engagement." For Ben takes his engagements seriously, whether you believe it or not. One of the most popular men in the film colony, Ben is nevertheless a "one woman" man and his interests never waver while centered on a particular individual. Just now indications are that Marion Nixon is the girl.

A Visiting celebrity has announced that Hollywood's most pronounced trait is its sense of rumor.

Have you wondered why Ben Lyon and "Skeets" Gallaher, apartment buddies, motored to San Francisco one bright morning recently. They went north to rummage around in Chinatown for a tiny green jade elephant that Ben had promised Estelle Taylor some time ago. It seems that Los Angeles shops had nothing, absolutely nothing, that would do. Ben gave Estelle a diminutive white elephant, but green brings much better luck. Especially when it follows a white elephant.

So Ben, always gallant, motored some four hundred miles north, like Galahad in search of the Holy Grail.

Jack Dempsey, Estelle's adoring husband, knows all about it, and fully approves.

Little Girl Blue and her father, Monte Blue. Young Barbara is only a little over two years old, but she is already more than an armful for her dad.

Tim Holt wants to be a Western star like his father, Jack Holt. He's playing in "The Vanishing Pioneer" and Papa is teaching him some of his stunts.

Gertrude Olmstead, Anna Q. Nilsson and the other girls have played male parts in pictures, but it has remained for Georgia Hale to put one over on us right. Without cutting her hair, wearing a mustache, or changing her make-up except the dress, she played the part of her own brother through her picture, "Gypsy of the North," and not even a single reviewer recognized her, much less her fans.

Any player of great achievements may be pardoned for a degree of pride in his accomplish- ments. Harold Lloyd freely admits that it gave him a thrill when he was asked to lend his first pair of horn-rimmed glasses for the International Film Exhibition recently held in Hague, Holland.

While staged for the benefit of the Dutch Red Cross, it gave a review of cinematography in all its phases, yet few things were looked at more than Harold's glasses. They are insured for $25,000.00, so you can imagine they were handled with care. Several museums want the glasses, but we understand they are to be handed down to his daughter.

A short time ago Eve Southern, famed in Hollywood as "the face on the cutting room floor" because a piece of film picked up in the...
Helen Dryden’s clever hands kept chic and brilliant with New Cutex Liquid Polish

“You should see what my nails look like after I’ve been painting all day,” says Helen Dryden, well-known artist and illustrator. “Before I used the New Cutex Liquid Polish they were always such a problem. Now, it’s amazing how quickly I can make my hands look respectable. Just a thorough washing—and the nails come out smart and shining. The polish protects against stains and—miracle of miracles—it stays on no matter how much I wash and scrub my hands.

“I also think there’s something about this shining new nail polish that flatters even the plainest hand. Like make-up for one’s face—it adds character and chic.”

“Wonderful protection for the nails when ‘Roughing It’”—Mrs. Martin Johnson

Even though she’s in South Africa hunting lions (or riding horseback on a zebra as in the illustration) Mrs. Martin Johnson, intrepid lady explorer, insists on being charming and totally feminine.

“Whenever it’s at all possible,” said Mrs. Johnson, in an interview recently, “I insist on having the comforts of life. I have certain toilet things sent me regularly—among them Cutex preparations. These are a wonderful help—I can give myself a pleasant manicure right on the shores of Paradise Lake. Using Cutex Cuticle Remover and the marvelous Cutex Cuticle Cream keeps the cuticle smooth and clean. And if I want to feel very much ‘dressed up,’ I use Cutex Liquid Polish. It’s so delightfully flattering to the hands, and wonderful protection for the nails when ‘roughing it.’”

Helen Dryden, famous illustrator, Osa Johnson and many others—use the New Cutex Liquid Polish...

HOW do they overcome the problem of grubby nails—these women who have such interesting, able hands?

All say it is because they use the New Cutex Liquid Polish—a gay, flattering brilliance that gives surprising, new personality to the hands. Applied once a week, it stays on day after day in spite of wear or water. Stains or dirt that usually cling to the nails disappear, simply by a thorough soap-and-water washing. The brilliance remains—flattering, fashionable, exquisitely dainty!

How to “Make Up” your dancing hands

“When one dances, one’s hands should look all gay and sparkly, too,” says Hannah Gawthrop, pretty New York debutante.

“For evening, I always finish my nails with the New Cutex Liquid Polish. It gives them the loveliest, dancingest look. And it’s so very flattering to the hands—adds a smart, modern accent that’s very captivating and distinctive.”

Special introductory offer—for 6¢, we will send generous samples of polish and remover

Send 6¢ and coupon below for sample of New Cutex Liquid Polish. (If in Canada, address Dept. Q-8, 1101 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.)

Norham Warren, Dept. Q-8
114 West 17th St., New York
Finally Korda drew a deep breath and plunged into the incident for the last time. "It's like dizz," he explained. "A emperor iss on da throne. A wimen comes up and beseeches him like thus: 'Your Majesty, please take mercy on me as one of your royal subjects whose happiness is at stake and whose loyalty to your noble cause is unquestioned.' And de emperor looks at her and says 'Aw, nuts.'"

HENRY BERGMAN, whose vocation is acting and whose avocation is "delicatessening," holds the world's record for endurance and duration on one pay roll. Henry has been on Charlie Chaplin's pay roll for fourteen years. And if anybody should utter a single derogatory remark about Chaplin within hearing of Henry, he would immediately get soaked over the head with a sausage.

It has often been rumored that Charlie is part-owner of Henry's famous restaurant and delicatessen. No truth in it whatever. Charlie likes Henry and drops in there often to eat. And that makes business good.

FRANK BORZAGE spends all of his days directing and yet he doesn't get enough of motion pictures. He and Mrs. Frank are now addicted to amateur movies. Every week end they invite a group—Janet Gaynor, Virginia Valli, Charles Farrell—to yacht with them, then spend their time taking impromptu impressions of their guests jumping and diving and playing. A few days later they telephone their friends, "Come on over and watch our week end. We've just had it developed!"

Three good habits in Hollywood. Billie Dove rides a la Russe in white flannel trousers and a peasant blouse, cutting room gave her her break, allowed her press agent to issue a statement that she was looking for a prince charming in the person of Norman Miles, a gent from the great open spaces of Texas where men are men and horses don't matter if there are miles about. Eve, it seems, knew Norman as a boy back in school. One of those old-sweetheart-of-mine romances.

Well, Eve's plaint for Norman went forth via the newspapers to the far corners of the country, and she not only got a letter from one Norman Miles, she received burning love epistles from twenty-two of 'em. And none, strangely enough, lived in Texas.

ALEXANDER KORDA was discussing the plot of a picture he wanted to direct for First National and was having difficulty getting his point clear because of his Hungarian accent. Realizing his predicament, Al Rockett, Watterson Rothacker and Tom Geraghty pretended not to understand at all. They made him repeat his story several times.

The correct English habit worn by Dorothy Mackail. In England breeches are considered breeches of etiquette and ladies ride side-saddle.

The American girl's riding costume. Alice White wears a pair of checkered trousers, a broadcloth blouse, open at the throat, and brown boots.

INTERRUPTIONS and telephonic demands delayed Norma Talmadge in putting on her "Woman Disputed" make-up the other day, and thus held up the company. Henry King, not knowing what the trouble was, kept a procession of top men and assistant directors en route to her dressing room to announce the usual stellar formula: "Miss Talmadge, the company is ready." At the sixth of these announcements the star appeared. And as she ascended regally to the set, the orchestra inadvertently struck up "Less than the Dust." P. S. Mr. King still has his job.

WALKED onto the John Gilbert-Jean Crawford set the other day. It was an entertainment just to sit and watch the colorful happenings even while they were not shooting.
Joan was sitting at one side busily sewing on some dainty blue and white curtains. She is having her kitchen done over and making the trimmings while she is kept waiting. She made her bedroom drapes in the same manner. An extra was energetically trying to draw her into conversation. Joan kept right on sewing.

John Gilbert was standing before the bar, a part of the cabaret set. A foot on the rail, his make-up box propped where you would expect the whiskey bottle, he was anxiously retouching his eyebrows. Perhaps but hundred extras in full evening dress wandered restlessly around. It was not difficult to read their thoughts. "How long do you suppose they'll keep us in this picture?" was the universal mental question.

Behind one screen, four old, disreputable-looking men playing poker. Character actors.

Behind another four sleek, well groomed, not-too-young women exchanging small lots of money over a bridge table. Bit players.

"All ready! Let's have the atmosphere more smoky!" An assistant director speaking. A prop boy jumped to attention, grabbed a folded piece of brown paper, touched a match to it, ran through the room waving it behind him.

"O. K." This from the director. Joan dropped her curtains, slipped out of her housecoat and took her position at the foot of the stairs. John Gilbert jumped to put his arms nonchalantly around her. Extras rushed in. One bridge table overturned, a deck of cards scattered. In three seconds they were all at the cabaret tables. The cameras started grinding.

Cecil B. de Mille was telling of the time, years ago, when he filmed "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," John Fox, Jr.'s., story of mountain folk.

"It was just after the preview and I stood talking to Mr. Fox." "Well, what do you think of it?" I asked him.

"He thought for a moment, and then said, with a slow smile, 'They cut out everything but the pine, and even that is a California redwood.'"

Alice White expounding on men.

"I always fall in love with such helpless men. I mean, the kind that are just little boys. They like to be pampered and mothered. I guess it's my maternal instinct.'"

What with this complex and that, and this instinct and the other, the doctrines of Freud and his friendly enemy Adler have come to Hollywood to stay. There's nothing like a good complex to help you while away the long, weary hours.

---

**EVERY** newspaper in the country has carried the news item of Mary Pickford's bobbed hair, but the real story is the significance of this action, the recent mental changes in Mary that led her to take this step. It is one of the most interesting stories of recent motion picture history.

*It will be told fully in the next issue of Photoplay Magazine*

---

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*The Comfortable Low Altitude Route*
—not, of course, in Turkish bath attire—and stopped her. “You're going to be a great star,” he said abruptly. “What's your name?”

“Gloria Swanson,” she stammered.

After three or four years with Sennett, I went to another great director. I forget what they called the job. My real duty was to be the daily literary digest. I used to have breakfast with him every morning. What he wanted to talk about was: English world-politics, German cavalry tactics. The philosophy of Lao Tzu. Finally I told him I was going to resign. “Don't we pay you enough?” he asked in a hurt voice.

“So much I am ashamed of it.”

“Don't I treat you all right?”

“Sure do. The coffee's always been fine.”

I told him I couldn't sit around doing nothing for ever.

“But I like to talk to you,” he said—quite outraged at my desertion of an important post.

Since then I have held various jobs in the movies. In fact, were it not for my valiant efforts, I doubt if there would have been any movies. These were some of the jobs: I was a studio critic and expert production adviser. I never could find anyone who wanted to listen to advice. To criticism, I found that the kind of criticism they wanted was like that given by the man in the Jerome K. Jerome story. He praised himself on brutal frankness—which I urged no one.

When they brought in the child wonder of the family to play the piano for him, he glared around at the anxious group and said: “Now, I shall be brutally frank. I say that your child can play the piano better than Paderewski. If that hurts your feelings, remember that you asked for my opinion.”

Once I came to a studio as critic. The producer told me to just speak right up and tell the truth. The first day he asked me into the projecting room to see two actors he had proudly discovered. I told him that the boy looked like an apple dumpling who had been left too long in the oven; the girl was a Holstein cow. I never was asked into the room again.

From time to time I have written stories, treatments and scenarios for the screen—all works showing. I am sure, enormous and penetrating genius. I usually wrote under terrific pressure of time. They always had to have the story by a certain day. I always got it there on the day; then usually discovered that the star had a brother or an aunt who had discovered another kind of story somewhere.

Once I was scenario editor in a big studio. I read and analyzed and filed and pondered; then found it was all wasted time. The directors got their stories from cigar drummers, old magazines, Broadway plays and lady friends.

What I hated about the movies was their lack of courage. I came to the studios and found them shivering and quaking like wet cats under a barn. They were afraid this would offend the women; that might annoy the Mexicans; this would vex Congress.

The movies live in a perpetual torment of indecision. Jack Dempsey, the ex-champion, and I were talking about it the other night, he too having left the movies flat.

“When you have a newspaper story to write,” he said, “you sit down at the old typewriter and write the very best story you can; turn it in to the editor, and that's that.

“When I have a fight on, I climb into the ring—and he kicks me, or I kick him, and that's that. But the movies . . .”

If a prize fight were to be fought the way they make movies . . .

Dempsey would climb into the ring. The next two hours would be given over to tributes to the producers—processions of cowboys shooting guns and bathing girls handing bouquets to the executives.

Bell rings. Dempsey into the ring. Battle light in his eye. Stop! Signal from the executive corner! They take him out and put in the Duke of Oskosh whose wife is somebody's cousin. Stop! They take out the Duke of Oskosh and put Dempsey back in again. All right! Dempsey draws back his mighty right fist. Stop! Frantic signal! He goes over to the corner to consult. They think it would be better to hit the guy with his left fist. All right! He draws a head with his left fist. Stop! Just got word from the New York bankers it would be better to kick the guy in the ribs. Stop! Will Hays has just wired not to have any violence at all; but he is to kiss the guy on the forehead. And not to have any coarse drops of sweat showing. Let's have everything refined.

That's how the movies are as I found them.

During one stage of my nefarious career I wrote “shooting continuities.” A continuity is one of the great mysteries of life. I've never seen a director pay any attention to one. They always have a fascinating young lady who is to the picture what a prompter is to a play. She sits on the set and tells the director what the continuity is the next thing to be done. And then he does whatever he pleases.

Nine-tenths of my work in the movies, however, was in another line—one that seemed important to belong to me. The producer in the front office would say: “We want you to go out and sit right on the sets with this director.
Give him your advice and counsel and see that he does not go wrong. And the pleased director would say: "Yeh; that's great. I want you right on the set with me every minute. I'm going to depend upon you. This is a tough picture." I never found out for what he was depending upon me. Must have been for ballast.

The best director with whom I ever worked would stop if I left the set. "I don't know what it is," he would say, "but I can't work unless you are sitting there. I've just got to know you are there." From this I deduced that it must be my Sweet Nature.

That being the case, I came to the conclusion that I could shed sweetness and Light just as well from a distance.

From now on, I will give them absent treatments.

Barrymore Ballyhoo
[continued from page 73]

It was magnificently told, but the laugh didn't come. We were all too frozen. The actor, seeing an unresponsive audience, sank back, completely subdued.

The press agent flattered.

We interviewers flattered. Silence while the noises from Park Avenue drifted up to us. Then routine won. In answer to a question on love scenes, we heard him hate them. When asked about talking movies he said he would not play for them because they would make him feel like a lost chord. Pressed, he said the Bible was the only possible medium for talking movies, as the beauty of its language was actor-proof.

He retorted he would never play Romeo on stage or screen because he considered him such an ass.

Suddenly, without a word, without a gesture, he let us know we had failed him and the tea was over. As one, we rose to go. The Barrymore face was whitely inscrutable as he rose with us. As we moved toward the door, there was still that girl who wouldn't be extinguished. She was going to get a good story or die.

"Why did you come East?" she demanded.

Those of us who were already outside in the hall stopped to listen. Those articulate Barrymore fingers tightened on the door knob. The thing in his words made them curl about the room like a green snake.

"To get an electrician," he said. "Sounds immoral, doesn't it?" We fifteen select stood in a little huddle outside his closed door.

"Well, he was perfectly polite," said the girl who had done all the questioning.

"Did anybody get a story?" asked one of the boys.

The fourteen all began talking at once then, but I kept quiet. I knew that I, at least, had been in the room with one of the most glamorous, most cruel, elusive and real of personalities. I thought of John Barrymore, the black and white artist who has illustrated many books of verse. I thought of John Barrymore, the yachtsman; John Barrymore, the father of a little girl; John Barrymore of "The Beloved Rogue," that terrible thing; John Barrymore who gives up most of his dressing room space in order to have a monkey cage. A dozen men hidden in one, the sum of them making a great artist. The artist hidden behind impenetrable walls of satire and sarcasm.

Will anybody ever get the real story of John Barrymore? I doubt it very much. I doubt it because I don't believe John Barrymore, himself, knows what it is.

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Sal Hepatica
The Sparkling Effervescent Saline

100 PHOTPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

clever pup! The hero doesn’t do a thing, but the bow-wow gets his man. He does some very spectacular plowing through heavy snow, but even that isn’t enough to wheedle you to go. It’s just one of those things.

CAUGHT IN THE FOG—Warners

This story gets lost in the fog, literally and dramatically. Fog-bound crooks on a houseboat pass the “jools” they covet from one twitching hand to another. Of course, there’s a girl and it’s her first job. The love-stricken houseboat owner combines sleuthing with thievry and makes it her last. A very ordinary opera despite a few dashes of comedy and the hard work of May McAvoy and Conrad Nagel to save it.

THE STRONGER WILL—Excellent

Woman’s privilege may be to change her mind, but one who shifts husbands five times in five modern or very modern or very dumb. Percy Marmont’s cleverness and finesse are entirely wasted on a Bluebeard type of story which throws him completely out of character, and is far beneath his capabilities. He’s a Wall Street power, who struggles to make his silly wife love him in spite of his money. A deadly bore.

THE WIFE’S RELATIONS—Columbia

HIGH comedy, dealing with the bridal complications of a beautiful young heiress who jilts mamma’s choice and papa’s cash for a job in New York, and later, the man of her dreams. Shirley Mason proves herself a delightful comedienne as the puckish youngster who learns the ups and downs of life as an elevator girl. Comedy simply oozes from the screen when she faces the family with the rising young chemist whom she has married secretly.

RIDING TO FAME—Elbee

A RACE-TRACK story—what more can be said? You’ve all seen it. A suddenly orphaned girl and her jockey boy-friend enter the girl’s races in a big track contest. A slimy scoundrel bribes the bookies and spiers the horse, but what of it? The kids are out to win. Do they lose? Don’t be silly! Despite Arthur Rankin’s and Gladys McConnell’s well-meaning efforts, it’s all very exhausting.

THE BUSHRANGER—M.-G.-M.

A YOUNG English army officer, in shielding his cowardly brother, gets a raw deal from the court-martial and is sent to a military prison island. He does a Monte Cristo into the Australian Back Block, gaily becomes the terror of the Bush and a master with the boomerang. A good melodrama, packed to the hilt with action and adventure, just the type of thing which shows off the energetic Tim McCoy to his best advantage.

THE LITTLE YELLOW HOUSE—FBO

PERFECTLY frightful fuss about nothing at all. A motherly old soul has a stubborn yen for the shack Pop took her to as a bride. The roof is caving in, and the plumbing won’t work, and the kids are fed up, but Ma won’t leave. Pa hasn’t drawn a sober breath in twenty years, so there’s a lot of goofy gush about interferfamily strife. A good way to waste an evening.

BURNING GOLD—Elbee

An inconsequential yarn of the oil fields. The War splits two partners, amateurs in the oil game and, when the soldier returns, the other fellow has sneaked his property. It’s the usual swindle stuff, popped up by a ripping good fire. Shirley Palmer is too clever for such stereotypes a story; and Herbert Rawl-son is an adequate hero who kicks fortune in the face for love. But fortune smiles back, and everybody’s happy. Fair.

WILD WEST ROMANCE—Fox

A woman may shift husbands successfully in mid-stream once, but when she tries it twice she’s apt to stuff her toe. Such is the theme of this weak-kneed little opera. But the best actors in it are the title-writers. When a picture depends wholly upon titles, one might as well do his reading at home. How does it’s not the fault of June Marlowe and Charles Delaney; nevertheless we recommend home reading.

THE HOUND OF SILVER CREEK—Universal

Dynamite is a new screen caninife, and if he doesn’t threaten to topple Rin-Tin-Tin from his throne, it’s because the newcomer is still a terra-shy, good actor, and knows a few stunts that are literally breathtaking. He dashes vigorously through an Ozark swindle story which doesn’t mean a thing, but you can’t mind the gaps in the script—the pup fills ‘em up. He’s the first dog star to speak titles.

DO GENTLEMEN SNOB?—Hal Roach—M.-G.-M.

No, gentlemen don’t snore in this picture. They’re only out to find a wife and he’s fooled by two youngsters, a real estate salesman and an honest-to-goodness gorilla. He wants to buy a house that the young folks are determined shall not be purchased. So witches and skeletons flit through his room when he’s about to take to snoring. The gorilla is a surprise customer from the zoo. It’s a snappy shortie which will pep up any entertainment.

THE PHANTOM CITY—First National

Ken Maynard pulls one fast one after another in this comedy-mystery. He’s a young adventurer who goes to an abandoned mining town to shoot up the guy who killed his Father. But the town’s banker turns out to be a robed phantom which Ken’s darkey servant isn’t so keen about. Blue, the darky, and Ken’s horse, Tarzan, are the two wagers responsible for the laugh. It’s pictures like this that keep alive our faith in Westerns.

LADIES OF THE NIGHT CLUB—Tiffany-Stahl

The old “smile-through-your-tears” theme, with a concerted bit of action for hero. Two amateur vaudeville partners, played by Barbara Leonard and Lee Moran, try the night club racket. The girl makes a hit and the clown loses her, confides of his charms. Our debonair Ricardo Cortez, as a millionaire night-
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4 out of 5
Because...
teeth are only as Healthy as the Gums

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Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

Jack Gilbert Writes His Own Story

and G. E. Patterson were brought from Universal City to take charge of our pictures. As business men and persons they were efficient and charming. As motion picture producers I thought they were duds. The sight of our beautiful gardens overrun with such supervisors and executives broke my heart.

Monte Katterjohn had become scenario editor of a new organization called Paralta, whose stars were Henry Walthall, J. Warren Kerrigan and Bessie Barriscale. The nucleus of the organization was made of people from Inceville and Triangle. Monte offered me a job in his scenario department at sixty dollars a week. Burnishing with the desire to write and thoroughly convinced that I had no future as an actor, I accepted—and when Triangle tried to hold me I thumbed my nose at their contract. I was under legal age.

A WEEK after I had joined Paralta I landed my first story—a crook melodrama written for Walthall. Everyone thought my story was good. Howard Hickman was chosen to direct it. I dropped into his office one day just before the picture was started and heard him discussing the continuity with his assistant. I discovered that the story he was about to shoot bore no resemblance to my scenario. And when I pleaded this fact, Hickman turned upon me angrily: "You got your money for your story, didn't you? You've still got your job, haven't you? All right—be it!"

Then I discovered that writers run up against as many difficulties as actors. No artist's expression can be projected as conceived if his widows have jurisdiction over the product.

I wrote two more stories for Paralta, then perforce—returned to acting. The change was not according to my wishes, but the discovery of sheriff's guards at the front gate of the studio impelled my sending photos and lowest salary to all casting offices and agents. Paralta had gone broke four days before Christmas. The holidays were not so merry.

ROBERT BRUNTON took over what was left of the studio wreckage and started a picture with Louise Gauma. I was engaged as leading man. A little Southern girl was cast to play my sister. Her part was very small and the salary only five dollars a day, paid on the days she worked. During one scene, my sister was to impale me to give up Glau and return to the home of my family. The child was very nervous, and during the rehearsal jerked my arms violently and left marks of whiting and grease point all over my twenty dollar dress suit. I screamed like a prima donna and admonished her in fearful manner. The poor girl was on the verge of tears before I relented and condescended to instruct her in the proper playing of scenes. She appeared sweetly grateful, and when the picture was finished thanked me for my forbearance and advice. Almost a year passed before we met again. Her name was Beatrice Joss.

Then followed a long period without work. I tried to write—but could not. I was too depressed. I decided to go to war. The trenches held no lure for me. The Navy would have none of my five feet eleven and one hundred and fifteen pounds. Aviation had been closed, but an advertisement in the paper announced an opening for new enlistments. I stood in line for hours, and finally arrived at the recruiting officer's desk. "Name?" "Age?" "Education?" "One year high school."

"Not enough—next!"

I RETURNED home. That's that! No jobs. Not even any offers or prospects. What the hell! Days and weeks of nothing—and borrowing supper money from dear old John Lynch.

Sullen anger and resentment, fertilizing a mind sown with madness. A wild, rain-filled night with unleashed trade winds shrieking demoniacl hows through my leaky window. An insane conviction that I was worthless and that self-destruction would rid the world of another failure. And then—childish perhaps, but nevertheless true—by moon—by a nameless, anonymous pen—in a well-known publication. The title arrested me: "Come Tomorrow!"

"When a boy, I was wrecked in a gin hidden in a garden of roses—"

Thas am lame. Later was slugged on the head by the father of lies—"

The Ideal."

But I laughed and hallooed—"

Come Tomorrow."

"I have been 'bushwacked' by women—"

Gnawed to the bone by a great ancient lust. All things I touched turned slime-green and black, hideous thoughts played round my mind—"

I slugged."

But I laughed and hallooed—"

Come Tomorrow."

"I used to say, 'God!'-why that is myself!"

The world took me seriously and set me up for a saviour—"

But I laughed and hallooed—"

Come Tomorrow."

"Then I 'dorned horns and a tail and cried—"

"Behold! I am Lucifer!"

So they stoned me till I looked like a shambles—"

But I laughed and hallooed—"

Come Tomorrow.
Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

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“THERE next day I got a job! The magic of the
poem had worked.
But not for long. Two weeks’ salary—then
the picture was finished.
Another long period of idleness. Nearly
everyone who had been out of work some time or
other, and a great many of us had been forced
to go hungry at least once during the span of
life.
But the regular monthly reoccurrence of an
empty belly is something to set one a little off
an even keel.
I was glad when the great draft came, calling
all men from eighteen to forty-five to war. I
was placed in Class 1-A. There would be little
time for work or worry.
Then the Controller of Destinies played one
of His little jokes and gave me a part at more
money than I had ever received. Three weeks
of work with no definite date of my call to
arms.
And then I committed one of the greatest
foibles of my life. I determined to save money!
Had I, at that time, been content with my lot
and firm in my belief in the future—God knows
what different paths my life might have taken.
But worry and an inferiority complex led me
to believe that I should hoard my earnings into
a pile sufficient to give me some small comforts
in New York and Paris before I reached the
 trenches at the war front.
I moved from my comfortable quarters in a
downtown hotel to a boarding house in Holly-
wood. A small room and two meals a day for
$7.00 a week. What more could one ask? Out
of my $150 a week as an actor (when I worked)
I could visualize my accumulated moneys
reaching enormous sums.
My small roadster cost very little to keep up
so, if all went well, at least $100 a week could be
put aside.

THE first night at dinner about ten people sat
at the table. Strange and various types. A
broken down old Shakespearean actor loath-
ing the movies for their lack of appreciation of
his art—yet struggling to eke out a miserable
existence from them at $5.00 a day. An
insurance salesman—who monopolized the conver-
sation with soliloquies on death and fires.
A prissy, little old maid with an income sufficient
to enable her to live in fair amount of comfort
at this establishment with a few extra dollars
for spending money.
Some nondescript characters and then a
young couple, man and wife, with a sister and
mother alongside. These last four seemed out
of place in their surroundings.
The hot California evening could not dissuade
the three ladies from wearing freshly starched
white dresses, while the young husband was
immaculate in dark blue serge and black tie.
Their voices were soft—moderious, and dis-
tinctly Southern. I wondered during my
silent progress of the meal the why and where-
fore of their presence. After dinner we sat on
a long porch beneath palm trees and listened to
the insurance man’s monologue. The husband of
the landlady, who contributed nothing to
the running of the boarding house yet man-

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for
"angry"

skin

SCORCHED shoulders can't be shrugged away. And what is more annoying than the sunburned nose of summertime?

Frostilla is the cooling balm that calms the flame of sunburn—and soothes the countless irritations that mar the joys of summer. Golfer's neck, hiker's foot, for instance—defeat them with Frostilla!

Frostilla soothes irritation instantly. It satins peeling skin, counteracts dryness and lingers to protect without a trace of after-stickiness. Before outdoor sports, pat on a bit as a precaution—smooth it in afterward to cool and soothe. Apply it before the evening dance and your powder will spread on evenly, flattenedly, perfectly.

50c and $1, in new blue-label bottles everywhere! We'll send an attractive, useful sample—FREE on request.

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PHOTOPLAY—ADVERTISING SECTION

aged to remain comfortably souds most of the time, sat beside me and gave me the lowdown on 'his' guests.

The young couple—I discovered—were from Mississippi. The husband had come to California in hopes of improving lung trouble, had procured a job with a fruit packing concern and then sent for his wife. The two ladies were the mother and sister of the married girl. Their voice—like cells of the honeycomb—came to me through the twilight from the end of the verandah. I wished that I were nearer to listen to their conversation, but such well bred aloofness was theirs that I dared not intrude.

That night I went for a long drive, contemplating the shrewdness of my pecuniary move, despite the annoyance of the chartering insurance salesman and the vacuous anecdotes of the landlady's husband.

NEXT morning an independent producing company, starring J. Warren Kerrigan, sent for me. After a ten minute interview, I was given a part in their next picture. A manuscript was presented me and I was assigned a dressing room. Leaving the studio, I almost stumbled over a figure huddled in a chair in a gloomy corner of the small casting office. A frightened voice cried "Oh!"

Begging pardon for my intrusion and about to pass on, I recognized the face. The girl was Leatrice Joy.

Her eyes were large and troubled. On her broad-brimmed hat of black straw, real flowers were pinned—to give an air of elegance for the occasion.

She had been in silent prayer, entreating a distant deity to land this job for her. I expressed a hope that we would work together and departed. Leatrice landed the job.

Returning to the boarding house, I found the young girl from Mississippi calling from the verandah to her married sister who was sitting on the lawn in the full glare of the blistering afternoon sun. "Come out of that sun, Sugar—you'll burn yo' brains. I roared, Both the girls looked startled. I apologized for my laughter, but could not restrain myself. Finally they too laughed—and so—we met.

I took them to a drive and dinner that evening I moved my chair to their end of the table. They seemed to like me, and I found them delightful—especially Olivia, the younger sister. Olivia was born in New York, Mississippi, twelve miles from a railroad, and had visited New Orleans three times in her early youth. She was twenty years old, yet appeared much younger.

THE next evening Olivia and her mother dined with me. We drove to the old Ship at Venice where I had first met Effie.

The following night I took Olivia to see a movie, and next morning notice came from the Draft Board that I would leave in ten days for Kelly Field, Texas.

I informed the studio that my scenes must be rushed to finish with me in time, and, eager for companionship and conversation, begged Olivia to go with me.

For along the foohill boulevard we rolled—philosophizing with all the knowledge of my twenty-one years of living and Olivia listening—sweetly.

After my fortieth cigarette, I said, "Bah—I smoke too much."

Olivia asked, "Why don't you stop?"

I replied, "I keep them to keep me cared for."

Olivia said, "I care."

I gazed at her, long and earnestly. "Will you marry me?" I asked.

Quickly Olivia answered, "Yes."

"I am going to war," I said.

"I will marry you."

So we were wed.

Poor little Olivia. An actor working is one thing. An actor out of a job is another. One week after our marriage the Draft Board informed me that all troop movements were halted because of Spanish influenza. My part in the Kerrigan picture was finished and two other jobs were offered, but the military authorities could give me no definite date for the lifting of the ban on troop movements, so no studio would take a chance on employing me.

We moved into a tiny apartment downtown. Weeks went by and we were broke. Thomas Ince wanted me for a part in a picture with Charlie Ray. I described my plight and Mr. Ince arranged for me to go to work with the understanding that if the ban should lift before the finish of the picture I would join my outfit at Kelly Field at once. I rushed home with the news.

No sooner had the picture started than a notice arrived instructing me to report for duty on November 11th. November 11th the war ended.

Everyone filled the streets, shouting and singing and throwing confetti.

That night I stared at a woman sitting opposite me in my apartment. I discovered that she was my wife.

For weeks after the Ince picture I was out of a job. Olivia could not understand. I had told her that I would become the greatest star in pictures. Ten thousand dollars a week would be my salary. Then I would write and direct my own play-offs—and she had believed.

THE intensity of my own belief had convinced her. But now one wanted me. Spanish influenza closed all the studios. The car, and everything salable, went. I wrote to my stepfather asking for help. His advice was to pray and believe—and, in closing, reprimanded me for not having saved my money. I have not wasted postage stamps on him since.

One day—a call from Goldwyn. An interview with Maurice Tourneur, the French director.

Great heaven, a job! A cut in salary but a job—and with the great Tourneur. What blissful news to carry home.

After the next week's—high praise from Tourneur. Another week—and an exciting conversation.

"Would you like to go on working for me in all respects?"

"Sure," I said.

"Lord—yes!"

"Very well, then."

The next day,

"Mr. Tourneur, will you pay me between pictures?"

"Half salary."

"Hurray!"

A change to bigger living quarters. A new Buick roadster. On the last day of work.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Gilbert—there is nothing for you in my next picture."

That was all. Again the jobless period—but this time four months of it. Day after day after day the rounds of the studios, and agents' offices—and night after night after night the old picture trailer, with Olivia and me sleeping between us. She would not complain. Never did she whine—nor cry out at my worthlessness.

But her eyes—large and wondering—almost drove me mad.

I wrote Thomas Ince asking for a job. Not to get the money—just to do something. I wanted a job at any salary.

A letter came back telling me that there was no opening for me.

I must get out of acting as a means of livelihood. I knew that. Out of acting—out of acting! Too tall, too short, too fat, too thin, hair wrong color, eyes wrong color, nose too long, hands too—Hold! Would it never end?

Too ashamed to return to Olivia—walking alone for hours, until exhaustion drove me to my bed.

I must send Olivia away—I must send Olivia away—I must send Olivia away!

Old John Lynch again. Money enough for a ticket to Mississippi. I kissed Olivia goodbye and moved to a ball bedroom downtown, and...
with no food inside me, walked the streets until dawn. I felt alone and strong and free.

The next afternoon I started working in a picture with Susse Hayakawa. I have not stopped working since.

After completing my part with the Japanese actor, good fortune literally chased at my heels. Parts of one so thick and fast I could not play them all.

Twice Tourneur sent for me, and twice I refused to work for him. I corresponded with Olivia, but my letters were empty of everything but platitudes. I was writing to an utterly strange person.

The Los Angeles Athletic Club lured me. There I could meet friends and contemporaries. The gymnasium and swimming pool would put on much needed weight. One's residence there lent certain prestige to one's name.

I moved to the club. The first night at dinner at a great round table in the grill I sat—awed, before the famous ones about me—Charlie Chaplin, Dick Barthelmess, Bobby Harron, Ray Griffith, Marshall Neilan, James Kirkwood, Tony Moreno—and more. They seemed so gay and rich and successfully happy. I hoped that I would one day attain their lack of self-consciousness. I never have.

Tourneur came to see me and I consented to play a part for him. Halfway through the picture he asked if I would like to go on playing in his pictures. I laughed in his face and said: "Yes—with a contract signed and sealed."

We signed a two-year contract. Within a week Tourneur fired his assistant. I asked for the job. Tourneur was astonished.

"But you are my leading man," he said.

"I'll be your assistant too," I replied. So I became Tourneur's assistant. Sooner or later I would direct.

Charlie Chaplin—sympathetic and tender—became my confidant. I told him all about Olivia.

"Do you love her?" Charlie asked.

"I do not know her," I answered.

"Do you want her back?" was his question.

I replied immediately, "No."

"Then end it," was Charlie's advice.

I wrote Olivia's mother and told her that I could never live with her daughter again.

"C'est la guerre."

One of Tourneur's associates was Clarence Brown, who has since directed me in "Flesh and the Devil." The Frenchman was about to have him as a full-fledged director in a picture with House Peters. But poor Clarence could not get a satisfactory script. One day he came to me with his story. I offered a suggestion. He grasped it eagerly and asked if I would work on the manuscript. I agreed and in three nights and three days wrote the story of "The Great Redemer." Tourneur was elated. "Why did you not tell me you were a writer—you will do my next scenario."

And so I became Maurice Tourneur's assistant-director, scenario writer and leading man.

Among the stories I adapted for him were:

"The Pavilion on the Links," by Robert Louis Stevenson—called "The White Circle" on the screen—"Caleb West, Master Diver"—which we renamed "Deep Waters"—and others. I have never been so happy. Working eighteen hours a day—writing, co-directing, titling, cutting, and, last of all—acting. "Glorious work," I would prayer the Lord, "getting farther and farther away from seeing my hated shadow on the screen. I had become, in Tourneur's own words, his right hand.

My feet seemed well on the ground and my mind filled with one definite, clear purpose—when a knock at my office door one day admitted Tourneur and a lady.

I was introduced to Leatrice Joy.

"Hello, there!" I cried.

We laughed together.

"Let's dance some time."

"Let's."

That night we danced.

Modess is so obviously superior, so much more comfortable—that once you have tried it, ordinary sanitary napkins will not be acceptable.

These superiorities are the reasons why Modess is so impressively better: the gauze is softened by a new method and for extra comfort is cushioned with a velvety film of cotton. The sides are smoothly rounded and shaped—no hard, chafing edges. An entirely new substance has been invented for the disposable center—as soft and downy as cotton yet amazingly absorbent. It is truly disposable. A way has been found to make the back resistant to moisture.

Modess is so much more comfortable than other sanitary napkins—so safe and modern—that you might expect it to be relatively costly. You can buy Modess, however, at the same price asked for ordinary napkins.
Vera Reynolds finds her 

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A man may be just a subway guard, or be barely getting by as president of the Great Dog-Wagon and Short Order Lunch-room, but to a girl who is a real mother he is wonderful. The old part of it is—and it's really one of the engaging traits in men if you can look at it that way—that no man is such a knock-out in his job that he doesn't have moments of discouragement and doubt when he is perfectly sure he can't do his stuff.

It doesn't matter whether a man is known as the Wolf of Wall Street, or the smartest taxi-driver who ever turned a Rolls Royce without scratching his own cab, or the best football coach dear old Oskaloosa ever had, there are times when he feels like a small boy in a big world and wants to run home to mother and be petted and comforted and told how big he is.

Even Napoleon knelt at the feet of Josephine and said, "Tell me the worst, sweetie, am I good or am I not?"

The bigger and stronger and more blustering a man is the harder he falls for the mother act.

A great many women know this—oh, how they know it!

The trouble is that no matter how rough and tough a man is he doesn't want a mother all the time. He wants a mother and a woman who take the greatest pride and pleasure in meeting a man's need for a mother do not always know so well how to play the role of wife.

A wife is a successor being an equal. A wife is the woman who spends the family income—and makes it go a little farther than you could expect. If a man continues the dear old custom of our grandfathers—which reminds me that when it comes to getting the money the gold-diggers of 1927 could learn a number of little things from the real ladies of 1870—if, as I started to say, a man behaves like his grandfather and hands over the weekly pay-check, getting back $5 for his car-fares, lunches, cigarettes, newspapers, hair-cuts, and those expensive habits so many men have, who, or whom, does he hand it to?

The answer is, not to his mother, not to his pal, not to his little girl, but to his wife.

Every man who wants and wants a wife, a girl who is able and willing to act as his partner in the business of making a home, bringing up children, and saving money. But the women who do this sort of thing best are sometimes unable to realize that a man wants not only a wife but a pal.

A PAL is like a wife in that she is an equal. But she is not a partner in business. She is a partner in recreation. Men prefer to go fishing, play golf, and shoot Kolly with thoroughbreds, but men. But all men have some game, or hobby, or amusement which they wish to share with a woman. For example, driving a car. The man doesn't want his pal, alias wife, to help him drive the car. But he likes to have a woman sitting beside him when he drives, especially if she never says anything about taking the wrong turn, or pays any attention to a bad skid, and thinks her husband is the fastest and safest driver on the road. Many men like to play bridge, or drink cock-tails, or go to the movies.

A wife who also likes to go to the movies is a pal. One who doesn't just a wife and stays home.

I knew a man in college who was crazy about hunting, fishing, and exploring. He is now a famous leader of scientific expeditions into unknown Asia.

He married a girl, the daughter of an explorer, who is pal enough to enjoy going with him on his long trips into the Gobi Desert, a thousand miles from a hair-dresser or a telephone or a bridge party.

Where would he be if she weren't his pal as well as a wife? Where would she be if he didn't know that they don't always know that there are times when a man doesn't want a pal and when he does want a little girl—somebody who is much smaller and weaker and more dependent than he is.

Have you ever noticed how many men like to call a girl a "baby"? Many women have noticed it and, drawing the correct conclusion, have acted accordingly. The answer is that everybody likes children, especially good children.

A GIRL who can play the child with grace and charm not only amuses and delights a man but she also makes him feel very big and strong and important. Show me the man who doesn't like to feel that way!

There is only one possible objection to the woman who plays the baby prettily and that is it does sometimes prevent her from doing anything else. (It is hard to blame her—it goes so big.)

But there are times when a man doesn't want a wife or a pal or a child.

He wants a sweetheart. Our ancestors, back in the days when our modern frankness was unknown, said a man wants a mistress. Use either word you like. You know what we mean.

Men still do the proposing. Women bring them to the point, of course. But that is a matter of induction.

It is the man who actually says, "Ain't kid, let's get married," or whatever less formal phrase occurs to him.

Men may be, and usually are, led into kissing— or they actually do kiss first. They not only take the apparent lead in love-making but they are extremely likely to resent a woman's taking the privilege away from them.

A man may be extraordinarily slow or diffident. He may stall and stall, especially if the girl really matters to him, and not kiss her until long after she knows that he is going to and she has made up her mind to let him.

Nevertheless, clever women resist their natural impulse to guide his halting footsteps and wait patiently for him to tell them what they already know.

That's the rule for being fascinating, and a dangerous one to break.

But the art of life consists not merely in daily your stuff within the rules but also in seeing how and when the rules can be stretched a little.

Many women have learned the rule that it's better to be a "sweetie" for whom they fail to see, or feel, that once a man has committed himself the rule becomes elastic. From then on, the rule can be subtly modified. At any rate it is subtly modified by all women who know how to be sweeties.

I know a man who persuaded a girl to promise to marry him only a few weeks after she had decided that he was not the one for her but shortly after the engagement was announced, this bird woke me up at half-past three in the morning. He explained that he had been walking the streets for hours, saving half or two hours and he just had to talk to somebody. It was then I noticed that he wasn't unhappy. On the contrary he was in a state of awe, wonder, and delight. He talked all around the episode that had produced this condition, with many generalizations about what women were and were not, but finally he told me quite simply what had happened.

It seems Bill had taken his girl to the Biltmore Roof. They had dined happily until the place closed at one o'clock. They
walked a little way together and stopped on the corner of Forty-sixth Street and Madison Avenue while he watched for an empty cab. While he was looking down the street, the girl suddenly reached up and said in his ear, "Sweet Bill," and kissed him.

That was all, and that was enough. I went back to sleep after hearing Bill tell this story the first three or four times with I can't tell you what pride and satisfaction and triumph. I thought to myself as I gradually shut my ears to the sound of Bill's voice as he told the story for the fifth time, how wise women are.

All that girl has to do in the years to come is once in six or eight months to sit on that man's knee and say, "Sweet Bill," and kiss his ear. And my guess is that a girl who was clever enough to do that in the first place is clever enough to repeat it—perhaps with variations.

I am not denying the broad, general principle that men love and women love to be loved. That is essentially true. The catch is this: There is something quite feminine in the best men.

**CALL** the feminine streak in men a weakness or call it a strength, as you please. In either case it is there.

No man is so hard-boiled that he doesn't welcome advance from the woman he loves. The woman who knows this, and how and when to act on it, is an accomplished sweetie. Indeed, she, is so accomplished that I sometimes wonder if she needs to bother about being a mother to a man, or a wife, or a pal, or a lil' girl.

While women often become accomplished sweeties out of sheer cleverness and practise successfully the simple art of fascinating men, there is a rare type of woman whose achievements in this field are far beyond mere cleverness. I mean the woman who quite simply loves.

There is no wisdom and no art and no cleverness and no beauty in a woman that is so directly and irresistibly and permanently fascinating to men and warm heart.

Now at this point some very, very young and modern miss may want to know, "What about sex appeal—isn't that the most important aid in fascinating men?"

The answer is: Sex appeal is just what, in my shy, masculine way, I have been talking about.

Sex appeal is a promise of love—nothing more and nothing less. Sex appeal isn't a matter of beauty. Many beautiful women have very little sex appeal and some homely women have a great deal.

Sex appeal isn't a matter of pretty legs, or a permanent wave, or a turn up nose, or a red mouth; sex appeal isn't a matter of knowing how to wear clothes, or how to darn socks, or how to cook hamburger steak; sex appeal isn't a matter of being a good dancer, or having a good line, or laughing easily.

**NOT** that these accomplishments are to be despised. They are, on the contrary, most desirable. But they are only window-dressing for the thing that really matters. The thing that matters is love. The whole art of fascinating men is the art of promising love and then making good on your promise.

It is very simple—if you love.

If you don't love you must either wait until you do love, or be clever.

To be clever is to see how complex men really are—how many different things they want from women; and then to see when he wants a mother, when he wants a wife, when he wants a pal, when he wants a lil' girl, and when he wants a sweetie.

If you are very, very clever you won't have to see these things. You will feel them.

When you feel them—you love. And being loving is positively the cleverest thing that women do.

I mean it is the cleverest thing women do from the point of view of a man.
Photoplay possibility remind
Until that Write

The Thin, Only pores.
ing, Deodo—as pleasant to use as an expansive tale or bath powder, yet it does so much more! It instantly neutralizes and absorbs all body odors. There's no possibility of offending with the odor of perspiration when you use Deodo. Protects you all day long even when you haven't time for a bath!

And what a pleasant, easy way to safeguard your daintiness! Dust it generously over your body. Rub it in under the arms. A wise precaution to shake some into shoes or on the feet. It's soothing, gently scented. Never clogs up the pores. Never injures clothing. Especially good on sanitary napkins.

At leading drug and department stores. Only 50 cents for large size container.

Deodo
A MULFORD PRODUCT
PREVENTS DESTROYS BODY ODORS

Thin Women!! Gain!!
Three to five pounds a week
Beautiful, firm flesh which will stay on produced healthfully and rapidly. Neither exercise nor medicine is used for the gain. You will certainly be amazed and delighted with results. Write, being sure to enclose a two cent stamp, to
John Mulford

Amateur Movies

[continued from page 75]

Don't let yourself be ashamed in later years of something you did in your youth.

Just because it is an amateur film, do not allow yourself to become slip-shod or hasty in tiling. It is worth doing at all if it is worth doing the best you know how.

The best title is the one that says less.

Don't think up good titles and hunt for places to sandwich them in. Write as many titles as you wish, but see that they fit before you write them.

Your family and friends are your actors and audience. They are as smart or smarter than you are. Don't try to out-smart them in your titles.

Actions speak louder than words, especially film titles.

If the action of your scene tells itself, don't put in a title that insults the intelligence of your intimate audience. They can see as well as you can what is happening on the screen.

SHOULD you title a reel of scenes that carry no particular action or story, try and be bright and witty in your titles. They will give it new life and interest. But avoid the wisecrack. Imagine how putrid it will sound twenty years from now?

The intimacy of the amateur film gives you a wider latitude in tiling. Take advantage of it and show your originality.

Commercial title writers are bound by certain necessary rules in tiling productions. The amateur titlist is governed only by judgment and good taste.

There is no more important part of the amateur film than the titles. They will make or break you as an amateur producer. Leave the fancy words and similes in the dictionary. Let the title say what it has to say and go on with your film story.

In tiling my own home films I put as much thought and work in it as I did in writing the titles for "The Big Parade" and "The Trail of '98.

Again I remind you of the all-important point in title writing: BE BRIEF!

The Princeton Undergraduate Motion Pictures Club has just completed "Princeton," a 1,200 foot 16 mm. review of the high lights of student life at that university. Amateur authorities who have had an opportunity to see it are unusually enthusiastic.

The students revealed striking ingenuity in the production. In one night scene shadow patterns were used as a background. Much thought was put to the camera angles and the selection of distance on shots. The dramatic end of the picture, too, measures up very well.

Edgar Holden III directed the picture with R. Y. White as assistant director. J. M. Doubleday and J. B. D. Buecher were camera men and Charles D. Hodges was technical director. "Princeton" will be available to clubs through a special release later.

CLYDE HAMMOND, who made "The Dragon Fly," winner of an honorable mention in Photoplay's recent amateur movie contest, is organizing an amateur movie club in his home city, Youngstown, Ohio.

Photoplay readers will be interested to know that two of the contest films, "And How," winner of the 35 mm. $500 prize and "Quail Hunting," winner of the 16 mm. $500 prize, are now available for purchase through DuPont-Pathé. "And How" has been satisfactorily reduced to 16 mm. soft. These films, in 400 foot lengths, can be obtained at a cost of $27.50 each.

JOHN NICKOLAUS, laboratory chief at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is the creator of the soft focus filter shown on page 75. Until recently soft focus has been beyond reach of the amateur. The professional studios attain this, of course, by resorting to elaborate equipment, plus special lenses and filters. Special lenses are often grouped to "fit the faces" of certain stars and are used on no other player. Henrik Sartov created a special lens of this sort for Lillian Gish.

Here, however, is the way you can do it at home. "Build a small frame," Nickolaus says, "about six inches square, so that both the lens and the view finder can take in the objects through it." Arrange a piece of stiff wire so that it will hold the frame to and before the camera, at a distance of from four to eight inches from the lens. Experiment, you will find, will vary this distance according to the effect desired. Five inches is a good average.

COVER this frame with grey cloth, or a black velveting such as women use. This comes in several meshes, ranging from one in which the mesh forms open squares of about one-sixtieth of an inch down to a very fine mesh.
A fairly open mesh, as, for instance, the one-sixtieth, probably will be most suitable to the average amateur.

"Cover the frame with this gauze and photograph through it. Care must be taken to locate the right distance between the gauze and the lens. If too far away, the filter will pick up in the form of a spotty effect. However, if it is at a correct distance, it will spread an even tone on your image. If too close, it will simply obstruct lights but will not give a filtered effect.

"You will find that a very slight difference in lighting will be called for, as the gauze will hold back a small proportion of the light rays. This will tend to give an under-exposed effect unless carefully watched. Use a little more light from a reflector.

In some cases, you may find that this under-exposed effect enhances the picture, especially if the gauze shot is being directed upon a blonde subject."

For those who wish to obtain more expensive effects, a new automatic dissolve is now available.

Special filters—graduate, fog, white iris and diffusing—may be used with this special dissolve.

The Eastman Company, of Rochester, has just published an interesting volume for amateurs. This is "Junior Scenarios for Home Movies" and costs $1.50. It tells you how to make simple scenarios for children and gives thirteen interesting photoscapes for home movie makers.

Reference to Eastman, reminds us that this company is now marketing Cine-Kodak panchromatic reversal process film in 16 mm measurements, selling at $7.50 a hundred feet.

Captain George Wilkins, who started the world with his 2,200 mile flight across the top of the world, carried a DeVry Camera.

Albert S. Howell, chief engineer of the Bell and Howell Company, recently was awarded the Wetherill Medal by the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia. The Wetherill Award is for outstanding discovery, invention or development in physical science. This distinction was conferred upon Mr. Howell for the development of motion picture cameras and projectors adaptable to the amateur.

As chief engineer of the Bell and Howell Company, Mr. Howell has been responsible for the designing of the Filmo Cameras and Projector.

"Honestly, for days—for weeks at a time, even, you aren't fit to live with! ... Certainly, I love you! But ..."

So run her thoughts—or perhaps her tongue!

Yet, in a way, he isn't to blame. It's hard to realize how much our physical condition affects everything we do ... the way clogged intestines can change freshness to fatigue—energy to irritability!

Even when you do realize it, you hesitate about the remedy ... about the whole range of ordinary laxatives from those taking weeks to act to those that leave the system tired and shaken! The remedy, often, comes to seem worse than the disease ...

Feen-a-mint is Different

For Feen-a-mint is different. You don't swallow it hastily—you chew it. And as you chew, its tasteless yet almost magically effective laxative principle begins to mix with the mouth fluids and actually becomes a part of the digestive process!

So, instead of striking the body a blow without warning, as it were, Feen-a-mint gently helps the system to help itself!

Results are amazing. A new sense of fitness—a cleared, up-in-the-morning-eary feeling, as hundreds of thousands of men and women know. You will find this wonderful laxative at your druggist's now. Take a Feen-a-mint tablet at any time, confident of feeling a different person in six to eight hours.

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Fifteen minutes after the stage dropped me at my father-in-law's ranch, my wife sent out word that she was sorry to have kept me waiting, but that I could come in now.

And there was Anita—a dainty bit of pink humanity with a naughty twinkle in her eye. She looked at me and smiled: "Pop, you came darn near being too late. Give me a pencil and a piece of paper."

All my life I have had to listen to dim Mazeha repeat the savings of their speechless infants. Now if these parental bores happen to read the above, I will feel that I am even with them.

WHERE WERE THERE were three children in our family. Anita's youngest sister, Gladys, died in San Francisco at the age of ten. She was as decided a blonde as Anita is a brunette. They were exactly the same size and her mother always dressed them alike. They were usually taken for twins. Anita's brother, Dr. H. Clifford Loos, of Hollywood, is several years her senior, and his name is rarely found in the columns of the Los Angeles Times. Anita was named Mary Anita, who promises to follow in the footsteps of her auntie. She broke into print three years ago.

All our children were born in Siskiyou County, through clever maneuvering on our part. In those days I carried a railroad pass good for myself and family, which simplified traveling.

As to our nationality we claim to be docile Americans. My grandparents on both sides of the house were French. My grandfather Louis could not say any English. He was a descendant of an old Huguenot family who, having produced writers, artists, college professors and champion baccarat players, Loos Roads, which was gained in the Democratic wave, was named after my great-grandfather. I am not so sure about Loos Island and Loos Park, the latter in Toulon, France. We are supposed to have a coat of arms, but I never bothered about it, not knowing what kind of trousers and vest went with it. My wife's father was born in England and her mother in Vermont. Anita's nationality is brunette—and that is probably why she took a slam at the blondes.

ANITA gained most of her education in San Francisco. While attending the Deenan School the members of her class were set the task of writing a composition of what each intended to be when he grew up. Anita chose to be a ship architect and her composition was one of three published in the daily newspaper. When informed by her brother that a ship architect must be an expert in mathematics, she said she would rather be a scrub-woman. She hated mathematics. One time when she was walking with me along Market Street I saw a painter on a given scaffold painting a sign just below the cornice of a building. "That's what I want to be!" she exclaimed. "A sign painter who works high up. I'd be the only woman high sign painter in the world!" She carried this idea in her head for a long time.

When only eight years of age she showed marked talent for drawing and some of her sketches were surprising in their good. She wrote an illustrated poem and sold it to a nationally-known juvenile magazine for five dollars. She was probably the only child in San Francisco who ever bought five dollars' worth of gum drops at one time. She also tried her hand at sculpture, but became discouraged and gave it up on account of my having contracted the careless habit of packing her "mud" off down town on the bosom of my trousers.

Ever since I sacrificed my long curls I have either edited newspapers or managed theaters—sometimes both. It was in this environment that Anita was reared and quite naturally her mind turned to writing and the stage. Perhaps if I had been a blacksmith she would now be shoeing horses instead of collecting royalities on books and plays. She could not get away from the atmosphere. Outside of school hours she was my sign painter and she had chances for observation which years after she converted into salable newspaper stories.

In many interviews Anita has stated that she inherited her sense of humor from me. Perhaps she did, to some extent and I feel flattered to have her say so, but through no design of hers the published interviews invariably conveyed the impression that I was dead. I am sensitive on this score, as it is something I have been trying to keep a secret.

PERSONALLY, I consider that Anita owes much to her mother, who possesses an appreciative sense of humor. I know that when we were engaged her friends would say of her: "Well, she'll be a hoot!" They knew her and they knew me. My wife is always helped me in my newspaper work and could write interestingly. Except for the fact that her English was perfectionist she had a weakness for confining herself to the truth, she might have become one of the leading newspaper women of her day.

At the age of twelve, Anita entered the Girls' High School in San Francisco. About this time her mother and I experienced our first worries over her. There never was a dent in our family escutcheon, so far as we know, so you can imagine our distress on discovering that our precious child was secretly writing poetry—yards of it. We reasoned with her, threatened her, publicly promised to reform and the family honor was preserved. Following is one of her minor offerings, written at the age of twelve:

YOU OF THE STAGE

The curtain goes up and a glare of light Centers upon the stage tonight.

Yes, and it will light your way.

Yes, and it has in nights long dead.

But we of tonight are here for fun.

What care we if your work is done

With aching hearts and bodies wracked

By pain and illness? The house is packed.

You of the stage bring forth your wares,

We in the front must forget our cares;

Give us the fun for which we pay,

And after the show be on your way.

The curtain goes down and the play is done,

We of the front have had our fun,

You of the stage have paid your debt;

We've been amused—we can now forget.

And why should you ever have aching hearts?

Paint your faces and say your parts;

You are phantom folk of a phantom life.

What should you know of care and strife?

Ours are the cares that must be forgot,

You take us out of the daily rut

Showed us the world in a better light,

The play is over, and so—"Goodnight!"

L'ENVIO

For the curtain goes up,

And the curtain goes down,

Are you of the stage to smile or frown,

Weep or be gay, mimic, punch, or pain,

Do well and we'll come again.

Work hard while you may for we tire soon,

And tomorrow we worship a new buffoon.

You helped us go on better in a way,

But—we bought our tickets—you got your pay.

Not so bad for a kid, but when Anita sees
Now!..Lighten Your Skin
4 or 5 Shades

—UTTERLY WITHOUT the use of HARMFUL "Bleaches"!

A Totally NEW Way That Brings What Every Woman Has Always Wanted: A Method of Lightening the Skin Without Slightest Danger of Irritation!

MODERN beauty science has perfected an utterly new way in skin lightening. A way that acts almost overnight; yet that's wholly without the harsh bleaching agents of old-time "bleaches."

A way that not only bleaches the skin to ivory whiteness, but acts to soothe and soften the skin as well.

A way, thus, that brings the one thing, in home beauty culture, every woman has always wanted—a proved, safe way of bleaching the skin.

It will also remove freckles of course. Erase blotches, liver spots and moth patches. It eliminates blackheads almost unbelievably.

A Scientific Creation
It is the product of a world-famed laboratory whose entire effort is devoted to skin whitening. A laboratory purposely situated in the center of the South where hot sun and dust make darkened skin woman's greatest problem.

It marks some 10 years of experiment by ablest men of science; and embodies over 1,000 exhaustive scientific tests.

Over 30 eminent doctors, scientists and skin specialists contributed to its development. $350,000 was spent perfecting its formula. Today its use is spreading from one end of the world to the other.

Entirely NEW Principles
It acts on entirely new principles. Instead of harshly bleaching the skin, it acts to neutralize the elements in the skin that cause skin darkness. And thus meets the exactments of modern beauty science in skin protection.

Old-time bleaches depended for their action on irritant ingredients. This new way employs, as its bleaching agent, one of the most potent healing agents known.

An agent employed by virtually every doctor in combating skin disorders. And rated as such by the greatest printed authority of scientific research, the United States Pharmacopoia.

Do you wonder, then, that largely on expert advice, women are flocking to its use?

Results Overnight
4 Shades Lighter in 3 Days
A single application will prove its powers to you. Prove them beyond all doubt or skepticism.

Apply it tonight. Tomorrow your skin will be appreciably lighter. In three days it will be 4 to 5 shades lighter—no matter how dark it may be today.

Unqualifiedly Guaranteed
It is called Golden Peacock Bleach Creme. And is unqualifiedly GUARANTEED to bring those results to you, or the purchase price refunded without question.

Please learn what it means to you. Some 500,000 women now use it nightly. Results to you will prove a revelation. To obtain it, go to any drug or department store.

Golden Peacock Bleach Creme

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section
It was in San Diego that Anita happened on an old scrap book containing alleged funny articles of mine published in Texas Siftings before she was born. She liked them and thought it would be fun to write that kind of stuff. From then on she wrote along humorous lines.

During Anita's last year in the San Diego High School, she kept up her studies, wrote theatrical criticisms for the leading daily, conducted a page in a weekly, wrote "Broadway Day by Day" for a well-known New York paper and occasionally a humorous story for the same paper's Sunday magazine section, had three vaudeville sketches sailing over the "big time," and wrote from one to three scenarios a week for David Wark Griffith of the American Biograph Company. What spare time she had she spent with me fishing in the bay. Nearly every night was passed at some theater.

When I look back I cannot understand how she accomplished so much work and kept happy and healthy.

I have often wondered if the New York editor who so cheerfully paid for "Broadway Day by Day" ever found out that the column was written by a chit of a schoolgirl who had never been out of the state of California. The column had all the earmarks of having been written by a New York rounder.

Notwithstanding that Anita and myself led very busy lives in San Diego, we managed to steal time for a little recreation. Often we would go out to sea with professional fishermen, leaving the pier at 2 a.m. and returning at noon. With a line and "jigger" we would haul in barracuda and yellowtail until our arms ached. Anita spurred assistance in landing fish longer than herself. We would return home smelling like a Congressional investigation and listen to a "set" speech by one of the most particular housekeepers I ever knew.

Then we used to sneak across the Mexican border on Sundays to take in the bullfights at Tia Juana, during the summer season, while the rest of the family were at church praying for us. We do not wish to leave the impression that we found pleasure in witnessing the torture and final slaying of a poor dumb animal, for we are both tender-hearted and sympathetic. We attended the bullfights in the hope that some day the bull would "get his man" and we would be there to cheer. It never happened, but our time was not wasted. We were "covering" the bloody and revolting exhibitions for a string of coast newspapers. I handled the "technical" end and Anita did the "sob stuff."

The memory of how she described the poignant grief of the bull’s family when he failed to return to his home and fireside and...
Almost all Skin Blemishes are really from this one cause

TI there any ONE cause back of skin blemishes and faults? a prominent skin specialist was recently asked. The answer he gave meant a new hope to thousands.

"Every skin," said the specialist, "would normally be clear and unblemished. It is only the abnormal conditions—like the dirt and grime, the lack of exercise, the rush and worry, and the rest of them—that cause blackheads and blemishes, and bring even the more serious skin ailments.

And then he went on: "If one cannot change these conditions of daily life, one must at least use some corrective to start the skin again acting normally, and keep it so."

To keep skin acting normally

You cannot "plaster on" a clear complexion with makeshift cosmetics. You must seek to restore the skin's inherent health and freshness.

To cleanse the pores, to gently restore the pulsing of the capillaries in the lower layers of the skin, to carry off infection and then to stop new infection before it starts—thousands have learned to use Resinol Soap.

Start today to use Resinol on your own skin. Within a week you will begin to notice your complexion has become finer, smoother, redder. You will notice a clearing of the ugly blemishes.

Also as a general toilet soap—for baby's tender skin, for shampooing, for the bath! Note Resinol's clean, tonic odor.

For more serious afflictions

RESINOL OINTMENT has for years been successful in relieving even stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish promptly. Thousands have wondered at the quickness of its action. And it is absolutely harmless.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Dept. G-J, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, without charge, a trial sample of Resinol Soap and a sample of Resinol Ointment—for several days' ordinary use.

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Brickbats & Bouquets

[Continued from page 8]

Anent Jim Tully

Chicago, Ill.

I want to thank Mr. Quirk for his editorial in the June issue of PHOTOPLAY. The greatest obstacle in the path of the intellectual progress of the movies is the many irresponsible writers who have given rise to much libelous and vindictive criticism of such dreck hacks as Tully, Wilbur Nethercot and others, whose only claim to distinction is their imitation of the Mencken manner.

LEslie North.

Will the Spell Be Broken?

Denver, Colo.

Judging from the increased activity of some of the larger motion picture companies in the matter of synchronizing devices, it appears that the silent drama will soon be relegated to the pages of history. This will be a matter of grave concern to all movie fans, and a cause of panic for those who dislike the encroachments of the "talkies" on the screen.

There is something artistically unique about the silence of the silver screen. Motion picture acting is an art; so also is the appreciation of the silent drama an art. The universal adoration of these synchronized devices will, I believe, cause a decadence in the art of motion picture acting and appreciation.

Don Kennedy.

Converted to Blondes

Los Angeles, Calif.

Previous to seeing Miss Marion Davies in "The Patsy," I never liked blondes. But hereafter when I'm singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," I'll be thinking of some doll with a lemon-colored thatch. Marion Davies first! May the years walk gently by her side!

AlMaRa HEALy.

He Can't Hurt Jack

Meriden, Conn.

I have just read the article in Vanity Fair by Jim Tully criticizing John Gilbert in such an unfair manner. He can't hurt John Gilbert, for that cold-blooded person will not for an instant consider such a concept of a man who, by his own ability, has risen to the position that Mr. Gilbert holds in the screen world.

MRS. GUARD R. MEIN.

Don't Go to Hollywood

Los Angeles, Calif.

One of the horrors of Hollywood is: I was standing at Highland and Sunset, when a noticed a young girl in a patched skirt and sleazy stockings watching the crowds go by. I saw her eye me once or twice. Then she came toward me and I heard her say plaintively, "Pardon me, Miss, but would you mind very much if I asked you to buy me something to eat?"

This is not the first time I have had young girls ask me to buy them a meal. They do not ask for money. I have never turned one down yet and I never will. My friends say I am easy. Maybe so. I don't know.

MARIE HINZ.

Are We Perfect Ourselves?

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

India must be a terrible country, according to Mary McLaren's report in June PHOTOPLAY. I wonder if Miss McLaren ever rode for about five or six hours on a train, or on one of the hottest days in summer when all the windows and doors were wide open, right here in the United States.

BERtha M. NIEmeyer.
FRECKLES
Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can heal 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 removes freckles throughout your face. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh and translucent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring. The first thing you notice is its magical worth.

Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists, 50c and 51.

Stillman's Freckle Cream 50c
Removes Whitens
Freckles

The Stillman Co., 32 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
Send me your FREE skin treatment booklet.

Name
Address
City—State

HIDDEN GOLD—
in your hair too!

Rediscover it, tonight, in one shampoo!

A treasure hunt—in your hair! Hidden there is something precious—loveliness undreamed of; a Age-defying elixir of youth, wonderful for your hair and scalp. Everyone adores your hair. You rinse—remove all trace of soap. Then you apply the extra touch—the plus—that makes this shampoo no different. Instantly—new gloss—new finds! All trace of dullness gone! Millions use regularly! Nothing to bleach or change natural color of your hair just a wonderful shampoo—plus! At your favorite dealer's, or send 23 cents to J. W. Kubs Co., Dept. 1-I-4, 604 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Golden Glint
the SHAMPOO

PLUS KEY MAGICAL TO YOUTHFUL "LOCKS"

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[Continued from page 16]

PERFECT CRIME, THE.—FBO—Clive Brook, as a great detective on the hunt for a perfect crime, finds that the solution involves an unusually fine mystery yarn. (May)

PILOT JOB, THE RANGE.—FBO—Not the kitchen range, Geraldine Farrar, but the wide-open spaces of the West. Plus John Wayne. (May)

PHANTOM OF THE TURF.—Rayart—This time Paul Whelan will win the race and save the family estate. (June)

PHYLIS OF THE FOLLIES.—Universal.—In which Lilian Todd— mild and winsome at the Alcazar, as two chorus girls, scramble a butter-and-egg man. Foolish but funny. (June)

PINTO KID, THE.—FBO—Boz Baxter's stunts will please the kids. That's all. (June)

PILOT SCOUT, THE.—Paramount.—Fred Thomson and Sid Williams in a Western that may be of interest for variety by having Thomson play a dual role. (May)

PLAY GIRL, THE.—Fox.—Magee Bellamy in a gold-digging fable. Reasonably diverting. (May)

POWDER MY BACK.—Warners.—Irene Rich in a improbable but sophisticated comedy. It has a political background. (May)

*—RAMONA.—United Artists.—A pictorially realized version of Jack London's story of the pioneers in California. Dolores Del Rio is excellent as the Indian girl. (March)

*RED DANCE.—Fox.—More Russian revolution, dramatically directed by Raoul Walsh. Charles Lane, Ivan Litvinov, and Charles Laughton create a dramatic story. An exceptional cast. The picture is a real thriller. (June)

RED HAIR.—Paramount.—Clara Bow's hair in natural color. Also an Elinor Glyn story of a gold-digger who alights upon a man in love. For the Bow fans. (May)

RED RIDERS OF CANADA.—FBO.—Heroic stuff about the Great Northwest. Okay. (May)

REFORM.—Chadwick.—Wherein a mush-headed psychogenic rambler finds a good-looking girl crook by teaching her to eat and drink and smoke. (June)

RIDERS OF THE DARK.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Arthur Lake and Bert North starred in this film, with Boris Karloff as the villain, and three English kings as villains. (June)

RINTY OF THE DESERT.—Warner.—An appealing adventure story with the one and only Rin-Tin-Tin. (July)

ROAD TO RUIN, THE.—Cliff Broughton. Sponsored by the National Council of Women, this film should only be shown to selected audiences. It is sensational in its portrayal of a doppleganger with evil, nothing left to the imagination. If you like this sort of thing—(May)

ROSE-Marie.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Adapted from the musical of that name, dealing with the gold and romance among the fur traders of Canada. William Tabbert and Jean Muir. (March)

RUSH HOUR, THE.—Pathé—De Mille.—Conventional stuff, sponsored by Marie Prevost and Sess O'Conner. Oh, dear, the "walking girl" of (April) and (July) is no longer on the stage. (May)

SADDLE MATE.—Pathe.—Wally Wales indescribable in a lot of rough and tumble-fighting. You've guessed it—it's a Western. (May)

*SADIE THOMPSON.—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson triumphs over the censors. A racy, ironic and dramatically fine story, with a well-performance by Lionel Barrymore and Gloria's finest acting to date. Not the objectionable interludes, but real stuff for persons of normal, healthy sensibilities. (April)

SAILORS' WIVES.—First Nacional.—A humdrum sequel to "Flaming Youth." This time the heroine of the former film takes over. (April)

SAN FRANCISCO NIGHTS.—Gotham.—Mac Busch, as a cabaret girl, rescues Percy Marmont from a death-certificate in the underworld. Mac's a good trooper. (April)

SATAN AND THE WOMAN.—Excellent.—Shoveling away the rubber-ducky story, there is a pretty girl about. Claire Windsor. Fie on them! (April)

SCARLET DOVE, THE.—Tiffany-Stahl.—Military life in Carlist Russia. Mostly bedroom scenes. However, the story—"acts grand and sexy and many gaudy uniforms." Also a sentimental conclusion. (May)

SCARLET YOUTH.—S. S. Millard.—Supposed to have a big social message; one of those medical films that plays to the consumption and cancer trade. Also Eileen Hervey. Don't let them kid you. It's just to get the easy money of anyone-sufficient to be taken in by the sentimental advertising. (April)

SERENADE.—Paramount.—Holding a stethoscope to the baffling needs of a musicologist, the top man in his field, is Adolph Menjou's best, and brightened by the presence of Kathryn Carver. (February)

SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS.—First National.—Pure Harold Bell Wright and very sweet and clean. But too wet, you know, to bit slow. (March)

SHOWDOWN, THE.—RKO.—The good picture of life in the depressing Mexican oil fields. Not too much action, but well acted by George Bancroft and Evelyn Brent. (May)

SILK LEGS.—Fox.—Magee Bellamy demonstrates how to wear Stockmans. Wrighted cream. (March)

SILVER SLAUGHTER.—Warner.—How mother saves daughter from the clutches of villainous Chang. Ah, these self-sacrificing mothers! (February)

SIMBA—Martin Johnson Corp.—Those charming travelers, the Martin Johnsons, have made another delightful picture. The animals are real. Good news for all animal lovers. (May)

SKINNER'S BIG IDEA.—FBO.—After a long time-span, Bryant Washburn continues the adventures of his intrepid friend, Skinner. (May)

SKY-SCRAPER.—Pathe—De Mille.—And the riveting themes. The locations are thrilling, although the plot is hackneyed. With Sue Carol and William Boyd. (April)

SMART SET, THE.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—William Haines takes up polo. Always the same, fresh kid. But good. If you go in for flippant youth. (April)

SOFT LIVING.—Fox.—Adventures of a newspaper-finder who finds that it is his duty to keep his family from work for a living. But love saves all. With Magee Bellamy, it's all right. (April)

SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENS.—Paramount.—Especially in a haunted house. Good comedy with a somber message. With the eye-soothing Esther Ralston. (April)

SO THIS IS LOVE.—Columbia.—A slightly goody story of love and marriage between pipsqueak-fighter—all for love. With William Collier, Jr. and Shirley Mathers. (May)

SOUTH AWA-LA-FOBO.—Just like any other brand of love—all full of inconsistencies. With Patric Ruth Miller. (June)

SOUTH OF THE BORDER.—RKO.—Ivan Lloyd captures all the dash and excitement of Mexican "flights"—ingenious and high-powered comedy. For the whole family, comedy is the main thing. (June)

SPORTING AGE.—Columbia.—Good acting and fine direction lift this triangle story above the average. Special thanks to Belle Bennett and Holmes Herbert. (June)

SPORTING GOODS.—Paramount.—Richard Die-pulverizes a group of old-fashions with the very best current light comedies. (March)

SQUARE CROOKS.—Fox.—Original variations of the famous story. A hit comedy above the ordinary. J ack Coogan and three-year-old kid, run away with the laughs. (April)

STAND AND DELIVER.—Pathe—De Mille.—Rod La Rocque makes the story of an American Indian and his Indian wife. Once more Lupe Velez registers a hit. (February)

STATE STREET SADIE.—Warner.—Can you believe it? Another underworld story. And none of the best. (July)

STOCKS AND BLONDIES.—FBO.—Romance among the chorus girls and brokers. Strictly hot-tempered. A very good family picture. With Jacqueline Logan and "Skunks" Gallagher. (June)

*STREET ANGEL.—Fox.—Jann Gaynor and Charles Farrell continue to remain in Seventh Heaven. A human, appealing story, admirably acted. By all means see it. (April)

*STREETS OF PARIS.—Paramount.—Technically a fine picture but the story is nothing. Only the music slams, is repulsive. The least satisfactory of Emil Jannings' films. (April)

STREETS OF SHANGHAI.—Tiffany-Stahl.—Dirty work in China and slightly reminiscent of a lot of previous pictures. (April)

TELLING THE WORLD.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—That curious film, Bill Haines, goes to China. Made for the motion-picture industry by one who makes her debut in this one, is all to the good. (May)

TEMPES—United Artists.—Interesting story of the Russian Revolution. While John Barrymore is starved, it is Greta Garbo's picture. Here's a real find. (June)

TEMPTATIONS OF A CHORUS GIRL.—First Division.—Not naughty, just foolish. Betty Compson makes the most of a masochist character. (June)

TENDERLOIN.—Warner.—This time the dirty crooks blame the robbery on Dolores Costello, the real giving her an excuse to register a lot of anguish. (March)

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
TEN TH AVENUE—Pathe De Mille. — Boarding house life on the wrong side of Manhattan. Heavy melodrama and vividly played by Phyllis Haver, Victor Varconi and Joseph Schmidhein (Judy).

THEIR HOUR—Tiffany-Stahl. — Wherein the heroine attempts to get the best stops for her sister, Dorothy Sebastian, Johnnie Harson and June Lockhart. — (June).

THERE IN THE DARK, THE. — Fox. — Supposed to scare you to death. But merely puts you to sleep. — (May).

THIRTEENTH HOUR, THE. — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — In spite of trapdoors, secret panels and undergarment scenes, Naipolski, the crafty canine outwits the villains. (February).

THOROUGHBRED. — Universal. — Once again the innocent country lad falls in with a gang of wild cowards. Good direction and some race-track scenes help some. — (May).

*THREE SISTERS. — Paramount. — Pola Negri as a good girl gone wrong. Not so slick as the good girl, but oh, after she has gone wrong! Sophistication. — (May).

TIGER LADY. — Paramount. — Reviewed under title “Love Is Incalculable.” Old-fashioned story, and made more so by the庸俗 acting of Adolph Menjou and Evelyn Brent. — (June).

THE THIRTEEN PUNCTURED ROMANCE — Christie-Paramount. — Rare antique that has been redone for no good reason. Even with the hard work of Louise Kerwin, it is mostly just plain silly. — (May).


TREE OF LIFE, THE. — Zenith. — The story of the world’s greatest hoax! Luther H. Trottier, with the aid of the University of California, prepared the scientific data. Educational and worth your while. — (April).


TURN BACK THE HOURS-Gotham. — All right, turn back the hours and what does it get you? A lie! The picture, with a lot of well-known players filling in between more important pictures. — (May).

TWO FLAMING YOUTH—Paramount. — In-teresting_mystery story, with Chester Conklin. Great fun for all but the chronic wavers. — (March).

TWO Lovers—United Artists. — Some direction, neat acting and fine settings cannot disguise the fact that this is the same old story. But Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky are simply swell. — (March).

UNDER THE BLACK FLAG—Metro Goldwyn-Mayer. — Flash, “the wonder dog,” shows that the dogs did share in felling the war. — (March).


UPLAND RIDER, THE. — First National. — Ken-ney Americans—Universal. — A fine, fast-paced story that saves the old homestead. A routine plot but a grand horse-ride. — (May).

VAPEY VENUS—First National. — A “Canadian Yankee” comedy designed to get back some of the money spent on “The Hallelujah.” Cock-eyed enough to popular. Thelma Todd is no match for Tom Murray. What else do you want? (May).


WARNING, THE. — Columbia. — Jack Holt’s sense of humor pays off in this short subject of the Hong Kong dives from being dull. — (May).

WASHINGTON SQUARE — Universal. — A rather unimpressive story with a lot of comedy and a good performance by ZaSu Pitts, also with Alice Joyce and Joan Horsford. — Only fair. — (March).

WASHINGTON SQUARE—Universal. — A Duchess of our immigrants. The struggle, loyalty and problems of these new Americans will make you more tolerant and sympathetic. A fine study in patriotism, splendidly acted. — (May).

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

Now You Can Reduce 2 to 4 lbs. in a Night

Eat what you please Wear what you please Do whatever you please
Take no risky medicine

Send the coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well-groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs Are Now Brought to You

Painstaking analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the purgative effect of its fragrant oils and cleansers.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration, forces body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Consult your physician and he will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awake refreshed as though you had enjoyed a week’s vacation.

LOSE WEIGHT WHERE YOU MOST WANT TO

Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effect on abdomen, hips, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your figure. If you are 200 pounds, the correct weight for your height do not try to reduce further. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro at Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full sized packages and an interesting booklet “Health and Open Pores” for 2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.

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Read what Fayro Baths have done for others.

“Three Fayro baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 6 days. I feel better than I have felt for years.”

“I weighed 200 pounds last and feel younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful.”

“My body’s slim and toned in the magic of Fayro baths.”

“My hips were always too prominent until I commenced Fayro baths. I have lost 12 pounds.”

“Thank you for Fayro. I lost 11 pounds in three weeks. Feel better and certainly look better.”

“Since childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayro has taken them beautifully. Thank you very much.”

For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every better published has been authorized and names and addresses will be given on request.

Fayro, Inc.
821 Locust St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me 3 full sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will return the postage $2.50 plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

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If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon.
NEW SAFE WAY TO END GRAY HAIR

Test It Free at Home

HERE is a way that works wonders by supplying coloring elements to gray hair. What happens is that original shade is obtained. If your hair is naturally auburn, it will revert to auburn. If black, it will be black.

No need now for crude, mean dyed judged dangerous to hair. They are noticed by friends.

This new scientific way, called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, dyes detection. Some 2,000,000 women have used it. It's safe and makes your hair live looking and lustrous. Will not wash nor rub off but may be washed only to gray and faded parts.

Test it if you wish by writing for free outfit—or go to nearest drug store today. A few cents worth restores original color perfectly. Your money returned if not delighted.

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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit, X shows color of hair. Black ..., dark brown ..., medium brown ..., light brown ..., light auburn (light red) ..., blonde.

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SHORT STORY WRITING

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HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
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WEST POINT — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer — William Holden is a guy and amusing comedy of the U.S. Military Academy. Joan Crawford is the girl. (February.)

WHIP WOMAN, THE — First National — A picture so hotly made the audience left. Our judgment of a reviewer, we failed to warn you how hot it was. (February.)

WYLLI, THE YOUTH — Peerless — Henry made drama in the tall timbers with Kenneth Harlan and Edna Murphy. (June.)

WILLFUL, YOUTH — Peerless — Henry made drama in the tall timbers with Kenneth Harlan and Edna Murphy. (June.)

WIZARD, THE — Fox — One of Monsieur Lorrain's most thrilling mystery yarns enacted by Edmund Lowe and other capable persons. (February.)

WRECK OF THE Hesperus, THE — Pathé-De Mille — Elmer Clifton, who made "Down to the Sea in Ships," has again turned out some glorious sea stuff. Low-sounding but blissfully welldiced, but you'll like Virginia Bradford. (February.)

YELLOW LILY, THE — First National — Concerning the bad habit of archdukes of falling in love with women who are side of that tracks. Billie Dove and Olive Brook are the principal reasons why you'll want to see this. (February.)

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW — Rayart — The title tells the story. Full of crooks and suchlike, Cornelius Keene is the landscape cop. (May.)

THE Stars That Never Were

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]
Naturally, instinctively, she fell into the tender, protective attitude that a young mother had assumed, centuries ago, in a little town called Bethlehem.

But, while her eyes rested upon the baby’s crumpled flower of a face—while her gentle fingers smoothed the folds of the cloth that swaddled him, her mind was not with that far away Mother. For she was seeing a porch, dark in the summer night. Hearing a medley of country sounds—frogs and far-off whip-o-wills.

And, above and over and around it all, a boy’s voice. Saying—

“What’s better than being married to a man who loves you... Than being a wife and—a mother...”

She was hardly conscious of the director’s voice that said “cut” to the camera man.

But when they lifted the sleeping baby from her arms she raised a face so radiant that the star, lingering on the outskirts of the set, turned swiftly away. Such radiance, you see, could only come from the depths of a very young heart!

How could the star know that Myra Hale was, mentally, tearing up a letter that had lain, for nearly a day, in her pocket?

And that she was writing, also mentally, a telegram to Bobby. A telegram that she sent on her way home from the studio, that evening. The telegram was the real reason why—when certain important ones came with their contract—they could not find the lovely woman who had played the Madonna.

For the telegram read:

“You were right, dearest. And I am coming home.”

An ensemble dinner gown, with cape effect, designed and made by Ruth Taylor. The costume is of white, gray and cerise chiffon. The sandals are of silver and cerise brocade. Ruth’s costume has made such a hit that she is thinking of opening a dress shop...
The Inside of a Censor's Mind

But posing as something which one is not, carries with it the idea of complete insight into one's own mental and emotional mechanisms, plus deliberate intent to deceive.

This is the real and, I believe average, censor lacks.

HE lacks insight, he could not be different if he wanted to; consequently he is honest according to his lights.

When all is told and done really the worst you can say of the censor, pestiferous though he often can be, is that he is mentally sick.

The theory of it is, nevertheless, that the censor mind can gain the power and influence that it does.

But that, too, is understandable from a scientific viewpoint.

Any neurotic compulsion, no matter what its kind, has more force and energy behind it than a normal non-neurotic desire or impulse.

The compulsive neurotic has no peace of mind until he gives way to his compulsions—in other words, until he acts it out.

Therefore he will go to any lengths to have his way, in order to make his compulsive ideas effective.

All of which explains, of course, why censors can become so overbearing, so impatient of the rights of others and so tyrannical.

Censors keep hammering away until they gain power because they simply cannot help themselves.

One thing the censor does not realize is the changing trends in morals.

This makes him particularly difficult to deal with.

Since his own moral compulsions are of necessity born and fixed in his childhood days he is always at least a generation behind.

WHILE he is battling to express himself in reform and thereby expiate his own unconscious sins, the world has progressed and adjusted itself according to a pattern alien to his own bringing up and background.

Therefore the censor we will always have with us.

Each generation is bound to produce a new crop.

An appreciation of the psychology of the censor mind may not help us much, however, if we continue to allow the censor minority to rule the normal majority.

That is neither fair nor just, nor is it of advantage to the progress of art, be it in the motion picture field or elsewhere.

But that is always the trouble with normality.

It is careless. Being comparatively free from relentlessly pursuing compulsions, it is too indifferent and lazy.

In the meanwhile the censor-compulsives create a compact minority and make the scattered majority dance according to their own tunes.

"I Don't Care If I Never Make Another Picture"

"Oh, I suppose so." What other actress would have overlooked the past tense of that question?

"I suppose it is strange. I'll never forget when I finished my first picture, 'The Girl Who Stayed Home' with Clara Seymour.

Mr. Griffith asked me then how I liked pictures.

I answered, 'I really appreciate what you've done for me, Mr. Griffith, but I don't care for pictures.'

"It's the same today. I appreciate Mr. Griffith, but I wouldn't worry if I never played in another picture."

WE looked very closely. Either this was a darned clever young woman or a most striking exception. She seemed to read what we were thinking.

"You can't understand. Not even my friends comprehend it.

"They keep asking me why I don't play in a picture.

"Perhaps I don't know myself.

"I don't care to work for anybody but Mr. Griffith.

"When he has a part which he thinks is my type, he will play it.

"She switched the subject. "When do you plan to go to New York?"

"This fall, I hope. Why?"

"Oh, I just want you to go to my farm. It's only sixty miles out of the city.

"It has an old house and a hill-side carpeted with violets.

"And an old-fashioned orchard. There's a corner that's simply covered with forget-me-nots and big bushes of—"

"But what's that to do with pictures?"

"It hasn't. But neither have I for that matter."

"Wait a minute. I'll prove it! I've never had a press agent.

"I haven't had a photograph taken for two years."

"I've never met John Gilbert."

"None of my family ever tried to get into pictures. I—"

"You win!"

"We give in. But do you care if we talk to D. W. Griffith?"

WE reached the director the next morning.

"I don't think there's a better actress on the screen."

He made this statement the minute Carol Dempster's name was mentioned.

"She's been off the screen this long before I'm making pictures for the Cinema Finance company.

"They help choose the players. In The Battle of the Sexes, which I am now making, there was no part to fit her.

"It is the story of a gold-digging daughter and her mother, ideal roles for Phyllis Haver and 1elle Bennett.

"You know, of course, she's a lovely dancer. She studied with Ruth St. Denis. Did you see her in 'Sally of the Sawdust!' The English critics and some of the best performances ever recorded.

"Famous Players-Lasky wanted to sign her as a featured player with an eye to stardom after that picture."

"I signed her again instead. When we find the right part—"

"We sighed. Where was our pitiful, harrow-
ing, nerve-racking heart story? Where was our little woebegone Carol Dempster? We snorted!

But just to make certain we went out to see where she is living. A beautiful home in Beverly Hills. A perfectly respectable stay-at-home sister and brother. A father who was a Great Lakes captain.

A sister in New York who is a vocal teacher.

A—

BUT why go farther? What has happened to Carol Dempster?

The answer is: Nothing!

This girl who looks like a cross between Greta Garbo and Gloria Swanson is simply a happy young woman who, when the opportunity arises, may play in her tenth motion picture.

But if she doesn't she won't worry. She'll go to New York and continue her vocal lessons.

For Carol is ambitious to sing. She has studied all of her life.

And singing masters have encouraged her in this vocation. But talking motion pictures, which would give her a chance to sing, will never take the place of Grand Opera in her ambitions.

"To sing is an art, but to play in pictures—well, almost any girl can do that. Perhaps that's the reason I will never worry about them."

You can do it! It's easily and quickly done! A few drops of NONSPI (an antiseptic liquid) applied to your under-arms about twice a week will keep your armpits dry and odorless.

NONSPI, used and endorsed by physicians and nurses, does not actually stop perspiration—it destroys the odor and diverts the underarm perspiration to parts of the body where there is better evaporation.

There is no excuse for anyone being annoyed by underarm perspiration and its disagreeable odor. NONSPI will correct it! NONSPI will keep your armpits dry and odorless—also save your clothing from destructive perspiration stains.

NONSPI is more than a deodorant. It is an old, tried and proven, dependable preparation which for many years has brought relief to men and women from excessive underarm perspiration and its disagreeable odor. More than a million of them keep their armpits dry and odorless and protect their clothing by using NONSPI.

NONSPI should be used the year around—spring, summer, fall and winter. It is an absolute toilet requisite. No one who is a victim of excessive underarm perspiration can feel at ease where this condition exists. Why let it exist, when it can be so easily prevented?

Try NONSPI! Purchase a bottle from your Toilet Goods Dealer or Druggist for 5c (several months' supply) or if you prefer Accept our 10c Trial Offer (several weeks' supply)

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Name
Address
City

For the enclosed 10c (coin or stamps) send me a trial size bottle of NONSPI

You never lose Ivory in your bath—
it floats!

99 4/100% PURE

A portrait of Carol Dempster taken when she was first starred by Griffith. Carol started her career as a dancer. She wants to be a singer. As for the movies—"almost any girl can play in pictures"
furnished her a dietitian, it is said, to make
certain that she did diet.
Now it's curious what next happened to
Molly. Not so curious, either, when you re-
member what happens to so many hundreds
of others when they jump their first hurdles
and see the home stretch to success unimpeded
before them. It all seems so easy. It seemed
easy to Joan Crawford until someone stopped
her going out every evening and saved her
waning complexion.
It seemed so to Barbara La Marr until
pleasures usurped her interest to the elim-
nination of her professional ambition.
It seemed so to Jetta Goudal until she let
temperament run away with her. It has seemed
so to countless others until they succumbed to
 temptations which spelled professional ruin.

MOLLY didn't dissipate, not, at least,
according to accepted standards. She
didn't run around with men; she didn't buy
Rols Royces or swimming pools and tie up all
her income on down payments.
She just bought ice cream and cream puffs
and chocolate candy.
It was while she was on location for "Little
Shepherd of Kingdom Come" that she began
her dissipation, friends tell us. Not in the
day time. Oh, no! For there was the dietitian
always ready with spinach and lamb chops
and pineapple. But at night, on the sly, a
school kid.

When Molly returned, even Al Rockett
scarcely knew her. Twenty pounds—well,
twenty pounds is enough to ruin even a long-
established, ultra-well known, motion-picture
lady.
As well known as Mac Murray!
There was a big, juicy part waiting for Molly
with Milton Sills in "The Barker." "If you
can get into the dress you wore in the first
scene of 'Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come'
you can have it," they told her.
She tried on the dress. Not a single button
would fasten!
There were four big stories waiting for her as
a star for next season. But in two of them,
Molly had to dress up like a real lady. Did
you ever see a pumpkin dressed in the evening
clothes of a lady?

Finally, Mr. Rockett, still believing that
Molly is one actress out of ten thousand (and
that is exactly what he, himself, told me)
sent for his protege. Now, I wasn't there at
that meeting but I have talked with both of
them and as far as I can gather this is just
about what Mr. Rockett told Molly:
"Molly, you can get as fat as you please.
You can eat as much as you please. You can
diet as little as you please. We've done all
we can. It's your life and you have to live it.
As far as we are concerned you are through—
that is, until you get down to the right physical
size for our pictures."
Molly stormed and raved; she cried and
pleaded. But Mr. Rockett was determined.
"Alice White started about the same time you
did.
"We are going to star her in four pictures.
Alice was a little heavy but she lost her extra
flab when we told her about it."
Perhaps that is what really did it. Gratitude,
ambition, big money—none of them seemed to
have worked with Molly. But jealousy. Ah,
that is the matter. Molly knew she was a
better actress than Alice. Mr. Rockett didn't
contradict her. If Alice could lose ten pounds,
then—by all the powders in the heavens—Molly
could lose twenty.

SHE'S in Hot Springs, Arkansas, when this
is written. And she not only has a dietitian
but a physical instructor. Hot baths every
morning and evening. And three times a
day, spinach and lamb chops and pineapple.
The other day a friend went down to see
Molly. At first he really didn't know her.
Most of the twenty pounds he reports as al-
ready missing. But ten more will make Molly
still slimmer.

Napoleon lost his battle. But Molly's
Waterloo is just plain fat, and that she's de-
termined to conquer.

This picture was taken only eleven years ago, but it already belongs
to a forgotten chapter of movie history. Here are the Lasky Studio
Home Guards of 1917, organized when the United States went into
the World War. The girl is Mary Pickford and the officer at the left
is Cecil B. De Mille. And surely you recognize the flag-bearer. Yes,
the fine-looking boy is Wallace Reid

---

Melo-Glo Bestows Rare Loveliness

A ROSE petal complexion—that cherished
aim of women the world over—can
now be cultivated through the use of new
wonderful MELLO-GLO Face Powder. Its
exclusive youth shade gives the complexion
an exquisite tone and a velvety texture im-
possible to gain from any other face powder.
It spreads so smoothly that not a single pore
is visible.

MELLO-GLO Face Powder is made by a
new French process from delicate imported
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on by the Government Bureau of Agriculture
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look with MELLO-GLO Face Powder. Its
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Please send me, without charge, a sample of this
new wonderful face powder with a beauty booklet,
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My name__________
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Please tell me the name of the store where you buy
your toilet articles.

My dealer's name__________

Note—It would be illegal to publish this if not true.

---

The flowers-like bloom reproduced by MELLO-GLO
Face Powder does not wear off so quickly, it stands
for hours without renewing.” Gurla André, beautiful
Danish film actress, 35 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

"I adore MELLO-GLO because it keeps ugly shine
away without drying the skin or clogging the pores."
Marie Holmes (now acting with "Show Boat"),
Great Northern Hotel, New York City.
"I said—from your departure and address you appeared to be lacking in many of the comities,"

"Comities! Comities! Natalie, what's comities?"

But the daughter kept her eyes on the actor.

"I apologize for him, Mr. Darling," she chided.

"That's all right," Cecil laughed good-humoredly at sight of her face. Strong, even beautiful, bedazzled her. The girl was all tallow. She ignored the boiling parent.

"I wish—I wish—I might have the opportunity—to apologize—in some way more substantial.

How Natalie managed this, she never found out. A truce, all of it. And Cecil's face showed interest. After all, one little thing—a little thing that to those boarding-school hero worshippers—it was written all over her. Cecil's smile broadened and showed his matchless dimples. He made a slight bow.

"Consider me at your service," he replied—half in prank.

CYRUS B. KEELE hadn't traversed half a block getting back to their chauffer, before he discerned a disturbing situation.

"If I'd known you were gonna go goody goody around the house, kid, I wouldn't've come within the same spot as you—"

But his daughter was not there. Not the daughter he had raised. Something of wood—iron—ice—climbed in the car ahead of him. And something else. All the way down to the Ambassador she never spoke a word.

All that evening she never spoke a word. Of course, a reasonable amount of her reticence might have been due to the trance which still persisted. But when the next day had passed—with this child still a stranger—Cyrus B. Keele accepted he had erred.

"What can th' Old Man do t' square himself, Natalie?" he mused at length. After all, she was his daughter, the only one he owned.

"You can stay right here in Los Angeles," his ordering retorted—quite too quickly for non-premeditation. "You can take a house for the rest of the season. Let me give a dinner and invite Mr. Darling."

"The devil!

"You heard me, I think."

"Not in five billion years! Stay here, rent a house, let my business go whack just to entertain a comic opera mountebank!"

THIS converse transpiring in the Ambassador dining-room, his daughter arose and vanished from his sight. Therefore it came about that four days later, Cyrus B. Keele being still in the Southland, he sought out his friend, a chief of detectives.

"He said miserably, "I want you to help me."

The detective chief listened, his feet on his desk. When a multimillionaire, one of the most truculent and masterful of Father West Coast politics, and the owner of a charming daughter beside, forces a fifty-cent cigar on one, closes all the doors, and appears for appeals, what can be done—except deceive the dogs and listen?

"You want to what?" he gasped at length.

"I want t' stage a little show, Bud, t' convince the Old Man from the stage that strong, even completely cucked over him, she has... gettin' black beneath the eyes. Just this afternoon was the first time I learnt that's why she dragged me downtown here. Hollywood, Natalie—not at all like her mother. Don't know where she gets it, but that's beside th' point. I figger th' only way t' cure her of her nonsense is to show this chap up a little' 'llosey he is. Get him in a good stinatuation that takes spine t' get out of, an' he'll turn tail an' run an Natalie 'll be cured."

"When you monkey 'round with thugs, Cy, you're monkeyin' with dynamite!"

"Not if they're subsidized—just actors themselves. Some fellow y' can depend on who'll get a gang together an' bust in on that dinner? Y' know—back us up against th' wall—hold us up with guns—take our pearls and pocketbooks away—an' even in a pinch stage a little torture—"

"Torture!"

"YEAIH, give this Stenographer's Darlin' th' scare o' his life. I know one thing about Natalie—she likes her men Men! All I wanta do is show her this Darlin' is a play-boy an' soft. I'll give th' tough neck who'll stage it a cool thousand dollars. I'll have it in my pocket. He can keep what he collects. He's gotta be a chap who'll take a little rough work. I may put up a fight to make things look genuine."

Detective Klune chuckled. "Black Murphy might answer," he finally cogitated. "He's not a bad sort. Claims he's reformed. All the same, if he got a gang together and they busted in your place—knowing all the time your resistance was faked—they might not stop at making a party. They might make it real while they had the opportunity."

"I'll take the risk—if they get out of hand."

"You think you will. But if they got you tied up, to burn the bottoms of your feet like you suggested, you'd supply us with the details of that circus party... to... give tails an alluring, laudious tint of the correct shade, and frame each one in a soft, pink cuticle curve of beauty."

Then from Paris come the whisper that liquid polishes had been created. I tried all of them. But some of them peeled or dulled in spots. Others gave the nails an unnatural tint that was too obvious.

Then just when I despaired of ever realizing my ambitions I discovered the Glazo Manicure. What a happy meeting!

The marvelous Glazo Polish brings to nails such enchanting loveliness. Its radiant beauty makes the hands seem fairer.

It will keep your nails as perfectly pruned, as beautiful as if I were maneuvering them for you. And the Glazo Cuticle Oil (for those who prefer, the Glazo Cuticle Cream) softens the cuticle and keeps it smooth, pink, and beautifully curved.

Let the Glazo Company send you the little lesson book I have prepared. It tells you how to hide traces of work and keep your hands youthful. Also, it explains the latest method of manicuring the hands.

Your favorite shop sells Glazo. Its price, including the remover, 50c. Known as Glesio in England and the Colonies.

By MISS ROSALINE DUNN

The women of New York's smartest society are my clients. Their patronage is my reward for service bestowed on the art of maniuring.

For years I have studied the care of the nails and hands, always striving to give women of exclusive section... to give nails an alluring, laudious tint of the correct shade, and frame each one in a soft, pink cuticle curve of beauty.

At last

I HAVE FOUND THE

Perfect Manicure
$1043 in one month
from Short Stories

"There are actual cash sales for work done by January 15th, 1970, of $1043, for February submissions with four novels not yet heard from," reports Louisitzer and Arthur LaBean, successful Salmagundi contributors. "This Course in writing can back your ambition and initiative and help you produce the kind of stories that magazines want to see."

The Palmer Course would have saved me years of labor," writes Jim Tully, author of "Jargon." "The Circus Parade," and stor- ies appearing in Vanity Fair, Liberty and American Mercury. Palmer training strengthens and enriches one's life. Many professional writers have been helped by Palmer train- ing. If you want to write stories that pay dividends, use coupon.

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LASH COSMETIC WATERPROOF

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But first use Katherine Mac- Donald's Lash Cosmetics...Ab- solutely waterproof, Guaran- teed. Doesn't drip. Doesn't stub- ben or break off lashes...con- tains no harmful ingredients. At dep't. and drug stores and beauty parlors. 10c and 25c. 25c and 75c. 

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Sunburn
Cool and soothe the inflammation and distress of sunburn with clean, antiseptic, healing ZEMO. Use freely any time. At all druggists—5c, 60c and $1.00.

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CHARLIE GARLAND
SONA HEADQUARTERS

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at Home

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Cyrus swallowed hard, "I've—I've—misjudged you, young man. I owe you an apology."

'It's quite all right," the other said lightly. "But we've made an awful mess of things, haven't we? The damage will be heavy." "'T' hell with the damage! I'll see t' that. I never s'posed a chap as flossie as you looked, could ever use his dukes t' such glorious advantage."

Again Cecil's smile. "You don't like actors, do you, Mr. Keele? Like a great many so-called practical people, you won't admit that furnishing entertainment to the public is quite as requisite as furnishing them ships. After all, each of us have our places in life; each must contribute his bit to society. It seems to me it's how well you do your bit, not what the bit is, that ultimately counts."

"But your poise, son! It was splendid."

"Oh well, you see I play so many movie scenes of that kind—if you don't know how to handle yourself in a Rough-and-Tumble, why—you simply get hurt. Besides, I was second lieutenant in the Marines at Chateau Thierry. And after you've looked into the muzzles of German howitzers for eighteen months, ordinary small arms stuck in your face are silly and annoying."

The chief of detectives scratched his bald pate. "Another elopement in picture circles, eh?" he exclaimed as he glanced at his paper. "Another millionnaire's daughter fallen for a picture star."

"Probably the outcome of that fight," a sergeant remarked. "I'm told it was a peach."

Chief Klune chuckled. Then he grew pensive.

"I often wonder, Mike, should I—or should I not—have told old Cyrus that Black Murphy poisoned himself on bum hooch with the five hundred we give him—and died the third day before that raid was pulled off?"

"Then who could the gang have been that Cecil roughed up?"

"Damned if I know," the detective responded.

"Some o' the local toughs that Murphy's men blabbed to, I s'pose. What difference does it make? Cecil sure saved us a lot o' real work!"

---

**Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section**

---

**Freedom from body odor**

---

**is essential to loveliness**

---

"**Mum** is the word!"

---

**the true deodorant that prevents all body odor**

---

**Special Offer**

---

Just a couple of good skates. Junior Coghlan recently entertained the boy trouper of the screen at a party in a Los Angeles roller-skating rink. An elegant luncheon of hot dogs and pop was served the guests. Junior is the lad with freckles and the lad with the soulful eyes is Philippe de Lacy.
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The Best Motion Picture Interview Ever Written

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

look at. Today an American comedy audience seems to want better surroundings or settings. 

And if the waiter is of the RTZ or Ambassador type, and the customer a gentleman in evening 
clothes—or a so many the better! But the 

shape of all has remained the same. It 

has to be sort of rough trouble for the other 

fellow in burlesque, or no laugh.

A new Mr. Sennett interpolated a bit of reminiscence out of his Old Biograph days. It 

appears that when he first began to make 

comedies in opposition to the melodramas of the hour, the Biograph chief looked on them 

with doubt and at times disdain. "They're 

too rough," they said. "Too many people fall 
downstairs or out of windows, or get shot or 

run over. Can't you be funny without being so rough?" "No," I told them, "I can't. You've 

get to laugh, haven't you?" And then I 

showed them that you couldn't reach the 

crowd by refined comedy. If you wanted the 

big crowds and the big laughs, you had to 

handle the stuff a little rough. And, as I say, 

except for dressing the actors and the scenes a 

little better today, there isn't so much change.

One of the things I was moved to ask at 

this point was, slapstick being what it is, was there 

any limit to the forms or manifestations of 

this humor? And to my surprise, yes, there 

was, and it was--

"No joke about a mother ever gets a laugh," 

he insisted most dogmatically. "We've tried 

that, and we know. You can't joke about a 

mother in every lightest, middest way to 

do, the audience sits there cold, and you 

get no hand. It may not be angry—we 

wouldn't put in stuff about a mother that an 

audience couldn't laugh at—but, on the 

other hand, is not moved to laugh—not 

want to—and no laughs, no money. So 

mothers in that sense are out. You have to use 

them for sentiment or atmosphere in burlesque.

An inarticulate mother," I said, thinking of 

that sterling epitome of America—Precedental. 

"But not so with fathers," I added, after a 

time. "No. You can do anything you want with 

them. Father's one of the best butts we have. You 

can do anything but kill him on the stage.

"And as for the dear mother-in-law," I 

interjected.

"Better yet. Best of all, unless it is an old 

maid!"

"No quarter for old maids, eh?"

NOT a cent. A free field and no favors 

where they're concerned. You can do 

anything this side of torture and get a laugh. 

In silence I began to brood over the 

human or inhuman psychology of that, but got 

nowhere for want of time. After all, Mr. Sennett 

was being interviewed, and I had to go on.

And if the waiter is of the RTZ or Ambassador type, and the customer a gentleman in evening 
clothes—or a so many the better! But the 

shape of all has remained the same. It 

has to be sort of rough trouble for the other 

fellow in burlesque, or no laugh.

Not so much the 41 once in a while I get an 
idea or so—the same as anyone else—and, 

and I don't know that I can say 

that anybody writes 'em. We have a board of 

scenario writers now—twelve or fifteen all 

the time—and they all work together more or 

less. But I can't say that I can say 

that anybody writes 'em. We have a board of 

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the time—and they all work together more or 

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that anybody writes 'em. We have a board of
"Well, I'll tell you. They have a phrase in pictures now which everybody uses when they want to describe the thing you're talking about—the something that makes a star, as opposed, say, to the absence of it in someone who can never hope to be one. They say, 'He's got it' or 'She's got it.' And the way they emphasize the word 'it' tells you what they mean. But if you tried to make them say what they mean by it, they couldn't tell you. And I couldn't either, because the style or expression of that it is so different in different people. Take Douglas Fairbanks now. His it, as I see it, is a wonderful athletic skill and that laughing, defiant smile he has, together with the power to strike an effective and interesting pose. On the other hand, Chaplin has a nervous, frightened look when he wants to use it and the gift

Because there isn't enough shoulder strap on the new evening dresses to pin flowers on, Anita Page takes her shoulder corsage and ties it on her ankle. In order to keep the flowers from tearing her stockings, Miss Page discards the stockings

Sunburn?

My dear, don't mention it!
I was positively

until I cooled my burn with

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Address

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has a new soft, smooth skin and beautiful
complexion. It is different from anything
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how to have "Beautiful New Skin in 3 Days!" Learn this secret method your-
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of making you feel that he is trying to get away with something that he shouldn't and yet making you sympathize with him. Then Harry Langdon, who I consider the greatest of them all."

"Greater than Chaplin?" I interpolated.

"Yes, greater than Chaplin," he replied.

"Well, Langdon suggests a kind of baby weakness that causes everybody to feel sorry for him and want to help him out. He's terribly funny to me. On the other hand, Langdon knows less about stories and motion picture technique than perhaps any other screen star. If he isn't a big success, it will be because he isn't funny, but because he doesn't understand the many sides to picture production. He wants to do a monologue all the time; he wants to be the leading lady, cameraman, heavy and director all in one. So far in my experience that attitude has never proved successful."

Our conversation here drifted toward the finding of the most celebrated of these funny people. It is thought by some that Sennett could not have helped Chaplin to fame and fortune. But to me, the reverse seems true. He could, or should have been able to. He is the strong, wise, elemental director and master. Really, there is an impressive and, I hope, some I am sure, a terrifying force to him. I can easily see how he could manage fourteen lots and a hundred comedy stages, if he chose. He has convictions and the drive that is behind them, and convictions spring from innate perception.

But to return. As Mr. Sennett told it, he had in his Keystone Comedy Company, in New York, at that time a comedian, Ford Sterling. This Sterling was going to quit him because, as he expressed it, "he could get more money than I could pay him."

"I tried to coax him to stay but there was nothing doing. Then I remembered a little Englishman I'd seen one night at Morris's three-a-day on the American roof. And I sent around and hired him."

"Charlie Chaplin, you mean?"

"Yes."

"And what about Chaplin? Was he anything like what he is today?"

"Not so different. Of course, we've all had a lot of experience since then. Chaplin didn't have that make-up stage. That costume was assembled on my lot out there in Los Angeles. (By then the Keystone Company had removed to Los Angeles.) "He tried out several different kinds of clothes before he found that one. The first he used was that of a drunk—a man in evening clothes, with a red nose—the old stuff, you see. It didn't go very well, in fact wasn't different enough to give it originality. Then he tried other things—I forget just what. In those days we used to get on new make-ups and run around the stage to see if we could get a laugh from the rest of the gang. One day Chaplin took a pair of Chester Conklin's baggy trousers, the small derby that Roscoe Arbuckle always wore, and the big shoes which were a part of Ford Sterling's old make-up. The case was one of Chaplin's own props—he always used a cane. Well, as soon as I saw the get-up, I knew that was it.

"I REMEMBER one thing about Chaplin. He was the most interested person where he himself, his future, the kind of thing he was doing was concerned. He always looked like he was trying to do something. He wanted to work—and nearly all the time. We went to work at eight o'clock and he was there at seven. We quit at five, say, or later, and he didn't want to go home but wanted to talk about his work to me all the time. The average actor, as maybe you know, is just an actor. When it's quitting time, he's through. His job is done and that's the end of it. He's thinking of something else—maybe even when he's working—and he wants to get away so he can attend to it. But these personally people are different.

"Why, this guy used to fairly sweat if he thought he hadn't done a thing as well as he should have. And he was always..."
complaining of this, that, and the other—the kind of director he had, the kind of actors that worked with him, that his part wasn't big enough, that he ought to have more stage room to do the thing the way he wanted to do it. And when the time came that he could see the film of the day's work, he was always there, whereas, most of the others in the picture would never come around. And if anything in the run didn't please him, he'd click his tongue or snap his fingers and twist and squirm. 'Now, why did I do that that way? What was the matter with me, anyhow? So and so (the director) should have caught that. Heavens, it's terrible. There's always something wrong,'

"CHAPLIN's one fellow who has to work alone, and alone he works."

"And," he went on, "Harry Langdon is another of the same sort. He came to me four or five years ago and I picked him for a sure thing. About the same case as Chaplin—same temperament—only I think him the greater artist."

"Why?"

"A wider range of emotions and so a wider appeal."

I took the matter under silent critical examination.

"And in Langdon the same restless energy and criticism of everything. Why, nothing was ever right, because, like Chaplin, he had his own ideas, exactly, of how everything should be done. And he didn't want to be interfered with, although, of course, he was there under contract and had to take direction from others."

"Are women stars more or less difficult than men to handle—artistically or commercially?"

I here interpolated.

"Less so, for me, I think. I can't speak for anyone else. They may be more temperamental at times in regard to this point and that—things of no great consequence artistically or practically—but they're not so eager to run things all alone. They 'trop' better. Most often you can hold them by showing them that you're trying to do the best you can under the circumstances."

"Gloria Swanson had one of the most delightful personalities of any girl on our lot when she played in our comedies. Besides being sincere and conscientious and a hard worker, she had charm that attracted the admiration of everyone who came in contact with her."

It must have been twenty minutes of, or after, for here we both paused and rested. And then, after a time, we came back to the matter of humor in connection with women—whether they had it to the same degree as men—whether there were as many humorous or witty or waggish women as men. Decidedly not, thought Mr. Sennett, and some difference in the sexes must account for it. Yet now and then, as he explained, there appeared the real woman wag or wit, and how excellent she was. Instantly he cited Mabel Normand, and after her Louise Fazenda, and then Polly Moran. Distinctly they had humor. And, in the case of Mabel Normand, it was so exclusive and yet so real that while you knew it was there, yet you could scarcely say where it was. Why, that girl could walk down the aisle of a church, in the midst of services, and without offense to anybody, and without any outward sign of any kind that you could definitely point to, could get a laugh, or at least a smile, and from everybody.

I DON'T know what it is," he interjected here. "For the life of me I couldn't tell you how or why. But she can do it. And Louise Fazenda can almost do it. As for all the other women I know, mostly you have to create humor for them. It isn't inside. They can get it over if you drill them, but unless you do they haven't so much to offer—and that goes for some who are pretty fair in pictures." (He declined to say who.)

"I was just thinking of a nice woman we had

Mack Sennett and his mother. Theodore Dreiser tells you, in this story, how Sennett constructed a special entrance to his home for her—a splendid tribute to his mother.
out there at the studio." He laughed at this point. "Good actress, too. Played crazy parts that we created for her, but did it under protest sometimes because she didn’t always like it." (And all this in connection with what I was just saying. A part in a picture in which she had to wear a big red wig and a cauliflower ear.) And here he went off into another low chuckle that would bring anyone to laughing.

“What a shame!” I said, thinking of the hard-working, self-respecting actress.

“I KNOW,” he replied. “It was sort of rough.” And he laughed again. “But we couldn’t let her off.” And into that line I read the very face and cornerstone of that rhinestoned Republic Woman that has kept a substantial part of America laughing with him all of these years. Slapstick vigor—the burlesque counterpart of sentiment—the grotesquely comic mask set over against the tragic.

Sennett is obviously the artist who takes developing in latent possibilities in screen asparks. For he now began to tell me the stories of other stars in this line in films where he had the greatest faith. One of these is a youth by the name of Eddie Quillin, now working for him, of whom he said: “Now, there’s a boy I’m going to find. (That was the encomiastic enthusiasm for developing talent.)

“What makes you think so?” I said.

“Well, he has talent. He is enthusiastic, and he has something of that in every fellow that gets over, he likes to work and he criticizes himself. The more I see of his work, the more sure I am he is going to be a success.”

For I think Ham McNamarra gave me no particular promise of stardom at first. I tried her out,” he said, “and most of us were puzzled at first because we put her in one thing and another and she didn’t seem to do anything. Just stood around, as far as we could see. And we thought she was a total loss, or I did. But after a while I began to hear from exhibitors. They showed interest in her—like her personality—asked who she was. Then I began to understand that there was something about the way she did stand around, perhaps, that was interesting to the public—her poise. So I began to surround her with the kind of material that would bring her out. And after she was ready, I used her in a movie. She was—and was—too. And Sennett, whose was the same quick laugh, who gave no particular promise of stardom at first.

“I THINK so,” he replied. And then he went on, the same light of the creator as well as discoverer in his eye, “I’ve had a kid—a baby-girl whose mother brought her in to me—Mary Ann Jackson. Hundreds and hundreds of babies are brought in to be tried out, but it’s just like it is in every other business, and stands out and another doesn’t and we were lucky enough in her case to find a baby we think is going to develop into a national celebrity. And when you got the children that the people are connected with me, because new personalities are coming up everywhere. I always notice that as one personality passes into oblivion another’s always comes along somewhere.

“And you think you have three of em’,” I asked.

“Well, yes, that’s what I think,” he replied. But there still remained the Mack Sennett of the bathing beauty fame to interpret and I wanted to talk of that, to say nothing of the beauty herself, if in and even interest in national feature—the only successful rival, as I see it, to Mr. Ziegfeld and his Folies Girls that has ever appeared in America or elsewhere. And so I went on. Anything he was Auntie Dancing beauties, Mr. Sennett? What have you to say for that as an idea—artistic or otherwise?

“Well, what’s wrong with it?” he countered. And one could see the ancient “Irish” in him simmer.

"Nothing wrong with it," I replied. "I didn’t pay a special admission price the time you sent your group around the country? But was it your idea or someone else’s—that of organizing and sending such a group around? And of course it’s purely commercial proposition, likely to bring in hard cash to someone who has charged or an artistic idea to you?"

He paused to think and finally replied: "You’re right, I’m afraid. Everyone likes to look at a beautiful girl. It sort of holds out the days, doesn’t it? Besides, in the kind of burlesque comedy I was doing, there had to be a relief in the form of beauty of some sort. There’s no chance for sex in the kind of thing we do—or very little. You can’t have a girl stick her toe in a brook and make moon eyes at a boy across the way in a burlesque. Mostly it’s just sort of a sorta rough, and we had to have something or someone as a contrast, so I thought of sticking in a pretty girl or two—the prettier the better.”

"And that’s all there was to it?"

WELL, nearly all of course, then the business grew and we had a lot of them around, somehow the idea of bathing pictures came up. I suppose practically every producer in the business dies by the sea, with bathing girls in them, because they made a pretty picture. And then I suppose someone on a newspaper first called attention to it, but somehow people had been just the same, there she was, labeled. And pretty soon after that, it became ‘Mack Sennett’s Bathing Beauties’ because I was almost the only one of the lot who used to distribute the pictures. And I had the most of them. Well, when an idea like that catches on, and you see that the general public is interested, you’d be surprised if you didn’t want to do anything to keep the public interested. And I don’t know now whether I or someone else suggested getting the girls together and sending them around one season—"I think it was one of the first distributing companies that got the boys to work that first thought of it—but anyhow, it finally looked to be the thing to do and we did it.”

"You did it, you mean?”

"Well, Iaggered it to be done."

And created a more striking thing than the Folies."

"You think so?"

"I do."

"Thanks. Of course, there was criticism. There always is where a lot of pretty girls are used in a public way like that. Besides, human beings will be human beings and in the old days when the business was new there wasn’t as much restraint as there is now. Couldn’t be. Things were too disorganized—too many things to do and things to be done. And, of course, there was talk whenever a girl cut out and lived somewhere else. And there always will be undesirable shows up in every line of work, even among pretty girls. But today we don’t stand for them. We will, he what he is, and of girls who live at home. And what’s more, here he grew quiet emphatic, "we give away an opportunity of leading just the sort of life that the public pays such good money to see. And the public knows it, for there’s very little criticism of any kind any more. Mostly we’re looking for the girl of ambition and with talent, especially if she still goes to school and wants to get somewhere—and when you get that kind you find girls who can look out for themselves, and want to—they don’t need watching.”"
very. The only trouble with him as far as his future is concerned is that he is lazy—or if not that, then he feels no call or inspiration to do anything more than just the thing he’s told to do or is shown how to do.

“I’ve employed a lot of them in my time, and there’s no essential difference in the temperament of any of them.

“Sometimes I have to laugh when I think of these people, and sometimes I’m sorry for them, for here they are, with the same opportunities as Chaplin, Langdon, Harold Lloyd, Fairbanks, Pickford, Swanson—anybody—and they do just what they want to do and no more. They are easily satisfied. They do not know the restlessness and discontent that is forever eating at the heart of the real artist. Nor do they ever experience the bubbling enthusiasm and bubbling and shakable optimism of the fellow who gets there. The difference between the ordinary actor and the artist might be compared to the difference between an adult and a child; the adult, prosaic, practical, working from necessity, and rather disillusioned.

“The artist—the child—a gypsy, curious, impractical, enthusiastic, a tireless worker at the work he loves, idealistic, never knowing quiet and contentment.

“Well, I guess the average actor is just a tradesman, working at his trade; he might as well punch a clock with the carpenters and mechanics.

“You say to one of them, ‘Well, you have to be a fireman today. Here’s the part.’ And they’ll take it and get instructions as to about what’s wanted. Then they’ll dress it and put in the usual funny stuff as to do it more, stuff they know or thought of years before. But anything new? No! Or very little—so little that it doesn’t make any real difference in their whole career. Yet you know, and always that whatever you give them to do they’ll do well enough, but that’s all. Just so they get by. And after that, well, they’re thinking just like any clerk—or nearly so—of what time it is. Maybe they have a wife and kids, as most of them have—and they live in some neighborhood where they know everybody and go to parties or dinner, or to church, or to lodge-meeting at night. Or maybe it’s some real estate deal they’re interested in and thinking of at the very time they’re working—and treating it as a rather ordinary role. Any one of them with a spark of fire could step out of the ranks and begin to attract general attention. But they haven’t got it.

“‘And it isn’t their fault. They can’t get it. They weren’t born with that urge that makes the artist work his head off all day, then think and talk and play his work the rest of the time.

“And here he went off into one of those still, contemplative moods, laying his chin in one of his interesting, forceful hands, and thinking, as we walked, in silence.

“And lastly there was the matter of Mr. Sennett himself—his present ‘right now’ mood in regard to himself and his work. For this is a very, somewhat carelessly dressed man, as I could feel, and even see by his manner, was his fortune of at least fifteen millions. And world-wide fame for his name. And his big studio in Los Angeles, with its many big stages, to say nothing of companies. And on a mountain, which he is having cut off at the very top in order to give himself sky space and field breath, a great house. And his old Irish-Canadian mother, as I understand, is to have a special entrance in this grand house, so that she won’t be compelled to come in contact with the crowds she must ever meet.

“A charming, sensitive touch, that. And so I said:

“A ND now, what of the future, Mr. Sennett? Any special developments?”

“No, none in particular that I see at the moment. Of course business conditions are changing, and we produce comedies and more films. The public taste is changing.

“They want better dressed comedians—fewer axes and the like of that, maybe. But apart from that . . .

“‘Are you as much interested in comedy as ever?’

“‘Just as much—yes—maybe more so.’

“‘Never get weary of it all?’

“‘Oh, I won’t say that. For a few minutes, maybe, at times. Not so much longer.’

“‘Haven’t ever a desire to get away for a long time and rest?’

“‘Well, sometimes I think I have. But I soon get over it. If anything, the game gets more interesting to me. I can scarcely stay away from the studio. Take this particular trip. I think I’d like to come here and stay three months or so for a rest or change somehow.

“‘But here I am—only here three or four weeks and anxious to get back. Habit, maybe.’

“You might call it a bad one—my ruling weakness or sin. Well, that’s the way it is.” He smiled amusingly and I could see so clearly in his face a desire for his work. He will die making comedies.

“But here I added by way of fins:

“You don’t intend to try any more melodramas, I suppose?”

“Oh, I don’t know. I may . . .” he laughed.

“Or dramas? Or tragedies?”

“No tragedies. That’s your game. You can have it.”

“And as for bathing beauties?”

“Well, when the public gets tired of looking at attractive women . . .”

He smiled, and I rose.

Together we strolled out into the lobby of the Ambassador.

Already a telegram or two for him—a boy with a letter.

“If you want to, and will, come out and stay around the lot for three weeks or a month, and see for yourself. I’ll throw everything open to you and make friends with the actors and directors, sit in on the comedy-building conferences, interview anybody you like—even me—go out to the home of those who work for me and see how they live.

“It’s an interesting world, and it might make a book . . .”

“Or a Mack Sennett comedy.” I replied.

“Or a Mack Sennett comedy,” repeated the interview was over.

Bacchanova

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]
What Happens to Fan Mail?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

MASCARILLO, for BEAUTIFYING EYESBROWS and eyelashes (not a dye), 6 shades. Send for samples or examine at home. Write for booklet. MASCARILLO, Charles B. Meter, 11 East 12th St., N. Y.

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A simple, safe home treatment—16 years' success in practice. Moles (also Big Black Hair) sink and drop off. Write for free booklet. WM. DAVIS, M. D., 124-D Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

What happens to fan mail?

A LL of which reminds us of Billie Dove. Conscientious indeed is Billie regarding her fan letters. To her, each is a treasure. Very often, I have taken them home and cons them over during the evening. On her last birthday, May fourteenth, the Dove fans remembered Billie with hundreds of cards. These she took home to personal memorablenines and showed them to all her friends. It is not surprising, of course, that Billie's admirers mention her beauty. Rare indeed is the letter that people write to her.

"I think the greatest joy in life," she says, "comes from friendships. We in pictures make thousands of friends, yet never come in contact with them. Personally I get a glow of pride and satisfaction from the letters that come to me from all parts of the world. Often the writers of fan letters express fear that their missives will be thrown away before being read. In the following letter to Billie from London, that feeling is shown:

"Do not know whether you are interested to hear what people think of your work—hope that you are, but it is quite probable that your work is basket filled with just such missives. Never fear that a communication beginning like that finds its way to a waste basket!"

From First National does not receive the avalanche of letters that engulf Paramount, yet the 55,000 or more communications that go to her stars each month make necessary a full time mail division. Into this department all the stars' personal secretaries segregate it. Many conferences with the stars are required before its final disposition is usually on the set.

About ninety-five per cent of mail consists of requests for photographs and "thank-you notes for pictures received. Filling request for pictures is, of course, simple. Often the name of the writer is copied on a sticker, the sticker is pasted on an envelope in which a photograph is enclosed and presto! the post office does the rest.

FOR stars who have long been in the public eye, fan mail is not so valuable as a gauge of popularity. Fan interest is always lively in newcomers. People want to know all about them; whether they are human; whether they possess qualities similar to those which they themselves possess. Whether star-dust has in it the same ingredient as the formulae for just plain folks. And they write, therefore, to get acquainted.

In writing to know what affects a fan mail. Just before Christmas I received a very brave letter. There's a story of a girl who had a most unusual Fan Mail.

Man] was not suited to you, though you did very well in it. Would like to see you as a college student. Being one myself, I think you could play it realistically.

Inclosing a阙 with the usual request. Best wishes. Since then you are, Miss No Name.

And incidentally, Charles Rogers is a college student in his next.

BAD cast. His picture was not suited to you, though you did very well in it. Would like to see you as a college student. Being one myself, I think you could play it realistically.

Inclosing a阙 with the usual request. Best wishes. Since then you are, Miss No Name.
At First National, Colleen Moore stands next to Billie Dove in point of fan popularity. At present, Colleen receives an average of 20,000 letters a month. Of these, 15,000 are requests for autographs. For the past five years, Colleen has never received less than 15,000 letters in any one month—a significant indication of the fixed place she holds in the cinema sun.

Richard Barthelmess leads First National's male contingent, receiving between six and seven thousand letters a month. And his picture, "The Patent Leather Kid," demonstrated how effective the screen may become as an indirect sales agent, and also how responsive the public is to this influence. Dick was chowing gum in many scenes, and thereupon half the juvenile population of the country it seemed, wrote him letters. In fact, fifty of the kids included sticks of gum with their letters.

If fan mail is any criterion, Barthelmess draws his clientele largely from the staged business men of the country. Recently he received a fan letter from a big corporation president in the East, from which the following paragraph is quoted:

"The intelligent characters you portray have a far greater appeal to me than the silly romantic stuff generally dealt out by so many other stars. I like your work, and somehow I like you, my boy, and I hope you continue your very fine work."

Note the "my boy." That phrase runs through the letter and there is a feeling that in this executive's imagination, Dick is somewhat like a son—perhaps like a son that he lost, or even like a son that never lived, except in his dreams.

Of all the stars in pictures, probably none is the namesake of so many ladies as Corinne Griffith. Never a Griffith mail arrives but what there very likely will be news of another Corinne. "And," says Miss Griffith, "it's a thing of which I'm very proud."

First National's fan figures tell an interesting story regarding the number of letters various film luminaries receive. On May first the tally was as follows: Mary Astor, 2,642; Richard Barthelmess, 7,349; Maria Corda, 494. (This star received more letters before "Helen of Troy" was released than after, indicating that possibly she was over-publicized.) Billie Dove, 31,128; Corinne Griffith, 1,982. (A case of a star's mail being low on account of her absence from the screen and bad pictures.) Larry Kent, 1,693; Jack Mulhall, 1,781. (Mulhall is 2,000 under the previous month, because of no pictures showing.) Charles Murray, 601. (A grand actor, but with no sex appeal; therefore no mail from the ladies!) Dorothy Mackaill, 1,618; Molly O'Day, 1,964; Thelma Todd, 1,578; Alice White, just elected to stardom, 1,688; (this figure should shoot upward because of new pictures and publicity.)

Dix derives great pleasure from personal letters. For several months a Los Angeles girl wrote him twice a week, about biscuits, breakfast, and daily routine. Dix got to looking forward to these letters. Then one came saying there would be no more letters, that she had reached the point where she watched too eagerly for the postman and that she would write no more. And she didn't. Then Dix began to watch for the postman. He has kept those letters, and if he knew her address, his secretary would take no more dictation to that effect.

Charlie Chaplin, called a genius by the critics, seems always to do the unexpected. Would you believe that he, of all people, would be his fan mail closely? Regarding it, he says, "Some of my most constructive criticism is derived through the medium of fan letters." At present he receives about 5,000 a month, mostly from children who want his picture as he looked in "The Circus."

At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, the mail situation is peculiar in that some stars handle their own correspondence while others have contracts requiring the company to do it. Whether the company or the star handles the letters, however, much personal mail must be taken up with the star.

Join Gilbert heads the fan mail list at M.G.M. In the past month his mail had climbed from five to six thousand letters, due to his recent appearance in "The Circus." He says, to the interest Photoplay has aroused with his life story.

Next to Gilbert is Marion Davies, averaging 5,500 each month. Then comes Norma Shearer with 5,000; Ramon Novarro with 4,800; Greta Garbo with 4,500; Joan Crawford with 4,000, and William Haines with 4,000. The remainder of the M.G.M. stars each receive less than 4,000 letters per month.

It requires three secretaries to take care of Clara Bow's mail. All day long these girls read nothing but praise of Clara. And yet they still like their young boss. The girls are, from left to right, Mary Hurley, Glenna Stringham and Kathryn Ehlen.
Ruptured 38 Years
Is This a Miracle?

A Sudden Strain at the Age of Twelve—Thirty-Eight Years of Pain and Discomfort—Now at Fifty He Gets Relief.

The experience of thousands proves that this man’s case is not a miracle! For a new kind of support known as “Magic Dot” is now sealing rupatures, often of many years’ standing. Cumbrous pads, springs and straps that often prevent a Cure are done away with. Instead, a light, flesh-soft padlet that actually “breathes air” permits you to run, jump and exercise without fear. Users report they have forgotten they are wearing it, since Magic Dot weighs only 1/29th ounce. The inventor will now send it to your home without putting you under obligation to wear it. See it first, then decide. Mail coupon immediately for details of this astonishing no-risk offer. We’ll send also an illustrated description and a free sample of Airtex. No obligation. Address...

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An astonishingly different! Dew can be used at any time of day. A few drops as you dress, allows you to have that fresh, clean-smelling, slip. Perspiration and body odors stop instantly. Put on your clothes and Dew is absorbed even though it be applied just before you leave home. Just as-when simple directions are followed. Dew is stainless and harmless to delicate fabrics and sensitive skins. Dew is an excellent deodorant for sanitary pads. Mail order from stores and drug stores have Dew or can get it for you in the attractive fifty-cent bottle.

Geo. C. V. Feeler Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

The Paramount Studio has a private post-office. It handles 375,000 pieces of mail each month. According to postal department records, this compares with offices in such cities as Santa Ana, Calif., Pueblo, Colo., Topeka, Kans., or Syracuse, N. Y. To the left is Harvey Pugh, Paramount postmaster.

On May first their standings were: Renee Adoree, 3,733; George K., Arthur, 1,408; Lionel Barrymore, 501; John Mack Brown, 1,321; Leo Carrer, 241; Lew Cody, 1,453; Marceline Day, 1,012; Karl Dane, 921; (note the difference between Dane and the dapper Arthur. A lack of feminine interest in the great Dane is the answer.) Ralph Forbes, 1,102; Gwen Lee, 814; Tim McCoy, 1,000; (mostly from city girls who yearn for dash and danger and life and love, and the canter after the cattle). Polly Moran, 300; Conrad Nagel, 500; Aileen Pringle, 1,106; Dorothy Sebastian, 850.

LEW CODY claims the distinction of the most loyal fan in the world, a bellboy in a San Francisco hotel. He has written Lew an average of one letter a week for six years. He always sends all the newspaper clippings he can get together in which Lew’s name appears, even when obtaining papers from cities all over the country from guests who read “hometown” papers. He has gone so far as to appoint himself critic for the star, and advises him what films released would be best to see. And most unusual of all, he has never asked Lew for an autographed picture.

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell each receive an average of 10,000 letters a month. And Edmund Lowe’s mail runs 3,400 per month, mostly from elderly women and little girls. His character roles, such as Sergeant Quirt in “What Price Glory” have added materially to his popularity.

Since “A Girl in Every Port,” Victor McLaglen’s mail has gone up tremendously. In one week recently, he received 6,000 letters! —a record equalled only once by Charles Rogers. He has not yet recovered sufficiently from the shock to know just what he will do. His letters come from all sorts of people who want him to keep on playing the rough and tumble character with the tender heart.

George O’Brian gets “gobs” and “gals” of letters from the fleet. The boys on the bounding main remember that during the war, George, the “bathing sailor,” was just a gob like the rest of us. He is the only Fox star who employs a secretary on the lot.

Little Sally Phipps’ letters come mostly from girls and college kids. Her severest criticisms relate to her lingerie pictures—fans were shocked at her “undress.”

Letters to Sammy Cohen express delight at the laughs his films provoke. One man claims Sammy cured him when the doctors failed.

Madge Bellamy can always tell where her pictures are showing, by the letters that come from various sections of the world. “Silk Legs” brought her a thousand letters in one day, and hosiery manufacturers all over the world congratulated her on her ability as a hosiery saleswoman—the part she played in the picture. All of which proves once more that the screen does sell.

The one star whose fan mail remains constant is Mary Pickford. Mary’s mail once exceeded that of any other star, but that was in the days when after-dinner speakers boasted that the industry was in its infancy. The fact remains, however, that she has maintained unswerving popularity for more than fifteen years. She receives 14,000 letters a month between pictures, and this number has been known to double when one of her productions is at the crest of its run.

Doughs Fairbanks does not, of course, receive any such amount of fan mail as Miss Mary Pickford. Nevertheless, her success has brought her many screen stars, having taken an unprecedented spurt in the past month which brought the number of letters he receives from two thousand a month to two thousand a week. Just what occasioned this correspondence leap, which in itself is typical Fairbanksian, is difficult to ascertain, unless it be that “The Gaucho” is now at the height of its run and that Doug and Mary are much in the public eye on account of current activities.

DOLORES DEL RIO is the recipient of an average monthly mail of 15,000 letters. She employs two secretaries, one of whom speaks several Latin languages, thus enabling her to handle letters from Mexico, Argentine, Brazil, Chile, Peru, Cuba and other Latin countries.

Every star on the screen receives gifts from the fans. Laura La Plante at Universal is called “The Gift Girl,” because she receives so many presents through the mail. The most expensive present that ever arrived in Hollywood, however, went to Dolores del Rio. It was a diamond worth $1,000 sent by a gentleman admirer in Norway. The insurance alone for transportation was $25.

One of Laura La Plante’s most devoted fans...
is a Princeton lad. She answered his first letter, because it was so exceptional, explaining, however, that she could not undertake an extensive correspondence campaign. He replied that he realized this, but stated, nevertheless, that he would write once a month. When Laura went a honeymooning to New York with her husband, William A. Seiter, the boy from Princeton, paid them a visit, and Laura says he's a nice boy, too. His monthly letter is only one of 3,000 that come to Laura from the four corners of the earth.

Regional Denny receives about 2,300 letters a month, most of them from England and the British Colonies. Like Doug Fairbanks, Denny's fans are the athletic type, both men and women.

THE Hal Roach Studio assumes responsibility for such mail as is addressed to "Our Gang," and the individuals of this family take care of all letters personally addressed. The gang as a whole gets 10,000 letters a month, and Farina, who lends color to the group, receives most. Phil Cobbi, the little lad, is a close second, and Peter, the dog, is third. Phil, by the way, is a woman-hater and "don't want any letters from girls."

Whenever the world-around Lloyd picture is at the height of its run, the horn-rimmed comedian receives as many as 12,000 letters per month, mostly compliments on his work or suggestions for new gags. Nevertheless, however, he has gotten a sagable gag. Occasionally a note of tragedy finds its way into the fun-maker's mail. Such as the following letter from Bulgaria:

Mrs. Lloyd:

Before receiving your photograph I had chosen the place in my room which was supposed to be occupied by it, but now all those plans are gone.

It's because we were surprised by a terrible earthquake. In seven minutes: we were ruined.

When I first wrote you, I was a happy and rich girl, but now nothing remains. Our home is level with the earth. Now we sleep under the open sky, helpless. But I thank you for the picture. Sincerely,

Ava

Some of the most interesting fan mail that comes to Hollywood is received by Rin-Tin-Tin. About 8,000 letters a month reach Rin-Tin-Tin. About 8,000 letters a month reach Rin-Tin-Tin. Most of these letters are fan letters. Some are not, but they all have to be answered and sent to the famous dog star to these numerous admirers. Here's a peek at a Rinty letter:

Dear Mr. Lloyd:

Please send me a picture of you and your mate. I sure do think you can act good, but you should have scared the boogey off your master's house. Oh well, I forgot about it, and send me a picture of you and the lady. Don't forget about "IT" though. Yours truly,

(Name deleted.)

The letter is from the great open spaces of Texas, and the reference to the "boogey" was inspired by the witty wording beneath the picture of Rin-Tin-Tin in the May issue of Photoplay.

O' the feminine fun-makers, Louise Fazenda gets the greatest number of fan letters, averaging 8,000 a month.

"How well I remember the first letter I ever received," she said. "It was in back of the old attic days. A dear old soul in Tennessee grew alarmed at the tampering about I had to do and wrote to recommend her favorite limeron. Even though I did not test the lotion of her remedy, I did appreciate her interest."

May McAvoy is another big winner in the fan-letter field, averaging 12,000 misses a month, which popularity costs her nearly $50,000 a year, what with secretaries and the like.

And Monte Blue spends $1,260 per month to keep in touch with his admirers. This expenditure is entered in the Blue book under the item of "Fan Mail," but he has no record.

Summer's Spotlight is on Your Skin!

And if there are blackheads, open pores, roughened patches from sunburn, stubborn "shine," disfiguring freckles—inactive creams and lotions are of no avail!

To quickly, lastingly normalize an imperfect skin, there is but one choice, the specialized scientific, beauty-builders of HELENA RUBINSTEIN, renowned Beauty Scientist.

Summer Beauty Guide

Sunburn-Irritation

Valaze Healing Balm—quickly soothes, cools and heals irritated, sunburned skins, 75c.

Freckles and Tan

Valaze Freckle Cream—unequaled as a bleach for stubborn tan and freckles. 1.50.

Valaze Sunproof Cream—makes the skin immune to sunburn, freckles, tan. 1.00. 2.00.

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Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special—a gently purifying preparation which removes blackheads and other impurities and induces the pores to contract normally. 1.00.

Valaze Liquidine—this remarkable creation instantly removes oiliness and "shine" and imparts a most flattering finish. Absolutely essential to good grooming. 1.50.

In heighten and protect beauty, always use Valaze Powders, Rouges, Lipsticks—the most flattering make-up, and the prettiest! 1.00 to 5.00.

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Essential to every skin all the year round

Valaze Pasticurized Face Cream—the basis of beauty—cleanses the skin immaculately, melts away the "drawn look"—cools, softens, soothes, protects. Unsurpassed for average skins, and a unique cream cleanser positively beneficial to oily or pimpled skin. 1.00. Valaze Cleansing and Massage Cream—specially recommended for very dry, sensitive skins. 75c. 1.25.

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—the skin-clearing masterpiece—purifies, refines, bleaches. Unsurpassed for sallowness and light freckles. 1.00. Should be part of every women's daily regimen.

Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion—firms tissues, removes fine lines. 1.25. Use Skin-Toning Lotion Special for dry, sensitive skins. 1.25.

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which is open to non-residents is unsurpassed in Chicago. In cuisine, it meets the most exacting demands of epicure.
The Confessions of a Movie Mother

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

The mother of one promising girl got an inflated idea of her daughter's value to her employers. The girl had beauty and personality but she was an immature actress. Nevertheless, the mother battled with the studio officials for a big raise in salary before she would allow the girl to sign a new contract. As a result, the girl was let out, with no contract at all.

And then, too, some of us screen mothers, poor and humble to begin with, forget all about our poverty-stricken days and put on airs as if we were more important than the screen. One such woman was talking to me about a delinquent chauffeur the other day.

"That class of person," she said, "has no right to say what he wants and what he doesn't want!"

I don't know whether I could keep the daughter out of my eyes. It was hard to keep a straight face. I remembered when daughter used to wear mother's dress when she went to apply for a job, because it was the only decent dress in the family!

As a screen mother the other day, however, who, I feel, has been deeply wronged. I had only heard of her and had pictured her as an ogress, knowing how closely she supervised her daughter and had her guarded!

When I met her, I saw a nervous, timid, high-strung little woman. I could see that her brilliant daughter had her completely buffed. She had worked and sacrificed for the girl, who is now successful.

But I am afraid that she was not always tactful; that she gave away when she shouldn't; that she scolded little things for which the daughter was not responsible and above all that she had given the girl too little liberty. For these natural mistakes, the mother is paying a hard price. When the mother is strong enough to quarrel, there are constant bickerings.

The daughter never misses a chance to say cutting things to her mother. The whole thing is too painful for words.

And so what's the screen mother to do? I suspect that she ought to adopt the course of any other wise mother. Give the girl a good constitutional, a gentle home background and sound moral training. When the girl is safely established on the screen, keep in the background. But be sure to meet her friends, know where she goes and with whom. And be consistent in discipline.

If a girl with a good home background and with some experience in Hollywood and the studio, isn't going to keep straight, then the best mother in the world can't of much help to her.
Do You remove cold cream correctly?

Many women still use unsightly "cold cream cloths"—which only rub cream and dirt further into the pores; some use harsh towels that injure delicate skin. The surface of a towel is not made to absorb cold cream. Grease ruins towels. Laundry bills are an extravagance.

Now, a new type of cleansing tissue takes the place of these old ways. Kleenex—in delicate, handle-chief size—is made just for removing cold cream daintily, thoroughly, economically. It is discarded after using and with it the dirt, grime and cream that is so often rubbed back into the skin.

Lovely women of the theatrical world were first to enjoy and recommend Kleenex. Beauty specialists urge its use. Send the coupon below for a generous trial package, and you'll why.

KleeneX

KleeneX Company, Lake-Michigan Building, Chicago, Ill. Please send sample of KleeneX to

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City ____________________________ State ____________________________

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For Getting Slender

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that's what we girls are after—

insists VELVA DARLING
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YOU—modern girl yourself—may not agree with Miss Darling's outspoken views in August Smart Set. But you WILL agree, the moment you've bought your copy, that here at LAST is a magazine of today—a magazine for YOU—for EVERY MODERN GIRL.

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yet your 
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clings,
rouge stays on 
and you look 
ALWAYS LOVELY

Summer... with old ocean beckoning down the white sands... limpid lakes mirroring forth joy... slim young bodies flashing into caressing waters. Summer... calling you to a thousand activities... whispering of romance in night silence... thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.

Ah, yes! But there must be no pale cheeks after the swim... no overflushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun’s arors... no shiny nose. You must remain serenely, coolly beautiful under all conditions to fully enjoy summer... and with Princess Pat beauty aids you may.

"Summer-Proof" Make-up
Princess Pat Beauty aids, if used together, give a summer-proof make-up. You can actually go in swimming and come out with color perfect—or dance through the evening secure in the knowledge that one application of make-up is sufficient for lasting beauty. For make-up that will last under trying conditions you first apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent—just as you would ordinary vanishing cream. Only, you see, Ice Astringent gives the skin lasting coolness, contracts the pores and makes the skin of fine, beautiful texture. After Ice Astringent, apply Princess Pat rouge for color which moisture will not affect. Then use Princess Pat Almond Base Powder—the softest, most clinging powder ever made—and one which gives beautiful, pearly lustre.

Try the Seven Princess Pat Beauty Aids in Famous Week-End Set
This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for thorough trial—enough for two weeks, if used with reasonable economy. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge.

The set contains generous tubes of Ice Astringent, Skin Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, Almond Base Powder, Rouge, Lip Rouge and Perfume. The charge of 25c helps pay for the packing of set in beautiful box, and postage. Our only other compensation is the opportunity to have you try Princess Pat beauty aids and thus learn their special virtues. We desire to sell only one set to a customer. And we respectfully urge your promptness.

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Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.

Name [print]...........................
Street................................
City and State........................
Your whole Appearance depends upon Your Hair

Fortunately, beautiful hair is now easily obtained. You can have hair that is charming and attractive if you simply shampoo it properly.

Proper shampooing is what makes your hair soft, silky, and beautiful. 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 coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

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

First, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair. Two or three teaspoonfuls makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

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. Even while wet it will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, glossy, fresh-looking and easy to manage—and make it fairly sparkle with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.
THE PROFESSION speaks its mind on troubles of the gums...

Soft food is the cause of soft gums...
DENTISTS SAY...Ipana and massage the logical remedies

If you go to your dentist for a few moments' advice upon gum troubles, he will gladly sum up for you the latest findings of the profession.

He could show you lectures, papers and clinical reports by the hundred—the fruit of years of research by distinguished men. But probably he will give you the gist of it all in some such terms as these:

"Gum troubles start right in your dining-room at home. For the food you eat is to blame!"

"Before we began to refine our foods to make them delicious, people didn't have much trouble with their gums. The coarse fibre and the natural roughage made plenty of work for the oral apparatus. Masti-
cation kept the blood supply within the gums in lively circulation. Gums were nourished—they remained in normal tone and vigor—firm, sound and healthy.

How soft food impairs gum health

"But what happens today? If you eat something that needs a little real chewing, you only criticize the cook. You demand tender meats, peeled fruits, soft vegetables, flaky pastries and fluffy puddings. Your gums are robbed of work. Their circulation falter.
The tissues grow congested—soft, inflamed and tender."

"Soon you may notice a tinge of 'pink' on your tooth brush. That is a signal of danger near at hand—a warning that your gums need immediate care. The logical way to correct or prevent the trouble is to stimulate the gums twice a day through massage.

You can do it easily in just a few moments at the time you brush your teeth. Simply brush your gums, too, gently but thoroughly, every square inch of them, inside and out. Stir up their sluggish circulation, and they'll soon improve—in color, in firmness and in health."

(Summary taken from hundreds of excerpts from authoritative dental papers, lectures and texts.)

And there are thousands of good dentists—among them, very possibly your own—who will add:

"The massage alone is good, but massage with Ipana Tooth Paste is better. Use it for the massage as well as for the regular cleaning of your teeth. If at first your gums are tender to the brush, rub them gently with a little Ipana spread upon your finger tips after you finish brushing your teeth."

For Ipana contains ziratol, a stimulating and healing hemostatic. For years specialists have used ziratol in treating gums. Its presence gives Ipana the power to aid in building your gums to sound and sturdy health—the first step in preserving the natural lustre and beauty of your teeth.

Ipana is worth a 30 days' trial

There is a coupon in the corner. It offers you a ten-day trial tube. Use it if you wish. Certainly this tube will prove to you Ipana's delicious taste and remarkable cleaning power.

But ten days can hardly show you Ipana's good effect on your gums. One month is a fair fairer trial both to you and to Ipana. Stop at the next drug store you pass and get a full-size tube (about 120 brushings). Use it to the last squeeze! Then will you know all Ipana can do to improve the health and beauty of your mouth.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF SAL HEPATICA

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
For the first time Paramount Quality in motion pictures with synchronized music score, sound effects and talking sequences! In theatres equipped to show “sound” pictures Paramount proudly presents:

"WINGS" with synchronized music score and sound effects exactly as presented to $2 audiences. Hear the drone of the planes, the rat-tat-tat of machine guns, etc. William Wellman Production with Clara Bow, Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen, etc.

"THE WEDDING MARCH" directed by and starring Erich von Stroheim, with Fay Wray. Hear the throbbing love strains, the beautiful ceremonial music, the bells! Many of the scenes are in Technicolor. A feast for the ear as well as the eye!

"ABIE'S IRISH ROSE" Anne Nichols' masterpiece with synchronized music score and sound effects. See and hear Jean Hersholt, Charles Rogers, Nancy Carroll singing the beautiful theme song. A sensation! Victor Fleming Production.

"THE PATRIOT" Ernst Lubitsch Production, starring Emil Jannings. With Florence Vidor, Lewis Stone, Neil Hamilton. Hear the thunderous Russian marches, the charge of the wild Cossacks, the pistol shots, the cries of the innocent!

"WARMING UP" starring Richard Dix, in a comedy-drama of love, laughs and Big League Baseball. A World's Series game on the screen in sound—the crack of the bat, the roar of the crowd! And a new melody you'll love! Fred Newmeyer Production.


"LOVES OF AN ACTRESS" Spectacular story of the Parisian stage and boulevards enhanced by synchronized music score and sound effects. Starring Pola Negri, with Nils Asther and all star cast. Rowland V. Lee Production.

Paramount Pictures in SOUND
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Vol. XXXIV

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY

By

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
MANAGING EDITOR

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WESTERN EDITOR

James R. Quirk
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

For September 1928

No. 4

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Gloria Swanson—Painted from Life

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BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES

PICTURES YOU SHOULD NOT MISS

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"The Circus"
"The Patriot"
"Love"
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"The Trail of '98"
"The Patent Leather Kid"
"The Noose"
"Speedy"

As a service to its readers, Photoplay Magazine presents brief critical comments on all photosplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. Photoplay's reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid views show you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of Photoplay in which the original review appeared.

BLACK FEATHER, THE—Wm. Pfister. Very odd mystery drama with what is known as a "sooty" background. Some of the characters seem a little demented. (May)

BLONDE FOR A NIGHT, A—Pathe-De Mille. A light domestic farce made agreeable by the charming presence of Marie Prevost, Harrison Ford, and Roy Barnes. (April)

BODY PUNCH, THE—Universal. All the makings of a modest success, but the timing that will go with the men. You'll like it. (May)

BRANDED MAN, THE—Ray. The best part of this domestic opera is the title. Why not do your reading at home? (August)

*Indicates that playphoto was named as one of the six best among its month of review

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE—Paramount. The best and original Irish Jewish comedy, played by a likeable cast headed by Charles Rosher, Nancy Carroll, Reno and others. (April)


*ACTRESS, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Adapted from "Travels of the Walls," one of the most delightful of stage stories. After a series of part, modern stories, it is good to see Norma Shearer return to her old-fashioned charm. (June)

ADORABLE CHEAT, THE—Chesterfield. Nickled-headed lad, Lila Lee looks as pretty as ever and she's the only bright spot in the film. (June)


ALEX THE GREAT—FBO. The funny adventures of a country boy who comes to New York to "press his pants with the Patheon building." With "Skets" Gallagher. (May)

ALMOST HUMAN—Pathe-De Mille. Original twist in this film. It's a story of human beings, told by three dogs. Entertaining and different. (June)

APACHE RANGER, THE—Pathe-Leo Maloney great adventure in the southwest. (April)

AVENGING SHADOW, THE—Pathe. Introducing a new dog star, Klonikle, Klonikle has looks, brains and it. (June)

BABY MOTHER, THE—Plaza. Homorous and appealing child story with Priscilla Moran and her dog. Dotty. (June)

BACHELOR PARADISE—Tiffany-Stahl. A somewhat rowdy comedy-drama with a little old-fashioned pie-throwing and an invigorating prizefight. With the winsome Miss Texas. (April)

BARE KNEES—Gotham. Proving that the flappers are not as bad as their big sisters. With Virginia Le Corbin and Jane Winton. (May)

BATTLES OF CORONEL AND FALKLAND ISLANDS, THE—Toby. An authentic record of two big naval engagements between Germany and England. The picture tries to be a "Potemkinbut misses. (May)

BEAU BROADWAY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Alice Pringle and Sue Carol fight for the attentions of Lew Cody. Gay inconsequential comedy. (June)

*BEAU SABREUR—Paramount. Not another "Beau Geste," but a thrilling and picturesque tale, never really dull, with the lovely Evelyn Brent, Gary Cooper, William Powell and Noah Beery. (March)

BELLAMY TRIAL, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The audience is admitted to the court room of the most thrilling murder mystery of the year. (March)

BEYOND LONDON'S LIGHTS—FBO. The young master gets familiar with the second girl and the result is a battle between the big hats and the lower classes in dear old London. (May)

BEYOND THE SIERRAS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A Tim McCoy Western that will keep the kids to sleep. (July)

BIG CITIZENS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Lou Chaney and Betty Compson reunited in a crook story in which Chan proves that he needs no tricks make-up to make him a fascinating person. (March)

BIG KILLING, THE—Paramount. Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton become all tangled up in a Kentucky feud. (August)

BIG NOISE, THE—First National. Concerning a city election. And just about as interesting. (May)

BLACK FEATHER, THE—Wm. Pfister. Very odd mystery drama with what is known as a "sooty" background. Some of the characters seem a little demented. (May)

BLONDE FOR A NIGHT, A—Pathe-De Mille. A light domestic farce made agreeable by the charming presence of Marie Prevost, Harrison Ford and Roy Barnes. (April)

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BRANDED MAN, THE—Ray. The best part of this domestic opera is the title. Why not do your reading at home? (August)

BRONCO STOMPER, THE—Pathe. It is Don Coleman's turn to outwit the villains in this Western. Some good pictures of a rodeo. (May)

BURNING DAYLIGHT—First National. An exciting tale of gold rush days that makes splendid entertainment. You'll like Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon. (April)

BURNING GOLD—Elsbe. A story of dirty deeds in the oil fields. (August)

BURNING UP BROADWAY—First Division—Sterling. The dosings of bootleggers and such, made very dull. Not worth the talents of Helene Costello and Sam Hardy. (June)

BUSHRANGER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Tim McCoy goes to Australia and plays some rousing tunes on the bagpipes. (August)

BUDDER AND EGG MAN, THE—First National. The amusing adventures of a country lad (Jack Mullahy) who becomes an "angst" on Broadway. (April)

BY WHOSE HAND?—Columbia. Those dog-gone jewels are missing again. The result is the usual fruit-stuff. (May)

CAME THE DAWN—Hall Roach-M.G.M. Max Davidson and Polly Moran have some bad moments in a haphazard comedy, but it's funny. (May)

CANYON OF ADVENTURE, THE—First National. Ken Maynard sets the western scenery alight again. A good one. (June)

CAST IN THE FOG—Warner. The plot gets lost in the fog, too. (August)

CERTAIN YOUNG MAN, A—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Romantic feeling surrounding in Arizona of a London society. A bit languid but well played by Rosamund Neill, even he isn't precisely the perfect Anglo Saxon. (July)

CHASER, THE—First National. Harry Langdon, Rosalind Russell, and Johnnie McGovern are so grossly too bad to be in a good taste. Don't cry if you miss it. (April)

CHEER LEADER, THE—Gotham. This time the leader risers the romance for dear old Alma Mater. All right, if you still have a taste for college pictures. (March)

CHICAGO AFTER MIDNIGHT—FBO. Ralph in a vigorous melodrama built around the sufferings of another one of those innocent crooks. (March)


CHITIN TOWN CHARLIE—First National. Johnny Hines cuts down on the gags and builds up the plot, and the result is one of his best pictures. (May)

CHORUS KID, THE—Gotham. Goofy but amusing story of chorus girl, played by Virginia Brown Fair. (June)


CLOTHES MAKE THE WOMAN—Tiffany-Stahl. Help! The girl's daughter is with us again this time played by Eva Southern. The picture has its good moments. (July)

CONEY ISLAND KELLYS IN PARIS, THE—Universal. It was funny the first time, but not so good in repetition. Time to call a halt. (April)

COOLEY AND KELLYS—Tim McCoy. Again comes the World War! The story of a brave boy who takes the place of a cowardly one. With Helene Costello and Donald Keith. (March)

COP, THE—Pathes-De Mille. Once more the war fight between the cops and crooks. Some good melodram well acted by William Boyd, Alan Hale and Jacqueline Logan. (July)

Continued on page 13.
Greatest of his line

The greatest artist of the long line of the Lupino family that has made every generation laugh since the fifteenth century—Lupino Lane is also greatest of another line. He is the outstanding star making short screen comedies today. Lane's satirical comedies such as "Sword Points," "Fandango" and "Roaming Romeo" have taken picture fans, and the picture industry, by storm. To miss any of them is to miss a rare treat. Ask your theatre manager when the next Lupino Lane Comedy will be shown. See it. You'll enjoy a good, hearty laugh that will be better than a tonic. And you'll understand why Educational Pictures have dominated the field of short comedies and novelties for so many years. Educational Pictures always make a good show better.

Educational Pictures
"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc., E.W. Hammons, President
Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N.Y.
Brickbats and Bouquets

The Monthly Barometer

Once more a wave of protest against the craze for favoring European players instead of encouraging American talent. PHOTOPLAY's story, "Two More Imported Love Birds," brought a lot of brickbats. The readers of this magazine want to know if there aren't young players as good as Walter Byron and Lily Damita right out in Hollywood.

Foreign stars of proved ability are seldom panned. Emil Jannings gets a flock of bouquets, although "The Street of Sin" is looked upon as a mis-step. Nils Asther is winning his way to the front. Richard Arlen is getting as many bouquets as "Buddy" Rogers—and that's a heap. And John Gilbert's Life Story in PHOTOPLAY is widely praised.

Since the release of "Sadie Thompson" Gloria Swanson has once more jumped into the ranks of the first favorites, along with Clara Bow and Greta Garbo. "Sorrell and Son," "The Crowd," "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," and "The Life of the Condemned" are the most popular of the current pictures.

This department is your open forum. Step right up and make your speech.

$25.00 Letter

Frankfort, Ky.

Here is a little story that I think you may consider a corksick good argument for the movies:

One day recently the ten-year-old son of a prominent physician of our town fell into the river. He went down in fourteen feet of water and came up under a barge. His head struck the barge, knocking him senseless for a few seconds. As soon as he regained his faculties, according to his version of the affair, he remembered having seen Douglas Fairbanks do, he soon came to the surface of the water and was drawn up on the barge, little the worse for his experience.

MRS. W. J. HOULETT.

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write to this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters must not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address. Anonymous letters go to the waste basket immediately.

$10.00 Letter

Hollywood, Calif.

In no field has the use of motion pictures been developed as it has in the educational field. I am a junior at the University of California and its extensive use in all classes has been brought forcibly to my attention during my two years of college work.

Our dramatics professor often assigned reviews of the latest photoplays containing the best dramatic artists. I am working my way through school, so I had little time or money. It was here that PHOTOPLAY became an integral part of my existence. I read the Shadow Stage up and down until I knew it by heart and then wrote my reviews. The Prof. was wise to those of us that did this little trick, but I imagine he realized the necessity and the ultimate value of the practice, because he never said anything about it.

The climax in the use of photoplays in class work came the week before final examinations. My professor of Folk Customs and Costumes suddenly made the bewildering announcement that there would be included in the final examinations, questions concerning certain photoplays he had recommended during the year which contained authentic folk customs and folk costumes. For the next week I spent every spare moment tearing around to movie houses with a copy of PHOTOPLAY containing the review of the picture in question in one hand and a note book in the other hand, seeing pictures I should have seen weeks before. Was I glad I had saved back numbers of PHOTOPLAY?

MINA RUID.

$5.00 Letter

Seattle, Wash.

Too much attention is being paid to whether or not an actor or actress will act in a romantic comedy or an adventure story. The question "Can they act?" comes as an afterthought—if at all. Personally I am tired of seeing blank-faced beauties and collar ads romp through what the producers laughingly call a play. What do we care for crows-feet, a wart on the nose or a tooth out of alignment? We, the patient, plodding, ponderous public, all have 'em and it sort of salters our ego to see others so defiled. Give us realism! Perhaps that is the reason Chaney is so popular. With all his various annexes, amputations or appurtenances, as the case may be, we forget about them in his glorious acting.

If the film companies would spend as much time and money in developing and encouraging the talent they already have in Hollywood and vicinity as they do in conducting screen tests and inane popularity contests among the primary schools in the country, we might look forward to an evening's entertainment. For such precious few pictures as "The Big Parade," "The King of Kings," "Sorrell and Son," "The Patent Leather Kid," and "The Crowd," there are countless asinine excuses. The Wampas kids are cute, but they lack poise and the appeal that the older actors and actresses have.

JANE ADAMS.

He Wrote Every Word of It

Chicago, Ill.

I must congratulate PHOTOPLAY and John Gilbert on Jack's life story. It is both amusing and interesting, and really sounds as though it were written by Gilbert. It is far superior to the stories of Clara Bow and Greta Garbo. There is a slight suspicion in my mind that this may be due to the fact that the Gilbert is so much more interesting than either of those two.

V. KEITH SUTTON.

[continued on page 117]
Famous star selects OLD GOLD

"ONE cigarette of the four I smoked in the blindfold test was like shooting a scene successfully after a whole series of failures. It just 'clicked' and I named it as my choice. It was OLD GOLD. Which clears up a mystery, for the supply of OLD GOLDS in my Beverly Hills home is constantly being depleted. It seems that Strongheart and Rin-tin-tin are the only motion picture stars who don't smoke them."

Charlie Chaplin

How does OLD GOLD do it?

The answer is very simple. Only heart-leaf tobacco is used in OLD GOLDS. No coarse top-leaves of the tobacco plant...no withered ground-leaves. That's why OLD GOLDS are so smooth...why you can pick them in the dark.

SMOOTHER AND BETTER—"NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
As We Go to PRESS

Last Minute News from East and West

REPORTS have it that John Barrymore is returning to Warners and the Vitaphone. He may do his Hamlet for the sound film. Meanwhile, he has one more United Artists production. It will be the story of an Alpine mountaineer and it will be directed by Ernst Lubitsch.

WILSON MIZNER sold a story of three ocean gamblers on the ill-fated Titanic to Caddo Productions. He received $50,000. Now Caddo has decided to shelve the story because of its "lack of love interest." That's the way it goes.

DOUG FAIRBANKS' next, a sequel to "The Three Musketeers," will be called "The Man in the Iron Mask" or "For All Eternity." Doug announces that he will not insert any talking sequences.

RALPH SPENCE lays claim to being the highest paid title writer. He gets $10,000 per picture. And generally he's worth it.

UNIVERSAL is to make an all-talkie of "The Shannons of Broadway," the stage hit. By the terms of the contract, filming can not start until February, 1929.

THEY all do, sooner or later. Now Theda Bara is to try a come back, under the management of S. George Ullman, Valentino's faithful manager.

REPORTS that Pola Negri is contemplating a divorce are denied. Pola and Serge Modani are still happy, they insist. Pola says she has signed a contract to make two films for a British company for $200,000. She further declares that she has given up her American contracts. We didn't know she had any. From Deauville comes the news that Serge has just had two large rubies set in the eyes of the serpent-shaped horn on his Rolls Royce.

BAYARD VEILLER has been in Hollywood to supervise the plans for Metro-Goldwyn's all talkie production of his stage hit, "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Norma Shearer will be starred and production starts in September.

MRS. TOM MIX and little Thoma-sina have departed for Paris on their annual Summer jaunt. Mrs. Mix issued the regular divorce denial.

NOW Pathe is filming the adventures of Uncle Sam's detachment of Marines with the rebels down in Nicaragua. It will be called "The Leathernecks," and the title roles will be done by Bill Boyd, Alan Hale and Bob Armstrong.

THEY'RE putting "Abie's Irish Rose," which bids fair to make box office records, through the studio paces again. The original cast has been re-assembled and a talkie addition is being made. In cidentally, you'll hear Budd Johnson's voice in the new sound version.

WILLIAM FARNUM, the veteran actor, has been made defendant in a suit for separate maintenance filed in Los Angeles by his wife, Olive Am Farnum.

D. W. GRIFFITH has added Jett Goudal to the cast of "The Love Song."

THE Princeton photoplay, co-starring Charlie Rogers and Mary Brian, has been given a new title. It was called "Sophomore." Now it's titled "Varsity." The Rogers-Brian team will be kept together for another picture, to be called "Just Twenty-One." Frank Tuttle will direct again.

CECIL DE MILLE is signing with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

HERBERT BRENON fell from a stage scaffolding during the filming of a scene of Ronald Colman's "The Rescue" and broke his right ankle.

HAVING recovered from an operation for appendicitis, Rod La Rocque is going to desert films for the stage temporarily.

Oh, those talkies! Wallace Beery sings in "Beggars of Life," for the first time since his musical comedy days of long ago.

FLORENCE VIDOR is to return from Europe to play opposite Richard Dix in "Unconquered." Dix spent the greater part of August in northern Arizona doing exteriors of "Redskin."

EDWIN CAREWE, Dolores Del Rio, Miss Del Rio's mother, and the Carewe staff were to sail for Europe late in August. They planned to return in December.

W. S. VAN DYKE, the director who completed "White Shadows," is sailing for Capetown, South Africa, with a completely equipped company to do "Trader Horn" in the African interior.

Don't say that Will Hays isn't a high liver. He dwells on the thirty-seventh floor—count 'em—of the Ritz-Tower in New York City. He lives higher than any other New Yorker.
4 O’Clock -- it’s time to know your **BABY RUTH**

Mid-afternoon . . . a desk full of work. No “pep.” You know it’s Baby Ruth time. The same wholesome goodness that makes Baby Ruth a favorite with sportsmen and athletes will carry you over the mid-afternoon “let-down.” Chocolate, nuts, milk and sugar, the finest energy-foods, blended into a delicious confection. The efficient business man keeps a box in his desk. Baby Ruth puts the punch in the end of his day. Because it is so good, Baby Ruth makes any good time better. Millions of sales every day make possible its dollar-a-pound quality at 5c. Look for the sanitary red-and-white wrapper. Treat yourself today. 5c does it, everywhere.

**CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO**

**OTTO Y. SCHNERING, President**

**MADE IN BILLIONS FOR AMERICA’S MILLIONS**
OF HUMANITY

IT'S an amazingly interesting picture, this latest production by the man who made "Mother Machree," "Hangman's House," "Bad Men" and "The Iron Horse."

Interesting in that the director has in one picture made a world celebrity of an unknown—an extra girl repulsed and rebuffed for ten years in Hollywood. They're calling Margaret Mann a sixty-year-old Cinderella. Patiently she worked and waited since 1917 for her big chance.

Opportunity knocked just once—and you should see the old lady grab the ball and run for a touchdown!

Hers is the one outstanding performance of the year! You'll love Margaret Mann. Keep an eye on these four sons—the stars of tomorrow. Watch for Charles Morton in Murnau's forthcoming "4 Devils."

Discriminating theatre-goers have learned to expect fine films from Fox—pioneer of sound on film—MOVICTONE

BIG AS THE HEART OF HUMANITY

Another FOX MASTERPIECE
**BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES**

**CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6**


**CONTINUED**

**Crimson City, The** — Paramount. — Some differing opinions by a prize-fight story, with James Gleason, stage star, starring the show. Charles Ray, an able leading man, is the hero. (Jan.)

**CREAM OF THE EARTH** — Universal. — The romance of a week-end butterfly and a college girl, written and directed by Charles Rogers. A Grade A picture. (May.)

**CRIMSON CITY** — Paramount. — Drama between a couple of victims bad in Singapore. Lots of action and you’ll like Myron Loz. (Mar.)

**CROSS OF BONE** — Paramount. — A good celluloid gone haywire. Will someone please stop the Jim Dunn delusion? (Jan.)

**CUPID’S KNOCKOUT** — Herbert. — Just a fair-to-middling comedy, for when you have nothing better to do. (Apr.)

**Czar Ivan The Terrible** — Sovkino. — A really great picture, made in Russia that, in acting and technical skill, ever has been surpassed. A marvellous performance by L. M. Leonidoff. If this comes your way, don’t miss it. (Apr.)

**DANGER PATROL, THE** — Rayart. — A big wholesome, fresh air drama of the Northwest with threeousing murders. (Aug.)

**DANGER RIDER, THE** — Universal. — There’s a missing dash of originality in the plot of this Goldfield. Gilbert is the hero. (May.)

**Dawn** — Herbert Weisen. — An English production that gives a fair and impartial presentation of the English soldier. (May.)

**DESSERT BRIDE, THE** — Columbia. — Betty Compson, as a Parisian beauty, raises havoc in the Foreign Legion. (Aug.)

**DESSERT PIRATE, THE** — FBO. — Filled with the usual gataplay of the orthodox Western but made better. Good acting and the charming presence of little Frankie Darro. (May.)

**DETECTIVES Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Karl Dall and George K. Arthur. — A first class lot of gas and some of them are not exactly spotless. (July.)

**Devil’s Skin, THE** — Chandwick. — No use bothering your pretty little head about the inconsistencies of a plot like this. (June.)

**D r i v e r** — Columbia. — Drivel. (June.)

**DIAMOND HANDCUFFS** — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Weird story, in three episodes, about the cursed and the cursed and the cursed and the cursed. (July.)

**DIVINE WOMAN, THE** — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — How an ugly duckling becomes a great actress. With:—goodly, goodly—Greta Garbo. And Letitia Joy is a great help. Naturally, you’ll go and see it. (Mar.)

**DO GENTLEMEN SNORE?** — Roach-M.G.-M. — A story of burlesque by the appearance of a real, liveorton. (Aug.)

**DOG JUSTICE** — FBO. — But the story is a cruel injustice to Ranger, the canine slave. (Aug.)

**DO N’T MARRY** — Fox. — An amusing little romantic comedy that will please the gals. Gayly played by Lois Moran and Neil Hamilton. (July.)

"Doomsdayer" — Paramount. — Florence Vidor’s symphony is a classic of a four-color film. A woman who marries to escape drudgery merits your attention. (Aug.)

**DOVE, THE** — United Artists. — Norma Talmadge is starred, but it is Noah Berry’s picture, the naughty china sign being turned to good. (June.)

**DRAG NET, THE** — Paramount. — Vivid and pertinent drama with a grim A and a gleam by George Bancroft, William Powell and Evelyn Brent. (Aug.)

**DRESSER TO KILL** — Fox. — A tale of the underworld that holds your attention every second. It’s all action and suspense, and splendid work by Delon Wilkes. Richard Hardwicke is recommended. (May.)

**DUDLEY UNITED** — United Artists. — D. W. Griffith tells the Paolo and Francesca legend, but spoils it by changing the locale and by overloading it with pageantry. Mary Philbin breaks out with lots of KT and Don Alvarado gives a good performance. (June.)

**EASY COME, EASY GO** — Paramount. — Richard Dix is the innocent partner of a crook. A bright, Fast-moving comedy and Richard’s best in months. (June.)


**ESCAPE, THE** — Fox. — An ancient melodrama that shouldn’t have been revived with Virginia Valli and William Russell. (July.)

**EXCESS BAGGAGE** — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Vivid and realistic picture of state life. See it. (Aug.)

**FAITHLESS LOVER, THE** — Kibrath. — The dam has burst again. But aside from that, this is just a lot of mediocre celluloid. (May.)

**FALLEN ANGELS** — Universal. — Norman Kerry does through some gloomy doings in the role of a man who must play dead. Interesting but hardly cheerful. (July.)

**FANDANGO** — Educational. — Lupino Lane in a hilarious horticultural of all the Spanish pictures ever produced. (May.)

**FANGS OF JUSTICE** — Bischoff. — A regular old some week of hokum. (May.)

**FASHION MADNESS** — Columbia. — Once more the tendency to drag daylight and the woods from the by-the-man hero. Claire Windsor is the girl this time. (May.)

**FAZIL** — Fox. — Proving the shelves make bad husbands. Torrid nesting in the desert. Not for the kinship garden chair. (Aug.)

**FEEL MY PULSE** — Paramount. — Bebe Daniels is terribly annoyed by William Powell and his run gang of hams but she manages to drag herself over to the other man. Fairly good, but not up to Bebe’s standard. (April.)

**FIFTY-FIFITY GIRL, THE** — Paramount. — Bebe Daniels is the new heroine of the picture. But in the end she goes for the gold mine of laughs. James Hall is her leading man, Rebecca is his leading lady. (July.)

**FINDERS KEEPERS** — Universal. — Laura La Plante, who deserves a better fate, wasted her talents and charm on a lot of trite gags. (May.)

**FIRE AND STEEL** — Ethel. — Hot yeast of steel furnaces, with the young inventor, the jealous foreman and the girl. He-hum! (June.)

**FIVE-AND TEN-CENT ANNIE** — Warners. — The girl starts to go but ends up in a mine. However, Louise Fazenda is a show in herself. (May.)

**FLYING COWBOY, THE** — Universal. — Fun and adventure of it—on a dude ranch. With Hoot Gibson. (July.)

**FOOLS FOR LUCK** — Paramount. — W. C. Fields and Gaslight is a comedy that is only fairly funny. (June.)

**FORBIDDEN HOUR, THE** — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — A drama of Love and Death. The picture has a lot of excitement and Rene Adoree is in it. You’ll like this one. (July.)

**FOREIGN LEGION, THE** — Universal. — A foliow of Courage, the popularity of "Beau Geste." If you are just frantic for Legion stories, this is your entertainment. With Norah Kerr. (April.)

**FORTUNE HUNTER, THE** — Warners. — Syd Chaplin messes up a good comedy. Why people stay home. (March.)

**FREE LIPS** — First Division. — Virtue triumphant in a night club. Just another one of those pictures. With Jane Marlowe. (July.)

**FREEDOM OF THE PRESS, THE** — Universal. — Reviewed under the title of "Graft." Wherein a newspaper reporter, bles his little heart, tries to clean up the big city grafters. Interesting performances by Henry B. Walthall and Lewis Stone. (April.)

**FRENZIED FLAMES** — FBO. — For the boys of all ages—who like to chase fire departments. (May.)

**FRESH NIGHT, THE** — Universal. — Reviewed under the title of "The Great Siren." Nutty farce with Glenn Troy. (April.)

**GATEWAY OF THE MOON** — Fox. — Dolores Del Rio gets a coy in a South Sea island picture. This star should keep her clothes on. (March.)

**GIRL HE DIDN’T BUY, THE** — Peerless. — Light story of a Broadway love affair with an original twist to the plot. (Aug.)

**GIRL IN EVERY PORT, A** — Fox. — The romantic adventure of a dear little girl, played by Victor McLaglen. And very funny, too. (March.)

**GIVE AND TAKE, THE** — Universal. — A silly story but must be given its due by the competent performances of Jean Hersholt and George Sidney. (April.)

**Glorious Betsy** — Warners. — The romantic story of Jerome Bonaparte and Betsy Patterson of Baltimore. Tricked up with a happy but not entirely ending. Mildly charming, and decked out with Vitaphon outbursts. Dolores Costello starred. (July.)

**GIRL, THE** — Pathé-De Mille. — A vitally interesting and very vivid story told with all the force and power Cecil B. De Mille could give it. In complete contrast to a real picture with splendid acting by Marie Prevost, George Duryea, Noah Berry and Linda Bassette. (July.)

**Golden Clenm, THE** — Nordisk-Pathé. — A pathos picture about a clown who laughs to conceal a broken heart. Turgid foreign drama with a fine performance by the popular Danish star, Asta Nielsen. (July.)

**Golden Shackles, The** — Pathé. — Can’t see the picture for the fot. (August.)

**GOLD WIDOWS** — Columbia. — Comedy drama based on a murder of a country club life. With Harrison Ford and Vera Reynolds. (July.)

**Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue**

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening’s entertainment. Make this your reference list.
GOOD-BYE KISS, THE.—Mack Sennett.—The dairy of the sun shines the way in his own way. And the old boy has as many longing, becoming, a real reason! There’s real entertainment in this here picture. You’ll like Sally Eames, one of the stars, in this picture of a wave! (Aug.)

GIPSY OF THE NORTH—Rayart.—A better than usual melodrama of the Northern mining camps. (May.)

HALF A BRIDE—Paramount.— Wherein a bride is cast away on a desert island with the wrong man. (Aug.)

HANGMAN’S HOUSE—Fox.—A good drama of Ireland, with some splendid backgrounds, a fine horse race and an excellent performance by Victor McLaglen. (Aug.)

HAPPINESS AHEAD—First National.—What might a British melodrama turn into fine entertainment by the chunky acting of Colleen Moore, Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman. (Aug.)

HEARLDEOD—First National.—All your old friends of the comic strip come to life on the screen. It’s a tear jerker. Arthur Lake walks away with the honors as Harold. (May.)

HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN KELLY?—Universal.—The amusing love affairs of an Irish soldier. Tom Meehan’s play is made into a fine performance of a French girl. Good fun. (May.)

HAWK’S NEST, THE—First National.—An interesting melodrama of Cluage, excellently acted by Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon. (July.)


HEADIN’ FOR DANGER—FBO.—The best Western in months. New plot, new situations, new gags and Bob Steele. (July.)

HEART OF A FOLLIES GIRL, THE—First National.—A melodrama of stage, life, which even Billoe Doce cannot save. (May.)

HEART OF BROADWAY, THE—Rayart.—Cabrera’s brand of love story. Loretta Young and Esther Ralston make a good couple, a most profitable and happy engagement. (May.)

HELLO CHEYENNE—Fox.—That distinguished screen writer, Mr. Tom Mix, in a Western that is peppered with gags. (June.)

HELL SHIP BRONCHO—Fox.—Boozy Booby does some of his best acting as a re-pawing old sea captain. Nothing else in the picture. You’ll be sorry when virtue triumphs. Swell entertainment. (July.)

HERE COMES ADVENTURE—A. C. Stearns, Inc.—What a stunt package does one with a thousand dollars, below par. (April.)

HERO’S UNIVERSE—HERO—FBO.—Why movie theaters need good prologues. (March.)

HIS COUNTRY—Pathe-M. Deyle.—Excellent heart interest story by two immigrants, beautifully played by Rudolph Valentino and Louise Dresser. (March.)

HIT OF THE SHOW, THE—FBO.—A lot of good shows in this story of a small-town actor. Just a star-cast. (July.)

HOLD EM YALE—Pathe-M. Deyle.—Rolo La Roque cuts loose as a foot-ball star. Why be critical about a good story, splendidly acted? (May.)

HONEYMOON FLATS—Universal.—Clever little comedy of young married life, with George Lewis and Dorothy Gulliver. (April.)

HONOR BOUND—Fox.—Realistic but repellent story of a man who goes to a prison mining camp to pay off his wife. With George O’Brien and Estelle Taylor. (June.)

HORSEMAN OF THE PLAINS, A—Fox.—A mortgage is always a mortgage. This one is on the Old West Ranch instead of the Old West. Mix and Tony are the mortgage fingers. (June.)

HOT HEELS—Universal.—Small town boy goes buck with bunt and musical musical, Glenn Tryon and Patty Ruth Miller are a good team. (May.)

HOUND OF SILVER CREEK, THE—Universal.—Dynamite, the star, slams an inferior story to success. (August.)

HOUSE OF SCANDAL, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—If you are a lady, crooks and the inevitable girls who reform. (July.)

HUSBANDS FOR RENT—Warners.—Owen Moore and his wife join the bedroom face that will get by only with the least bright, members of the community. (March.)

I TOLD YOU SO—Leigh Jason.—This picture—only a two-year-old with another name. But it shows so much promise that its producer won a contract for himself on the strength of a pre-view showing. (April.)

JUDGMENT OF THE HILLS—FBO.—An interest story of the bluffs and the Kootenay mountains. Our hats off to Frankie Darro, a fine boy actor. (March.)

LADIES’ NIGHT IN A TURKISH BATH—First National.—There are lots of laughs in this adaptation of a Turkish story by Dorothy Mackall and Jack Muhlack. (March.)

LADY OF THE NIGHT CLUB—Tiffany-Stamp.—Another story of the adventures of a cabaret girl. Synthetic heart interest. (April.)

LADY IN THE TRUE.—Pathe—M. Deyle.—How Dorothy Mackall can dance! And what a snappy picture she is in. Her on top! Featuring Richard Arlen, who featured with her. A neat little show. (May.)


LADY RAFFLES—Columbia.—A mystery melodrama with a real mystery—of all things! And some of the funniest gags by Estelle Taylor and Lilyan Tashman. (June.)

LAST COMMAND, THE—Paramount.—A powerful and thrilling story of a Russian who becomes a Hollywood "extra." Thanks to the work of Agnes Moorehead, T. H. Jenkins, this film is the most popular crying-fest of the season. (July.)

LATEST FROM PARIS, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A story of a mysterious beauty who dies that the girl he loves may be happy. Excellently acted by Lois Chaney, Loretta Young and Nina Aicher. (June.)

LAW OF THE DELTA PROUD—FBO.—The best part of this picture is the review of the private life of Ranger, the police dog. (May.)

LEAPFROG, THE—Pathe-M. Deyle.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The McCoy in a thriller that has heart and suspense. A real stunt picture, plays a sweet, old-fashioned gift. That ought to send you into the grass. (April.)

LEAVE ’EM LAUGHING—Hal Roach-M. G. M.—A show with a lot of good-new, snappy performance by Jacqueline Logan. (March.)

LILAC TIME—First National.—Thrilling and powerful romance, a steady score to lift it above the rum war of plays. (August.)

LITTLE MICKEY CROGAN—FBO.—A sweet little comedy. A film with Joby and Jorryn Rolston cannot help much. (May.)

LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGS—First National.—Good character play in this picture, "Kentucky Courage." And a favorite well acted by Richard Barthelmess. Strong rambles all over Kentucky and the Civil War. A complete entertainment. (June.)

LITTLE SNOKE—Warner.—A Camp Island kid tries to crash society but discovers that the family are better company. With May McAvoy. (May.)

LITTLE YELLOW HOUSE, THE—FBO.—An awful louse about nothing at all. (August.)

LOVE ISAPPROACHING—First National.—Kent and Glenn Tryon in a good human interest story of young lovers modern backgrounds. Lots of trick camera work, and risque, though not-young. (June.)

LOVE AND LEARN—Paramount.—Wherein Esther Rolston keeps her brain in her head while getting a divorce. Smart, soft comedy. (March.)

LOVE HUNGRY—Fox.—Concerning a mere innocuous story, a woman keeps a company while Lawrence Gray head the cast, but Marjorie Beebe steals the picture in a comedy rôle. (June.)

LOVE ME AND THINK THE WORLD IS MINE—Uni- versal.—Misty story of war-time romance, with a Duddy Browning romance between Mary Philbin and Jack B. Whiting. The love interest is the only thing in the show. (April.)

MAD HOUR—First National.—Eliner Glyn presents another version of the popular tale, with Marjorie Ramozza. Snappy acting by Sally O’Neil. (May.)

MAGNIFICENT FLIRT, THE—Paramount.—Powerful story of a young girl, the marriage, the struggle to live and the awakening to the desire and the fascinating work of Victor Vidor puts this picture uppermost. (August.)

MARCH IN THE SOUTH, THE—FBO.—Not a roll story. A Western with almighty villain, foolish old man, tomboy daughter—and Our Hero (July.)

MAN-MADE WOMEN—Pathe-M. Deyle.—Mod- ern version of the old story. A western, but with the hounds for art. Conrad Veidt’s acting is the high spot of this film. (June.)

MATINEE IDOL, THE—Columbia.—Beside Love in the story of a tent show, ably assisted by Johnny Waterhouse, who is a great Romeo. (May.)

MICHIGAN KID, THE—Universal.—Thrilling melodrama and beautiful scenery successfully smother a Horatio Alger plot. With Conrad Nagel and Renee Adoree. (July.)

MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE, A—Rayart.—Some- thing snifty and baffling in the way of a murder. (August.)
Pathé glorifies youth and beauty

Coming Pathe Pictures

“ANNAPOLIS”
with Jeanette Loff and John Mack Brown. Directed by W. Christy Cabanne

ROD LA ROCQUE in
“LOVE OVER NIGHT”

LEATRICE JOY in
“MAN-MADE WOMEN”

Coming Pathe Pictures

“TENTH AVENUE”
with PHYLLIS HAVER
Victor Varconi and Joseph Schildkraut
A William C. deMille Production. Produced by DeMille Pictures Corporation.

WILLIAM BOYD in “THE COP”
with Alan Hale, Jacqueline Logan and Robert Armstrong
A Donald Crisp Production. Produced by Ralph Block for DeMille Pictures Corporation.

James Cruze, Inc. presents
“THE RED MARK”
with Nena Quartaro, Gaston Glass, Gustave Von Seyffertitz and Rose Dion. Personally directed by James Cruze.

For the new season Pathé has cornered the market on Youth and Beauty—players with color, dash, beauty, personality! Pathé’s stars and players are youthful-comers—typifying today.

There’s Lina Basquette, Jeanette Loff, Lili Damita, Nena Quartaro, Sue Carol, Phyllis Haver, Leatrice Joy, Marie Prevost, Jacqueline Logan.


Here are names that sparkle, that connote big scenes, fine roles, worthwhile pictures. PATHÉ HAS THEM.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

FASHION

Fashion dictates that the figure be slender and graceful. Women whose fat in spots—in the abdomen, hips, throat, underarm, or elsewhere—need no longer worry! Simply use the wonderful Frances Jordan Reducer 10 minutes a day! It does away with all those troublesome—not hot baths, dieting, strenuous exercise, and drugs. It removes the fat just where you want it removed—nowhere else. There is no discomfort—no exercise—no worries nor flabby flesh!

The Frances Jordan stimulates the circulation and the fat spots are absorbed. It relieves constipation and tones up the nervous system.

This remarkable Frances Jordan originally sold for a very few cents, now permit us to sell direct to you for $5.00. Act today! Send $5.00 in cash, money order or check. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

MIDNIGHT TAXI, THE—Warners.—Boo-looker and hijackers run riot. (Aug.)

MILLION FOR LOVE, A—Sterling.—Feeble melodrama. (June)

MOTHER MACHREE—Fox.—Get out your handkerchiefs; this is a tear-jerker. The story of the Irish mother is conventional but Belle Bennett's performance knocks at the heart strings as a Philippa de La Lecy will delight you. What a boy! (July)

MY HOME TOWN—Rayart.—The hero is charged with manslaughter, jail-breaking, sadist-making and blackmailing. Stay home and read the newspaper. (July)

NAMELESS MEN—Tiffany-Sahl.—Clair Windsor flutters through a story of the secret service. Don't cry if you miss it. (May)

NEWS PARADE, THE—Fox.—A snappy and original melodrama of the exploits of the news real photographers. Nick Stuart and Sally Philp makes the cast. Excellent way to spend the evening. (July)

NIGHT FLYER, THE—Patho-De Mille.—Big doing among the railroadmen. It's a spectacular stunt picture. (April)

NIGHT OF MYSTERY, A—Paramount.—Adolph Menjou involved in the romantic dilemma of a captain of the French-Vilhain front. One of his most picturesque. With Evelyn Brent. Great audience and box office. (July)

NOOSE, THE.—First National.—Richard Barthelmess again gets a picture worthy of his talents. An extraordianary melodrama that will hold you spellbound. (March)

NO QUESTIONS ASKED—Warners.—William Collier, Jr., and Audrey Ferris in one of those "first year" stories. Just as good as the first. (May)

ON THE GO.—Action.—Something different—a western with a lot of laughs. (June)

OPENING NIGHT, THE.—Colombo.—One moment of comedy, the rest life of an otherwise fine film. A drama worth seeing. (Aug.)

OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lively and very modern romance in the younger set, staged in a luxurious background and ornamented by Jean Crain, Virginia Dale, Paula and by Dorothy Sebastian. John Mack Brown and Nils Asther also look good. (May)

OUT OF THE PAST.—Feature.—One of those things you can forget. (June)

PAINTED TRAIL, THE.—Rayart.—Buddy Roosevelt on a thrilling job in West. (July)

PARTNERS IN CRIME—Paramount.—Bogy and Atton in the underworld. Mostly gags. You know the type. (July)

PARDIG, THE.—Paramount.—Brilliant performance by Emil Jannings and flawless direction by Ernst Lubitsch. It's a story of Paul the First, and Czar of Russia. Jack Barty is one of the best. Less emotional and more intellectual than the recent Jannings pictures and very much worth seeing. (July)

PATHY, THE.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marlon Day is charming in a modern stage duel. You'll love her impersonations of famous screen gals. Your money's worth. (July)

PAY AS YOU ENTER—Warners.—A motorman and conductor both love Louise Fazenda. What could be more thrilling? A singletrack comedy. (June)

PERFECT CRIME, THE—FBO.—Clive Brook, as a great detective, is in search of a perfect crime. How he finds the clue is the basis of an unusually fine mystery yarn. (July)

PHANTOM CITY, THE.—First National.—Fun and mystery in a store in a great city, with Ken Maynard as the spook chaser. (Aug.)

PHANTOM PINTO, THE—Ben Wilson.—Why expect a photo pony and a flock of horses to furnish all the excitement? You don't in this low-brow film and it features Tom Tyler and Little Frankie Darro. (July)

PHANTOM OF THE RAPID—Rayart.—This time Rex Leslie is the fellow who wins the race and saves the family estate. (June)

PHYLIS OF THE FOLLIES—Universal.—In which Lilian Tufts and Alice Day, as two chorus girls, scramble a butter-and-egg man. Foolish but funny. (June)

PINTO KID, THE.—FBO.—Buzz Barton's stunts will please the kids. That's all. (June)

PIONEER SCOUT, THE.—Paramount.—First Thomson and Silver King in a Western has strives for variety by having Thomson play a dual roll. (May)

PLAY GIRL, THE.—Fox.—Madge Bellamy in a gold-digging farce. Reasonably diverting. (May)

POWDER MY BACK—Universal.—John Rich in an improbable but sophisticated comedy. Its political background. (May)


RAJAH KETCH.—Pathe-De Mille.—Thomas Meighan, as a lone cop, comes up a gang of racketeers, headed by Louis Wolheim. Don't miss it. (Aug.)

RED DANCE—Fox.—More Russian revolution, dramatically directed by Raoul Walsh. Charles Farrell, Ivan Lonseth and Dolores Del Rio head an exceptional cast. The picture is a real thriller. (July)

RED HEAD.—Paramount.—Clara Bow's hair in natural color. A story of a gold-digger who gives up all for love. For the Bow fans. (May)

REFORM—Chadwick.—Wherein a much-needed psychiatrist reforms a good-looking girl crook by teaching her to eat with money order or check. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

ROSE-MARIE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Adapted from the musical comedy. Exciting doings and lots of news. The picture has been left to the imagination. If you like this sort of thing—(May)

ROSE-MARIE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Adapted from the musical comedy. Exciting doings and lots of news. The picture has been left to the imagination. If you like this sort of thing—(May)

RIDERS OF THE DARK—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Tim McCoy in Western Plot Number Four, Jip Darcy's round. (May)

RIDING TO FAME—Eckle.—Does the villainous book succeed in squeezing the horse race and wrecking spot. (June)

RINTY OF THE DESERT—Warners.—An appealing and unusual dog story with the one and only Rin-Tin-Tin. (July)

ROAD TO RUTHE, THE—The Cush Broughton. Sponsored by the Juvenile Courts, this film should only be shown to selected audiences. A sensational portrayal of a desirable social youth with nothing left to the imagination. If you like this sort of thing—(May)

ROSE-MARIE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Adapted from the musical comedy. Exciting doings and lots of news. The picture has been left to the imagination. If you like this sort of thing—(May)

SADIE THOMPSON—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson triumphs over a comic and dramatically fine story, with a swell performance by Lionel Barrymore and Gloria's finest acting to date. A complete success, but a rare stuff for persons of normal, healthy mentalities. (May)

SAILORS' WIVES—First National.—A fumigated sequel to "Flaming Youth." A couple of suburban organs enliven it, but it is mostly somber. Mary Astor does her darndest to act wild. (July)

SALLY OF THE SCANDALS—FBO.—Bessie Love's life in a back-stage story that might have been dull. (Aug.)

SAN FRANCISCO NIGHTS—Gotham.—Mac Busch, a cabaret girl, rescues Percy Marmon from life in the underworld. Mae's a good trouble. (July)

SATAN AND THE WOMAN—Excellent.—Showing how a narrow-minded small town can be mean to a pretty girl like Claire Windsor. Fie on them! (April)

SCARLET DOVE, THE—Tiffany-Sahl.—Milti- many in Castro, Russian Princess. Lowell Sherman—the cut acts grand and wears many gaudy uniforms as a Roxy usher. (July)

SCARLET YEOU—FBO.—He has to handle stenographic messages, one of those medical dimes that play to "men only" and "women only" audiences, and he has to learn to use the easy money of anyone simple enough to be taken in by the national advertising. The story is well told and the picture is well made. (July)

SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS—First National.—Pure Harold Bell Wright and very sweet and clean. But a truly, very, very hit show. (March)

SHOWDOWN—Paramount.—A good picture of life in the depressing Mexican Oil fields. Not a likely hit, but one that's warmed by George Bancroft and Evelyn Brent. (May)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 135]

When Writing Advertisers

Please Mention PHOTOPLAY

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY Magazine is guaranteed.
Come on back behind the Scenes on Broadway!

See how famous hits are made—and remade, in "THE BUTTER-AND-EGG MAN." . . . Back-stage romance and comedy you never dream of when you sit "out front." . . .

It's all there in this brand new First National film hit that tells the hilarious story of a Butter and Egg Man—who came back—and came back hard! . . . A worm who turned against the New York wise guys who thought they had "taken" him . . . ONE Broadway sucker who got MORE than an even break.

Rich with racy, unique types of Broadway "insiders" . . . Full of first-time-on-any-screen revelations of the private lives of leading men and misleading ladies . . . So good that you will want to make a special point of seeing it . . . Watch for the date of—

The BUTTER and EGG MAN

Presented by Richard A. Rowland
From Play by George S. Kaufman
A Richard Wallace Production

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Dear Carolyn Van Wyck:

Just at this season of the year I always seem all "wrong." My clothes are faded and shabby and lack smartness. My hair seems faded, too—probably from the high, hot sun, for I spend many of the summer days on the beach. And my skin has been tanned so much (and I must admit that the aforementioned sun adds freckles to my every other trouble!) that I look horrid in evening frocks, and stupid in street clothes.

Does every girl, I wonder, have as much trouble as I at this "between" season? Just now—when summer is past and winter hasn't yet begun—is the most trying time of all, I think. And it is in this time that a great many nice things are starting—dances and parties and house party plans. Oh, I often think that a girl's whole winter depends upon how she looks at the beginning of autumn. If she is dowdy she's left out. And if she looks well, she's included.

What is the best way to go about the matter of a general making over? I'd like to know—

Carolyn Van Wyck

You are a wise girl, Eleanora, to recognize the advisability of a personal house-cleaning during the early autumn months. Although the violet rays of the sun are extremely beneficial to one's health—the violent rays can harm both the hair and the skin. And it is a clever young woman who takes steps in time to repair that harm. I have seen prairie women, who must needs be in the sun all day, look old at thirty! First of all, the skin. It should be treated to the best of bleaching, tissue building and astringent creams upon the market. The bleaching will take care, gently, of the tan and freckles. The tissue building will create firmness and new surfaces, and the astringent will give freshness to the whole complexion. Choose a slightly lighter shade of powder, for autumn wear, than that which you used during the summer.

And then, your hair. It should be brushed nightly, with a good tonic. And the rays of the summer sun often dry the hair—in that case use an oil tonic twice a week. And once every ten days, at least, shampoo the hair with a hot oil shampoo. And put a bit of lemon into the rinsing water.

About the clothes. Of course, Eleanora, the wardrobe would seem shabby with the coming of autumn. And rightly so. And, equally of course, it should be replenished. One woman—a great author, almost as famous for her perfect grooming as for her fine books—gives up two weeks, every fall, to getting her frocks ready for the winter.

First of all, pack away the still good summer things. They will come in very nicely, next year! The faded ones, perhaps, can be dipped in one of the splendid quick tinning preparations—the shabby ones can be made over. If, however, some things are too shabby or faded for further wear, dispose of them. Hoarding useless garments is a miserly habit.

Next, after the clothing has been packed away, get out those things which were left from last winter. You will see, at a glance, which ones are worthy of salvaging. A fresh vestee, a bit of fur, a smart belt or flower will often work wonders. Go over the possibilities carefully, and pass on to the best part of the whole thing—the new garments.

Personally, Eleanora, I think that it is always best to make a list of what you really need. So many street frocks? A coat? An evening dress? You'll be able to tell at once. And then plan, with utter fairness, just how much money and time you can afford to spend for them.

A few months ago—In July—I wrote an article on "Choosing Your Type." Did you read it? I hope so, for that reading will help

Don't be afraid of the unusual fashion—if it suits you. Only know where to draw the line between the original and the bizarre. And, if you can afford to have only a few clothes, it is a good plan to choose them in different tones of the same color. In this way you can economize on hats and shoes and accessories. But if your wardrobe need not be limited, go as far as you like in color range. In going to the shops, remember that you are a person. And that the money you have to spend is your money. Remember that you need not be awed by clever sales talk. Buy what you want when you want it. Be firm when you do not want a thing.

Don't buy the first frock that meets with your semi-approval. A half-hearted choice is usually wrong, when the question of clothes is involved. You are always happiest in the things that are utterly right. And you will know, instinctively, when they are right.

Last of all—and I add this trite of advice although you did not ask for it, Eleanora—remember that not only skin and hair and clothing are shabby at the autumn season. 

[Continued on Page 114]
L'ORIGAN
COTY

INCOMPARABLE FRAGRANCE

The lovely exquisiteness of woman—the subtle, sophisticated elegance that sets her apart and above in the spell of her soft inflexible power—Parfum L'ORIGAN is the very essence of her charm. In two ounce flacons for the luxurious toilette table. One ounce and one half ounce for convenience in travelling and adorable quarter ounce sizes for the bewitching mystery of a lady's purse.
What Woman does not know

she is a thousand times more lovable when her skin is soft, smooth, clear?

What Woman needs to be told the advantages of a lovely skin?

What woman does not know that she is a thousand times more attractive when her skin is radiant with youth and freshness?

Can one really make one's skin over? This is a question that comes often, comes wistfully, from women who are discouraged because of some chronic fault in their complexion. They look in the glass and see their skin pale, nondescript—perhaps, even, afflicted with blackheads or blemishes—and wonder if it is possible for such a skin ever to become really charming and attractive.

It is possible!—You can make your skin over! Thousands of women are actually doing it. Each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. You can give this new skin, as it forms, the habit of health—of beauty!

Begin, today, to care for your skin in the way skin specialists recommend—with warm or hot water, ice, and Woodbury's Facial Soap—the soap especially made for a sensitive skin.

If you have a smooth, naturally good complexion—use the treatment for normal skin given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's.

If you are troubled with blemishes, blackheads, oily skin, or any similar defect—use the special treatment recommended for that trouble. In a week or ten days you will notice an improvement in your complexion.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Begin, tonight, with this wonderful soap, to gain the charm of "a skin you love to touch!"

NOW—THE LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET!
The Andrew Jergens Co., 2217 Alfred St., Cincinnati, 0.

For the enclosed 10 cents please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial." If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2217 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

You, too, can have "a skin you love to touch!"
Ruth Harriet Louise

New Pictures

On the screen Greta Garbo is a fragile, helpless siren in flowing chiffons. Off the screen she is an excellent tennis player in flannels and a sweater. Miss Garbo is the originator of the most popular current bob, with the hair worn long and loose at the sides and touching the shoulders.
ANOTHER shoulder length bob, worn by Olive Borden. Olive's hair once was long and heavy, but she sacrificed it to play in "Gang War," an underworld melodrama. Olive wears her hair off her ears and caught in a cluster at the back of the neck. She calls it a "compromise bob." Who says that short hair is a thing of the past? Never have so many distinguished tresses fallen under the scissors.
AN a rich girl afford to be a movie star? Consider the case of Sue Carol. Sue's salary is $250 a week. Douglas MacLean, to whom she is under contract, receives $1,500 a week for her services. All of Sue's small share, plus her personal income, must be spent for the incidental expenses that go with screen popularity. So although Sue is one of the best of the newcomers, she never has cleared any money from her screen work.
The reincarnation of Romney's Emma Hamilton. In "The Divine Lady" First National has given Corinne Griffith the greatest picture of her career. As Lady Hamilton she will play a woman whose beauty and spirit changed the course of English history. Corinne's resemblance to Lord Nelson's "dear Emma" is remarkable. "The Divine Lady" will be one of the most interesting of the new Fall productions.
A TERRIBLE injustice has been done to Eva von Berne. Upon Eva's arrival from Vienna, the report went 'round that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had promised to furnish Eva with free beer. What Eva really receives is free champagne. These foreigners have a way with them. The American stars, no matter how beautiful, popular or gifted, can't even persuade the producers to keep them in ginger-ale or soda pop.
JACK MULHALL—just a local boy from Wappingers Falls, N. Y., who has made go
t Mr. Mulhall’s light comedies, with Dorothy Mackaill as his attractive co-star, h
been among the most consistently popular of the year. Readers have complained t
PHOTOPLAY has neglected their Jack. Here, with apologies and with pleasure, is the very n
est photograph of Mr. Mulhall.
AND The Gossard Line of Beauty answers it with the new Cunning-form brassiere. This exquisite little garment cups the bust to uplifted lines—the modern fashion dictate. Diagonal draw strings placed in the center front permit each individual to adjust it to her figure—and the narrow elastic insert at the back, where it hooks, holds it comfortably to the body. Following the natural lines of the body, it emphasizes and supports their beauty. Simply ask to see the new Gossard Cunning-form brassieres—they come in crepe de chine, georgette lined with net, silk tricot, and net.

Model 955 is shown here, made of crepe de chine. The shaped garter belt, made of satin and trimmed with lace, is model 59, $2.00.
Famous Beauty Schools choose Lux suds as gentlest to the hands • advise Lux for dishes

Try this beauty treatment in your own kitchen! In washing dishes, use the pure, rich suds these famous beauty schools choose as most gentle to the hands.

Recently, different soaps were experimented with by the National Schools of Cosmeticians to find the very best for use in manicuring.

As a result of these tests, Lux was officially chosen—because its sparkling, gentle suds were found most soothing to the hands!

Mrs. Pearl Ecker Hubbell, Dean of these Schools and famous beauty expert, said, after these tests—

"I have issued instructions to our 12 schools that they are to begin at once to use Lux in manicuring and to let it be known to all of the students and all of the patrons who come into the schools.

"In caring for the hands, there is great danger in using soaps irritating to the sensitive skin of the hands.

"Lux suds cleanse so gently that they soothe the skin and keep the hands beautifully white and smooth."

A Beauty Hint to Wives

"For women in their homes, who must protect their hands in doing housework and dishes," Mrs. Hubbell adds, "I can think of no better beauty aid than the use of Lux."

New York Philadelphia Detroit Cincinnati Chicago Minneapolis Memphis St. Louis Dallas Denver Portland Los Angeles
MAY I presume, as an ardent picture fan, to utter a word of warning to producers and directors in connection with sound pictures: that they do not permit themselves to get the impression that ear entertainment, in motion picture houses, is as essential as eye entertainment—yet.

With all due credit to the sound and talking pictures already made it cannot be denied that as motion picture productions they are of inferior quality:

This is not criticism. Every year the technique of motion pictures brings new developments. The two-year-old picture, while it may retain its full emotional value, is technically as belated as women's fashions of equal age.

It would be regrettable indeed if, in the effort to perfect the technique of sound, there should be any retardment of the motion picture art.

The sound picture is mechanically well advanced. It will come into its own just as the motion picture has, with time, and study and experimentation. If the producing companies rush pell-mell into it, in a frantic effort to apply sound to every picture they produce, it may result in a surfeit of mediocrity.

The motion picture itself will always be the foundation of this form of entertainment. Sound effects, music and voice should be added only as fast as technicians are developed to handle them skillfully and discriminatingly.

Good cooks do not dump the ingredients of a fine cake into the bowl all at once. They stir each one in separately to avoid curdling and lumping.

PLEASE do not give us a curdle of sight and sound. We are getting along fairly well with the silent screen and will be patient.

But, if all the producers become panic-stricken through fear of competition and rush desperately into production of talking pictures, some of them are going to have as much chance as babies in a milling mob.

To expect even a good director of motion pictures to make fine sound pictures today is like asking the first violinist of an orchestra to play his own instrument with one hand and the drums and traps with the other.

ADOLPH ZUKOR, the wise little man who built the big company, sat back and said nothing during a conference of his executives in which plans for talking picture production were being discussed. He said nothing, but he missed not a single word.

Finally, one of the more enthusiastic members of his organization turned to him for an expression of opinion.

Zukor took a puff of his cigar and a long look out over the golf course.
“Well,” he said slowly, “none of us knows much about it yet. But that was a great fable about the hare and the tortoise.”

JUST for the benefit of historians, I want to record the first talking picture gag. They are saying that a certain producer ordered a re-take of a dialogue scene because he couldn’t hear the “k” in “swimming.”

The pioneer joke of the silent drama was told of the Stern Brothers who are said to have indignantly exclaimed, “Our comedies are not to be laughed at!”

SEVERAL readers have written me to ask if Jack Gilbert was really the author of the life story which has been running in PHOTOPLAY under his name and which is concluded in this issue.

Gilbert wrote every word of it. There was no “ghost” writer. No one helped him. He needed no assistance.

THIS editorial note, however, is not injected here to emphasize the authenticity of Jack’s authorship. It is to call attention to his literary ability.

Probably you have noted Gilbert’s shrewd selection and handling of his material, his flowing style of expression. That marks him as a good workman in words.

It is interesting to note that Gilbert’s ambition is to be a writer. He realizes that a star’s career is short-lived—two or more years—with luck, five. With oblivion, perhaps, lurking just beyond.

I would not be at all surprised if in ten years he would turn out to be a successful novelist, his closeups long forgotten.

 Stranger things have happened.

---

The Studio Murder Mystery

The greatest mystery story of recent years, a story that will keep you awake at night. And the most thrilling and amazing novel ever written about a movie studio.

$3,000 IN PRIZES FOR SOLUTIONS

Who killed Dwight Hardell — and WHY? Can you solve the mystery that threatened the very existence of a great studio? Watch the October PHOTOPLAY for the first chapter of this remarkable story and full details of the mystery contest.

BEGINNING IN THE NEXT ISSUE
CHARLES CHAPLIN brings the old tramp costume up to date. This, in fact, is a hobo's Suppressed Desire as revealed by a dream sequence in “City Lights.” And it is Mr. Chaplin’s satirical reminder that the tramp and the ornamental officer are both members of the Loafers’ Club.
THE bob that created a new personality for Mary Pickford. Her hair is left rather long at the back of the neck. To Mary her bob means a new beginning in pictures, an adventure into unknown fields. Because Mary stood at the crossing of the artistic roads, she sacrificed the symbol of her little girl past, to be free to progress as a mature artist.
MARY PICKFORD has bobbed her hair.

Behind that newspaper headline lies a great romantic drama.

It is the story of a mother love so great that it turned to gold everything it touched. Of a daughter's love so utter that it dominated completely the greatest career in screen history.

Of the founding by two women of an American tradition.

And now it has become the story of a woman's determination to surmount her own stupendous personal popularity and become truly great.

The last act is still to be written. As long as her mother lived, Mary Pickford would not bob her hair. It wasn't only that Mary's mother loved those curls as every mother loves the golden curls of her baby. That for many years she never allowed any hand but her own to comb and roll them and prepare their beauty.

To Charlotte Pickford, those curls were the symbol of the wonderful child and artistic genius she had given to the world. They represented Mary's greatness. They were the actual crown of the Pickford sovereignty over all the peoples of the earth who love motion pictures.

HOW nearly right she was is proven by the fact that there is now talk of placing them in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D. C., along with Lindbergh's "Spirit of St. Louis" and other national prizes.

So, though she knew that she had outgrown her curls, though she knew that the world had passed by the time when "America's sweetheart" wore curls, though she knew that her progress as an artist was blocked and her development as a star hindered, Mary Pickford went on wearing her curls.

She would have worn them until they turned gray rather than cause her mother one moment's unhappiness or regret during the last years of her life.

It wasn't fear of her public that kept Mary from taking this drastic step.

Mary Pickford is too courageous for that, she has too deep a belief in the power of the fine thing. Mary Pickford is an artist. As an artist, she would have been willing to gamble on the public's understanding, their appreciation, their love for her. Even from the standpoint of the box office, and Mary Pickford has keen box office judgment, she must have seen the inevitability of the result—that if she went on too far and too long with the outgrown curls and the outgrown Pickford tradition the public would continue to love her, but would cease to go and see her pictures.

No, it was love of her mother and care for that mother's happiness and the habit of bowing to her judgment in everything connected with her work that stayed Mary's hand and that made her attempts to at least do up her curls if she couldn't cut them, half hearted and feeble and therefore doomed to failure.

And, tragically enough, Charlotte Pickford's intense mother love blinded her usually shrewd eyes.

She wanted to keep her wonder child and so she held Mary back, held her to the things that had made her famous instead of lending her the strength and wisdom and vision to make the break from little girl parts into grown-up parts.

If, when Mary was past thirty, when an entirely new generation had evolved an entirely new type of girl, when Mary herself had grown beyond playing children and the world at large found such parts and such a personality as [continued on page 128]
To any woman, if she be honest with herself and her Creator, Life is a series of men—men who have influenced her growth, her career, her ambitions. Whatever we feel toward the man of the moment, it is he who is our very life and soul.

WRITE my Life Story?

But how can any woman write her Life Story?

A woman's life is not a matter of "I was born here" or "I was educated there!" It is a matter of thoughts, longings, temptations succumbed to, or temptations repudiated. It is a series of sorrows which have carried her to the depths of woeful despair; it is a series of joys which have wafted her to such heights that the very clouds in their mystic, colorful glories have seemed to float in the heavens beneath her!

And to any woman, if she be honest with herself and her Creator, Life is a series of men—men who have influenced her growth, her career, her ambitions. Men! We may hate them; we may love them. But whatever we feel toward the man of the moment, it is he who is the very life and soul of a woman during that period when he dwells in her thoughts with her.

How, then, are we to write the Life of Woman?

There is only one Life Story I know which has been written honestly, without apology, by a woman. That is by Isadora Duncan. And it was not printed until after she was buried. After we are dead, what does it matter?

Photoplay has asked for my Life Story? It is an honor and I appreciate it. They wish me to write it in the first person. I have argued, I have said "No," I have tried half-way measures. So now I say to you, who are to read it, I have succumbed after weeks of meditation. I have consented to write it as I have felt it, for to me life is feeling. But with
certain reservations. Everything that you will read in these pages is the truth as far as I know; but not all of the truth is printed.

Why should I camouflage about it? There are certain memories buried deep within woman that she cannot drag out even though she wills it. The innermost corner of a woman's soul is a dark, dank, secret prison. Sometimes in the night she may awaken and feel a ray of light penetrating the walls of that prison. A memory awakens! She turns over, writhe in torture at the suggestion of it. She arises, turns on the light, gets a book, a bit of sewing. Any thing to shut out that light which, through her subconsciousness, has penetrated her memory-prison. She pushes it back, refuses to listen; finally eradicates all thought of it!

Why should she listen? She is living; she is happy. Why should buried secrets be allowed to stalk, like ghosts, beside the road of Life with her? To every woman I say: Never allow the past to molest the present. Your life is your own: Live it.

I do not remember anything about being born. That was an event into which I was not taken into consideration. I am glad that it happened, although there have been many times when I wished it had not happened. I know nothing about my first father. I say first because I do remember a father. He was not my own but I did not know it.

My earliest memories circle around this man whom I thought was my father. At this time I was called Lucille Cassin. His name was Henry Cassin. He owned a theater in Lawton, Oklahoma.

It is to this theater as much as to my innate nature that I owe the birth of my desire to become a dancer. Night after night, I would slip down to the show with my father and stand in the wings watching [CONTINUED ON PAGE 122]
Beauty is More

You may have a beautiful face and figure, says this authority on beauty, but you're a shell without personality and common sense than a bean. And beauty!—really, it's pathetic how they confuse prettiness with beauty, these dozen-a-block dazzlers. I tried to put her off easily.

"Have you ever done any modeling?" I asked.
"Well, no—but I've worked in the pictures," she said.
"I'm awfully busy just now," I started.
She interrupted:
"But please, Mister Clive, won't you give me a chance? Maybe if you'd let me take my hat off—fix up my hair—isn't there some place . . . ?"

SAYS HENRY CLIVE:

"Beauty means not only superficial beauty, not only beauty that is evident on just a glance at face and form, but also beauty of mind, beauty of voice, beauty of character. It means, too, beauty of carriage, bearing, poise.

"There isn't a voice that can't be modulated and bettered. Liquor won't do any voice much good, either.

"Since time dawned, men have admired the curves of the feminine figure. Logic would be for women to retain those curves. But do they? They do NOT. They try to make their figures as un-female as possible.

"Nature did a beautiful job on woman's face—but woman seems to think Nature was a piker! There are too many girls who hide their beauty under too much make-up."

Henry Clive is a famous artist and one of America's experts on beauty. His father was Dr. Henry O'Hara, a foremost surgeon in Australia. Clive's magazine covers are popular throughout the world.

Henry Clive really needs no introduction to Photoplay readers. His magazine covers have made him famous throughout America.

Mr. Clive went to Hollywood to select a "Golden Girl" for Flo Ziegfeld's Follies. He has remained a long time in Hollywood, studying the celebrated beauties and working with Chaplin as art director. His reactions to beauty, as it is interpreted in 1928, will be of tremendous interest to women everywhere.

Mr. Clive is at present doing the covers of Smart Set.

THERE was a knock on my apartment door—my studio apartment in the heart of Hollywood.

I was alone; it was late afternoon, and I was just putting the finishing touches on one of those pretty-girl heads that you see on Smart Set's covers, when that knock sounded . . .

"Come in!" I called.

I heard the door open—and close again. I didn't look up; thought it was probably the Filipino boy, with another sheaf of letters from those girls who wanted to be models. I was wrong; for after a moment's silence, there came a soft feminine voice—

"Please—are YOU Henry Clive, the artist? . . ."

She was a pretty little thing—blonde and blue-eyed. You see hundreds of her on Hollywood Boulevard in a few blocks' walk. She didn't wait for me to answer.

"I know you're looking for a beautiful blonde," she rattled, "and I think—that is, I wish you'd pick me. I read in the papers that you're out here to find what you call the Golden Girl and . . ."

She was pretty, certainly, but she had no more distinction
Than Skin Deep

By
Henry Clive

As told to
Harry Lang

I motioned her to the dressing room, prompting that the quickest way out of it would be to humor her, and then make plain to her that she just wasn’t the pe I could use.

So she stepped into the dressing room as I went back to my easel.

In a few moments there was a hesitant cough.

“Er—will you look now, please...?”

I looked. And there she stood with a stitch of clothing, save for a little air of black patent-leather pumps on her feet.

“NOW don’t you think I’m beautiful?” she begged.

It wasn’t easy for me to break the child’s heart. I could see that at that moment her supreme ambition was for me to accept her as a model. But I could also see that as a model she’d never, never do—any more than the thousands of others like her. And that very best thing I could do for her would be not “stall her along” and try to let her down gently, but to tell her the truth.

And so, although I really felt like sighing, I mustered all my sternness and ordered her to get back into her clothes quicker than she had gotten out of them. And when she had, I told her:

I told her the things I am now going to tell you; the things I want to tell every one of these “modern” girls who have gotten off the true trail in women’s ages-old quest for beauty and to have become all bogged down in a mass of false ideas and ideals.

FEMININE beauty is my stock in trade. I am constantly on the quest for it. In that quest I have observed literally thousands of girls—tall girls, petite girls; blondes, brunettes, redheads—girls of every complexion and type. Many of them were professional adlets. Many of them were girls of the stage and screen. But by far the majority of them were just girls from shops, from business, from factories or from homes who honestly believed they had the beauty of face and form that would qualify them to pose as artists’ models.

Now I’ll tell you something: I looked at those girls not alone with the eyes of an artist in quest of beauty, but also with the eyes of a trained anatomist looking for physical perfection. Many people know me as the artist; few people know that in youth I was educated to be a surgeon. My father was Dr. Henry O’Hara, one of the foremost surgeons in Australia. He wanted me to follow in his footsteps until I was a young man all my studies were bent...

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 118]
Pictures or Football

By Dick Hyland

Just as this article was going to press, Dick Hyland wired to say that he had given up the debate: Pictures versus Football, and that he conceded the victory to Miss Daniels. Bebe had just been back in the hospital again, this time suffering from a sudden attack of influenza due to overwork in bad weather. She's worse now, but Dick Hyland declares she wins h'argument. When you read this article you will concede her victory, too.

HOLLYWOOD for the last few weeks h'been listening in on an argument. It's still going on.

Bebe Daniels, the screen's greatest athlete, and I got into a row about whether it was more dangerous to play football or act in movie pictures? In which could you collect the greater amount of honorable injuries?

Bebe has been doing stunts in pictures since 1919. I played my first game of football in 1914. We started even when fourteen years old.

And the argument came about when I called on Bebe in the hospital after her last smash-up.

"Shush! No, you can't come in. She's asleep. She's asleep.
"The severe white-uniformed nurse was adamant: "You will disturb her. Cause a relapse."
"I will not. You couldn't kill her with an axe.
"What's all that talking in the hall?" Miss Daniels herself joined the conversation. It became more interesting. "Come on in here and let me on in it."

We went in and I raised the nurse five behind his back. She was a mean looking nurse.

"Hello, Bebe! How long are you in the hospital for this time?"
"Hello, Dick. Dunno. The doc says two weeks. They caught me with my back turned this time. "Come to think of it, Bebe," I said, "this is happening too often. You take as much of a beating in pictures as I do in football."

Bebe Daniels has encountered more accidents than most of the other stars. Her fractures and sprains prove that a movie favorite's life is not the easy career it is painted so frequently. Concussions are always just around the corner.
Which is the Most Dangerous to Life or Limb?

As much!” she scoffed, “More!”

Now it wasn’t what she said as much as the way she said it. She got the idea across that she considered football a cream-puff affair compared to the movies. No one likes to hear their pet sport disparaged. But to have ball implied in the same thought with cream-puffs was too much.

“BEBE,” I said, “this last accident is more serious than I at first thought. Your mind is affected. Has a psychiatrist seen you?”

She attempted to sit up in bed and couldn’t keep it.

“Psychi—say, you never did get over that bama game and this proves it. Why—”

“Miss Daniels,” the ogre of a nurse interrupted. “I really must exercise my professional rights.” And so on and so forth.

A month later I saw Bebe at her summer home at Santa Monica beach. She had been partially correct on her weeks guess. They let her out at the end of a fortnight and made her return to the hospital a week later and sleep there. Worked on her nerves during the days—slept in the hospital ringing the nights.

“Did you ever do that in football?” asked.

“Well, no,” I was forced to answer. “But see coaches are not as bossed by the box as producers are.”

“Now are we going to compare smashs?” Bebe asked.

“You tell one and then I’ll tell one,” I answered.

“Well,” she replied, “almost my first accident was when I worked for what was then known as Bison pictures. I tripped a leg. Nice little broken leg to start with.”

“Pooh!” I said, “I’ve had one too.”

“Yeh? Well, I’ll bet mine had more splinters than yours. If you ever have a dog bite your face while playing football lid and here’s the scar.” She showed me a white line on upper lip.

When Harold Lloyd and I were making fifty-two pictures a year, before either of us were very well known, was in trouble all the time. They put me on a buggy horse time and he threw me higher than a kite. I landed on the vee ment on my chin. Score one fractured jaw for me. They let to take eight stitches on the inside of my mouth and they hit it with a local anesthetic. One hour and thirty-five minutes the operating table.

“That’s pretty good,” I was forced to admit, “but while got a fractured jaw some southern gentleman mistook head for the football in the Stanford-Alabama game and can score one fractured skull and one concussion of the sin for me.”

“Just one?” Bebe inquired politely. “I’ve had two so I’m ahead of you there also.” I was beginning to feel that the game was being won by the home team and we were playing in the Daniels’ back yard.

“One of them was in ‘Brewster’s Millions,’” she continued. I was riding a bicycle behind a big motor truck the camera was mounted on. The truck driver had a heavy foot and speeded up. I yelled at him to slow down as I could not pump that fast. He did. With all four brakes. I crashed into the rear of the big thing and everyone had a holiday for a couple of weeks.

“Another one was in New York. I was practicing some stunts on a horse for a picture. They put the wrong bit in my horse’s mouth and he started tearing up Central Park. He left me and the Park about the same time and I did as nice a dive onto the pavement as Alleen Riggan ever did into the water. One concussion, muscles in back torn, two vertebrae in spine hurt, all scored for pictures. When I came to in the hospital I found another man still there who had been hurt by the same horse.”

“Pretty good.” I admitted, “but three tacklers hit me from three different directions at the same time in a Rugby game once and you can score five cracked ribs, three vertebrae knocked out of place, and a dislocated shoulder for football.”

“Pooh!” Bebe said, “and tish! [Continued on page 109]
As Our Foreign Friends See U

Just a real nice American family having a few friends in for the evening
(According to the scenario writers.)
Jack Gilbert Writes
His Own Story

By
Jack Gilbert

Reel Four—Our hero is "discovered" by Elinor Glyn and the long awaited success comes

My first opportunity to really direct pictures came when Associated Producers was formed. Thomas H. Ince, George Loos Tucker, Allan Dwan, Mack Sennett, Marshall Neilan and Maurice Tourneur decided to make their own productions. Tourneur agreed to supply twelve pictures a year to the new organization, four of which he was to direct himself. Clarence Brown was to take four and the remaining number were assigned to me. Brown and I were receiving the same salary—two hundred dollars a week. Under the new arrangement, both of us were to be raised to four hundred a week, with an additional ten percent of the profits from twelve pictures. I decided that a personality would only add a charcuterie to my own productions, but defense to my per- stage, I searched a girl whom I would develop and star. From among the extras on "The silent Circle" set I found an eager child named Violet Rose. I gave her a test which Tourneur saw approved, so we signed her up for two years and I changed her name Barbara Bedford. When I set about looking for a story.

JACK GILBERT ANALYZES HIS PICTURES

"The Big Parade" concluded my career in pictures. I never expect such an experience to occur to me again.

"Other efforts have followed—
"La Boheme." Artistic but never believable.
"Bardeley the Magnificent." Applesauce, with Gilbert contributing most of the sauce.
"Flesh and the Devil." Important for me because of my meeting with a glamorous person named Garbo.
"The Show." Nothing to be proud of.
"Love." An cheap interpretation of Tolstoy's story.
"Man, Woman and Sin." What a title! Could have been great but wasn't.

I was a very happy man. Not only because my future seemed secure, but another and more important promise had been made. Leatrice had consented to be my wife as soon as I could gain my freedom.

From the East came Jules Brulatour and his fiancé, Hope Hampton. Brulatour was a multi-millionaire, the distributor of Eastman film and the financial backer of Tourneur. He was unhappy because the French director was leaving and urged him to remain, prophesying the downfall of Associated Producers. Maurice was adamant in his decision to produce independently.

He did consent, however, to direct one picture starring Hope Hampton. If Brulatour would obtain his release from Paramount for two other films which were contracted for, Jules agreed. I wrote the scenario, and directed the picture. It was called "The Bait." Miss Hampton's
acting was something to be improved upon. She was self-conscious and had no knowledge of timing, but such were my efforts that after two weeks had gone by, Brulatour was bidding for my future services. I laughed at his offers. Nothing could persuade me to leave Tourneur.

Brulatour's reputation was that he got what he wanted. He offered me five hundred a week to direct for him. I was grateful, but refused. His next offer was seven hundred and fifty. My head began to swim. I sought advice from Leatrice. We were anxious to be together and we knew that my acceptance meant working in New York. Besides, I did not particularly care to direct a star, so once more I turned the proposition down. This touched Brulatour's pride. His mind was made up. Within a week I had capitulated. A conference with Tourneur resulted in my release from his contract, and a new six year agreement with Brulatour was drawn up and signed.

My salary was one thousand dollars a week with ten per cent of the profits of my pictures the first year; and for the next five years, fifteen hundred a week and fifty per cent—one-half of the profits.

Two pictures were to be made starring Hope Hampton; then I was to have my own producing organization. Need I describe my emotions? No director in motion pictures had ever possessed such a contract. Bad luck seemed to have shaken my shoulders. I was twenty-three years old and "the world was my oyster!"

Before I left Tourneur, I adapted, at his request, the scenario of Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans." When I handed him the completed script he accepted it without a word and abruptly turned away. He never forgave me for leaving him. We did not say goodbye. The next day I started East.

What a picture I made! It was unbelievably horrible. The story was awful. I wrote it! I was responsible for the direction. It was ghastly! The cutting was invaluably bewildering. I did it! It is inconceivable that the thing could have been so bad. There were many reasons. First and foremost among them—I was in love. Terribly in love and lonely. Second—Brulatour was in love. Agonizingly in love and not lonely. Rather I should say he was suspicious. Third—I had no more right at that time to undertake the making of a motion picture than I now have of assuming charge of the Standard Oil Company. With Tourneur to run to for advice I was a thoroughly capable director. Alone, I was a mess.

I longed for Leatrice and California and begged Brulatour to give me a vacation, but that old fox said, "No, we must start another picture immediately."

My loneliness became unendurable. I had collected sixteen weeks salary which left a balance of thirty-six thousand dollar due on my first year. I offered to sell my contract to Jule for twenty-five thousand. He refused, and insisted that I prepare another story.

A few miserable days dragged by, and I again confronted Brulatour with a proposition offering my agreement for twenty thousand dollars. I was furious when he refused and stormed out of his office. What a lamb I was. I knew nothing of the fact that my boss was just as anxious to be rid of me as I was to leave him. I arrived at a decision. To hell with this town and to hell with this thousand dollars a week. I tore the contract to pieces and scattered it all over Brulatour's office. Then I boarded the Twentieth Century Limited for California. At last I was free! Brulatour might offer me a million dollars to remain, but I would follow my heart. He might sue me, but let him sue. What could he get?

Some time later, I discovered that on the very afternoon which I had chosen to tear up my contract, Brulatour had
consulted his attorney regarding the possibility of buying me off for ten thousand dollars.

Arriving in Hollywood I spent a glorious week recovering from my recent and horrible experience. Then the necessity of work confronted me. I "cast my flies" here and there for a job directing. To my amazement no one would take me seriously. I doubted all the statements of my agent when he said, "I can get you a great part to play, but no one believes you can direct."

WHAT was I up against now? My struggle for a year and a half to stop acting had apparently gone for nothing. I would not act. I was rotten on the screen. No one could force me to act. I would direct one reel westerns or dog pictures, but no more grease paint.

The deadlock ensued and I endured, but finally discovered that I would soon be broke. Most of my salary had been spent on long distance telephone calls from New York to Hollywood. Before I knew it, I was broke.

I accepted a part at the Fox Studios in a picture called "Shame," which Emmett Flynn directed. When the picture was finished, I was offered a three year starring contract by the same studio. After much deliberation I accepted. And—I was an actor once more.

Of my two and a half years with Fox I have little to relate—except that I was unhappy most of the time. My pictures were cheaply made and badly done. When I begged for such stories as the "Seventh Heaven" and "The Sea Hawk" I was adjudged insane and temperamental.

"Cameo Kirby" was the only fine thing I was associated with at the studio. The management was not at fault particularly, but their policy at that time was to make as many pictures in as short a time as possible and profit on the quantity. But such a condition was not conducive to happiness nor to intensity of purpose.

I drank much more than was good for me and was convinced that all opportunities for a brilliant or even mildly successful career were gone. Leatrice was becoming more and more successful while I seemed slipping into oblivion.

Then some good friends began to supply the ambition and courage which I had lost.

Kenneth Hawks, now, curiously enough, a supervisor at Fox, cornered me and said things that sent me home in a different mood than I had known in months. He had just seen "Cameo Kirby" and was almost angry in his admonition of my remaining longer where I was.

Then Howard Hawks, Ken's brother, took me to task. I was as good as "so-and-so" and better than "such-and-such," and the thing to do was get out and grasp the success which was awaiting me.

Even this encouragement did not cheer me to any great extent. I accepted it all gratefully with a "grain of salt." Praise of my efforts could not convince me that the future held any great reward for my acting.

Paul Bern urged me to get with an organization which could further my career, and told me that he had heard Irving Thalberg, then a producer [CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]
For luncheon at the beach or the country club, who could be better than the sports ensemble? The quilted coat is of pin kasha. Its trimming of white ermine gives it a touch of elegance not usually associated with sports clothes. The coat worn over a dress of pin crepe and kasha. The costume is called the Schuyler Road and it is a de luxe model only to be worn when one is merely an ornamental onlooker at sports events.

Half the secret of success is to start the day right. Any gown will look its best if worn over this fitted combination suit of white antique filet and hand embroidery. Mr. Greer of Hollywood makes clothes for American women. Notice, please, the trim, snug lines so hard to find in French lingerie, even though you may be willing to pay a breath-taking price.

For the afternoon, Miss Tashman literally puts on the Ritz. That is the name of this black satin street dress. It is set off by a double King Fox scarf. And, incidentally, single fox scarfs are now an indication either of indifference to fashion or bleak, grim poverty. With Paris going frantic on sports clothes, Mr. Greer pauses to design a street dress that doesn’t look as though its owner had just walked off the golf links.
Clock

a sartorially perfect day

Tashman

What to wear with the evening gown? Miss Tashman finds the answer in "Dorothy," a rose taffeta wrap. It has a shirred bodice and shoulders, caterpillar effect. Half concealed in the neck ruff are pearled camellias. The skirt is wide and flaring with a narrow ringed hem. When Miss Tashman steps out to a Hollywood film premiere in his costume, the crowd in front of the theater sets up a loud hurrah.

"And so to bed," in a negligee-nightgown made of black lace. The nightgown is worn with a matching coat of chiffon. But one doesn't sleep in the coat, even on the coldest nights. This boudoir costume represents Mr. Greer's revolt against the pajama suit which, he believes, is lacking in feminine charm.

Any woman who couldn't be happy in this evening gown is just an old crosspatch. Mr. Greer calls it "Laco di Como," which means Lake Como. It (the gown, not the lake) is made of three shades of rose chiffon and is embroidered in silver and pearl. The skirt dips in the back almost touching the floor. The gown is one of the many reasons why Lilyan Tashman is known as the best dressed woman in Hollywood—and why she gets those ritzy rôles.
ALWAYS we see them—the stars that never were. And, almost always, we wonder about them. The extras who show the unexpected flash of high genius. The members of the mob—who never seem to rise above the mob.

Often we wonder why they do not ascend to the heights, these extras. For some of them have in their grasp the thing called “IT.” Some of them have that intense—and intensive—magnetism that goes into the making of success upon the screen—that is, almost, the keynote of success and its symbol!

Some of them, also, have the true flair for acting. Unmistakable, breath-taking. And, recognizing it, we watch through picture after picture—half expecting to see again a face that we have only glimpsed before. To see again some face in its proper setting—to watch some spirit unleashed and given its real chance.

THAT woman, for instance, who moves like a jungle creature through a tiny section of one flaring reel. That slim, amazingly lovely girl, with the mouth that is half sullen and half wistful. Of whom does she remind you? And that boy whose eyes are sad—the one who limps, ever so slightly. Can’t you see him cast as the hero of the post-war novel that set the book lovers of a nation to talking?

And—speaking of post-war novels. Of pre-war novels. Of the war, itself...

We are tired of the war—yes! That is what the magazine editors, and the critics, and the directors tell us when we come to them with stories or with plays laid in those turbulent years between 1914 and 1918. We are tired of the war—bored with it. We don’t want to hear of it again, ever! And yet—when some epic of the war does appear upon the printed page, when some battle scene flares across the silver sheet, we read it avidly—we watch it with eager eyes. And those of us who toiled through the mud of the Argonne draw shaking hands across damp foreheads. And those of us who knew sorrow-drenched Paris try to brush away the mist that will obstruct our view...
Never Were

In the ranks of Hollywood's extras may be found the real drama of the movies. Here is the story of a Central American refugee who faced a mimic firing squad and seared his bit into celluloid. Fame was his—but he never knew

Illustrated by
R. Van Buren

Pasquale was quite unconscious of the grinding of a camera. Was quite deaf to the calling voice of the man who directed the scene. He took his place, against the wall, in a way that was utterly mechanical. Remember the peasant who was the second from the left? The gaunt, dark little man? The director shouted an order. And it was then that Pasquale made his great dramatic appeal. It was then that he had his great moment

the doors of a casting office. His English was too meager—his need was too great. His explanation would, at best, have read like fiction—like a story out of O. Henry's "Cabbages and Kings."

Only this—he had come. Winding a tortuous way along a trail that might end, anywhere, in disaster. By pack mule and motor car—on tramp steamer and in freight train—he had made the journey. A man looking wearily ahead to a land that was not a land of promise. A man afraid to look back into a past that held only the agony of broken hopes!

He had been snatched—inarticulate, bewildered, almost ill—from a little prison. Infested with rats and rumors, with fever and with fear. The next dawn had been set for his execution—for he was a rebel and only a successful rebel is hailed as a hero! He was making his peace with God—which he thought to be his final peace—in the dark of the midnight when a creaking at his cell door, a whispered summons, gave him his liberty. Almost before he knew it he was out upon the street—a blanket muffling about his face, his feet scarcely daring to hurry.

"If they catch you—no matter how far you may travel—" so his deliverer told him—"it will be death. But that—you know. We will carry you across the border—and you will be given what money we have, and our prayers will follow you. But that is all. You must—" the voice was rife with warning—"you must seek your own safety!"

And so it had gone. Silently, surely, Pasquale was smuggled across a barrier. Money—not much!—was pressed into his thin hand. A blessing was breathed into his ear. And he was on his way to—God knows where.

A man who might have been called, had his patriotism flourished, his country's saviour. A man who, now, would only be known as an exile.

He started out. Upon a journey that might have ended at any door—in any city. The

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]
AFTER all, it takes Mae Murray to put over a swift one on Hollywood, and the rest of the world, too.

In the case of the Mystery Baby it was David Mdivani who let the cat out of the bag or, rather, the child out of the crib.

Mdivani announced that Mae was the mother of a sixteen-months-old son, born in Los Angeles during the first part of 1927. The advent of the heir was kept a secret because "it might interfere with Mae's career and because in Europe," again according to Mdivani, "we do not publish such things to the world."

Live and learn.

In my dumb way I always thought Europeans, from royalty down, boasted of such achievements; and that the "babies interfere with a career" legend went out with bustles and side-combs.

MAE was en route from New York to Los Angeles on the day that her husband broke the delicate news and when reporters met her upon her arrival, she politely intimated that it was none of anybody's business. And she refused to give any further information as to the place and date of the boy's birth.

The baby lives in Mae's home, guarded by a Japanese nurse. Mamma will shortly embark on a vaudeville tour, leaving Hollywood to unravel the best mystery story of the year.

And what, oh what, does Auntie Pola think of all this?

WHEN Doug and Mary left Europe for America, they sailed from Naples, Doug bringing along the usual hangers-on and derelicts he picks up in Europe. As Frank Case, that famous Algonquinist, once remarked upon seeing Doug show a group of visitors through the studio: "There goes Doug with a string of empties."

IT'S a job to keep up with these Hollywood heart affairs. Now Ben Lyon is giving Lupe Velez the grand rush. And rush is a mild word for the man who would keep up with Lupe.

However, Marion Nixon, who has been seen with Ben Lyon at the various places-to-go for nearly a year, doesn't look like broken. She always has her pick of the boys.

AND there's "Skeets" Gallagher and Pauline Garon. They saw "Skeets" in "The Racket." Now that they are in the "we're engaged" state, Pauline starts working on a vaudeville sketch which will take her all over the country. A coupling of romance and careers is no joking proposition.

THE day after Alice White finally broke her engagement to aviator Dick Grace and announced that she had renounced men in favor of her career, she turned her attention to Walter Byron, Vitma Banky's new leading man.

POOR Michael Curtiz, the director, is in wrong with his bosses. Michael was foolish enough to boast that "Nick's Ark" would cost only $900,000 but would look like a million.

The Warner Brothers rose to proclaim that the picture was only to cost at least a million and a half. It's sad but true that in this business many producers will rather have a picture cost a million and look like thirty cents than cost thirty cents and look like a million.
For the first time in four years, Lottie Pickford takes into a motion picture camera. Lottie returned from Honolulu about the time that Mary arrived in Hollywood from Europe. Lottie, who is divorced from Allan Forest, has retired from the screen.

A MYSTERIOUS stranger called upon Richard Arlen the other night.

"I have information about you," he began in a threatening tone. "It should be worth a lot of money to you to keep it quiet. You are the father of a child!"

Dick laughed.

"Sure I am! A little girl, seven, by a former marriage. More than four hundred thousand people beside yourself know this startling fact. I am mighty proud of this little daughter and often take her to the studio. But I tell you what I'll do. If you can get any reputable paper to carry the story of this amazing discovery of yours—I'll pay you fifty dollars!"

Then he bowed the stranger out.

Screen actors are frequently prey to this sort of attack, but fortunately, not all of them meet it with such aplomb.

A PUBLICITY man stopped Greta Garbo as she came off the set.

"Will you pose for some 'still' pictures, please, Miss Garbo?"

"Certainly."

And when he had finished, "Thank you, Miss Garbo."

The old-fashioned hair ribbon—of all things!—is brought up to date. Anita Page wears a ribbon to hide the fact that her hair is growing out. It covers up those annoying stray hairs at the back of her head.

"I thank you," she answered.

Fifteen extras who had been holding their breath gasped.

They had read again and again that Miss Garbo would not take still pictures, that her temperament would not allow her to be stopped.

That she never thanked anybody!

Which is all you can believe about what is said of these "temperamental" artists.

GRETA NISSEN has never met Greta Garbo! Two countrywomen who have stared at each other across the Montmartre tables with homesick longing without once having someone offer to introduce them.

And they say there are no conventions in the Film City!

LITTLE Harry Perry, Jr., has been raised on film phrases. His father is the film's famous air cinematographer, having presided over the shooting of "Wings," and for the last eight or ten months acted as cameraman of "Hell's Angels."

The boy was watching the goldfish in the Beverly Hills park recently.

"Daddy, I know what a goldfish is."

"What is it?"

"A sardine in greasepaint."

A SERIO-COMIC incident following a tragic event. A Hollywood physician asked a woman for a small payment on her bill.

"I'd be glad to, doctor, but I can't on account of Rudolph Valentino."

The doctor was mystified, and said so.

"Well, it's this way," replied the woman. "I bought the lot adjoining his in Forest Lawn Cemetery, thinking I could sell it at a profit."

"And then, when he died, he was buried in the Hollywood Cemetery."
RONALD COLMAN tells this one:
An author had written and sold to motion pictures a brilliant story called "The Optimist." "Yeh, it's a darned good story," said the producer, "but we gotta change the title."
"I thought it was a fine title," demurred the writer. "'Snot artistic."
"Well, it's the public. Of course, you and me would know that an 'optimist' was a fellow where you go to have your eyes tested, but the public don't."

ADD to Mr. Noah Webster's tome, Joseph von Sternberg's definition of a supervisor:
"A supervisor is a person who keeps a Gentile from being artistic."

A BIT of humor overheard on the broad estate of Estelle Taylor:
Franc Dillon, one of the fond parents of the Beverly Hills Little Theater movement, is talking to Kenneth Harlan:
"Will you appear in one of our plays, Kenneth?"
"Sure," he answers, largely. And, as afterthought, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll put on my act for you!"
He had just been signed to do a talkie sketch for Vitaphone.
Marie Prevost, at his side, turns in time to hear Kenneth's proposal:
"Which act?"

TALKING with Doug, Jr., the other day,
"Is there any way to kill that rumor that Helene Costello and I are going back together?" he queried. "I am all wrapped up in Billie and I want the world to know it."
And "Billie" is what he calls Joan Crawford.

MERNIA KENNEDY is ambitious. She says she will not marry until she is sure that her man will be known as "the husband of Merna Kennedy!"
 Probably this is her revenge toward men in general for having been publicized as "the leading lady for Charlie Chaplin!"
 But we wonder what Jimmy Hall, the boy-friend, thinks of this ultimatum.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN was giving a dinner party at the Russian Eagle in honor of Lily Damita. Seven gentlemen and Lily were present.

The Grand Old Man of the Movies" visits the Paramount Studio and is welcomed by Richard Arlen. PHOTOPHAY is glad to say that Theodore Roberts, for two years crippled by rheumatism, is well again.

Suddenly smoke filled the room. The restaurant was burning. Someone grabbed Lily and rushed her through an open window.

Now the argument is: Which man really saved Lily Damita? Those claiming the honor include: Charlie Chaplin, Har D'Arrast, John Monk Saunders, Harry Crocker, the Marquis De La Falaise and Count Jean Dilimur.
Evidently Lily has her own ideas on the matter. Anyway, she has been seen most frequently since the fire escaped through the glass.

WHEN American people try to air their French on Lily Damita, she looks innocent and answers, "Oh, talk to mamma. She speaks only ze French; I speak only ze English in dees country."
Friends tell us that "dammit" and "what to hell" are two of her favorite English expressions.

LOW bow to King Vidor who returned from Europe witout dragging a big foreign "discovery" in his wake. In fact, King says that there is plenty of talent in Hollywood and there is no need to import stars with fancy names and accents.
King and Eleanor Boardman Vidor went to Europe solely for fun and a vacation. Their little daughter, who had the tentative title of Joyce, is now called Antonia.

In spite of the much publicized trip of Dolores Del Rio and Edwin Carewe around the world, a little bird from within a studio whispers that, for the first few days they worked "Revenge," the director and his leading lady were not speaking.
Talking of these two, no one seems to be able to find out whether the United States government is going to recognize the Mexican divorces. Not that it matters.

MARIE PREVOST and Kenneth Harlan decided they couldn't live together. Marie secured an interlocutory decree. Now they are being seen everywhere together as it is doubtful if the final papers will ever be signed.
Stealing the cop's stuff by concealing cigarettes in the hat. John Mack Brown holds the package in place with an elastic band. A bulky cigarette case can spoil the lines of a snappy suit.

Viola Dana and "LEFTY" Flynn severed their matrimonial not about the same time as Marie and Kenneth. Now, they, oo, are domiciling under the same roof. Doris Dean and Roscoe Armitage tried living apart, but all indications point to their re-union.

Billy Joy, brother of Leatrice, told us last month of the Scotchman who wouldn't let his boy go to school because he had to pay attention.

Now he informs us about the Scotchman who quit going to his lodge because he had to give the password.

The popular place for the movie-ites to vacation these days is Honolulu. Alan Dwan started the vogue in the dear old ygone days. Then Colleen Moore and John McCormick re-visited the city early this season. Esther Ralston followed their lead and also Chester Conklin, whose drooping mustache was mistaken for a grass skirt on the beach at Waikiki. Others who answered the irresistible call of Ukuleleland include Laura La Plante, Eddie Soman, Helene Costello, Kenneth Harlan and Lyde Cook. Buster Collier is at present harking to the call, as Louise Fazenda.

The latest to leave the celluloid shore were Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland. Mother Talmadge also went along, and a therto unheard-of uncle. Zest was added to their departure by the naive announcement in a Los Angeles paper which set forth specifically—and why, Hollywood wants to know—that Roland would occupy a stateroom with the uncle.

Next November, Lita Gray Chaplin and Roy D'Arcy are taking the trip to Honolulu, accompanied by Mrs. Chaplin's mother, so we are told. We are also informed that Roy and Lita are not announcing impending nuptials for the very good reason that one of the prospective is not free.

Ary Cooper paid New York a short visit and as a result a beautiful blonde from a night club has given up her job and has gone to Hollywood to get into the movies. She is leaving behind her a rich boy friend who got the gate when Gary appeared on this scene.

And just to prove that Gary cares in a big way, the blonde is showing the following telegram to all her friends:

"I shall hope to see you in Hollywood. There are things I can never forget and which I know you won't forget. Yours, Gary."

What could be more to the point? And wonder what Evelyn Brent thinks about these days.

A well-known director stood outside the hospital door which separated him from his equally well-known motion picture star wife.

Finally, after endless hours of perspiration and floor-walking, a doctor appeared from within the sanctum sanctorum.

"What is it, doc?" the director managed to stutter.

"A fine girl. She—"

"Thank God!" The director wiped his brow. "Thank God, doc. She'll never have to go through this!"

Eva von Berne, the seventeen year old girl whom Norma Shearer discovered in Vienna, is a lovely youngster with a face of rare wistfulness. But her first job in movie-land is to lose ten pounds from the adolescent, roly-poly figure. Which reminds us of Vilma Banky when she first arrived in this country.

And this bit of information about Fraulein von Berne is passed on to you more as a scientific fact than as gossip.

When Eva left New York for Los Angeles she carried with her a pair of black silk stockings. For why? Because Eva's legs are a trifle plump and black silk stockings are slenderizing. Eva was instructed to don the dark stockings just before she faced the photographers at the train in Los Angeles.

Louise Brooks is famous in Hollywood as a gal who must have her sleep. Twelve hours a day keeps the doctor away.

Recently Louise was sojourning in a hotel room in Jacumba, California, which opened upon the dancing pavilion. On location for "Beggars of Life," not for pleasure.

It was the first night and the band played mercilessly—while the natives danced.

[Continued on page 86]
CELEBRITIES are not sell-outs in the cinema. No hero from another field of endeavor has proved a successful star in motion pictures. Few of these celebrities have made money out of the movies and none of them has established a permanent niche in filmland. Even such operatic stars as Mary Garden, Geraldine Farrar and Lina Cavalieri; great idols and famous beauties, could not become permanent picture heroines, though they entered into films with a tremendous following. With pulchritude and ability to recommend them and countless thousands of fans to boost them, it seems incredible that they should have been surpassed by unknown girls of mediocre and unproved worth. Yet such was the case. Some may say the reason they did not succeed was because they were singers and their voices were lost on the screen, so that those who had loved them in opera and concert work were not interested when they could see but could not hear them. This sounds like a plausible theory. But it cannot account for the similar failure of Dempsey, Tunney and Leonard; of Ruth and Tilden and Grange; of Ederle and Kahanamoku. The public had the opportunity to watch these celebrities do on the screen what they had been doing before limited audiences. It was also possible to make boxing, baseball, tennis, football and swimming far more dramatic in pictures than in real life. Yet again the public was not interested.

Fay Lanphier, winner of Atlantic City's national beauty contest, thought she was to star in "The American Venus." But two players then comparatively unknown—Esther Ralston and Louise Brooks—ran away with the film.

Charley Paddock with Babe Ruth. The Sultan of Swat managed to get more money out of pictures than any other athlete. And he did it with a picture, "Babe Comes Home," that never made money for anyone except Babe. He got $30,000, thanks to his shrewd manager.

Douglas Fairbanks seemed to answer the whole problem of the celebrity when he asked a college boy, "Are you indispensable to motion pictures?"

Fairbanks has taken many young college graduates into his corporation "on probation." They have come to him asking for a job, their only recommendation a college diploma. Douglas has patiently talked to them about pictures, painted the glorious future for artists of the screen and has pointed out to them that there are many fields connected with the art besides the business of acting. He has offered them a job for three months at half pay and has told them in that length of time to study the industry and his own particular plant and to find a position for themselves where they could prove indispensable.

"For," Fairbanks says to them, "there are many loopholes in this new business, loopholes where money is lost and art is sacrificed. Stop those holes, save that art. Make yourself indispensable!"

At the end of three months, if the college man has failed, Douglas shakes hands with them and they part as friends. But it is surprising the number of young men who have succeeded in making themselves "indispensable."

It seems to me that each celebrity could well ask that question, "Are you indispensable to motion pictures?" And if they were honest with themselves, the answer would be a negative one.

For pictures is a business like any other, which has to
Fail in Pictures

has tried sprinting why the sport celebrities in the films

By Charley Paddock

...ndied and mastered. Acting is an art and not a heaven-born gift that comes without labor. People go to the theater to be entertained, to laugh and to cry and those who make them do it are bound to be masters of their profession, just as the celebrities have proved conquerors in their fields of endeavor.

FOR many months following the summer of 1926 the most famous woman in the world was not Mary Pickford or Mary Garden. The honors were unquestionably the property of Gertrude Ederle, the greatest swimmer in all the world, the conqueror of the English Channel. "Trudie" had won a muddy place in the affections of the American people. The day she had set a new world's record, making faster time than any man who had preceded her and when she stood out as the only woman who had been successful in that supreme test, the world and all that was in it was hers. She could have named her own terms in vaudeville.

"Trudie" went to Germany instead. Days passed and weeks. Her record was broken by first a German and then a Frenchman. Another woman swam the channel. Still Trudie received a tremendous ovation when she reached New York and she signed a worth while vaudeville contract. She went on the road.

Bebe Daniels was about to make a swimming picture for Paramount. It was to be the story of a little girl in college who won her man by swimming and, in the course of college events, got herself entangled in a channel race which she thought she had won. The executives, together with Miss Daniels, decided that the picture could be greatly strengthened by adding Gertrude Ederle to the cast. She would not be the star, nor even the second woman lead. But she would have an opportunity to show her swimming stroke and she would get a marvelous "break" in publicity.

THERE was no saying what the latter would lead to. Miss Ederle might screen well. Her part might be a stepping stone to cinema greatness. This was her chance. "Trudie" seized it. She left her vaudeville tour. All told she spent at least two months on the trip to Hollywood. Her actual work lasted less than a week. Her footage in the picture, aside from her swimming scenes, did not occupy much more space than that of a glorified extra. Her name was all that was wanted. For that name Gertrude Ederle received, after her expenses were deducted, in the neighborhood of $2500, or about $200 a week for the time she had consumed. Less money than a talented dressmaker or a fairly successful bond salesman. Yet she was the most famous woman in the world, and the greatest feminine swimmer of all time.

Like most champions Gertrude Ederle gambled when she accepted that proposition, gambled with the future. She hoped that this might lead to stardom, for it appeared that she would have a running start from the boost her name would give her.

Yet this was not the case. The public was interested in Gertrude Ederle the swimmer and not in Gertrude Ederle the actress. If she was to succeed in filmdom she would have to start at the beginning, learn the art of acting and take her chance with those countless others who one day had been [continued on page 124]
THE best of the season's crop of underworld offerings. Bill Nigh, with a nifty piece of directing, harks back to "Humoresque" without becoming a carbon-copy. He gives a Jewish gangster a four-year "stretch," brings him back, lets him win his crook maiden and sends 'em both straight, after nearly crashing 'em into the pen again. For getting down to earth with the practical sort of love-making that folks like, our hat is off to John Gilbert and Joan Crawford. John certainly takes that gel in hand, and, boy, how she likes to be taken! Vera Gordon serves a brand of mother-interest that will hit home because she never becomes super-sentimental or maudlin. And let's not forget Carmel Meyers. Carmel slicks her hair back and gives us a person so plain that we have to look twice to recognize her.

THE BARKER—First National

IF THEY would give us more pictures like this, the silent drama would not have to fear the competition of the "talkies." However, "The Barker" is now having some incidental sound applied. You will hear Milton Sills ballyhoo and persuasive call of the midway.

"The Barker" has a simple story which encompasses all of the elemental emotions in the everyday struggles of a colorful, intensely human group of carnival troupers.

Nifty Miller is a Barker who crowds 'em in to see his sweetheart-hula dancer. His passion for her is second only to his love for his boy. When that lad jumps his law studies to troupe with his father, her jealousy starts a miniature revolution among the seasoned old-timers. The complications which result blend pathos and humor in a masterful manner.

You will see as perfect a set of troupers as any circus ever boasted. Milton Sills, as the Barker; Betty Compson, as his temperamental sweetheart; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the son and Dorothy Mackaill as the boy's sweetheart fit their parts as naturally as though they had been carnival followers for years. There is no choice for a "best performance."

Director George Fitzmaurice was called to New York to talk "new contract" when the First National powers-to-be saw the picture. No wonder! He has created a picture of human-life rather than circus-life.

You cannot afford to miss the humanness and the humor of this production.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE BARKER       THE WOMAN DISPUTED
FOUR WALLS         POWER
FORGOTTEN FACES    CRAIG'S WIFE

The Best Performances of the Month

John Gilbert in "Four Walls"
Milton Sills in "The Barker"
Dorothy Mackaill in "The Barker"
Greta Garbo in "The Mysterious Lady"
Bette Compson in "The Barker"
Norma Talmadge in "The Woman Disputed"
Irene Rich in "Craig's Wife"
Warner Baxter in "Craig's Wife"
Joan Crawford in "Four Walls"
Arnold Kent in "The Woman Disputed"
Clive Brook in "Forgotten Faces"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 135

THE WOMAN DISPUTED—United Artists

A DYNAMIC drama in which Norma Talmadge exalts a Magdalen to the level of a patriotic saint. She gives a picturesque, yet powerful characterization of a demi-mondaine; it is undoubtedly Miss Talmadge's greatest contribution to the screen. She plays with subtlety, delicacy, and restraint in a part which could so easily be morbid and maudlin.

One Mary Ann Wagner, an Austrian girl, is unjustly accused of murder. Two fashionable young army officers, a Russian and an Austrian, befriend her. She drops the lie she has been forced into, and eagerly accepts the work they find for her. Both officers fall in love with the girl, and their life-long friendship turns to bitter hate. Russia declares war on Austria, and the three part.

The men go to their respective regiments, and Mary Ann to the fields with her countrywomen. She is regenerated through her love for the Austrian officer and her country. When the Russians seize Lemberg, her home, the unsuccessful lover, commanding the invading army, demands her embraces for the lives of many Austrians sentenced to death. The ensuing climax and denouement is drama of the greatest poignant, powerfully handled by Miss Talmadge.

Arnold Kent gives a magnificent characterization of Nicolai Tourgenov, the Russian, and Gilbert Roland, as Paul von Hartmann, the Austrian, registers another personal conquest. A gorgeous production, smoothly directed—and a distinct triumph for every member of the cast.

IF THIS picture is a sample of Paramount's all-star program we are willing to take the full serving. A great array of talent is shown in this: Clive Brook, Mary Brian, William Powell, Baclanova, Fred Kohler and Jack Luden.

Yes, it's underworld. But an entirely different type of story, dealing with the sacrifice and regeneration of a lifetime to save his daughter from ruin.

If you enjoyed Clive Brook as Rolls Royce of "Underworld," you will love his superb performance in this as Heliotrope Harry, when he is everything from the dapper crook to butcher in his own daughter's home. Slightly less important is Baclanova, the "fiery blonde Russian."

If you like fast-moving drama, with startling denouement, watch for "Forgotten Faces."

CRAIG'S WIFE—Pathé

WILLIAM de MILLE gives a brilliant picturization of a Broadway success, completely avoiding spectacular melodrama and forced situations. It starts quietly enough, but with a sure, smooth tempo, builds to a tense dramatic finish. The director has surpassed himself in his unique power to portray the intrinsic drama of the ordinary human frailties.

Irene Rich, as a woman who married wisely, but too well, has a rare opportunity to show her gift for intimate characterization.

Warner Baxter plays the rôle of the politely henpecked gentleman with marvelous sympathy and restraint. A simple story, yet its handling makes it drama of the highest order.
THE THRILLING V. SUPER-COMEDIAN.

THIS is one of those rare comedies. It is the last co-starring picture of Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes for First National. Louise Fazenda and Lucien Littlefield draw honors for the rib-ticklers. The scene is one of those little towns where an angular spinster matches her tongue against the weekly newspaper. A real princess comes to visit! But—more of the story would spoil the treat in store for you. Don't miss it.

THE MYSTERIOUS LADY—M.-G.-M.

THE first reel lays on the Garbo slinking sinuously with lavish hand. She will win no lady friends with that! And men don't want their "It" served so obviously, either. Otherwise the picture is okay. Fred Niblo gives us a gripping story of war intrigue. Garbo is a great spy as well as a great lover, and Conrad Nagel proves Madame Glyn was right when she said he had IT. So see it.

LADIES OF THE MOB—Paramount

THE IT girl turns dramatic. Clara Bow steps right into a stark melodrama with a fistful of firearms and proves by her fine handling of this tense rôle that she has been "holding out" on us. The author of this story is a life termer in a California prison, and creates a vivid picture of gunmen and their "molls"—not cheerful but strangely sympathetic. You will scold yourself a long time if you fail to see Clara in this.

THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES—United Artists

A LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT drama, not as belligerent as the title implies, but human, sophisticated and worth while. Jean Hersholt as a business mogul greatly distresses a happy family by becoming entangled with a gold-diggin' blonde, Phyllis Haver. Don Alvarado is good as the pouty behind the blonde, and Belle Bennett adds suspense to suicide as the distraught wife. Worth your while.

THE WHIP—First National

DOROTHY MACKAILL'S first independent starring vehicle is a beautiful production depicting the sportsman-life of the English gentleman. But, despite the beauty of fox hunts, the excitement of Ascot races and a thrilling battle between Ralph Forbes and Lowell Sherman, it misses being a big picture through slow movement and jerky interludes. However, it is worth seeing.

JUST MARRIED—Paramount

A CATCH-ME-IF-YOU-CAN stateroom farce, from Ann Nichols' play, beautifully acted, directed, and titled. It concerns the pre and post marital complications of six young things aboard a transatlantic liner, and they certainly do rock the boat. Ruth Taylor is pleasing enough as a synthetic heroine, but James Hall has turned out to be a super-comedian. Sophisticated comedy with the lid off.
Department Devoted to Sound Film Reviews

NOW and then Lon Chaney tosses his make-up kit over the fence and acts like a human being. He appears "as is" in this picture, which shows crook stuff at its highest tempo, dwarving "The Big City" to the size of a newsreel, and proving that an occasional straight rôle is fine balance for big character actors. He gives a remarkable characterization of a tough dick. A well-knit story, exceptionally cast and directed.

ANOTHER mystery-comedy, which Rod La Rocque plays with such seriousness that it is uproariously funny. Jeanette Loff is again his leading woman. The picture is filled with comedy business, much of which is provided by Tom Kennedy, who plays a dumb but persistent detective. Some of the situations are excruciatingly funny and the entire picture is splendid entertainment.

Sound Pictures

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW—Fox Movietone

THIS picture is the wow of the talkies and the most talked about release of the season. It is the first time that Bernard Shaw ever has talked directly and face to face with the American public. What a voice and what a face! Although over seventy years old, Shaw is built like an athlete. He moves as gracefully as Jack Dempsey. And he has so much sex appeal that he leaves the gals limp.

The all-too-short reel opens in Shaw's garden with birds singing—tweet, tweet—in the distance. Then Shaw appears and you hear his footsteps—scrunch, scrunch—on the path. He walks close to the camera and goes into his monologue. The high spot is his imitation of Mussolini. Be sure to see this reel, even if you have to travel to the next town to do it.

THE FAMILY PICNIC—Fox Movietone

THIS is the first picture done all in Movietone, with dialogue, squawking children and all the bellarm of modern life.

The story—if any—tells the adventure of a terrible family out for a horrible picnic. As a pleasure jaunt, it is just one long agony. And you laugh because you remember some such ghastly party. The reel proves that natural lines, without any attempt to be literary or dramatic, are effective just because they are natural. And ordinary noises—a stalled engine or the honking of horns—are funny because they are so completely true to life.

So see this picture, just as a novelty and just to find out what Movietone can do.

[Additional reviews of latest pictures on page 111]
In the light that lies in a woman’s eyes is the principal charm of the face, according to Preston Duncan. In this futuristic portrait of Myrna Loy, the photographer has subordinated her other features by lines and shadows to bring out the beauty of her eyes. And, incidentally, if Myrna were the wage-sluce of a company which would give her better stories, she’d be recognized as one of the most seductive actresses on the screen.
DEAR JIM:

Here I am all set to hop off for Mexico from the same field Lindy started from. I'm going to see if I can get a job in pictures down there. No chance for an American up here; all they want is Mexicans in Hollywood. I've always heard of Mexico's vast natural resources, but I didn't know what these consisted of until I met Dolores, Lupe, Raquel and the other sparklers.

I'm always more at home among foreigners anyhow. Possibly because as a child I was stolen by gypsies. You have to like foreigners to get along in Hollywood. After residing there off and on for the past eight years I've all but forgotten my native tongue, as some of my faithful readers have noted.

Next to Italians I think I prefer Russians. The latter don't need to feel hurt for being rated second. I never lived in Russia, whereas I lived long enough in Italy and Sicily to be made an honorary member of the Black Hand. That was before Mussolini chased them all over to Chicago. I've never been back since. There are things I don't like about Mussolini; he goes too far.

When the Russian Eagle opened in Hollywood I went cos-sacking out to dip borsch with General Lodijensky. The General and his wife came to this country as refugees and made a fortune with their Russian Eagle restaurant in New York. Recently the General has been doing fine work in pictures. "The Last Command," in which he appeared, is the story of his life. He calls Gloria Swanson "Mammy" and tells you what Joe Schenck eats.

Corinne Griffith was there in a party with consort Walter

Herb learns of the natural resources of Mexico and starts for New York by way of Mexico City. Hollywood is getting to be no place for Americans Morosco, Antonio Moreno and Daisy, Marie Dressler and others. Corinne smiled and I moved into the party. Bill Haines happened to be in line with the smile and also moved in.

People criticise Corinne because she seldom smiles in her pictures. She has to train herself not to.

JUST a glance from Corinne and a gentleman forgets himself; a smile and he recalls that Nietzsche said the secret of a joyous life is to live dangerously—and he moves right over.

Corinne started scolding me again because I don't write books and plays like everyone else does who has learned the touch system. So on Mother's Day I sent her flowers.

The Russians know how to be informal without being noisy: soft lights, soft carpets and soft music. The orchestra played "La Marseillaise" and Count Segurola, the opera singer who was dining at a nearby table, burst into song. The Count is making good in pictures, too. He is able to sing and keep a monocle in his eye at the same time, and this calls for facial control. When he had finished, Marie Dressler, Walter Morosco and I sang, "Here's to Good Old Yale, Drink Her Down, Drink Her Down," and we did not do badly at all considering that none of us had ever been to Yale for more than a semester, unless it be Marie.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]
$5,000 in Fifty Cash Prizes

RULES OF CONTEST

1. Fifty cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

   First Prize .................................................. $1,500.00
   Second Prize ............................................... 1,000.00
   Third Prize ................................................ 500.00
   Fourth Prize ............................................... 250.00
   Fifth Prize ............................................... 125.00
   Twenty Prizes of $50 each ................................. 1,000.00
   Twenty-five prizes of $25 each ......................... 625.00

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of the well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When cut apart and properly assembled, eight complete portraits may be produced. $5,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to CUT PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address is attached.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the poems appearing below the pictures in each issue. Each eight-line verse refers to the two sets of cut puzzle pictures appearing directly above it. The six-line verse applies generally to the four sets on that page. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The thirty-two cut puzzle pictures or the drawn duplicates, must be cut apart, assembled, pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of any one connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everybody everywhere.

7. In the case of ties for any of the first five prizes, the full award will be given to each tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle picture appears in the September issue, which will appear in the newsstands on or about August 15th. The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1929, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Cut Puzzle Pictures Are on Second and Third Pages Following This Announcement

SUGGESTIONS

Just to aid you in getting your solutions under way, PHOTOPLAY will tell you the name of one of the players in the first set of cut-face pictures, which appeared in the June issue. This player is Harry Crocker. Since this actor has appeared but rarely in films, PHOTOPLAY feels that his inclusion may have been a little unfair to contestants. All the others included in the contest are well known players.

Contestants should study the poems appearing in connection with the cut puzzle pictures. These are the indicators for identifying the contest puzzle pictures and winning prizes.

Contestants will note that identifying numbers appear at the margin of the cut puzzle pictures. These numbers may be copied upon the cut portraits, with pencil or pen, so that, in pasting or pinning the completed portrait, it will be possible to show the way the cut piece originally appeared.
AN interesting informal photograph of the real Lillian Gish. Miss Gish is now in Austria working under the tutelage of Max Reinhardt. Like other far-seeing stars, she is studying voice culture under European specialists, with a view to making a talking picture. Technically one of the screen's best pantomimists, all of Lillian's childhood training was on the speaking stage.
The hair went to school in two great foreign towns.
The eyes with "Don Juan" walked away.
The mouth has a father who acted so well.
He was king of the screen's yesterday.
The hair to a fighter is happily wed.
The eyes have a sister who acts.
The mouth charmed the star of the greatest war film.

Can we put together these facts?

The hair was superb in a Barrymore film.
The eyes knew the midnight sun's gleam.
The mouth has a mind that is brilliant and fine.
And she's lovely to any man's dream.
The hair is light brown—it is tinted with gold.
The eyes were an Englishman's wife.
The mouth—though she's been on the screen for some time—
Now does the best work of her life.

RESUME
Two of them are married, two dodge Cupid's wiles,
Three of them were born in the States
And one of them starred in a famous Glyn play
Which dealt with a changing of mates
Two of them are fair—and two much more brunette,
And this is the end—have you got them right yet?
The hair, of dark brown, in Atlanta was born.
The eyes have a daughter and wife.
The mouth, too, has married a lovely blonde girl.
We hope that he’s settled for life.
The hair was a star for the old Vitagraph.
The eyes are dark blue—very dark—
The mouth has such chuckles and laughs up his sleeve.
That each play that he does is a lark!

The hair has known footlights since he was a tot.
The eyes are a native of Spain.
The mouth weights one-sixty—he’s quite six feet tall—
He’s a chap that they call “right as rain.”
The hair played a number of juvenile leads.
The eyes were, for years, on the stage.
The mouth is as popular, now, as he was.
When the movies wrote down their first page.

RESUME (I)
Three of them are married—one’s rumored about,
But no one can capture the last
And three are great lovers (just screen stuff, of course),
And one all life’s laughter has had.
They all have dark hair—three are perfect brunettes,
And all are the sort that no woman forgets!
On the opposite page you will find Richard Barthelmess’ Plea for Privacy. Dick thinks that the public’s interest in a movie personality should end with his shadow self. He doesn’t believe that stars should be on public view for twenty-four hours like a six-day bicycle racer or a marathon dancer. Read the Anti-Publicity Plank of Mr. Barthelmess’ platform.
A Plea for Privacy

Richard Barthelmeless tells why he wants to keep his domestic life separated from his professional career

By

Helen Louise Walker

When Dick Barthelmeless married Mrs. Jessica Sargent he made a vow that his home would never be invaded by publicity. "Two people," he says, "cannot live in the public eye constantly and keep their perspective on life."

I gather that Dick feels that marriage between two members of the profession is almost doomed at the outset because of the constant surveillance to which they are subjected. There are the old problems of two careers in one family, of course. But I think it is outside interference that he fears the most.

"If both members of a family are engaged in public careers, there is no escape for them," he has said.

"If they would not make us public figures—but they do. We become symbols of something or other and people demand that we set examples. I maintain that it is not a part of our job.

"The thing makes prisoners of us. We cannot go to public places without attracting attention. We must be constantly on our guard to avoid offending somebody. Our homes, then, become sanctuaries—the only places where we can be ourselves. I will not have my home invaded by the glare of publicity!"

He means it. He will not allow any pictures to be made of himself and his bride for publication. He will give out no interviews about his marriage. Few people in the picture colony have met Mrs. Barthelmeless. And it is certain that the pair will not appear at any public functions where she will be, as it were, on display. Dick is trying to make his predictions come true.

"The thing comes from the fact that the public confuses us with our products," he explains. "It is funny. No one confuses a watch-maker with the watches he makes. Nor an artist with the pictures he paints. Nor even a novelist with the characters he creates.

"But people do confuse a screen actor with the characters he portrays upon the screen. They imbue him with the attributes of the people he seems to be, from time to time, in pictures."

It is not Barthelmeless in whom they are interested. It is the man he seemed to be when they saw him in a picture.

"They liked the character. He was surrounded with glamour. For all they know, the real Barthelmeless might be a man who would beat little children for fun. But they don't consider that. They think I am the man they saw in the theater upon the screen.

"I have never approved of personal publicity—accounts of a screen actor in his private life—an attempt to make a colorful, glamorous character of the man. That is the thing [CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]"
How real are those screen love scenes? How sincere are movie kisses? Read this amusing short story about two "Great Lovers"—and an ex-wife.

Eggs and Onions

By Katherin Albert

A LETTUCE salad, a chicken sandwich and a very large order of nice, fresh, spring onions!

A studio waitress is not in the habit of expressing amazement. She usually looks like an actor with the other expression. Therefore, the waitress who received this order simply allowed her pencil to hesitate for the fraction of a second above the yellow slip.

When the order arrived the beautiful, blonde star pushed the sandwich and the salad away in a disinterested manner and drew the plate of onions to her. Her little white teeth bit into them, and she munched them down to the bright green stems. Her eyes looked as radiant as if she had been sipping champagne. She ate them all, even the smallest, most dejected looking one on the plate, called for her check and paid her bill with the air of one whose day had been a complete success.

She arrived on the set a few minutes later and, opening the large make-up case that never left her side, powdered her nose and smoothed the rouge on her lips.

A man, whom you could recognize at once as a director, because he did not wear puttees nor carry a megaphone, came over to her and pulled up a chair beside her.

"Now, Felicite, as soon as Andy gets here ..." She glanced at her watch. "Not here yet?" And then complacently—"I'm on time."

The director did not answer, but went right on. If you did not already know that he was a director, this habit would indicate it.

"We are going to do the big love scenes. He comes into the room and you've been waiting for him. Gee, but you're glad to see him!"

"I am, am I?"

"And you say, 'Darling, I knew you'd come back.' "

A gay voice from the other side of the set echoed across the stage. "Here I am," the voice chirped.

The director jumped from his chair. "All right, Andy, you and Felicite on the set!"

The action was rehearsed. The cameras cranked. Felicite sat beneath the lights with her lovely hands folded...
Mr. Wheaton

He clasped her in his arms. Arms about each other, he helped her to the couch. They sank down on it together and he kissed her little mouth with passion and tenderness. "Oh, how beautiful," murmured the visitor from Iowa. "That was fine," said the director.

Felicite opened her blue eyes as wide as the lids would permit. "Why, what is the matter, Andy?"

"You little wench!"

"Quiet, dear," she said sweetly, "visitors on the set."

"Oh, hell!" muttered Andy, and with just provocation.

That was just the trouble with these co-starring teams. You always had to have half the team a woman, and women always took mean advantages. Onions in a love scene! Of all the dirty tricks! Couldn't she have eaten onions when she was in between pictures? Onions in a love scene! As if trying to steal all his good scenes wasn't enough. Why, she upstaged him so that when they began a piece of action in the middle of the room they both had their backs to the wall by the time it was finished. And then the joint interviews! She always wormed her way into the writer's good graces and made supposed subtle but all too obvious remarks about him. She told everyone he was a lovely fellow and then turned around and said something nasty. She just wanted to annoy him. For no good reason, either. He had always been nice to her. It was just because they were co-starred that she hated him so much.

She sat chatting with a newspaper man. He could hear her low, insincere voice.

"Oh, I adore working with Mr. Wheaton," she said. "He's so generous in scenes. Gives the other fellow the break, you know. He excels in comedy situations because he's naturally so funny, but there is something not quite sincere about his love scenes. That, I imagine, is due to the fact that he's such a great, big strong man that he seems timid in front of the camera."

Andrew Wheaton timid in front of the camera! He'd be damned if he'd sit by and let her say it. He walked over to the pair with these stinging words on the tip of his tongue.

"Timid in front of the camera, hell! Who could make love to a woman who ate onions?" But she didn't let him say it. Instead, she smiled that insincere smile and said, "Oh, Andy, dear, I want you to meet Mr. Haines of The Call."

"Pleased to meet you," he mumbled. He had to protect his interests.

She couldn't grab all the newspaper space, so he drew up a chair and sat down.

"I'd like to tell you something about the picture, Haines. I've a minute between scenes. Won't you come over in my dressing room for a drink?"

He'd show her. Could always get a newspaper man on your side in that way.

Her eyes flashed fire.

"Don't leave me, Andy, dear," she said softly. "Don't take him away, Mr. Haines. I can't bear to have him leave me because . . . because . . ."

He could actually see her thinking of something mean to say about him, something that would keep them both there so that he couldn't be alone with the reporter and "sell" herself.

"It's because we're engaged to be married!"

The studio was thrown into a state of excitement the next morning when the papers arrived. The feud between the co-stars had been going on for the [continued on page 116]
New Amateur

Second film competition starts October 1—Russell Ervin, winner in first contest, gets five-year contract with William Fox

IN announcing the inauguration of its second amateur movie contest, Photoplay is happy to tell its readers of the real climax of its first contest. Russell T. Ervin, Jr., winner of the 35-millimeter division prize of the contest, has just been given a five-year contract by the William Fox Company. Thus Mr. Ervin, an enthusiastic amateur for fifteen years, has become an important worker in the professional field, with all the unlimited possibilities of Hollywood ahead of him. Four prizes of $500 were offered in Photoplay’s first amateur movie contest, Mr. Ervin, who made his film with the co-operation of the Motion Picture Club of the Oranges, capturing the award for the best picture submitted in standard film measurement. Mr. Ervin’s contribution was “And How!” a one-reeler drama told expertly, ably, and plus a remarkable economy.

The signing of Mr. Ervin came as a result of a showing of the prize film at the home of James R. Quirk, publisher an editor of Photoplay. The production was presented as an extension to a large and distinguished gathering of motion picture and literary folk. Among Mr. Quirk’s guests were George Jean Nathan, the famous critic; Winfield Sheehan, general manager of the Fox Company; Walter Wanger, general production manager of Paramount-Famous-Lasky; Richard Rowland, general manager of First National Pictures; Will Hays, president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America; Monte Bell, the director; Roy Howard, president and publisher of The New York Telegram, and Donald Oglesby Stewart, the humorist.

Mr. Ervin’s film proved to be the surprise of the evening. Everyone was enthusiastic about it, Mr. Rowland, Mr. Wanger and Mr. Sheehan being moved to the point of wanting to engage the amateur prize winner. Mr. Sheehan acted quickest, however, and two days later Mr. Ervin was signed to a five-year contract. He left for the Fox coast studios of July 11th and will have an important position in the Fox Movietone department under Ben Jacksen.

Mr. Ervin is thirty years old and a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. He holds an electrical engineering degree and has been interested in amateur movies since 1913. In the intervening years he has built three cameras, two projectors and a number of lights in order to carry on his amateur experiments. That the Motion Picture Club of the Oranges has attracted so much attention in the amateur field has been largely due to Mr. Ervin’s enthusiasm and his ability to organize.

Meanwhile, since amateur movie making is, after all, not very remunerative, Mr. Ervin advanced to the post of assistant to the consulting engineer of the Servel Company in New York City. He resigned this position to accept the Fox contract. Mr. Ervin has made his home at 105 Harrison Street, East Orange, N. J.

Mr. Ervin wrote the story and continuity of the prize film “And How!” directed and photographed the production and edited it. The production was sponsored by the Motion Picture Club of the Oranges, the leading roles being played by Alfred Fontana, Beatrice Traendly, and Margaret Ervin, Mr. Ervin’s sister. Mr. Ervin used a De Prié, a De Vry and an Eyemo during the course of the prize production.

“And How!” has received other honors. One was a special presentation as a feature of the program shown under the auspices of the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures in the auditorium of the Engineering Society in New York City on July 10.

IN heralding its second contest, Photoplay makes an important and highly interesting announcement.

King Vidor and his wife, Eleanor Boardman, have returned from Europe after filming France and Italy with their Eyemo. Vidor is building an experimental studio where he will make his own home movies.
Movie Contest

By

Frederick James

Smith

Whatever doubts PHOTOLAP had in regard to its contest were dispelled by the nation-wide interest the competition. Today PHOTOLAP feels that its amateur movie contest—the first conducted by a publication anywhere in the world—is the greatest and most far-reaching thing it has sponsored in whole history.

PHOTOLAP is now assured of the interest of the Hollywood and New York motion picture executives in the makers of amateur movies. All of the professional film leaders will view the principal contest films PHOTOLAP's new competition. So a substantial reward, the and the key to Hollywood await you.

You have heard of beauty and personality contests. There has been a practical way for the earnest technical worker to get a chance in motion pictures. PHOTOLAP's contest weds the open sesame. And, in providing the opportunities worthy amateurs, PHOTOLAP feels that it is doing a big for motion pictures.

Thus, in launching its second contest, PHOTOLAP has high hopes. The contest will open on October 1st and will close at night of March 31st. This will allow amateurs six whole months to shoot, edit and submit their contest films. This year, the rules will differ radically from those of last year. In conducting its first contest, PHOTOLAP has weighed carefully the many problems of such a contest. This year PHOTOLAP feels that it will have an almost perfect set of rules fair to every amateur, whether an independent worker or a member of an organization, whether the owner of a small camera or the possessor of elaborate equipment. These rules will be announced in detail in the October issue of PHOTOLAP, on all news-stands on September 15th.

There will be a distinguished jury of judges to pass upon the best films and PHOTOLAP again will have the co-operation the Amateur Cinema League in its conduct of the competition. The full list of judges will be announced in an early issue of PHOTOLAP.

MOVIE amateurs will be interested in the experiences of a professional director, and a highly successful director at that, in the realm of amateur cinematography. King Vidor, the maker of "The Big Parade" and other notable films, has just been making a vacation tour of the Continent with his wife, Eleanor Boardman.

Mr. Vidor took along an Eyemo and shot film all over France and Italy. "I did not take a single scenic shot of well known buildings or scenes," said Mr. Vidor upon his return. "I did not go after the usual postcard stuff. I tried only to get the feeling of the country. I filmed the peasants at work in the fields, the gondoliers on their posts in Paris, the gondoliers on the Grand Canal of Venice. I tried for characteristic oddities. I noticed that all the gondoliers, at a certain part of their poling movement, lifted their right feet in an odd way. I shot that."

Mr. Vidor says he had a lot of fun and gained a lot of experience with his amateur camera. There is a possibility that his film may be released as part of the short subject program of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Anyway, the Vidors are so enthusiastic that they have now decided to build a miniature studio adjoining their new residence in Beverly Hills. Here King Vidor intends to experiment to his heart's content.

Mr. Vidor encountered no diff
Paris Fashions in Movie Theaters

Some hot doings in the French Cinema Houses reported to Photoplay by Ken Chamberlain

The neighborhood movie, where the audience visits, smokes and makes love. Disapproval of the film is shown by kissing the back of the hand; violent dislike, by stamping. Eskimo pies are called "Nanooks"

Big deluxestageshow. No prologues, no jazz bands, no dancers. But the audience can be lifted to the heights of delight by a good, rousing operatic selection
Fathering a Film Star

Keeping up with a movie daughter is a job for a consulting engineer and a Hercules

By

Tom J. Geraghty

TIME was when quite a few folks knew me and cordially addressed me as "Tom." That was when I rode in the back seat of our family car. But now I am generally introduced to strangers as "Carmelita's father." I don't mind it a bit; in fact, I love it. But I don't quite y being a hundred per cent movie father. I can't keep up with Carmelita any more than a rabbit... its track of her, either. I can't realize she has grown up that she is a young lady. (I guess all fathers pull this.)

But, honestly, she was always more like "a movie mother" than a daughter. That is, she told me where to head in where to get off. His understanding between us started when she was four years old. We were living in Rushville, Indiana, and Carmelita cast for the part of Mrs. Tom Thumb in a "Tom Thumb Fiddling" at a church Christmas entertainment.

She was dressed at home with decolletage shoulders and a dress. (She has never worn a dress since.) Her was done up like an adult's and she looked terribly cute and old-fashioned. I drove her to the church with a horse sleigh, bundled up in a buffalo robe.

Hunting in the dressing room of the church hall, I led her and told her I saw she was going to be derful and that I would put front to applaud her, everything.

Instead of thanking me, she right out with a big tampament number, opened her foot, and de- if I went into the hall wouldn't play." I ind that this wasn't nice scolded her a little; then began to purse up her and sob.

I compromised with her. I didn't go in. I sat the sleigh, half frozen to death. While I waited, I found a solace recalling an in when we had a run-in the three years before. melita was about one year. My wife played the organ in a church (got dollars a month, too). I Friday nights I was to be elected to stay home and take care of the baby.

besides being employed as a packer in a cigar ory, I was at work on the American Drama, which called, "Murder Is Tell." Carmelita was a orderly and quiet baby, always except when mother would leave; then she would start howling like an orphan coyote with a broken leg.

I had about four Friday nights of this before I learned how to quiet her. Necessity is the mother of invention... so, right there I originated my first "gag." I scraped some "stickum" off a piece of fly paper and put it on the tips of Carmelita's tiny fingers. I then got a small feather from a pillow and handed her the feather. She would pick the feather off one hand and then back on the other. Over and over again, she repeated this performance, while I returned to my writing. She finally wore herself out and, tilting over on the pillow, fell asleep. I drowsed off, too.

When my wife returned, she found us both asleep and found the feather sticking on the end of Carmelita's nose.

It was then and there that my wife invented the Movietone with the high-powered amplifier.

**

IN New York, where I was a reporter on the New York Herald, I often took Carmelita on assignments. When she was ten years old, she had "covered" several murder trials... a dozen big fires and catastrophes... the opening of innumerable plays... etc., etc., and carried a police card to get her through "all lines." We got along very well during this period and had very few serious misunderstandings. However, she always won her point.

LATER, when I had gone into motion pictures and Carmelita was graduated from the Hollywood High School, and subsequently from a private school, she wanted to work in a studio. We had then moved back to New York, after six years in California.

I didn't approve of this at all, and more especially because I held an executive position at the studio. I won this argument, at least for the time being.

Two days later, I was walking through the studio and stopped on the Elsie Ferguson set, where John S. Robertson was directing. I saw Carmelita sitting there as big as life in a chair, upon which her name was painted. I asked her: "How come?" and she said: "Oh, I'm not working in pictures... I'm just the script girl for Mr. Robertson."

She continued at this work for nearly a year... and that was that.

[continued on page 107]
Papa Lloyd's birthday gift to little Gloria is a country estate in miniature, with everything but a golf course and polo field.

The little house, with its thatched roof and carved timber, jumped straight from an English fairy story. Inside is a bedroom, a living room and a kitchen, all furnished. There is an electric stove that will cook lamb chops and spinach and a chimney large enough to accommodate the ample figure of Santa Claus.

The watch tower and the slide, constructed of wood and concrete. Nearby is a sandpile of the whitest sand. And there is also a stable for Gloria's pony and cart. The playground is part of Harold Lloyd's estate in Beverly Hills and it is completely separated from the rest of the property by a stone wall.

Gloria and her wishing well. There is real water in the well and a real old oaken bucket. And what has Gloria to wish for? She probably wishes she were out in a nice dirty gutter, making mud pies. And with plenty of other kids to play with.
To be secretary to Madame Elinor Glyn—the world-famed novelist, scenario writer and idol of love-lorn youth—is quite—oh! quite a different matter from being just a secretary. Madame is famous. Madame is powerful. Madame sought after. And for this reason there is a horde of redatory tradespeople seeking in devious ways to arrive through Madame Glyn—to obtain profits and publicity from her patronage.

Here is where I, as Madame Glyn’s Confidential Secretary, and my most important job—acting as Cerberus to guard her from the hundreds who come bearing gifts to me as bait for the rap they are setting to catch Madame Glyn’s business. I am he despised go-between who says, “No, no!” to the mob lamoring outside for a slice of the famous author who is my beloved chief.

I have been offered fur coats, automobiles, radios, diamonds, imported frocks, exquisite lingerie, opportunities of being done in oil, done in clay, done in marble and done in general, et al., ad lib. I’ve had “propositions” involving hotel suites, Oriental rugs, patent vibrating machines, check protectors, calculating and transcribing machines and even a yacht!—WITH STRINGS!

I have been tempted, baited and lured as few women have.

Men of all types are continually setting traps for me—waiting to ensnare me—trying to compromise me. I have been informed in harmlessly honeyed tones and in threatening blackmail manner that every woman has her price; that if one particular article did not “hit me between the eyes” another would; that one day I would fall and fall hard. Yet, in spite of having player pianos, Chinese gardens, emerald miniatures, jade lamps and aeroplanes dangling in never ending succession before my frankly admiring and longing eyes, the apparatus within me commonly termed “conscience” remains clear.

To preserve Madame for the public which, out of love, curiosity and desire, would unwittingly destroy her, it is necessary to refuse a large portion of those who crave, beg, demand and insist on interviews for various reasons. I write “NO!” to little girls all over the country who are saving their pennies to journey to New York just for the privilege of five minutes with Madame Glyn, the one and only motion picture godmother whose word they will take as final on screen subjects.

People swarm around a vivid personality as moths seek a flame. Not a day passes but Madame Glyn receives a mail heavily laden with requests. I have yet to hear her personally refuse a worthy one, if it is [CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]
Star Hints for the 

By 

Carolyn Van Wyck

A
eastern visitor was making a tour of the studios recently. "I read
the magazines that these stars really have their domestic moments,
she remarked. "But I can't quite believe that. With all the more
they make and all the pleasures that are open to them, I can't see how the
can give a moment to such things."

Now I wasn't so foolish as to try to tell the doubting tourist that all stars
are incurably domestic; that all the beautiful girls rush home from the studio
in time to peel the potatoes for dinner. But I did remind her that, after all
Hollywood is a rich and socially active small town. And wherever you find
a group of young and social women, you also find beautiful homes and
keen, good-natured rivalry in giving attractive dinner and luncheon parties.

In PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book you will find one hundred and fifty recipes
that have contributed to the success of these parties. Some of the recipes for
informal luncheon and supper dishes are the concoctions of the stars themselves; others were furnished by
their cooks. But all of them were selected and arranged with thought and genuine interest.

Some of the younger girls who make no special claim
to being domestic have their cooking hobbies. Thelma
Todd, for instance, likes to bake cakes. And because
she found that icing a cake was a messy business she
bought herself a cake standard which makes the job
much easier. A cake, too, has a dressed up air when
served on a standard.

Miss Todd comes from Massachusetts and she makes one cake that has a
New England conscience. It is called Scripture Cake and you must have a
Bible at hand if you want to follow the recipe. Here it is:

Use 4 1/2 cups of I Kings, 4th chapter, 22nd verse; one cup of Judges, 5th
chapter, 25th verse; two cups of Jeremiah, 6th chapter, 20th verse; two
cups I Samuel, 50th chapter, 12th verse; two cups of Nahum, 3rd chapter,
12th verse; two cups of Numbers, 17th chapter, 8th verse; two tablespoons
of I Samuel, 14th chapter, 25th verse; a pinch of Leviticus, 2nd chapter,
13th verse; six Jeremiah, 17th chapter, 11th verse; two teaspoons of Amos,
4th chapter, 5th verse. Season to taste, with II Chronicles, 9th chapter, 9th
verse.

Then, to lapse into plain English, bake in a moderate oven and serve
with caramel sauce. Check this up with your Bible.

Alice White confesses that while she might be stumped if she had to prepare
an elaborate meal, she just adores to make mayonnaise.

"And believe me," she says, "it is always good. My secret is to have
everything at the freezing point and keep it that way. My mayonnaise

"Imagine my embarrassment when I picked up
a hot skillet!" says Madge Bellamy

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars.
I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coins.
fits into another which is filled with cracked ice, so dressing never gets oily. You should do the same with whipped cream, for that matter.”

Brothy Sebastian is a good amateur dress-maker. So has invented a tie-around kitchen apron of silk-lined velvet and ornamented with bright-colored designs. She wears it at the studio to protect her costumes when she is doing her make-up or having her hair dressed. “I hate regular aprons,” she explained. “They are all getting soiled. When my rubber apron is dirty, all I have to do is to sponge it off and it always looks bright and clean. The usual kitchen apron doesn’t cover you all over. I, for one, am always dropping something on the part of me that isn’t covered. My invention covers my dress more completely than a smock.”

Aracelie Day’s pet kitchen hint comes from England. I had a friend from England visiting me,” she explained. “She was surprised to find that we furnished no protection for the hands of our servants. In her country, use lemons to cut the grease and keep the hands clean, and oatmeal and rosewater to soften the skin. So I filled up two tobacco jars and a fish bowl, painted little jars on them and labelled them. The converted fish bowl is filled with quarters of lemons and the oatmeal and water are kept in the tobacco jars. These little aids to around the kitchen much oftener myself since I know my hands will be protected.”

Morris Kenyon always keeps flowers in her kitchen because she finds that the servants like them. This is entirely practical in California where flowers are cheap. In the East, where cut flowers in winter are a luxury, the housewife may put a Hardy, fast-growing plant in her sunny kitchen window. Miss Ayon, too, found that her cook book was always getting messy hunting for the standard apron to put on while the sauce is set. She keeps it in a cupboard behind the door. She grabs it and puts it on. She has a hold on it. She found that the cook kept the holder. So I bought her a holder container, so that the holders are always hanging plainly on hooks.”

Lois Moran has discovered that the way to keep servants is to give them all the modern kitchen conveniences. You can’t expect efficiency in the kitchen, if the cook is struggling with out-of-date equipment.

Lois is particularly proud of her kitchen sink. It is one of the new divided sinks. You wash the dishes on one side and rinse them on the other. And so you can throw away the greasy dish-pan.

Mary Brian decided that she wanted to make her kitchen as colorful and attractive as the rest of the house, so one day, in a burst of ambition, she dipped the handle of all the pans in enamel. The experiment was not entirely successful, so she is going to buy some of the new colored pans that have been introduced recently.

Many a woman has sprained her wrist squeezing oranges. Clara Bow installed this contrivance in her kitchen to save time and dispositions on the way back from the studio that evening, Clara dashed in a store and bought a modern orange squeezer—a contraption that makes squeezing oranges positively fun.

“The last time I went into the kitchen,” Madge Bellamy said, “I burnt my hands. I grabbed a hot skillet with my apron. I didn’t know where the cook kept the holders. So I bought her a holder container, so that the holders are always hanging plainly on hooks.”

Thelma Todd is from Massachusetts. Her “Scripture Cake” has a New England conscience. Read the recipe on the opposite page.
At your left Vera Reynolds is wearing a suit that may be launched in any ocean. It's a white Bradley with red polka dots here and there. Belt, cap and moccasins are also red and white. It's a suit made for the most strenuous swimming.

Anita Page (right) dons another Bradley model and dares the surf to do its worst. The suit has gray and light blue checks and is worn with a white fabric belt. Anita prefers a silk handkerchief, tied pirate style, to a rubber cap.

When Patricia Avery, the Christie mermaid, goes into deep water she wears the jersey suit at the upper left. The sandals are made of rubber and won't hold the sand. The bag on her arm is the suit-holder. At the immediate left is Patricia making a dive for publicity. The hat and parasol are woven of raffia. The rest of the outfit explains itself.
At the upper right is Alice White all dressed up for a First National bathing beauty parade. If it rains, she's out of luck. The suit is beach broadcloth with a design of autumn leaves. The bag is a combination suit carrier and pillow. To your immediate right is Alice as she really looks in close proximity to the ocean.

The geese on Lilyan Tashman's bathing suit (right) are ornamental, not symbolic. Lilyan doesn't make a goose of herself when she wears this outfit, designed by Howard Greer, to the beach. The suit is knitted jersey and the coat and hat are handblocked linen.

When Miss Page wants to swim in the rotogravure sections of the newspapers for M.-G.-M. she wears the suit at the left. It is cobweb black lace over flesh-colored georgette and — hold everything — ornamented with imitation pearl four-leaf clovers.
When Baclanova came to this country with the Moscow Art Theater, she left her husband, Valdemar Zoppi, back in Russia. But Olga, although separated, never thought of divorce until she went to Hollywood and became a movie star. Now, in order to establish her social position, she has started proceedings in Moscow against Mr. Zoppi. A Soviet divorce is even easier than a Mexican decree. And why is Nicholas Soussanin's picture on this page? Mr. Soussanin is also a Russian and one of the neatest Menjou-ish villains on the screen. For four years Mr. Soussanin has been very lonely 'way there in Hollywood. Then along came Baclanova—Happy villain! Happy vamp! But not so happy Mr. Zoppi.
What was the Best Picture of 1927?

Have you cast your ballot for the best motion picture of 1927?

Voting for Photoplay's eighth annual gold medal award has been under way for some months and will terminate on October 1st. Your ballot will not count if received after the closing date.

Back in 1921 Photoplay announced that a gold medal would be awarded each year for the picture which, in the opinion of its readers, would come the nearest to the ideal in story, direction, continuity, acting and photography. And, of course, revealing the highest and finest spirit behind its production.

This gold medal award is the only prize going to motion picture makers direct from the film fans of America. It presents not the minority opinion of critics or self-appointed authorities, but it is the decision of the great mass of movie lovers of this country.

Thus you are urged to vote again this year. In no other way can you definitely and directly do your bit to improve pictures. The prize you take part in awarding goes to the producer. It means that you appreciate his efforts to put the best on the screens of America and it will encourage him, as well as his fellow producers, to make greater endeavors.

Vote for the Picture You Think Should Win!

Winners of Photoplay Medal
1920 "HUMORESQUE"
1921 "TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922 "ROBIN HOOD"
1923 "THE COVERED WAGON"
1924 "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925 "THE BIG PARADE"
1926 "BEAU GESTE"

In the case of a tie in the voting, equal awards will go to each of the lucky producers.

The Photoplay Medal of Honor is of solid gold, weighing 12 3/8 pennyweights and is two and one-half inches in diameter. Each medal is designed and made by Tiffany and Company of New York. You may vote on any film released between January 1, 1927, and December 31, 1927. A list of important pictures released generally during this period is presented on this page. It is offered for your guidance.

Fifty Pictures Released in 1927

Annie Laurie
Barbed Wire
Cubard
Camille
Captain Salvation
Cat and the Canary
Chang
Cradle Snatchers
Cruiser Potemkin
Fair Co-Ed
Fire Brigade
Flesh and the Devil
Garden of Allah
Gorilla
Hilda
Hart Balloons Haggerty
Hotel Imperial
Tula

It
Jesse James
Kid Brother
King of Kings
Love of Sunya
Magic Flame
Metropolis
Mockery
Monkey Talks
My Best Girl
Night of Love
Patent Leather Kid
Private Life of Helen of Troy
Quality Street
Resurrection
Rookies
Rough Riders
Senorita
Service for Ladies
Seventh Heaven
Show
Silde, Kelly, Slide
Sorrell and Son
Starke Love
Student Prince
Tell It to the Marines
Twelve Mikes Out
Two Arabian Knights
Underworld
Way of All Flesh
What Price Glory
When a Man Loves
Wings

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

Editor Photoplay Magazine
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1927.

Name:
Address:
Beauty Wins—Beauty Keeps

The secret of keeping beauty lies in keeping that schoolgirl complexion, as millions know who follow this simple daily rule:

**BEAUTY** is not mere regularity of features, or a shade of hair. It is an ensemble in which a good complexion plays a vital part.

Many otherwise unattractive girls have “lovely eyes,” or “a good nose.” And many girls are called beautiful whose greatest claim to beauty is a lovely skin.

To be **really** pretty one must keep her natural charm. For even though you use powder and rouge, naturalness is your aim. And no beauty can seem natural that has not the base of a naturally lovely skin.

Those authorities who know the most of dermatology—of skin culture—will tell you “washing the face for beauty” is Nature’s surest rule.

*Wash with lather of these famed beauty oils—daily*

The soothing, cleansing oils of olive and palm, as embodied in the famous beauty soap, Palmolive, are recommended, if natural beauty is what you seek.

These gentle cleansers soothingly penetrate the pores, remove accumulations which, if left, would form into blackheads, or, becoming infected, would cause unsightly blemishes.

They bring the charm of natural loveliness because they keep the skin cleansed Nature’s way. To keep that schoolgirl complexion through the years, do this at least once daily.

*Do this for one week, then note results*

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin with your two hands. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. Dry by patting with a soft towel—never rub the gentle skin fabric.

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.

And Palmolive 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 the amazing difference one week makes. The Palmolive—Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

**Palmolive Radio Hour**—Broadcast every Friday night—from 10 to 11 p.m., eastern time; 9 to 10 p.m., central time—over station WEAF and 32 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION
"We can get seats for that picture across the street."
"I'd rather stand on line and see this Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture—they're always good."

Isn't it the truth!

You're always sure of seeing the biggest stars. The finest stories. When your theatre shows you M-G-M pictures.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
"More Stars than there are in Heaven"
MOVITONE FAN, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—George Bernard Shaw is married. He has blue eyes and white hair. Those whiskers are real.

ANNE C., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Walter Pidgeon is Walter Pidgeon's real name. Isn't it a bird? Walter is a free-lance, which means that he works hither and yon as the opportunity arises. He is six feet, two inches tall and weighs 190 pounds. And a widower.

"SPIRIT OF SCRANTON."—The "e" in Venus is long, while the "e" in Venice is short. So you are right in the argument. Betty Bronson is five feet, three and a half inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. Mary Astor is neither blonde nor brunette; she has auburn hair.

R. E. P., LOULLEN, K. Y.—Victor Varconi is thirty-two years old and was born in Hamptons, New York. Jack Ludes is twenty-six. If you want a picture of Mr. Varconi write to the Pathé-DeMille Studios, Culver City, Calif.

V. S., HOBART, OKLA.—Nils Asther's first picture was "Topsy and Eva." He is twenty-six years old and his address is the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Calif. Billie Dove made her screen debut in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." Roland Drew is twenty-seven years old and his next picture will be "Lady Raffles.

I. H., JEFFERSON, WIS.—We have no record of Mary Carr's age. But Junior Coghlan does not mind letting you know that he was born March 15th, 1910. Gilbert Roland's real name is Luis Antonio Damaso de Alonso. Laugh that off! Lionel Barrymore is forty-five years old.

M. MCK.—Vilma Banky is twenty-five years old. She has blond hair and gray eyes; five feet, six inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. And, by way of contrast, Dolores del Rio has black hair and brown eyes. She is one and a half inches shorter than Vilma, but they are the same weight.

J. N., ALICE, TEXAS.—Small towns are no surprise to me. I am a small town boy myself. The author, Mr. DIX was thirty-three years old in July. He has dark brown hair and dark brown eyes. Born in St. Paul, Min., and an American. Esther Ralston is twenty-five years old. Both Mr. DIX and Miss Ralston are in the Paramount-Famous Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Your handwriting tells me that you are impetuous.

E. D. M., FORT WORTH, TEX.—One of your questions is barred because it's a clue to the cut-puzzle contest. However, I can tell you that Neil Hamilton was born in Lynn, Mass., Sept. 9, 1899. Esther Ralston is another New Englander; she is a native of Bar Harbor, Me. And Vera Reynolds was born in Richmond, Va., and weighs 90 pounds.

LUCILE P., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—So far as I know Charles Farrell doesn't make phonograph records. It must be another Charlie. Ralph Forbes is an Englishman and twenty-six years old.

M. L. C., PITMAN, N. Y.—Bebe Daniels works at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Write to Phyllis Haver at the Pathe-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Charles Farrell's newest film is "Red Dance."

TRELLA, SPRINGDALE, ARK.—Alice Joyce is Mrs. James Reagan in private life; she has two daughters. Her latest picture is "The Nose." It's pronounced Rod La Rock. And Ramon is Ray-mon. In Novarso, the accent is on the middle syllable. Ramon's newest is "Gold Bird."

HERE are the answers to the seven most persistent questions of the month:

Mary Pickford was the Divine Vision in "The Gauchó," although her name did not appear on the screen or in the program casts.

Clive Brook is thirty-seven years old and married.

Lon Chaney is forty-five years old. And he, too, is married.

Claire Bow was twenty-three years old on July 29th.

James Hall has blue green eyes and brown hair. His address is the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Billie Dove's real name is Lillian Bohny. She has brown hair and brown eyes. Married to Irvin Willat, the director.

Charles Farrell is twenty-six years old. He was born at Onset Bay, Mass. Write to him at the Fox Studios, 1401 Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

In writing to the stars for photographs, PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars receive thousands of such requests and cannot afford to comply with them, unless you do your share.

BUBBLES, ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Jean Crawford had pink hair for a while, but I heard she grew tired of it and is going to let it grow back to its natural brown. Dorothy Mackaill is engaged to Lothar Mendez. May McAvoy is single. Write to Sue Carol at the Pathe-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Letters to Alice White should be addressed to the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

I. V., MONTE VISTA, CALIF.—Richard Barthelmess' first wife was Mary Hay. They were divorced and he is now married to Mrs. Jessica Sargent. Dick is an only child. And his next picture is "Out of the Ruins."

For the Novarro family: Ramon has five brothers and five sisters. He was born in Durango, Mexico, of Spanish parentage. And not engaged to marry anyone, so far as I know. Jack Mulhall played the part of the Professor. Mackaill in "The Crystal Cup," and Jason Robards appeared with Dolores Costello in "The Heart of Maryland." Sure you are inquisitive. But what would I do for a living if all girls should lose their curiosity?

J. W., GREENSBORO, Ga.—Lina Basquet's first name is pronounced Lee-ee-ah. And the Clive in Clive Irool is Cl-i-e-ee-ee-eh. Richard Dix is a bachelor and so is William Haines. And that is Haines' real name. May McAvoy is a brunette by nature but she is sometimes a blonde in films. And the famous Pickford curls are now tucked away in Mary's bureau drawer.

G. P., AURORA, ILL.—Mary Philbin was born in Chicago, June 14, 1903. Donald Reed played opposite Colleen Moore in "Naughty but Nice."

NINA R., HUNTSVILLE, ALA.—Leslie Fenton played the part of the officer who shouted "What Price Glory?" in the trench scene of the picture. Malcolm McGregor is married to a non-professional. His next film is "The Girl on the Barge."

PEGGY OF WASHINGTON—Thanks for the flattering salutation. Here's the information about your college friends. Eddie Phillips was born in Philadelphia in 1900. Dorothy Gulliver was born Sept. 6, 1908. She has three brothers and three sisters. George Lewis has a mother and father and two brothers. Lots of interest in the families of the stars this month.

MISS BILLIE, DORCHestre, Mass.—Alma Rubens and Edmund Lowe led the leading roles in "East Lynn." In "Richard the Lion-Hearted," John Bowes played Sir Kennedy and Marguerite de la Motte was Lady Edith. Write to Greta Garbo at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Maybe you will have better luck if you send your letter to the studio.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120
Fates willed that it should end at the casting director's door, in one of the greatest studios of Hollywood!

They were casting, that day, for the peasant lead in the star picture. And it happened—as it so often happens—that most of the extra men who trooped forward to the barred window of the casting office were snug, well fed young fellows. Sleek of hair, sleek of eye—swelling dress suits. Able, if necessary, to do a trifle of the tango—able to hold a cocktail glass as a young man about town is expected to hold one. The casting director, nervously scanning their faces, tried to visualize them in peasant blouses and in sabots.

Tried to imagine them facing a firing squad. And failed.

"My God," he said frantically to his assistant, "they belong in a dance hall! Not in the mud of Flanders. There isn't one face that is built for tragedy. Not one face among them. If only—" he paused suddenly, and his eyes brightened. For he had seen Pasquale.

Pasquale! He was not one of the crowd besieging the casting office. He was merely a passerby. He was not looking for employment—he still had a few dollars in his shabby pocket. True, he had gone without food, he had slept under hedges, to keep those few last dollars intact. He was soul weary and hungry and tired and unshaved. But he was not seeking employment. He was merely trying to keep in the background of things—to avoid notice whenever possible. He had been sitting around the edge of the crowd when the eyes of the casting director caught his hunted gaze. At the director's shout in a language that he did not understand, he started, suddenly, to run.

"If they catch you, no matter how far you travel . . ." So his liberators had said.

He started, suddenly, to run. But the director's shout had called attention to him. "Hey, you!" the director was calling—"come back here! Hey! Don't run off. I need you. Say, somebody—" he was appealing to the waiting youths—the ones of the sleek eyes, the sleek hair—"hold that little dark feller. I need him!"

Hands darted out. Young bodies blocked his path. Pasquale, frightened, apprehensive, almost nauseated with dread, tried to duck—to creep under a raised arm. But they were wary of his movements. Two husky boys, glad of the chance to gain attention, propelled him forward—shoved him into the casting director's wee office.

Perhaps the casting director tried to make his voice gentle.

But dealing all day long, all week long, all month long, with types, does not tend to make the tone exactly cooing.

"Why'd you try to run off?" asked the casting director—and one can understand the question—"Why'd you try to get away? Most men'd give their shirts for the chance I'm going to give you. Why, I'll pay you double what I'm going to pay the rest. Just because you're a homely little guy that looks foreign—"

Pasquale stared into the big, harassed eyes of the director, and saw a man stolid, unemotional, determined. He glanced down at his casting director's desk. And saw, lying there, a heap of bayonets—bayonets that were, time to time, to be meted out to the extras. He looked frantically over his shoulder, and saw the bars of the window of the casting director's office—barred windows are disconcerting to men who have lately been in prison. Just as bayonets are suggestive to would-be patriots who have been engaged in smuggling firearms into some Central American countries.

The whole, horrible meaning of the thing came over Pasquale in a flash. This man—was a government agent. This office—it was government office. Somewhere, somehow, the last fatal shipment of guns (for a shipment of guns had been Pasquale's undoing) had been intercepted.

He—he was caught! Miles from his land—he was. But he was not safe.

He was caught. Else why had a crowd hungry, woful crowd, turned upon him? Why had he been haled into this jail-like room? He broke, suddenly, into excited, tremulous Spanish.

The casting director, listening, turned to the assistant who lounged over near the window. The assistant was a reedy chap who smoked slim cigarettes which he held in slim, stained fingers.

"The casting director laughed. He did not, 

CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]
Left to themselves
they'll just forget it.

Always busy—this lovable, sometimes stubble family of yours ... And an important matter that they'll usually neglect is—their hair. For men are careless about their hair until it begins to thin, and children never think about their hair at all.

So usually, it is mother who must see that they care for this precious possession now, in time to start health bits that will keep the scalp healthy. And there is no finer, or simpler, way to keep the family’s hair (and your own) healthy, strong, attractive, than to provide a Packer soap for regular use: Packer’s Tar Soap, or Packer’s Pine Tar Shampoo, or Packer’s Olive Oil Shampoo. We make each of these soaps for just one purpose—to foster the health of the scalp. And we believe we know a great deal about making soaps for the hair. You should—we have been studying the

hair and its care for 55 years. In these Packer soaps we use pure, sweet glycerine, imported olive oil and pine tar from the pine woods where the very air crackles with health. Each is the very finest and costliest of its kind. So these soaps insure for your hair and scalp gentle and effective aid in maintaining healthy conditions. They leave your hair lustrous and alive.

Try any one of these Packer soaps! Lather! Mountains of lather! The quickest, snowiest lather you ever massaged into a welcoming scalp. Now rinse! Did lather ever whisk itself away so instantly? Now doesn’t your scalp feel clean and vital—all aglow with health? Read the offer below and start your own and your family’s hair off to healthier, better hair-habits now!

Send for sample. Send 10c for a sample of any one of these Packer soaps and “The Care of the Hair,” our new 32-page book on hair health, the care of dry hair, oily hair, dandruff, etc. Specify which soap you prefer. Address: The Packer Mfg. Company, Inc., Dept. 16-I, P. O. Box 85, New York, N. Y.

3 Packer Shampoos

Packer’s Olive Oil Shampoo
A liquid liquid of imported olive oil, perfumed with soothing glycerine. It lathers in an instant, rinses in a split second. Faintly perfumed.

Packer’s Pine Tar Shampoo
A cold soap containing the soothing effects of olive and coconut oils and an addition—healthful pine tar. Quick to lather—quick to rinse.

Packer’s Tar Soap
Doctors long ago learned that one of nature’s most effective remedies is pure pine tar. So skin specialists prescribe Packer’s Tar Soap as the most effective pleasant way to give your scalp the benefits of pine tar. Each cake now in an individual metal box.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
All the pretty wives in Hollywood aren't in pictures. Mrs. Clive Brook, formerly Mildred Evelyn of the London stage, is the Estelle Taylor type. But she prefers to stay home and keep house for Clive and their two children.

Louise stood it ten minutes, then went to the window and called the band master.

"How much do you take in here?" she demanded.

"Ten dollars—on good nights," was the answer.

"I'll give you fifteen if you'll fold up your horns and beat it," Louise waved the bills before him.

Without a word, the leader reached for the bills, served a short order of "Home, Sweet Home" and the orchestra hurriedly departed.

A WELL-KNOWN Hollywood producer with a "realism" complex sent to Moscow at great cost for some Russian saddles. Imagine his embarrassment when they arrived in the Cinema Capital conspicuously stamped on the back, "Made in America."

RUTH TAYLOR was walking down Hollywood boulevard. A girl stopped her.

"Ruth Taylor! Don't you recognize me? I used to sit next to you in high school. Don't you remember?"

Ruth didn't remember anything about it but she didn't say so. She consulted several moments.

"If I hadn't, just think of what bad publicity it would have been? Whether she sat next to me or not she would have told all her friends I was too stuck up to talk with her."

WE asked Mary Duncan's press agent how Mary's engagement to the English theatrical producer was progressing.

"Oh, I got to soft pedal that," he answered. "The publicity is interfering with her other romances."

Why, Mary?

AND Carl Laemmle, Jr., took Lois Moran to the opening of "Prince Faisal." What a line that started. It is the first time in nearly three years that he has been seen in anyone but Alice Day.

Of course, they do say that Papa Laemmle has put an end to that combination.

WHILE Janet Gaynor was in New York, the long distance wires were kept busy by Charlie Farrell. Yet he and Virginia Valli went to the Hollywood opening of "Prince Faisal." Friends continue to watch this duplex romance and we...

We are told that Jackie Coogan plans to place his mill, academy uniform in the exclusion of mothballs during the summer vacation while he goes forth to tour one of the big picture-house circuits (Balaban and Katz). We understand he is to take his dad along to give the act sex appeal. It is said that they expect to start from Detroit July 21st, cover the North. The main idea of the tour is to remind the spectators that Jackie is still alive; also to pick up a little fat pin money.

It is reported the stipend will be $6000 a week—just price of another school uniform for Jackie.

An elderly lady, among the extras at First National, saw Billie Dove going toward Stage One the other day and remarked:

"What kind of picture is Miss Dove making?"

"Oh," another extra answered, "a nautical story, I believe."

"My, my," returned the old lady in a husky voice, "I do hope it isn't too bad!"

A NEWSPAPER reporter telephoned the United American publicity department for the birthplace of John Barrymore. It was not listed.

He telephoned the actor directly.

"A friend of mine who is a magazine editor wants to know where you were born, Mr. Barrymore."

"Yes? What is it for?"

"An article he is writing."

"Yes? What is the article about?"

"Why, about you, Mr. Barrymore."

Mrs. Neil Hamilton looks like Gloria Swanson, but she never has been on either stage or screen. The Hamiltons have a summer cottage at Malibou Ranch.
How do they keep their busy, capable hands exquisite and yet tidy when they use them for so much interesting active work?

Women who combine a career and brilliant social life tell us the answer is quite simple. Just the new Cutex Liquid Polish which protects the nails so they cannot look stubby no matter what you do.

Applied once a week it gives new personality to the hands. Its lovely brilliance lasts day after day in spite of wear or water. Stains and dirt usually discolor and roughen the nails disappear when you wash your hands. Your fingertips remain shining — exquisitely chic — for a whole week!

Billie Burke keeps her hands lovely with the New Cutex Liquid Polish

At a Palm Beach fancy dress ball or at her stately country home, she is just the golden-haired merry young woman who married Florenz Ziegfeld, whose plays assemble the most beautiful women in America.

"I love the stage," says Billie Burke, "but I also love simple country things — gardens, woods, tramps — dogs. What terrible things it does to my hands!

Miss Burke's expressive hands

Riding-togs Require Impeccable Nails

says New York horsewoman

To keep my nails in condition," says Miss Ivy Maddison, well-known New York horsewoman and winner of many smart Horse Shows, "I always use a liquid polish — the New Cutex kind which withstands perspiration and washing. It's very natural-looking, perfectly sporting, and, in my opinion, the nicest possible finish for any sportswoman's hands.

"Chez Ninon" advises this polish

Mrs. Nona McAadoo Cowles, New York and Washington society woman, presides over the smart little Madison Avenue shop "Chez Ninon.

"Of course, I use Cutex Liquid Polish," she says. "It's so thoroughly becoming — makes the whole hand look prettier and better groomed — gives a clever touch of sparkle!"

"I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish protects the nails from stains and dirt and is so flattering. In fact, I adore all the Cutex preparations — the Cuticle Cream — and the Remover. My friends say, 'What lovely half-moons you have!'"

Give your hands personality with this new Polish. With Polish Remover 50c; without Remover, 35c.


Special introductory offer — for 6c

Send 6c and coupon below for sample of New Cutex Liquid Polish. (If in Canada, address Dept. Q-9, Post Office Box No. 2854, Montreal, Canada.)

Northam Warren, Dept. Q-9, 114 West 17th St., New York

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
"Smooth skin the greatest charm" say famous directors

WHAT CHARM radiantly smooth skin gives a girl—you know it the instant the close-up is flashed on the screen!
Smooth skin is more important for loveliness than anything else, motion picture directors say.
To keep their skin lovely under the cruel lights of the close-up, screen stars guard it very carefully. Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap. There are in Hollywood 433 important actresses, including all stars. 417 of these use Lux Toilet Soap. Order some of this white, fragrant soap today.

96% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for by Lux Toilet Soap

All the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms

Luxury hitherto found only in French soaps at 50¢ or $1.00 a case
A few of the host of stars who use Lux Toilet Soap—

10¢

Alice Day
Anne Cornwall
Stella Kingston
Marjorie Daw

June Collyer
Fox Films
Audrey Ferris
Warner Bros.
Sally Eilers
Sennett-Pathe De Mille

Madge Bellamy
Fox Films
Dorothy Gulliver
Universal

Marceline Day
M. G. M.

Josephine Dunn
M. G. M.
Priscilla Dean
Enid Bennett
Viola Dana

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Wallace Beery travels free in "Beggars of Life." This scene on top of a freight car being filmed in Cariso Gorge, and if Wallace Beery makes one false step he takes a fall of more than 900 feet. And the rocks are not made of plush

"Yes? Will you see it before it is printed?"
"Why, I don't know."
"Who will see it?"
"Why—why—say, Mr. Barrymore have you any objections to telling where you were born?"
"Oh, certainly not. It happened in Philadelphia."
"Thank you. We'll try to keep your shame a secret." Click went the reporter's receiver. Which is the only time on record that John Barrymore didn't have the last word in a matter.

WITH a rattle of shots and a series of wild yells, Buster Keaton, pursued by 200 Chinese extras, burst into the Casino at Monte Carlo the other day.

Director Robert Z. Leonard, filming a scene for Marion Davies' "Her Cardboard Lover," with 400 extras on the set, stared in amazement as his unexpected visitors raced before the camera. Keaton raced around between the extras and ended by diving for shelter between Leonard's legs.

"Can you speak Chinese, Bob?" he croaked hoarsely. "For, by the Lord, I'm telling these Chinks the scene is over. They can't distinguish one set from another and the whole gang's been chasing me all over the studio." Keaton had been filming a shot for "The Camera Man" on the other side of the M.G.M. lot.

Taking moving close-ups with a specially constructed camera that travels on a track for "War in the Dark," Greta Garbo stands at the head of the table and Fred Niblo, the director, is at the extreme right, back of the cameraman.

Lois Wilson was leading lady for Edward Everett Horton in a stage play in Hollywood at the same time she was making "Sally's Shoulders." The transit from stage to theater, with a meal or so in between, meant a close schedule and quick action. It was so quick one evening that her auto climbed a curb, rammed off a street lamp and wrecked a telephone pole. Lois emerged from this sramble shaken, but game—and went on to play her part. Afterward, she was taken to the Hollywood Hospital for analysis and inventory. The doctors prescribed rest.

She did—until nine o'clock next morning, when she was back on the set for "Sally's Shoulders."

Polly Moran, the character in "The Luck of the Irish," should have her make-up box photographed for a publicity picture. It once held cigars in place of dark powder puffs. And it's autographed by practically every star in the industry.

By the way, Billy Haines is taking some of Moran's places. Hollywood thought it was a gag. Probably it is. But it's a gag well lasting.

An Australian Teddy Bear is Clara Blandick's latest. She paid $7.50 for it.
Step in before you step out

Maybe a person can be a social success without the help of soap and water, but he is working against heavy odds.

Wise people do not rely entirely on interesting talk and pleasing manners. They also enlist soap and water—with clean linen as a matter of course.

They want to look right and feel right. They want to know they're clean, clean through.

There's Personality in SOAP & WATER

Published by the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of Cleanliness Institute.
Yet, that was cheap, considering the seller reduced it from two thousand—
the price he asked of the oil king, Doheny.
It’s a queer pet, almost extinct in its native country. Only four are known to
have been brought to this country.
Clara had to install a eucalyptus tree in her yard so as to provide a cradle for
it. It sleeps with its claws entwined around a limb of that one specific tree.
And it eats eucalyptus leaves and the comb from honey.
Because the bear can die from only one disease—lonesomeness—Mal St. C6
is purchasing the mate for it.

RAOUl WALSH needed an impressive looking judge for his picture “Me, Gangster.”
He called on Wilson Mizner, the New York wit and Hollywood scenario writer.
“You’ve stood before the bar so many times, Bill, and been dismissed for lack of sufficient evidence that you must know how a judge does it. Now show us!”
For once Mizner was without an answer. He played it.

ANNA O. NILSSON stayed out of pictures for nearly six months waiting for the right type of dramatic part to be offered. She was determined to take anything for which she did not think herself fitted.
Word reached her at a camp, high in the Sierra Nevadas, that she had been chosen to play in “Craig’s Wife” at De Mille’s, to star in two pictures at FBO and to have the lead in “Ned McCobb’s Daughter”—all roles she had desired. The next morning, the last day of her vacation, she went horseback riding. A rabbit scuttled across the path. The horse reared. Anna glanced down the three thousand foot embankment to one side then tumbled deliberately to the other.
Four days she lay in a mountain shack without doctors or nurses or even telephone communication. Then, for nine hours, she rode in an automobile which crawled down the rut-pitted road, without uttering more than a slight groan.
At the Santa Monica hospital it took three doctors to keep her from walking from the car to the inspection room.
The newspapers said that her ankle was fractured.
The other day we visited Anna. Strong ropes attached to a framework above her bed held her in position. Her hip had been broken.
Yet the only thing she would talk about was the fact that the producers were holding up her two starring pictures and “Ned McCobb’s Daughter” until she would be able to play them.

A FRIEND visiting Donald Reed at First National asked what role he was playing in Billie Dove’s new picture, “His Wife’s Affair.”
“Oh,” explained Donald, “I’m the affair!”
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]
"We've enjoyed the evening so much"

But what did they say on their way home? Even the most sympathetic of your friends have a way of comparing notes afterwards. The clothes you wore, the furnishings of the room, the food you served—each comes in for its share of the inevitable post-party conversation.

There is a way of keeping informed in those little things that catalogue your degree of smartness. It is through reading the advertisements, those messengers that bring news of the precise purchase to make. Advertisements lay before you the latest notes in dress. They illustrate the newest decorative treatments for the home. They furnish you with unique and tempting recipes for the table.

They advise you what to buy, how much it will cost, and where you can get it. They point out the pathway to saving pennies. They indicate the correct surroundings of a modern home.

* * *

Read the advertisements—they are a valuable guide to current usage
Gossip of All the Studios

[continued from page 92]

THE newest trick in getting a divorce is to file suit under your own name—which in many cases is not your screen name. This little dodge throws inquisitive reporters off the track.

Instead of going to Reno, Anita Stewart filed suit in Los Angeles under the name of Anna May Brennan which happens to be her real moniker. Her husband is known as Rudolph Cameron but his real name is Brennan.

When Anita's decree becomes final, she probably will marry James Converse who is not only rich but very well connected socially.

There are hints, too, of another divorce that was awarded in Paris last winter to a famous movie producer and picture star which was granted under a name unfamiliar to the public and hence slipped by unnoticed.

The first engagement rumor for Mary Brian!

"Biff" Hoffman, next year's captain of the Stanford football team, is the lucky fellow.

Which reminds us of how "Biff" met Mary.

When Stanford played Alabama at the Rose Tournament in Pasadena, Richard Hyland told the boys to choose any unmarried screen star and he'd secure her for the after-game banquet.

"Biff" said he'd be too tired; not to bother about a dame for him. He'd only drop in for a moment.

Herb Fleischaker, scion of the San Francisco millions, asked for Mary Brian.

Biff "dropped in," took one look at Mary and removed her from Herb's side with a mastery born only from love at first sight, they say.

Now he wants to make it his life job—keeping other men from Mary.

Laura La Plante was dashing madly for work at Universal City. Her car turned turtle. The actress was unhurt but the car was demolished.

First National officials heard of the accident and telephoned madly to Universal.

"For God's sake keep it out of the papers!"

they pleaded. "Bill Seiter is directing a picture for us and he's on location in San Francisco. If it leaks out he'll be an aeroplane for Hollywood and we'll lose three days on production!"

LILYAN TASHMAN is one social leader of Hollywood who doesn't play bridge.

"It's so grand to be the only woman who doesn't play. There's always somebody attractive around and you can have sole claim to him!" is her explanation for not learning the game.

Tom J. Geraghty, celebrated scenario claims to have completed a new invention. He calls it the "Smellotone," a very simple device, he says, easily attachable to any $15 motion picture projecting machine.

"Where the Movietone satisfies the sense of sight and hearing," says Tom, "my co-aption appeals to a third sense—that smell.

"For example, in our tests and demonstrations, when I introduce a Reformer, the theatre is filled with a bad smell as sweet as vice."

"For gangster stories, we use exploded gun powder, while real warfare and conference are symbolized by poison gas.

"At weddings we resort to the fragrance of the orange blossom. And, if old jokes are gags are used, our device automatically projects the odor of moth balls."

The boy-friend of one of Corinne Griffith Texas admirers came to Hollywood under orders from his gal, not to return until he had been photographed on Miss Griffith's front porch. Odd request, to say the least!

In due time, the lad went to the star home, got permission from the maid to have his picture taken on the porch, then returned to his love in Texas.

But the lass from the Lone Star State refused to believe it was Miss Griffith's front porch. Argument ensued, and finally the boy friend waxed indignant and broke their engage-

\[Image of a person and a plane\]

Miles out at sea, but with all the equipment of a studio. Thomas Meighan and his company spent many days on an ocean liner, going no place in particular, but filming scenes for "The Mating Call." Meighan is being directed by his old pal, James Cruze

This "Party-Going Age" and Sal Hepatica

Our late evening hours and our high tension days, our rich foods and our disregard for the simplest rules of health often cause us to wake up in the mornings with a headache or a coated tongue, an unpleasant taste in the mouth or an upset digestion.

If it ever should be your lot to experience these unfortunate conditions you can very promptly help yourself—by taking Sal Hepatica.

For there's nothing like Sal Hepatica to set you up. Sal Hepatica cleanses the intestines promptly—usually within 30 minutes. It sweeps away accumulated wastes and the poisons they breed.

Sal Hepatica is very similar to the famous health waters of Europe. It contains the same salines as these wonderful waters and it acts in the same way—giving the system a thorough washing out and freshening you, mind and body.

Like these beneficial continental waters, Sal Hepatica quickly dispenses all the disagreeable effects of our unwise habits of living. And even colds, auto-intoxication, bilitiousness and rheumatism are greatly relieved by this simple and effective measure.

When you pour Sal Hepatica into a glass of water, it bubbles up into a pleasing, effervescent drink. It has none of the wry, bitter taste of "salts." But it has a lot of snap and a bracing tang that will please you.

It's remarkable what Sal Hepatica can do for you when you feel dragged down and listless. When you have dined not wisely but too well—let your awakening thought be of Sal Hepatica. Start the day physically fit and in good spirits—take Sal Hepatica when you need it.

Sal Hepatica

The Sparkling Effervescent Saline

©1928 Bristol-Myers Co., New York, N.Y.
ent. Then the girl sent the picture to Miss
rifth in a fan letter for identification. Cor-
ne gladly identified it, and as a result every-
ing was serene once more in Texas.

MARY NASH, famed in stage "speakeys," and knowing very few film celebrities, smiled when Clara Bow's set the other day while the lurking little red-head was working on "The leaf's In." Mary had never seen Clara on
screen. Being a friend of Mal St. Clair, rector of the opue, she occupied the guest-
honor chair next to the camera. Two
indred extras were doing their stuff in a
nice hall scene.

In the midst of the scene, Miss Nash leaned
oward St. Clair and remarked, "There's a
irl that screen material! What's wrong
ith you, director? Don't you know talent
hen you see it?"

"Where—which one—point her out?" This
om the eager Mr. St. Clair.

"That cute little thing with lots of red hair!"
his from Miss Nash.

"You're right," Mal agreed. "We'll call
er over and ask her who she is."

It was, of course, the original "IT."

What Glenn Tryon wants
to know is: "Why doesn't
someone cross a carrier pigeon with a
parrot so it can really deliver its
message?"

CHARLES RAY says he hasn't deserted
the screen at all. He says he is simply
laying on the stage to acquire vocal training
that he can have the jump on the rest of
he boys when the talking movies really get
oing.

UPE VELEZ was dancing at the Coconut
Grove, Ambassador Hotel.

She noticed a beautiful girl sitting at one of
the tables.

She rushed over in her strictly Lupe manner
and exclaimed:

"You're the most beautiful girl I ever saw.
ake off your hat!"

The girl drew back—Lupe promptly re-
moved the stranger's hat.

Everyone held his breath!

But nothing happened.

It was Mary Nolan and it was not the first
time that the former Imogene Wilson had been
ubiquity admired.

LPGA BACLANNOVA celebrated her new
contract with Paramount by purchasing
high-powered, high-priced automobile. One
of the "show affairs" of a local automobile
display, mind you.

I guess it doesn't make any difference
whether they come from Russia or Milwaukee,
hey all celebrate the same way when they get
their first big break in the movies.

IN'T science grand! The laryngal
otoscope has found its way to the Metro-
Goldwyn Mayer lot. This is not an epidemic,
it is a camera. And Professor W. R. Mac-
Donald of the University of California, who
operates it, is using it to photograph the
voices of the movie stars who have talking
picture ambitions. This diminutive camera
is so small it would fit on the end of a lead
pencil. It consists of two minute discs which
revolve at a known speed, and which bear
iny holes. When these holes are opposite
each other, a photograph is taken on a tiny
film behind them. The player desiring the
shot gorges the camera, so to speak, and while
it is in his throat, it makes a movie of the
movement of the vocal cords, thus recording
its voice-placement. Now ain't that grand?

William Haines, Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer star, has
dubbed himself "another
recruit to the army of spon-
sors" for "Golden State
Limited." His letter makes
you too want to experience
the thrill of being a pas-
senger on this remarkable
train.

It is the careful complete-
ness in appointment and
service detail that wins
praise from the "Golden
State's" famous guests. Be-
tween Los Angeles and
Chicago in 61 1/4 hours—
there is no faster or finer
train.
Selection of a lovely Meeker Made bag to harmonize with and complete her costume reveals her excellent taste. Perhaps Mother had something to do with all her fall wardrobe. She should naturally want her own little young lady to be the envy of all others.

Any Meeker Made imported steerhide handbag, underarm or vanity, besides being decorative and beautiful, serves its utilitarian purposes so perfectly—it will be doubly appreciated. At the better dealers everywhere.

Made in the shops of
The MEKKER COMPANY, Inc.
Joplin, Missouri

Largest Manufacturers of Steerhide Leather Goods in the U.S.A.

of a hardware store with an unwrapped dust pan and stepped into a big town car.

Jane Winton and Husband Charlie Kenyon loitered before a music store window. They examined a thousand dollar victrola. A salesman standing just within could not restrain his excitement. They entered. Ten minutes later they exited—carrying a package of phonograph needles.

Charlie Chaplin entered Henry's for lunch. We followed. Charlie sat at a table surrounded on three sides by tables of tourists. One tourist loudly ordered corn beef and cabbage, French rolls, salads—Charlie ordered a salad and sandwich.

"Hey, waiter!" The tourist recalled his name. "Change my order to salad and sandwich."

We watched them serve eight salads and sandwiches all of the same vintage.

A NEWSPAPER gazette carried the news that a telegram had notified them that Cecil De Mille was heading toward Honolulu on his yacht "The Seaward" with a print of "The Godless Girl" which he would preview for the natives.

Another paper stated that the boat had been seen in the Panama Canal and rumored that it was heading for New York where "C. B." would go into a huddle with producers about supposed to-be-plans for an amalgamation or at least working-together arrangements.

In truth, Cecil B. is having his first vacation in years. He is on his yacht. But he's at the Tuna Club in Catalina. These reports were telephoned him each night by his secretary in Culver City.

It is rumored in Hollywood that Carl Laemmle is going to do a Universal special called, "All the Nephews Were Valiant."

NICK GRINDE, newest Metro-Goldwyn Mayer director, who is shortly to direct Tim McCoy in "Morgan's Last Raid," is popular with assistant directors at the studios that there is always a scramble to see which one will work with him on a picture.

The reason is that Nick was an assistant for ten years before he was promoted to directorship about a year ago, and, knowing all the troubles of an assistant, never "kicks" when accidents occur.

"I got a toast by directors too many time myself to roast an assistant for anything now, he asserts. Assistants are all laying bets as to how long this will last if Nick keeps on directing.

TWO hundred extras stood on the set of "Heart to Heart" at First National, waiting for Mary Astor to finish a scene.

Director William Beaudine took up his megaphone and called, "I want an express motorman capable of piloting a car through a traffic jam."

Five men stepped forward. Beaudine chose the one who offered cards proving he was a motorman, a locomotive engineer and an elevator operator.

Just one more proof that you can pick an experienced man for every job from those I want-to-be-movie-actors.

CHARLIE FARRELL is known to be wild about any kind of animal.

The other day he was playing with a coyote on the set of "The Backwash," his next picture.

Suddenly, Mr. Coyote up and bit a good hunk out of Charlie's right cheek. He was rushed to the Beverly Hills hospital.

It will be several weeks before they can shoot anything but long shots with Charlie.
MAKE THIS CONVINCING BEAUTY BATH
TEST ON YOUR HANDS NOW

INSTANTLY YOUR SKIN FEELS SOFT AND SMOOTH AS A ROSE PETAL

HERE is a remarkable test. It will prove to you in less than a minute that your skin can feel smooth as a baby's.

Simply swish a few handfuls of LINIT in a basin of warm water; then wash your hands, using a little soap. Immediately after drying you are aware of a soothing softness—your skin feels smooth as the down of a rose petal.

The exquisite softness of your skin is due to a thin layer of LINIT that is left on the skin after your bath. This invisibly thin "coating" of LINIT harmlessly absorbs perspiration, eliminates shine from the skin and in cases of irritation is most soothing.

Starch from Corn is the main ingredient of LINIT. Being a vegetable product, LINIT is free from any mineral properties that might injure the skin and cause irritation. In fact, the purity and soothing quality of Starch from Corn are regarded so highly by doctors and dermatologists, that they generally recommend it for the tender and sensitive skin of young babies.

LINIT is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let results speak for themselves.

LINIT is sold by your grocer.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT SMOOTH SKIN

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
THE height of something or other is when a well-known title writer from the Fox studios stands up and eulogizes for thirty minutes Uncle Carl Laemmle of Universal. Yet the other boys at the Wampas meeting insist that not another fellow present had been imbibing.

A MAGAZINE writer was chatting with Lilyan Tashman. "I want to tell you about a girl I interviewed the other day. If you guess who she is—don't say anything. She didn't have a thought in her head—"

"Oh, I couldn't guess, now!" Lilyan interrupted. "There's too many of exactly the same type in this city."

And we all know that Lilyan is one who speaks the truth as she sees it.

FILM players continue to live up to the old stage law: "The show must go on." Raquel Torres, one of the new contras players at M-G-M, has just revealed her true self and truly she has lived up to the idea.

Six months ago, Miss Torres was engaged to play the leading feminine role in "Whit Shadows of the South Seas." As her mother died when she was a year old, her father came to the studio and made the arrangement.

And just the other day, W. S. Van Dyke, who directed the picture, happened to speak to Miss Torres about her father.

Barbara La Marr and "Sonny Boy"

PHOTOPLAY has received one of the finest tributes ever paid to a motion picture star. It is a letter from the Hope Cottage Association of Dallas, Texas, and it throws a new and beautiful light on the character of Barbara La Marr. Here is the letter:

"I have been reading with quite a bit of interest the recent articles in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE about Barbara La Marr and her 'Sonny Boy,' the six months old baby she saw for the first time and fell in love with at Hope Cottage, a temporary home for dependent babies, in 1923.

"It was a wonderful thing for her to do. This beautiful young woman with an admiring world at her feet, was not satisfied with the ever-changing spotlight of fame. Her woman's heart yearned for the greatest blessing that can come into the life of a normal woman—that of motherhood. She planned big and noble things for her new little son. Her ambition for him was as high as the blue sky, never dreaming that she would leave him so soon to be reared by friends of her choosing who will follow out her plan for his future welfare. His adoption by Mrs. Tom Gallery (Zasu Pitts) has the unanimous approval of Hope Cottage Association.

"I feel, in justice to the memory of Barbara La Marr, that a brief statement of facts concerning the baby's parentage will come in nicely at this time and will clear up a lot of wrong impressions. Little Marvin, as he was called at Hope Cottage, was born at one of our local hospitals, July 28th, 1922. He was sent to Hope Cottage when only a few hours old—the young mother passed out of his life at that time. His birth is on record in the Vital Statistics Office, this city. His parents were residents of Dallas.

"Trustingly that you will give this letter space in your magazine, for the sake of the beautiful Barbara La Marr, who will ever be remembered as one of the most admired and popular motion picture stars of her time.

"Very truly yours,

"Emma Wylie Ballard, Executive Secretary.
Sun-scorched?

This will relieve it

When your skin gets hot and sun-scorched—smooth in Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. It will quickly relieve, "take out the heat," make your skin soft and fresh again. Hinds Cream has always done that.

But here's good news—Hinds Cream also prevents sun-scorch. The trick is to put on Hinds Cream and powder before going out into the sun. Then your skin won't sun-scorch. It can't. Because Hinds Cream, with powder over it, protects the skin from severe sunburn, from redness and blister—from all weathering, in fact. Keeps it smooth and young and lovely.

Try Hinds Cream these two ways. You'll like it. The coupon below will bring you a sample bottle. Just fill in and mail today.

Made by A. S. Hinds Co., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company
In Canada, A. S. Hinds Co. (Canada) Limited
Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors, Dept. 668, Bloomfield, N. J.
Send me a sample bottle of HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM, the protecting cream for the skin.

Name __________________________
Address _________________________

This coupon not good after September, 1929

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTPLAY MAGAZINE.
**A woman tells why MEN lose their Hair**

Must a man lose his hair before fifty? Is there no hope? Read what a famous beauty expert says: "Men abuse their hair. They wear tight hats. They do not brush and massage their hair enough every day—worst of all—they try every 'cure-all' that comes along.

**My advice to men is this:**
1. Brush your hair thoroughly several times a day. Loosen the scalp by daily massage with the finger tips.
2. Stick to one good crude oil shampoo like Taroleum—and to one good reputable hair tonic like Wildroot.

**Follow these two rules and you'll keep your hair ten years longer at least.**

Use Wildroot Hair Tonic instead of water to wet your hair every morning—and you'll never haveandruff. Ask your barber for Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo and Wildroot Hair Tonic. He has them. At all drug stores too.

**WILDROOT**

**HAIR TONIC**

**TAROLEUM SHAMPOO**

Authors have no heart. When Tristram Tupper wrote "The River," he included a crow as one of his characters. So Frank Borzage, who is filming the novel, had to find a trained crow and, oddly enough, no one seemed to have one around the house. So he hired an animal expert to find an intelligent crow and train it. The lucky crow's name is Oscar, and you see him here perched on Mary Duncan's arm while Charles Farrell swaps gossip with him.

We haven't told you about Harold Lloyd's dogs, because they are such aristocrats their names are difficult to spell, but he has finest Danes to be found in any one kennel the world! Recently when he added another famous Dane, Illo von der Rhone, a Germ-bred dog qualified to whip anything of its class in the United States, we simply had to go to the new estate to look him over. What you think we saw? Sixty-five massive canines! No wonder he calls them his "thunder-herd."

LILY DAMITA, Sam Goldwyn's new woman for Ronald Colman, sat on the edge of a table at a tea in her honor, surrounded by hordes of men. Hollywood men just naturally gravitated toward this young lady. "I speak five of de languages," she boasted.

"Do you speak Yiddish?" a Jewish boy pressed anxiously forward. "Non! But I haf coom to a goot place to learn it," was the frank answer.

SNAPPY come-back gleaned from the estimable Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer playgroup Johnny Mack Brown on seeing Dorothéa Sebastian: "Hello, Dodo!" Dorothy, with twinkling glance: "Do look as extinct as that?"

THE gal-friends certainly do bother Jam Hall. First it was Joan Crawford and th—and yet—Merna Kennedy. Recently Margaret Breen arrived in Los Angeles to play lead in a stage play. She seemed to think that she was still engaged to Jimmy. Uninformed. She met Merna Kennedy.

And now Jimmy is worrying for fear that all this publicity about women may hurt his fan following.

Well, James, it didn't hurt Rudolph Valentino.
Gilbert Writes His Own Story

[Continued from page 43]

is B. Mayer, say of Fox, regarding me, don't know what they've got. The long stimulating influence of all assurance inspired me with a confidence I had long thought dead.

one night I met young Thalberg and any glasses, discussed future and profits. The company was about to be formed, and Goldwyn and Mayer were to unite and make pictures under one banner. It was a great chance for a growing boy, home with goose-flesh all over me and will running up and down my spine.

No! Why not? I'm not a fool! All right I won't! But your face! what of it? Perhaps my physical drives would be overcome by my capacity to lie. Let's try! I will!

EN Fox offered me a new two year contract if I refused to sign it. When they told me that they purchased "The Man Came Back" and "The Man Without a Cry," I still refused to sign. When I was at it if I did not sign, the aforementioned would be given to someone else, I still had my head.

weeks later after consistent begging I signed from my contract. The next day I had for five years with Metro-Goldwyn-

He modern woman knows one goal above all others—to keep her youth. And whether her Junes are coming or going, she finds Manon Lescaut Face Powder uniquely suited to this vital outdoor age when every woman is young.

Blanche, Naturelle, Rachel, Ocreé, Mauve,

Peaches' Powder, Peach-and-Cream Powder

An ideal rouge for every occasion—Ashes of Roses*, medium

JEFFERSON, WIS.

am eighteen years old and I have been motherless for the last four years.

It's pretty hard to grow up and straighten with no mother to help you over the hard spots. So when I miss some and blue, I go to the vies. I can't tell you how much I appreciate them. I've worked hard and I am getting ahead. I've also helped bring up my seven brothers and sisters. The problems that come to every growing girl are presented before me in the vies.

I try to learn something worthwhile from every picture I see. I see pictures of good girls and profit from them and I avoid the mistakes of bad girls make. I study the fashions and copy them, because I have no mother to help me choose clothes. I watch pictures of vies and of the interiors of rooms and I try to copy them when I have a home of my own.

I was born in Germany and when I see pictures of people's lives in foreign countries, I thank my lucky stars I am in America. Over there people cannot better themselves working and saving. Here there are opportunities for everyone.

E. H. K.
Does Your Mirror say
"Powder" or "Beauty"

If powder didn't SHOW! If you could use it to achieve just BEAUTY! Morals if possible. To have again the unblemished, natu-ral skin of childhood loneliness... to have your mirror say "beauty" and not powder.

Well, then, Princess Pat does give just beauty without the slightest hint of "powder appearance"... and your intelligence will recognize the reasons. Then you will want to try.

As you ordinarily powder—and peer into your mirror—you now observe a chalybean, powdery appearance. Try as you will, you cannot altogether banish it. Your mirror still says a powder. And it always will—until you use powder without the usual ingredients that give the customary chalybean appearance.

These ingredients are banished in Princess Pat. Precious Almond replaces usual starch. Instead of harshness, there is softness. The very feel of Princess Pat is a caress to the skin. Watch as you apply this utterly different powder. Subtly, magically, it transforms the skin. It merges, blends, becomes as the very skin itself made perfect. Rub it on well, for permanence.

Now then! After you have powdered, what happens? Oil this side, that side, gradually, yet surely. Usual powders become "patchy" and unlovely. You have to use more powder—not to get the happiest results.

On the contrary, the Almond in Princess Pat has an affinity for oils from the skin glands—usually called pores. As oils appear—and they do on every skin—they are absorbed by Almond. Thus the distressing shine is prevented—even on the nose. Powder is no longer discarded, nor beauty marred. Wonderful? Yes, of course.

And this? This same characteristic of Princess Pat, giving untold appearance beauty, likewise assures you a fine textured, healthy skin. The oil glands are not made—never choked. Consequently they do not become dis-tended. If already distended, Princess Pat Powder gives every assistance to make them normally invisible again. Just as you have never seen powder appearance that is the first thought of every woman. That is why women who know choose Princess Pat to begin with... for make-up beauty that always passes for supreme natural loveliness. Indeed, our "powder" says "powder."

Of course, though, the added virtue of improved skin texture is equally well loved as time passes... as powder become superbly fine, as the skin becomes delightfully soft and pliant, as blemishes vanish.

And now, if you have read carefully, learned the unusual advantages of Princess Pat you will surely want to try it. Your favorite tobacconist good counter can supply Princess Pat—Almond Bases Powder—in two weights. These are regular weights, in the oblong box, and a splendidly ad-justed light weight powder in round box. Both weights are made with the famous Almond Base.

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for two corner and 25c (ingot). Only one to a customer, but contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and 8x other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in an attractively decorated box. Please act promptly.

Get This Week End Set—SPECIAL

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., 742-44 W. Adams St., Dept. No. 4-50, Chicago, Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End box.

Name (print)...
Street...
City and State...

Getting engaged for the camera is no easy job. Director John McCarthy is trying to get a close-up of the engagement ring that Lawrence Grey has just slipped on Eleanor Boardman's finger. In order to get a diamond that would photograph excellently, Metro-Goldwyn had a stone especially cut to catch the light rays. You'll see the ring in "Diamond Handcuffs"
him where he could put "The Merry Widow," and what he could do with Danilo, sent to my dressing room and tore off uniform. Von followed and apologized upon we had a drink. I apologized to and we had another drink. Then we drink and I returned to the set. That cement cemented a relationship which part will never end.

Stroheim is not only one of my dearest, and I have few friends, but he my admiration and respect for being latest director we have and the greatest sionist in motion pictures.

E Merry Widow" was finished, and its entful success is motion picture history. me a famous personage. Everywhere I heard whispers and gasps, in acknowledg- ment of my presence. "There's John,
"Look, it's John," "Hello, Jack.
John!" whole thing became too fantastic for comprehend. Acting, that very thing I had been fighting and ridicule for years had brought me success, riches, renown. I was a great motion picture. Well, I'll be damned!

The camera was set. I was at ph Valentino on many parties and In the midst of my fame, I have d Rudy carefully, envying the ease with he were his crown. He possessed a which I nor any other star will ever Valentino seemed born to the purple. many of us become self-conscious, Rudy accepted it as his ul, princely heritage, and justly so. He, prince, of gallantry, and beyond all his other attributes of arististry, comeliness and a gift of royal bearing lent glamour to ing, which made him the hero lover of me!

Big Parade!" A thrill when I wrote words "The Big Parade!" As a preface remarks pertaining to this great film, it to become maudlin. No love has embral me as did the making of this. No achievement will ever excite me. No reward will ever be so great as been a part of "The Big Parade." as the high point of my career. All that allowed is balderdash.

I did not want me to play Jim Apperson and I was too sophisticated, and that I had not. Time, I had given so much trouble during "The Wife of centaur" that he had reasonable cause complaint, but what he did not know, was adjusting my gas mask. He lived that shame, and that battle could have waged had I knocked him off my director's shoulder on the day id. "Anything you have to say, say now, with your presence, and keep your mouth after we start the picture!"

I reply to King was, "In the two pictures which we made together, everything which I did was bad; was; and those is which you declared would be good, were.

I will never question your judgment And I never. One day came for starting the picture. It be my first starring vehicle for Metro- wyn-Mayer. A little six-reel movie of art, but something more behind it. That was the first to sense an underlying great- in our story, which imbued Vidor and the us with a knowledge of our responsibil- ily. Camera was set: Slim, Bull and caked with mud, were to plunge into a silled hole to escape an enemy's fire. the first scene to be photographed. As I gas mask, King approached, and outstretched. Through a grin, he ed prophetic words, the ultimate as- tion for movie makers, "Grumman's Egyp- tian, my hands, wet eyes, gulped, tian's Egyptian, baby."

"A delicate subject—but these girls must be told"

—a dean of women says

Unfortunately, this delicate subject is seldom discussed. If it were, many women could avoid a social stigma that comes with woman's oldest hygienic problem

Even among girls who are very frank with each other, there is a question of daintiness, of fastidious personal care that is unfortunately seldom mentioned. Yet many women are unconsciously guilty. At certain times they are seriously offensive to others. With realization comes constant worry. Today these fears are ended. Science has discovered a way to counteract this offense.

Kotex now completely deodorizes*

In the past ten years women have learned new comfort, new ease of mind through Kotex. Now, after years of work, a process has been perfected that completely, amazingly, ends all odors. The one remaining problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved!

Shaped to fit, too

Because corners of the pad are rounded and tapered, it may be worn without evidence under the most clinging gown. There is none of that conspicuous bulkiness so often associated with old-fashioned methods. And you can adjust the filler, make it thinner, thicker, narrower—to suit your own special needs. It is easily disposed of, no laundering is necessary. A new process makes it softer than ever before.

Buy a box today... 45c for a box of twelve. On sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores; also, through vending cabinets in rest-rooms.

Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587, granted May 22, 1928.)

Deodorizes... and 4 other important features:

1—Softer gauze ends chafing; pleasable filler absorbs as no other substance can;

2—Corners are rounded and tapered: no evidence of sanitary protection under any gown;

3—Deodorizes safely, thoroughgously, by a new and exclusive patented process;

4—Adjust it to your needs: filler may be made thinner, thicker, narrower as required;

5—It is easily disposed of: no unpleasant laundry.

Kotex The New Sanitary Pad Which Deodorizes

When you write to advertisers, please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Instant relief for eyes irritated by Sports

When you return from golf, tennis, swimming, motoring or other outdoor activities with eyes that are hot, strained and bloodshot, apply a few drops of cooling, soothing Murine. It instantly relieves the tired, burning feeling, and soon ends the bloodshot condition.

Men find Murine invaluable for clearing up their eyes in the morning and refreshing them during business. Women use it to impart new beauty to their eyes. A month's supply of this harmless lotion costs only 60c. Get acquainted with its benefits.

Write Marine Co., Dept. 27, Chicago, for FREE books on Eye Beauty and Eye Care

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

This huge machine is called the Go-Devil and was invented by F. W. Murnau for use in "The Four Devils." It is a big arm which swings in all directions and carries the director, cameras and cameramen, enabling them to photograph scenes from every possible angle. The machine weighs twenty tons and is operated by a two hundred horse-power motor. It is capable of traveling at a speed of forty miles an hour.

We started "The Big Parade."

Have any of you ever gone through an experience at school, or at college, or while in love, or while on a farm, or in the mountains, or exploring, or on a boat, or somewhere which has been so filled with work and harmony and well directed effort that you never hope or dream of such a thing re-occurring? If you have, you will understand just how I feel about "The Big Parade." It can never happen again. Sequence after sequence was good. We knew it. There was no doubt in our minds, nor any display of ego. We simply knew we were photographing honest action.

The chewing gum episode—with little Renee Adoree. Only a suggestion was offered in the script and no one really knew what would happen. Cameras started and away we went. Minute after minute after minute; impromptu, inspired; both Renee and me, guided by some unseen power, expressing beauty. And when the film was exhausted, old Pop Vidor, age thirty-four, mumuring, "I'll be damned if I ever saw a scene as good as that."

AND so we thundered along, with interludes (misquoting Frank Vreeland) "of rosebuds growing all over everything." Moment after moment of just going in and doing it. The shell hole sequence with the German soldier boy. The only thing known about it being, "Jim offers him a cigarette." and when it was over, Pop's question, "Do you think you slapped him too many times?"

And my hysterical reply, "God, no, I felt it." And King, "If you felt it, it's right."

When a picture is finished there is usually a let-down of excitement, but no such thing occurred with the completion of "The Big Parade." Our enthusiasm became greater, and then we heard the electrifying news that Sid Grauman had booked the picture for his Egyptian Theater!

A war dance in my dressing room. performed by King and me followed this information.

On the great night of the opening, Vidor and Eleanor Boardman, Norma Shearer and myself made a foursome, and petrified with fear, yet consumed with hope, we sat and watched the unrolling of our greatest efforts. Griffith was home, confined to his bed; illness, but every limb of one of us we sneaked to a telephone and let him know the film was being received.

NEED I remark that the picture was a success? I was drunk with the fulfillment of a dream. When Metro-Goldwyn leased Astor Theater in New York, for the exhibition of our epic, I went east to be present at the opening, carrying "The Big Parade" with me in my compartment on the train. The film was encased in three heavy steel boxes which guarded with an eye and an arm against such vigilance that Richard Dix, who accompanied me, was moved to ridicule.

All I said, was, "Wait till you see what inside this box." On the afternoon of the day the picture opened, I met Leatrice, who was vacationing in the east. In spite of our divorce we were still great friends, and I begged her to accompany me that night. She sensed the excitement which had prevented my eating or sleeping for three days and sweetly agreed to join me. Richard Dix and Lois Wilson completed the party and I rushed to my hotel to dress.

When we drove up to the theater the crowds roared and cheered as they saw me and Leatrice from the cab. I was trembling from head to foot. The theater was jammed with the first night crowd of stars and critics. The orchestra burst forth, then died away. The huge lights were dimmed and the picture flashed on the screen. Vidor gradually came silent, and the most thrilling moment of my life began. I ceased to exist for the world. I grew numb, and riveting my eyes on the screen, sat as if dead for two hours. A title flashed before me: "The End." At cheers and applause and thunderous acclaim I remained rigid. It was over. Yet could not move my limbs to move, nor my breath to function. Not until all the people I left the theater was I capable of rising from my seat. Even then I could hardly move. Torn pieces of linen were scattered all over my clothing. Leatrice told me I had ripped two handkerchiefs to shreds.

Skin Troubles

Poslam Often Ends Pimples in 24 hours

Pimples, black heads, eczema, rashes and other blemishes cleared up quickly and safely by Poslam. Used successfully for all skin troubles for twenty years. It must be good. Thousands of un solicited letters from delighted users tell of amazing cures. Any case, you won't lose money, no list, or let us prove to you free that Poslam will clear and beauty your skin.

FREE PROOF SAMPLE

See amazing improvement within 24 hours. Free, No cost, Refund, today for generous trial size of Poslam, Simply mail your name and address.

Poslam Co., 256 W. 54th St., New York, N.Y.
edreds of people were still milling about
front of the theater when we made our
Police reserves had to escort us to our
We were driven to a cale to join a party
by Marcus Loew. As we stepped from
a flash light exploded. Leatrice and
led were caught and photographed in
The picture was supposed to have
ed only Leatrice and me.
ushed into the cafe and found our
table. Marcus, bless him, saw my pit-
haustion, and produced a flank. Con-
tions were showered upon me.
I longed for King and Irving to be
share in this triumph. I suggested
ice that we sneak away and be alone
as willing, so we made our excuses, and
ed off to a tiny night club, where we
d and talked till dawn. Then I took her
When I returned to my hotel, I
for those morning newspapers, and got
all over again, reading the reviews of
picture. No such adjectives had ever
used to describe a movie. I sat for hours
and thrilling to the printed phrases
I staggered to bed and slept around the
had sounded the depths and reached the
of emotional excitement. I never expect
experience to occur to me again,
so I say, and please understand, that I
concluded my career in pictures. Other
was followed, but the thrill that accom-
and the creation of my great character
as all subsequent achievement appear dull
dearly in comparison.
"Boheme." Artistic and delicate, but
believable.
ardelys, The Magnificent." Applesauce.
one, John Gilbert, contributing most of
chess and the Devil." Mildly exciting
use of its brazen display of sex lure, but
important for me because of my meeting
a glorious person named Garbo.
he Show." Nothing whatever to be proud
wanted to do "Lillom," but was denied
privilege of making that fine story. "The
was its illegitimate spew. I was rotten
elieve Miles Out." A story of boot-
ing, with lovable Ernest Torrence to lift
with humor and conflict.
love." A cheap interpretation of Tolstoy's
or, which, containing some memo-
moments, is at best a sob sister's love tale.
Russian "East Lynne." "Fan Woman and Sin." My God, what
be! It could have been great, but it
't. I have my own private reasons for
dure, which I am not permitted at this
to disclose and so it goes on. And so I go on.
rt all that has happened, the result of
fteen years of striving, I am deeply grate-
thand still, slightly dazed.
other day I was walking down Hill
in Los Angeles, when I was accosted by
orman. I beamed as I recognized Bob
art, from "bushwa" days at Inceville.
Whattled a while, then Bob asked me what
is doing. I informed him that I had just
ched a picture. He was astonished, "My
ill in that game?" I acknowledged my
ility at still bucking the movies for a
"You're a fool for punishment," he
ized. "Better get out before they lick
and patting my shoulder, he swung along
is beat. Such is fame. I gazed after him,
us of his oblivion to everything except
sh, his home, and the central station,
casionally I take a long afternoon drive up
beach beyond Santa Monica. Where the
ing and streets and western streets of
ville used to be, are now the red flags and
ge placards of a new subdivision, called
cellare. My stomach sickens as I turn
yesward and hurriedly pass this hideous
section of what was once my glorious
ground. One piece of movie statuary
Remains; high up on a hill, the weatherbeaten legs and torso of a plaster horse which once ornamented the square before a great set representing the German Kaiser's palace. A state of depression invariably follows my return from this drive, and lingers with me for hours.

To-day, however, in the Valentine's Day letter which his brother, who is just across the hill from my home, sent me last night, he told me that a little baby who lives in the town of Tangee, in a neighboring county, and who has a very bad cold, had taken 'such a sigh of relief' at the thought of my coming, that I was to see her and he add the baby had the coldest of colds before it saw me.

Letters from boys in magazines, characterizing me as being hateful, cowardly, egotistical, selfish, inarticulate, ungrateful, ugly, colorless and insipid do not contribute greatly to my happiness. Neither do such misguided epistles disturb me to any great extent. The least way to get back at my bad acting, is by not going to see my pictures. Don't you agree?

To you, when seventeen critics praise my performance to the skies, and seventeen others equally, or more intelligent, condemn, with such descriptive terms as stupid, tiresome, uninspired, lacking in all personality and originality, I am more convinced than ever that acting is too fleeting an expression for the quick pass just comment upon. Being an actor is being a horse that makes way for dawn and a new sunset.

My ambition is to produce my own picture, and I think I will come a cropper as I did in "The tourists." But one thing that I am determined to do is to destroy for all time the accepted character of the motion picture hero. My leading men will be men and not buffoons who try to obtain copies of any or all of these issues, may do so by sending 25 cents for each copy desired to Photoplay, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, II.

THE END

Jack Gilbert's Life Story appeared in the June, July, August and September Issues of Photoplay, for an answer to the question, "What is the photograph to do with Photoplay?"

Greta Garbo made two pictures in 1926 under the direction of Mauritz Stiller. Griffith had nothing to say about her in any of the early pictures. He didn't even know she existed. I wasn't surprised when she became a movie star. Her first American film was "The Tor" but she was—and still is—under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She is not only but she likes to be alone and at parties. John Gilbert is her favorite lead- man and not Lon Chaney. D. W. Griffith named Mary Pickford "Druid of Love" and "Loves"—without the drum—adapted from Tolstoi's novel "Anna Karen" and it was directed by Edmund Goulding. If Olivia takes Aunt Hezekiah to the study, it is Oona. Doris Day pronounces "On" on the set, because Greta doesn't like vis hanging around when she is acting.

The Nutty Biography of Ronald Colman was particularly enjoyed. The picture was "My Man Godfrey," and he was cast as a "fisherman" for American films by Louis B. Mayer.

THE END

The landlady's son told Aunt Hezekiah a fine collection of fish. Miss Garbo works at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio in Culver City, not at Universal. She is the Devil and she is fascinating, but she is Swedish. Still Hungarian. She is and she is Swedish because she is not married to D. W. Griffith, or any other American. Some of the scenes of Griffith's "Hearts of the World" were filmed in France, with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, but Greta was in Sweden at the time. She was too young to be a war nurse and any way, Sweden was a neutral, and the Hungarians fought with the Austrians and Germans against the Allied forces.

Once again, it was Vilma Banky who was discovered by her brother, who is Mr. Goldwyn. Aunt Hezekiah has Vilma and Greta mixed up all through her Nutty Biography.

Winners and Solutions of July Nutty Biographies

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Fathering a Film Star

[continued from page 71]

e all moved back to Hollywood again from there I was transferred to London to charge of production in the Famous studio.

during this time, my good friend, Charlie Chan, came to visit in England. I met him in the boat docked at Southampton and with him, by train and automobile, on triumphant return to his native London.

several times during this highly exciting nerve-racking entry, I was puzzled when little, apropos of nothing at all, confided: "

"I have a test of a girl I want you to see." Naturally, at first, I was polite but as Charlie repeating about the test, I frankly told I wasn't interested.

TOPPED that night with him in his suite the Ritz, and the very first thing in the ring he asked his valet to dig out a reel from his luggage. This he handed to and said:

"There's the test I made of that girl . . . must see it?"

gain I told him I wasn't interested in a of anyone in America, as it was simply obvious and silly to think about even considering anyone so far away.

had lunch and dinner with him and we stayed late in the night over the streets of don, as he pointed out many places familiar to him.

returning to the hotel, he again handed me a can of film and said:

"You must take that along."

pretended to take it, and after bidding goodnight, purposely left the can on a table in the parlor.

he next day, I had lunch with him again he reminded me that I had forgotten the film.

A dozen times during the day, he hovered around me taking it along and had valet put it with his overcoat and hat.

left the film again.

But the next morning, shortly after I arrived at the studio, a Rolls-Royce drove up a chauffeur got out, carrying the can of film to the studio to me.

WAS becoming annoyed now, and an assistant asked me what I wanted done with it. I told him I didn't care.

after that afternoon, I was looking at our daily "rushes" in the studio projecting them. When I had finished, the operator turned the opening and said that there was another reel there . . . did I want to that? I told him surely I did . . . not knowing that it was the one Chaplin was trying to foist upon me.

he lights went out and the film was projected upon the screen. The first few feet was of a beautiful castle. Then, in the back-ground, the lone figure of a girl came walking out and down to foreground . . . and then closed to a close-up.

was Carmelita,

he was smiling and she spoke directly to me saying (as a title popped out on the screen):

"Hello, Papa!"

he looked at me and smiled . . . then kissed me and started to walk away . . .

I stopped, and, turning around again, said: "I hope you're not mad at me for being in picture."

he next instant, Doug Fairbanks came pipping out alongside of Carmelita, and, pointing his finger towards me, said:

"Say, we all think Carmelita ought to be in it . . . what's the matter with you?"

then Mary Pickford walked out . . . put

"Now I know . . .!"

She did not know what was the matter . . . she was not ill . . . but something was wrong. The old energy was gone. Her married life seemed to have become a failure. Was it her fault? She asked a doctor to examine her. He told her what was wrong.

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"Lysol" Disinfectant is sold at retail only in the brown bottle packed in the yellow carton.


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Dirty political influences are at work in pictures. Look at this, Mayor Walker! Snookums is photographed shaking hands with Minnie, the elephant. The elephant is the symbol of the Republican party. Hist, hist! It's a plot!
New Amateur Movie Contest

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

...less abroad, although he had trouble in Italy getting 35-millimeter film in short lengths available for the Eyemo. Frequently he had to utilize makeshift dark house to thread in such odd pieces as he could chase.

...interesting new amateur accessories are now on the market, available to home movie makers. For instance, there is a new film footage meter, now adaptable to the Movio and the Victor and shortly usable with the Cine-Kodak. Heretofore, amateurs have had to guess at the length of shots, since the gauge dial is out of sight when the machine is in operation. The new audible footage meter clicks off the footage and the amateur can tell in his shots. The meter is easily usable.

Sets of vignetting masks are now supplied with the Filmo. With these you can shoot heart-shaped pictures, pictures apparently through key holes and via binoculars.

There are clover-leaf masks for country clubs and so on. This opens up a new way an amateur can copy professional cinematography.

You now can buy specially built cabinets which house your camera, your projector, your film and the rest of your equipment. And, of course, your loose reels. These come in black and console models.

Pictures or Football?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

...you counting little things like cracked ribs? Do you ever have your dress catch fire in the middle of a game?

"Dress, Bebe? What do you think football is a masquerade ball?"

"Some of the games I've seen look like one. Anyway, when I was doing 'Monsieur Beauregard' I wore a crinoline dress and took her twenty minutes to hook myself into. Folds and folds of it. Hoops."

"A page boy in the picture was following me with a flaming torch until he got his feet mixed up and fell against me with that much."

"The whole dress caught on fire.

A BOUT two weeks before that Martha Mansfield had been burned to death in such an accident.

"I started to run for the hose and as I did so heard the director say, 'My God! Martha Mansfield!'"

"I stopped running and rolled on the floor to put out those darn flames. Poor artha had kept on running and fanned the flames beyond control. They finally smothered the fire with coats and things but believe me, you have never spent moments like that on a gridiron."

"No! Ever wait to catch a punt when you saw two ends were going to hit you in the mud the moment you did?"

"And did you ever play for over an hour in the cold and wet when you felt so brittle you were sure you were going to crack apart like a pretzel when some one tackled you up?"

"I can imagine it," she said. "It must be nothing like the feeling you get when you play a scene for over an hour in ice water up your neck and you know if you don't look

No wonder the amazing comfort of Modess is appreciated

IN the eminently respectable year of 1905, the well-dressed woman wore, by actual measurement, thirty-nine and seven-eighths yards of material. Today, she wears three and one-eighth yards. Old-fashioned substitutes for the modern sanitary napkin simply won't do.

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If your beauty is sun-marred, freckled, deeply tanned, perhaps lined about the
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Cleanse with Valaze Bleaching Cream
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Three chairs for Eddie Nugent! The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player
takes his morning exercise and the photographer asks him to hold
that pose for a still picture.
REN GRASS WIDOWS—Tiffany-Stahl

STAHLE managed to get Walter Hagen
the course long enough to star him in a
but the story is impossible. It's bound
in the world professional golf cham-
fauls in a match to a young chap whose
career depends on the tournament
Nice sentiment, but it just isn't done.
akes the sporting gesture for Gertrude
ad and Johnnie Harron, undergraduate
arts. Swell stuff for the golf-goofy.

THE COWBOY KID—Fox

You remember the first movies? How a
love, handsome lad rescued the fair
from a dozen bad bands, single
How he performed more miracles in
mates than the Knights of King Arthur's
Table were allowed in a lifetime? Well,
then's a melodrama about a New World
that lad reincarnated and this is his
picture. If you do not wish to develop
children's imagination, let them see it.

LITTLE WILD GIRL—Hercules

Sather a jolt to see the demure Lila Lee
as a small town's wild girl. And Cullen
is amazingly tailored for a tall timber
but it is otherwise adequate. There are all
usual frontier props and atmosphere, but
it is terribly dumb. Some Canadian
woods yokels, who aren't frighteningly
awed, try to run a nice but stage-
girl out of town for visiting the city.
Such things be?

SERGEANT MULLIGAN—Anchor

VN an all-star cast won't keep you from
regaining this as a direct offspring of
the Front." The only thing that
ent is the mild kick injected by Wesley
Miller and Waite Boteler, two book
pals. They fall for a coy Verdun damsel who
out to be a man spy. Gareth Hughes
a fair job of stealing Julian Eltinge's stuff.
A mean pair of eyes that baby turns

WAN OF THE DUGOUTS—Anchor

OTHER war comedy. Danny O'Shea
ves a sparkling characterization of a hot-
ball hall shiek whose life ambition is
be a cowboy. When the war starts,
setie (Pauline Garon) quits him cold and
the Red Cross. To Danny, the row in
is just a conspiracy to keep him from
gettin' even, so he joins the army to find her.
'll production, but good gags and hot
make you howl.

THE GATE CRASHER—Universal

Of those in-between comedies with a
hilarious mustache to relieve the gags
make you wonder who ever thought they
seem funny! Too bad, for Glen Tryon
able funster and deserves consistent
theN publicity Ruth Morley gives able support.
story-wiggles about a kick wich
 discovers a jewel thief without use of
a Rhyme or reason. A good excuse to stay
for an evening.

PROWLER OF THE SEA—
Tiffany-Stahl

ULD an officer neglect his duty for a
woman? When the woman is Carmel
Garber, garbed in Cuban mantilla and filly
at here is only one answer to this question.
Cortez makes it and gets into all of the
ities which come to an enamoured,
tful commander. George Fawcett, the
particularly charming, has a tender
for the young lover, however. An excep-
ty well acted, interesting and above-the-
program picture.
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**DEL-A-TONE**

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**GANG WAR—FBQ**

OLIVE BORDEN and Jack Pickford (now in the hospital) are teamed for romance in this likeable crook melodrama. This is Olive's first appearance with bobbed hair, which may account for her new abandon and better acting. Eddie Gibbon, erstwhile comedian, turns dramatic and gives us thrills instead of laughs as he plays boss of the racket gangs. He and Jack are cast as rivals, but what chance has a fighter against a "sobbing saxophone singer"? Good entertainment.

**THREE RING MARRIAGE—First National**

**MARSHALL NEILAN** brings to the films another romantic drama of circus life that will delight all ages. The circus atmosphere is not realistic but actual, for the picture is made with Barnus' Circus. Lloyd Hughes has a circus cowboy role and Mary Astor the feminine replica, but the romantic complications originate prior to this, when the college girl deserts wealth to pursue the man of her choice. Heart interest and Neilan comedy assured. What better?

**STOP THAT MAN—Universal**

**NOW here is a comedy!** No wonder Arthur Lake got the second Harold Teen role. Warner Richard and Eddie Gibbon are stern policemen, afflicted with a kid brother (Arthur) who would rather be a cop than eat. He grabs a uniform and makes a fatal public appearance. He meets Barbara Kent and falls hard. From then on, he gets absolutely convincing to bluffs the girl and at the same time ducks his brothers. A riot of fun.

**SKIRTS—M.-G.-M.**

**THE next time Sid Chaplin makes a picture, he'd better stay on American soil until it's finished.** This alleged comedy, with its mother-in-law picture, dripping moth-balls, has all the earmarks of an English sense of humor, than which there is nothing whicber. Sid has admirably lived down his native British influences by his famous super-comedies, but there's bound to be a throw-back sometimes, and this is it. Good titles, but you can read at home.

**POLLY OF THE MOVIES—First Division**

**THIS is a "quickie" made with little money and little time.** It is amusing, light entertainment. A silly story about an ugly girl who has a passion for the movies which only Hollywood can conquer. A small town boy has lend a helping hand to the movie city. The treatment is novel and the work of Jason Robards makes you wonder why we don't see more of him in the movies. Worth new-hood-theater prices.

**HOT NEWS—Paramount**

**FOR sure-fire entertainment, see Bebe Daniels.**

---

**BABY CYCLONE—M.-G.-M.**

**THE stage play by this name was a comedy, but the picture cannot be considered a mirth-provoker. Splendid material is wasted by the time Aileen Pringle, Lew Cody, Robert Benchley, and Sidney Howard's others have been done to the bone. Same goes for the Polynesian, through five reels—even if he were a maraudous clown. It's like watching the antics of your friend's boy, when you want the friendly talk with you. Cody and Armstrong don't an excellent intoxicated sequence, but the picture is mediocre.

**OBEY YOUR HUSBAND—Anchors**

**DOROTHY DWAN and Gaston Glass attractive in the romantic roles of this production, and a fair program picture is the result.** Following a midnight elopement, a young husband finds himself in love with a woman in a big way, so his pleasure-loving wife, who must be tamed every minute, starts raising hankies with hubby's bank account gambling joint. From then on, everything happens but a flood and an earthquake—none of it means a thing.

**THE SPEED CHAMPION—Raya**

**SMALL town stuff in all its kick glory, a grocery boy knocks out a visiting pug, gets an offer of overnight success from a a standing-fight promoter. Without any folly, the kid buys one champ's eye in a brother deal, and, oddly enough, goes back to sticks for his biggest fight. There he finds a girl, does a little face lifting on his arrival, pays the mortgage on pop's grocery. Isn't it just too original?**

**UNDESSURED—Sterling**

**NOT an amorous expose, as the title would lead you to believe. It's nothing in world but a harangue on parents who stand their children and treat them monorons. A young lady pays off a bridge by posing for a cad artist. When she refuses to give in, he attempts compromise by redacting her portrait into a nude. Not exactly good enough for players like Virginia Brown Fa, Hedda Hopper and David Torrence.**

---

**Girls' Problems**

*(continued from page 18)*

Sometimes there are other matters, of almost equal importance, to be considered. Manners and mannerisms and conversation may need a general refurbishing, after the personal business. Don't neglect—during your period of preparation for the winter—to renew these things.

Read a chapter in the most comprehensive book of etiquette and, also, read some of the novels of which people in the "know" are talking.

Clothes and complexion and hair will carry your long way, Eleanor. They will welcome you an entrée to the good times and the gayety that are planned in the autumn. But you will always need more than appearance to make you a social success after the entrée is gained.

An ability to talk pleasantly and easily—and to listen when other people talk. To listen intelligently. A sense of the fitness things—an adaptability and a poise. To have also have their place. It isn't necessary be the life of the party—so many do. To think. Not any more than it is necessary wear the best clothes or the most dazzling beauty.

But just as it is necessary to make most of yourself in the matter of hair, complexion and clothes, so it is necessary the make most of your brain and above all your personality!

**LEONA M.:** Do not worry too much about the young man's apparent lack of interest. He is probably staying away from you to make interested! He is being clever: Be equal clever, yourself.

---

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Hollywood Finds Its Voice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

y waitress had one of those incredible stung lips such as only Russian girls have. She gave me an idea for a song: "Oh To Be A
In Russia! I asked her if she was the sed Grand Duchess Tatiana.
No," she said, "I am the one who is not a lady." And subtly smiling, she went for my borscht. In her return I remarked that there was a
thing as an irrelat verb in English, if it was a verb at all. A pretty girl we are all in
honor of, but I don't know there is the matter of enunciation of articulation. Everyone who hopes to
someone is talking about reciting Marc Loewy's Funeral Oration or Porter's Speech of
This just as we did practice in High School oratory.
D nurse must cultivate a pleasing voice, or she is not one that matches one's pictorial personality, like the perfume or the cigarette. Golds can't do the work alone. Indeed if nurses worked wonders claimed for them, we'd have voices like the Japanese wet-singing crickets.
S one says it's that offsets the operatic act of the cigarette, but this doubtless is a huge word put forth by the drags. Bootleggers did advertise. It's the only way to get a new deal. Besides, I, for one, never can remember a telephone number.

One of my girl friends asked hopefully, I didn't think talking pictures would put on Del Rio out of the running. Au revoir, an accent is always an asset. Nadi
n was tutored to perfect English by Dick Butenschon's mother but Alla always saved a little accent for a rainy day, and a nest
it gives her. What's true for Alla is true for me, my pupil, Bull Montana, al
ugh Bull relatives are too heavily on his part. However, as for voice, I can assure you that you will be able to hear Bull from any part of the house.

LET one of the Warner boys at lunch in the "One-On-Inn. He urged me to visit their new Hollywood theater and hear and see "Glorious
The theater is beautiful, and the prologue next," he said. "The picture is not much—it made that."
Young Buster Collier made a speech from the screen inviting us to see "The Lion and the
" the week. I know Buster, he
a sincerely fine personality. But I wasn't spared for the booming voice he let forth. But he has been reciting Marc's Funeral Oration too much or is smoking the wrong kind of cigarettes. Later on in the evening, were equally rocked by Conrad Nagel's eliminations. But this will all be remedied. The talking picture is in the pioneer novelty stage just where the movie was as marvelled at

Renee Adoree

Renee Adoree, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Star, says, "Morning, noon, or night—I can always depend upon my Health Builder to keep me vigorously healthy and to gently massage away unwanted weight."

EDMUND LOWE

"I never knew I could feel so well until I began my daily use of the Health Builder", says Edmund Lowe, Motion Picture Star, featured by Fox Productions.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY in 15 Minutes a Day!

RADIANT health and the alluring personality that is always associated with it are vital to success in stage or screen work. Small wonder then that so many of the popular favorites are enthusiastic users of the Battle Creek Health Builder.

Oscillate Your Way to Health

So easy, so delightful to exercise and massage your entire body in this scientific new way. Just 15 minutes of daily massage and vibratory-exercise stimulates the circulation, speeds elimination, builds muscle and takes off weight quickly and safely in any part of the body.

No longer is tedious dieting or back-breaking exercises the price one must pay for a figure of youthful lines. Your Battle Creek Health Builder, perfected by a world-famous physician, manufactured under the patent of Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, gives you a better massage than the most expert masseur could give you. Thousands now keep this fitted way, many upon the advice of their physicians.

SANITARIUM EQUIPMENT CO.
Room ADS155
Battle Creek, Michigan

Send for FREE Book
"Health and Beauty in Fifteen Minutes a Day" is a most interesting FREE book telling how the Health Builder keeps you fit. Get the facts about this scientific method.

Write for your copy—TODAY!
The Battle Creek "Health Builder" is made by the manufacturers of the famous Battle Creek SUNARC Bath and the "Mechanical Health Horse"
Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

Armpits Dry and Odorless

More than a million men and women, formerly victims of excessive underarm perspiration—its odor and destructive stains—now keep their armpits dry and odorless by using NONSPI (an antibiotic liquid) used and endorsed by physicians and nurses.

You can keep your armpits dry and odorless—you can save your clothing, you can free yourself from the embarrassment caused by underarm perspiration and its odor. A few drops of NONSPI used on an average of twice a week will keep your armpits dry and odorless.

NONSPI, used and endorsed by physicians and nurses, does not actually stop perspiration—only diverts the odor and diverts the underarm perspiration to other parts of the body where there is a better evaporation.

NONSPI will preserve that sense of cleanliness so essential to all well groomed men and women. NONSPI will keep your armpits dry, odorless and sweet. Use the year around—spring, summer, fall and winter.

Try NONSPI! Purchase a bottle from your Toilet Goods Dealer or Drug Store. 15c (several months’ supply) or if you prefer Accept our 10c Trial Offer (several weeks’ supply)

Screen Story Success through PALMER TRAINING

If you have the urge, the desire to see your own stories on the screen or in print, the Palmer Institute can help you. Palmer Courses are personal, inspirational and of immeasurable help both to the beginner and to the experienced writer.

Charles Kenyon, author of the Iron Horse, says about the Palmer Courses and training: "The Palmer Institute is better equipped to teach the screen story than any institution outside of a motion picture studio. The fact that studios are too busy making pictures to teach people how to make them leaves the Palmer Institute alone in its field... the Palmer Photoplay course will have saved me at least a year in arriving at my present position and income."

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP

Dept. 12-J, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Cal.

Please send me, without obligation, details about how courses I have checked:

I. Short Story Writing  II. Photoplay Writing

Address: ____________________________

Name: ____________________________

City: ____________________________

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Eggs and Onions

(Continued from page 67)

last three pictures. Directors had to be offered large sums of money to work with them. Cutters despaired of ever pleasing them. Camera men jumped up and down on their hats. Public of men treasured for fear the story of their hatred would "break" in the papers and magazines. And now they were engaged to be married! The studio shrugged its shoulders.

actors were a strange if beautiful trio. And they read the papers in bed, over the morning coffee, and he murmured nothing but "Well, I'll be damned!" to his negro valet, who busied himself with the room on the other side.

After all, what could he, Andy, have done yesterday? He was a gentle, man, if nothing else, and Felicite sprung the gag on the reporter, there was nothing to do but smile and simper—yes, simper—a blushing idiot while she told how she had fallen in love with him when she first saw him on the screen, years and years ago, when she was just a child (a child, his eye, she was every bit as old as he was). And he had sat by and listened to all this and grinned like a chump and had been shaken hands with by the reporter as he hurried off to set the tale to the big scoop he had just gotten.

And what about Julie! Good Lord, what would Julie say? Julie was his wife—er—he meant his ex-wife, but he could call her his wife if he wanted to call her that. He had never approved of the silly divorce. He had been as good to her as he could be. There was no other woman ever. He had been true to her and when he said good-bye after the divorce was over, he had told her that he would be as good to anyone else again, and she had laughed. Why had she left him? For such a silly reason, she had said that she just simply couldn't live with an actor for another minute. That was all! There had never been a quarrel, not a single cross word ever. And he, at this very minute was reading of his engagement to Felicite Bancroft. Felicite meant happiness or something, didn't it? What a name for it to choose. Fanny Blanks—she had been.

JULIE—his ex-wife—his ex-wife, his damn ex-wife—reading nonsense about his being engaged to a girl whom he actively hated. And she was believing it and remembering about his telling her that he would never love another woman.

He reached for the phone by his bed.

Julie's maid's voice was calm. "Mrs. Wheaton is out."

But that was a lie. Julie might at least have answered his mother's phone. And he was not prepared to explain. Out—out at that hour of the morning! Why, she never thought of going out then. She was always up early, but she was seeing that his house was in order, looking after the servants, watching his fan mail. What a mess the house had become since she had left. And for what a reason she had got the divorce—she just couldn't be married to an actor. He was a gentle, man and wouldn't stop it.

He was greeted at the studio by an enthusiastic gateman. "Want to congratulate you, Mr. Wheaton? Scorpio is sure a nice picture."

And he had to smile, a smile that could have saved his soul from the vaulting dips...
Women with complexions that seemed permanently clouded, too sensitive, or coarse-textured, have found a way to attain a clear, soft skin.

Women with a continual succession of blackheads and blemishes, have found that this simple daily treatment would often clear away even serious skin disorders, in a reasonable time.

Yet there is no mystery about it. It is simply a method of keeping the skin functioning normally.

To reach below the skin surface

Deep down in the under layers of your skin is where the trouble starts. Tiny glands secreting moisture, pores throwing off poisons, capillaries rushing fresh blood in and carrying off infection—here is a delicate balance of forces. With healthy vigor and activity comes a clear, fresh complexion. Too much or too little stimulation, and there starts that long succession of blemishes and faults that women are constantly trying to avoid.

To cleanse the pores, to carry off infection, and then to stop new infection before it starts—thousands of women have learned the daily use of Resinol Soap. Cleansing, soothing, mildly stimulating, Resinol sinks deep into the pores and starts the skin again acting normally.

Also as a general toilet soap—for baby’s tender skin, for shampooing, for the bath! Note its clean, tonic odor.

For the more serious affections

RESINOL OINTMENT has for years been successful in relieving even stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish promptly. Thousands have wondered at the quickness of its action. And it is absolutely harmless.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

DEPT. 9-11, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me, without charge, a trial size tube of Resinol Soap, and a sample of Resinol Ointment—for several days' ordinary use.

Name.

Street.

City. State.
Beauty Is More Than Skin Deep

(Continued from page 37)

toward that end, I learned about the human body from the viewpoint of science — the curves and the lines that denote health and physical well-being. And because of that learning, the anatomist and the artist have always stood side-by-side within me as I have surveyed these girls in my search for beauty. Physical perfection and beauty go hand-in-hand.

Now, both the anatomist and the artist look at women through sexless eyes. Yet, paradoxical though it may seem, those sexless eyes are seeking in women the very things that are sought by the eyes of the male in quest of his mate. This sexless beauty-search of science and art is paralleled by the yearning for beauty that Nature gives men, as part of her tremendous machine of sex and love.

—and there I've epitomized the story of my own romance.

It was a few years ago that I was one of the judges in a beauty contest in a New York hotel. Harrison Fisher was another; Lowell Sherman, the actor, was the third. Before us three, there paraded a line of girls who sought the crown that was to be awarded the night's "Queen of Beauty." One at a nearby table, I could hear a merry party urging one of their number—a truly beautiful blonde girl—to get into the contest just for the fun of it.

She did. And for a moment or two she stood out so dizzingly from those others that we unanimously awarded her the prize. Her name was Helen Cunningham. She had been featured by Florencio Ziegfeld in his Follies in New York.

When I returned to the table with Fisher and Sherman, after placing the crown on this girl's head, I was in a daze. These two began to "kid" her.

"What's the matter, Henry?" asked Harrison.

"I thought you were used to beautiful girls!"

"But I've never seen such a magnificent blonde," I murmured.

"Well, why don't you marry the girl?" Sherman flung at me, jestingly.

"Now that you've brought the matter up," I answered while they laughed, "I WILL!"

—and four weeks later, I did.

WHOEVER first wise-cracked that "beauty is only skin-deep" was just making epigrams instead of telling the truth. The truth is that beauty is one of the most inclusive terms there is. It goes much deeper than skin. The beauty that is so evident on first glance at face and form, but also beauty of mind, beauty of voice, beauty of character. It means beauty in carriage, bearing, poise. If a woman isn't beautiful in everything, she simply isn't beautiful, is she? She is either beautiful or not beautiful; if there is a flaw, there's no beauty. And that flaw may lie in any of a number of places.

An illustration:

Some time ago, the Los Angeles newspapers reported my arrival there in quest of a blonde beauty that had been titled "The Hidden Girl" and featured by Florencio Ziegfeld in one of his revues.

Of course, an immediate avalanche of blonde girls paraded before me, the celebrated film players and extras, waitresses and stenographers, home-girls and business girls. The telephone and mail brought countless suggestions that I see this girl or that. And they came to me.

One after the other, I rejected them. Some of them were utterly hopeless at first glance, although they couldn't see it themselves.

Others appeared beautiful at first—but soon these beauties of the moment were revealed for what they were. This, of course, was the magnificent-looking tiger-haired creature that I met at a gathering of film players one evening.

When I laid eyes on her, I thought my search was over. "Here," said I, "is the Golden Girl! Ziggie will rave over her. . . ."

I asked my host to introduce me. He did. I flashed my jaded eyes and while I murmured some compliment on the unapproachable acknowledgment of the introduction. And then she opened her mouth and spoke—

"Have you ever experienced the disillusion of hope growing stronger than the voice of your lover?" And I wondered how it was possible that so beautiful a creature could make such an ungady sound?

Well, that's how it was with this girl—she had a voice that would have better fitted a scullery-salter! Superficially beautiful she was, but could you imagine a voice like that in a Ziegfeld revue?

"But it wasn't her fault, was it?" you protest. I have a hunch, though, that it was.

There isn't a voice that can't be modulated and bettered. And liquor won't do any voice—particularly the delicate voice of a young woman who has just come off the stage.

Now don't get me wrong. I'm no moralist. Those that know me will testify to that. Any woman in the world—beautiful or ugly—may be the best of women. If she has a heart, and a brain, and a body, and a soul. But moderation, that's the watchword—Old John Q. Moderation is one of the very best friends that Lady Beauty ever had.

And so, in the final analysis, physical beauty is more in my line. I paint the tangible things. The other things may be included, but it is obvious that the specimen of the woman's figure finds itself at rest on canvas, it's only the lines and the colors that count. So once again I'll restrict my field of discussion to the ladies who stand or sit, or lie, on canvas.

Too many of these modern girls have too little of one and too much of the other—too few lines and too many colors.

And very often they have a "line" but no lines—no more lines than a telegraph pole or a beanpole, and who ever called beanpoles beautiful? These girls who try to look like beanpoles or that remember that beanpoles were coveted for utilitarian purposes. And I don't think any girl prefers "utility" to "beauty" when it's applied to herself.

It's a funny thing, isn't it?—so many of these girls will go to the beaches and laugh themselves sick over the funny figures on the boy friends when they get in bathing suits. And yet what do they do, these girls?—they go right ahead and try to get exactly that kind of a figure themselves—that "boyish form," you know.

It doesn't make sense, does it? Seems that women's minds function in paradigms. Like this: They wish to be admired by men. Well, ever since time dawned, men have admired the curves of the female figure. Logic would be for women then, to manipulate those curves in their beauty. But do they? They DO NOT!—they try to make their figure as un-female as possible—flat-chested, hipless, as straight-up and-down as a fourteen-year-old boy's!

A STRAIGHT line is the shortest distance between two points. But when a man looks at a woman, he doesn't seek a straight line. He minds a detour or two—in the right places. In fact, he rather expects them and looks for them.

And I call this misunderstanding! Remember what I said about moderation—and so don't go to the other extreme. Even more distasteful to the eyes of the artist than the non-affect "boyish" form is that ancient...
Suppose that you have been away from the theatre for a week or two — that's not too much, is it? — and you come in contact with Frankie Combs, the most popular beautician in the world. She tells you that the women of today are no longer content with the old-fashioned, long-haired style. They want something new and different. Frankie says she has been experimenting with a new type of hair, which she calls the \"Golden Girl\" style. It's a style that's perfect for any woman, regardless of her hair color or length. Frankie shows you a few samples of this new style, and you're amazed at how beautiful it looks.

Frankie says that the key to achieving the \"Golden Girl\" look is to start with healthy, well-nourished hair. She suggests using Ace Combs, which she claims are the best in the world. According to Frankie, Ace Combs help to keep hair healthy and strong, which is essential for achieving the \"Golden Girl\" style.

You're impressed by Frankie's knowledge and expertise, and you decide to try the \"Golden Girl\" style yourself. You visit your local beauty supply store and purchase a few Ace Combs. You're excited to see the results.

A few weeks later, you decide to try the \"Golden Girl\" style again. You're amazed at how much better it looks this time. You realize that the key to achieving the \"Golden Girl\" style is not just the style itself, but also the quality of the combs you use.

Frankie's right — Ace Combs are the best in the world. They help to keep hair healthy and strong, which is essential for achieving the \"Golden Girl\" style. Thank you, Frankie, for all your help. You're the best.
“Make” the Band
With a CONN

YOU play tunes in the very first lessons, with a new CONN instrument and modern methods of teaching. In a short period of measurable practice you are prepared to take your place in a band.

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G. C. CONN, Ltd., 928 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.

Questions and Answers

Questions from the stage are:

M. R. M., St. Louis, Mo. — You don’t wear much, do you? You don’t have a very large hat to make the old man work. Rolling up his sleeves, I will plunge right in: Corin Griffith has blue eyes and light brown hair. American. Married to Eugene Wilson, a
doctor. They have a mill, the largest in the state. They have a blue apple and a red apple. Mrs. Wilson is a
domestic. She was born in St. Paul, Minn., twenty-two years ago. He has dark brown hair and blue eyes. He
takes her to the dance every Saturday night. He is
described as a fair-looking young man.

Billie D., Montreal, Canada. — Your in
naminate suits you perfectly. Yes, Richard Di
was very ill but fortunately he has recovered. He was born in St. Paul, Minn., thirty-two years ago. He
has dark brown hair with dark brown eyes. Write to Larry Kent at the Fox Theatre, 1401 N. Western Avenue,
Calgary. And come around again often as you like.

S. H. S., Mount Vernon, N. Y. — William Powell was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 25, 1892. That’s why he is given to dark deeds.

And to answer the second question: He is six feet tall, weighs 180 pounds and has
dark brown hair and grey eyes. He is known as Eileen Wilson, a star actress. No, Irene Rich didn’t play in the
revival of “Fashion.” So far as I know it’s a question whether she has ever been on the stage.
A Plea for Privacy
[Continued from page 65]

...turns upon you and destroys you if any unpleasantness comes up in your personal
affairs.
The only reputation which means anything at which rests upon good performances.
Creeen actors have been ruined ere now
by some unpleasantness in their private
affairs. But the recent unhappy circumstances
which arose in Chaplin's life did him no dam-
aging injury. People like Chaplin's pictures. They en-
hance their performances. And they are going to
him in the theater, regardless of any ac-
fumptions which may be made against him. He is
an artist. And his fame rests on that fact
so far.

What we do at home—what we eat or wear—
the things we have in our houses—our
private relations—have nothing to do with
pictures we make.
I am going to keep the two things separated.
Two people cannot live in the public eye
stantly, every move watched and noted.
I keep their perspective on life. It destroys
chance of happiness.

Which brings us to his third prediction. If
success in making the second come true—
in the third will follow along of its own
ord.

I mentioned Lindbergh in connection with
this.
'Please do not think for a moment,' he
said, 'that I am comparing the accomplish-
ments of that remarkable boy to those of any
or of the world!' I mention him because
is the object of more adulation, the subject
more newspaper copy than anyone has ever
en his his before.

The penalty he has had to pay for fame and
his accomplishments has been terrible. None
this fame is false. None of it has been built
as motion picture fame is sometimes built,
practical reasons.

It is the actual result of things he has done
the amazing personality he possesses—the
animal magnetism of the man.

But—his he cannot eat or move, he can hardly
empire, the world world looking and
iking comments.

'If it has obviously galled and punished him to
indestructible degree.

Motion picture actors suffer all this in a
considerable degree throughout their careers.
It is the admiration which prompts it. It is
curiosity.

'Please don't think I am a sore-head.
Ease don't quote me as wailing about the
unpleasantries of fame and all that sort of rot.
I am simply trying to protect my happiness and
sure the privacy to which every man is
entitled.

'I hope that I shall not always have to
say that.

'I hope that some day I may direct
ond, if something.

'Should hate to live without working in
tures somehow.

'But I should like a quieter job!'
I realize and I feel sure that Dick realizes
at that. Few people are going to spend much
time on a good looking youth who has enjoyed
much success as he has, while still young.
majority of people doubtless feel that they
will enjoy the limelight.

But the disillusionment in his eyes is real.
He grim attempt he is making to protect his
uprightness is the result of bitter experience.
Bartholomew, actor, has not been a very
appy youth and now that happiness beckons
him, it is not surprising that he fears the
ines which destroyed him in the past.
He will make those predictions come true if
is humanly possible.

FAMOUS FEET

how they're kept free from corns

JACQUELINE LOGAN'S
Famous Feet

There are more than a million
walking advertisements for Blue-
jay ... walking in comfort, thanks
to Blue-jay.

But the most enthusiastic of
Blue-jay's friends are the great
hosts of dancers, screen stars and
athletes who keep their gifted
feet free of corns with this cool
and velvety toe-cushion.

These and other Blue-jay friends will
get a pleasant surprise from the new
and improved Blue-jay in the new
package, now at all drug stores at no
increase in price. For calluses
and bunions use Blue-jay Bunion and Callus
Plasters.

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

Make Your Skin
Ivory-White
in 3 Days!

In 3 to 6 days this totally new-type
lotion brings vivid, alluring beauty to
the skin in a safe natural way. It
brings whiteness and velvety smoothness
up from underneath the darkened
weather-worn surface. The skin
looses ivory-white — all trace of freckles, tan, roughness and redness fades
out. Now—in just 3 to 6 days you can have the radiant, milk-white skin you seek only
in famous beauties. I guarantee to
make or refund money. Order my LOTION FACE
in 24 ounce bottles. Only 3.50 each.
To have your skin FREE send the
postage only 1.00 for the large size bottle. Use it six days.
Then, if not simply amazed, I will refund full price with
out question. Write today to
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The Story of a Dancing Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

played with them. Mother heard, came down, grabbed the bag from me. Then she sat down and cried and cried and cried. I couldn't understand it. She was so pretty. I tried to comfort my mother. She wouldn't let me.

Shortly after that I was sent with my brother to visit my grandmother in Phoenix, Ariz. I remember how hot and stuffy the train was and that I was crying because I did not want to leave my daddy. Suddenly, my brother opened his suitcase and pulled out a picture of a tall man with black curly hair. He had proof against me. I remember how curly his hair looked in that faded old picture.

"THAT'S your real father, kid," my brother told me. "Cassin is not your father. Your name, sis, is Le Sueur, not Cassin."

And that is the way I was introduced to my first father! I have never seen him. They told me he was dead but I knew he was alive a year ago because I traced him. That is one reason I decided to write this story. I thought maybe he might read it and come to see me.

When we returned home something terrible had happened. I never really understood about it and my mother has never told me. But the big thing that had found in the bag proved to be money. Daddy Cassin had been taken to prison. But he didn't stay there because he didn't steal them. But he had hidden them for me and taken them. I knew my daddy was innocent.

Soon after that we moved to Kansas City. I felt that something was wrong between my mother and Daddy but I never knew anything definite about it. They put me in a convent—St. Agnes Academy.

I suppose all this sounds very strange coming from Joan Crawford, the gay dancing girl of Broadway, as you would read about her. That is the reason I was afraid to tell it to you. You have one idea of Joan Crawford, now you are going to form another. For I have never been a really happy person. But I never knew anything definite about it. They put me in a convent—St. Agnes Academy.

I suppose I should have been happy in the convent. But I was so sensitive. If I thought the girls didn't like me, I would go and hide rather than ask them to play with me. I was there about a year when mother came for me. There was no money; she and daddy had separated.

But I didn't want to go home with mother if daddy wasn't there. I begged so hard to stay that they let me wait on tables to pay my tuition. I finished grammar school in that manner.

I do not need to tell you that it wasn't easy. There are none so cruel as small children. At least I had been their equal. Now I was just their waitress.

MOTHER was running a cheap little hotel.

"An ugly place. Ugh! How I hated to go home to that school. Same way I was afraid to go home. I would walk and walk and start for home, I'd walk up and down every street looking for my daddy. I didn't look at the people's faces. I was afraid I might meet them. I'd look at their shoes. You can see so many more shoes than faces. Daddy always wore the same kind of shoes. I knew I'd recognize them because I had taken them off every evening and brought his slippers for him.

One day I saw them. "Daddy!" How I screamed it. We went into a drug store and..."
I couldn't have learned the wealthy boys who came to the school liked me. That woman used to let me go out and dance with them so they'd keep coming to the school. It was then that it began to dawn on me that men might be useful to a woman.

There wasn't any particular boy at this time. I went out with them all. Always dancing. It was about this time that I began to wonder whether I couldn't make money from my dancing. One night I won a dancing contest at the Jack O'Lantern Cafe in Kansas City. You can imagine what that meant to me. It strengthened my idea that I might make money at something besides sweeping floors and washing dishes.

At the end of three years they said my high school education was finished. Mother took me to Stevens College at Columbia, near the State University. I waited on tables. But tables or no tables I never missed a fraternity dance at the University. The thought that I could become a professional dancer was growing stronger and stronger. I was tired of waiting on tables. I didn't see what good college would do me.

On top of that I found mother was to be married. This time it was to a man named Hough. My third father! Just one more man to help boss me. I couldn't stand it. One day while they were out hunting an apartment, they walked away. I stripped off my clothes and threw them in the floor. I couldn't go home to mother in those dirty little rooms at the back of that day. It began to grow dark. I had to go. I had to get out of that room. I went down two flights of stairs by the hair of the head. I was half dead from work. Another offered to help me. She got the dust pan some. This woman saw her! She dragged me out. I was one entire kiddie. I didn't only beat me but kicked me.

You see, I was too old to be comforted. After it happened I would read them stories and Knoles left them in a rapt. I couldn't stand it. I ran away. I ran away to City that one entire day and two of those days three.

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Scramble, Pa. I am not married but most of my girl friends are. One girl in particular that I know has cause to thank the movies for the happiness of her little home. A loved her husband dearly but it just seemed as if he could not make ends meet. Things went from bad to worse. Finally A decided she was going to take the baby and go home.

She came and told me about the situation. What could I say or do? I suggested that we go to a movie. We saw "The Crowd." A watched James Murray's wonderful char-
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WM. DAVIS, M. D.,
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ABE RUTH, Sultan of Swat, had a more lucrative experience. Fortunately for the baseball industry he possesses a shrewd manager in Christy Walsh, who happens to have been in Los Angeles and has a close acquaintance with many of the boys who are the hitting men in Hollywood. Christy knows how to pad an expense account and he did so this time. After making the trip in as much glamour as possible, the Sultan has set about beefing up his itinerary and is planning to make an appearance at a picture studio today.

WALSH had been informed that First National was to make a baseball film. He figured that Babe’s name should be worth money to any picture of the diamond. It is said that he even had the title of the back of his head, “Babe Comes Home.” And he sold First National the idea; sold it on a cash and carry basis.

It is claimed that the Babe got $10,000 a week for three weeks and this is probably very close to the actual amount. Out of that Babe’s manager no doubt got a cut and there were training expenses and incidentals to be paid, so that the final reckoning did not exceed by a great deal the money Ruth could have made during a similar period in vaudeville or on an exhibition tour.

But it was gravy and perhaps the best deal that any athlete has ever gotten out of a screen venture.

The executives at First National were not happy over the outcome. The picture, even with the dazzling Anna Q. Nilsson as the leading lady, was not a success.

It is said that the final split between First National and their popular Swedish player grew out of her dissatisfaction in being forced to play such roles as the one she had in “Babe Comes Home.”

So that it is expected the next time First National makes a baseball classic, Babe Ruth will not be invited to participate therein. He should worry. He once held them “back to back” which is more than many another celebrity can say in regard to his picture experiences.

Jack Dempsey was leaving the new offices of Tiffany-Stahl productions the other day. His hat was pulled down over his eyes and he did not look particularly cheerful. Word had it that all of their film projects have been halted.

THE photoplay magazine—Advertising Section

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—Advertising Section 125

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I consider MELLO-GLO Face Powder a real contribution to cosmetics. Its soft velvety texture gives a youthful bloom that doesn’t wear off quickly. Miss Desirée Tabor (Opertara Sari Jamani for her beauty), 66 W. 46th St., N. Y.

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FRECKLES gone out a short while before that Jack was going to make a picture for this organization, which is one of the biggest independents in the business.

"When do you start work, Jack?" I asked him.

"I don't start," said the former champion. "They want me to work on a percentage cut and I have had enough experience of that kind before."

Placing a Christmas Box Assortment several years ago Dempsey appeared in a serial for Universal in which he was the slaying, dashing hero through a number of two reel productions. At this time Dempsey is reported to have gained millions for the ten two reeler.

All the cash that was paid then, the story goes, Dempsey held for himself to pay off sparring partners and for his training camp which he set up at Universal City during the filming of the picture.

He also had a rebuilt nose and a special corps of assistants to help him with his makeup and in the art of acting.

He had ambitions at the time of becoming a star of the cinema. But his dreams vanished as evaporated as if many another, less-famous, have done in the cold reality of Hollywood.

The pictures were not money-makers and no one knew what Dempsey or his ever-collecting, even himself. Even for the picture venture was another one of those complications which formed a part of the Dempsey-Kearns arrangement. It did not terminate successfully enough for Dempsey to care for a repetition of the dose.

Repitition is sometimes dangerous. Red Grange found this out. That same year Charlie Pyle so cleverly maneuvered to make the red-headed-ice-man into the greatest paying football player of all time, one of his admirers persuaded the ne'er-do-well combination to try their hand in Hollywood. There was talk at the time of a million dollar contract for Grange. Tests were taken in New York and he was said to be a "splendid picture type."

But the New York producers, though gaining a great deal of publicity out of Grange, did not actually sign him and Red came out to Hollywood, still "free lanceing."

It was then that one of his backers is said to have obtained a release for a football picture through Film Booking Offices of America when he paid 

This "angel" was either clever himself or had shrewd advice, for he had Grange surrounded with a good cast and directed by Sam Wood. Wood seemed on the best in Hollywood. Wood was said to be financially interested in the film himself. For he needed to stage a come-back and he saw in producing a good picture for Grange that opportunity.

The whole production was filmed for about $75,000.

RED GRANGE was widely heralded as having "It." His career in the cinema was said to be assured. His picture was claimed as one of the best of the month. "But he had a low price," FBO sold it at a tremendous price to exhibitors throughout the country. Grange was one celebrity, Hollywood admitted, who had made good.

People liked him on the screen and they liked his first starring vehicle, "One Minute to Play."

If the story could have ended there, a pleasant memory would have lingered on. But Charlie Pyle and Red Grange were enthused and they allowed their optimism to color their future work. They arranged to make another picture to be released through FBO. They secured Jo lynna Ralston, a leading lady for Harold Lloyd in a number of his successes, and Walter Hiers, a well known comedian. They got Director Sam Wood back again and they decided to make an auto race story, similar to the kind popularized by the late Wally Reid. This time it is claimed that they were so confident of success back their own venture, wasting their own money and spent a great deal more the first picture had cost. Indeed, there those that say virtually all of the profits the first enterprise were put in the sea production.

That, according to Hollywood tradition, was the first mistake. The second was writing a script on the basis of "One Minute to Play." The third and perhaps a disastrous selection of the subject the third had nothing to do with football. Again they built up the old school thinking that he could achieve success in another field of endeavor without going through all the work and sacrifice that success always demands.

So "The Motor Mania" was made. It handed over to FBO for release. Suddenly the producers, according to reports, had never even suspected before. "One Minute to Play" had not been such a cess after all. People had liked the picture on the first day. Throughout the country footballers, football followers, had gone to Red Grange, the celebrity, play football, the regular theater-goer, the dyed-in-the-wool film fan, who knew little or nothing of Grange, had become interested in seeing Chaplin across the screen or Fairbanks, or Lloyd. Grange had not proved himself to them. The exhibitor, who had been running the picture, had expected the film fans to attend. The film enthusiasts were not large enough number to compensate him for the cost of films.

So the picture houses, both large and small suffered from "One Minute to Play" that FBO and those who had backed the venture had always expected a great deal, they had never even suspected before. "One Minute to Play" had not been such a cess after all. People had liked the picture on the first day. Throughout the country footballers, football followers, had gone to Red Grange, the celebrity, play football, the regular theater-goer, the dyed-in-the-wool film fan, who knew little or nothing of Grange, had become interested in seeing Chaplin across the screen or Fairbanks, or Lloyd. Grange had not proved himself to them. The exhibitor, who had been running the picture, had expected the film fans to attend. The film enthusiasts were not large enough number to compensate him for the cost of films.

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Now you can foul an exhibitor once, you can't catch him twice with the same "script."

He was wise by now. He refused to confide Pyle. Grange and Walter Hiers are now some of the leading theaters of the country with.

But there was no crying demand for his personal appearance. So that idea was a failure.

The production was sent out to do what could on a small release basis, and though played some of the small houses in big cities it had a long, long road to travel before the expected demand would return.

THREE adventurers had started out: Gran Pyle and Wood. Two were dependent upon athletic fame to see them through, even though they may not have admitted it. The third a writer of direction. Some played small houses in small cities, but it had a long, long road to travel before the expected demand would return.

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Salaries in motion picture are as elusive as "birds" on the duffer's golf course. Only very few can even state what they are paid together with those who produce their own pictures with a stable release in back of the high salaried star has earned his place, and the amount of an actor's or his salary. A celebrity may sometimes command in pictures an equivalent sum that this restricted class receives, but a celebrity who gets it will have years of work in his new field, and not by the glamour of the name he has brought to films.

That is his handicap; not his aid!
The Stars That Never Were

[Continued from Page 84]

...and that his laugh should have a sardonic ring—it was Pasquale's own trait that gave that certain touch of bitterness.

"No wonder he looked so foreign," the casting director told his assistant, "He is some kind of a wop. He doesn't know as much as an American from the twelve things. Do you?..." he was shouting.—"(Why do we always assume that no one who do not understand us are deaf?)...do you know what I'm saying? You zup?

Pasquale did not reply. Not one word of the director's question held meaning to him. Only bile knew that the man's voice was loud. So loud that it had drowned out his own feeble attempts to make himself heard. How could he know that, to the director, his country was merely a small pink spot upon an uninteresting map?

How could he know that to the director he was only the answer to a problem in casting—in an answer almost providential!

And so they led him away. A little dark man who, since entering the casting director's office, had seemed to shrink in size. A little man who protested no longer—who talked between the director's assistant and a man with a dragging voice, who seemed to have had. Through a great room, full of ropes and strange apparatus and glaring lights they led. And Pasquale, brought up on the history of a certain inquisition, felt his blood congeal.

This, no doubt, was some sort of a torture chamber? Through a roomful of cannon and other apparatus, which seemed to grow more and more, they led him.

The booty, he told himself of many an unsuccessful revolution—of many a lost cause. He spoke no longer, in his own tongue. Either the people did not understand—or they could not.

Really, it mattered very little.

For he was at the end of things. There was no place for the little man, not from here. After his public, careful journey—despite the miles between him and that first prison cell—he had been captured. And the fruit of capture was.

O they had told him. So he had known, without being told...

This little man did not even speak when they took his clothing from him and gave him a smock of some rough linen fabric. He did not protest when his dirty shoes were drawn from his feet—when green shoes were substituted for them. He was limp, resistless, lying in his hands. One of the boys who asked in the wardrobe rooms was moved to a pious anxiety about him.

"I wonder if that guy has a valet when he's one?" he questioned. "Maybe he's a kid in disguise! I never seen a grown man so silent!"

They dressed him carefully. After all, he was the piece de resistance of a scene that light wrung a gasp from the blase public. They had picked the Belgian peasant upon his making figure with potentiating cap. And, by the by, "Anybody'd think," one of them said to Pasquale, "that you was being killed instead of appearing!"

But when it came to making up his face—to ving it pimply lines of pain and hollows of sorrow—the ones who were preparing Pasquale and known to be potters were powerless. For there was nothing that their art could do to improve upon what life—the master make-up artist—had already done. One can not gild the lily. Either can one paint the simulation of terror here terror really lived. As they matched him from the room in which they had dressed him, Pasquale saw that there were other men, as dressed as he was, dressed in the outer corridor. Perhaps a dozen of them.

An old chap, with a white, tobacco stained beard who laughed, as he talked to the younger man who stood beside him.

"The ancient brave one!" Pasquale, in his heart, paid tribute. Again, when he heard another of the group—a young boy, this time—humming a song, he shivered his spiritual helmet to sheer gallantry. He wished that he were as brave as the old man—brave enough to laugh. That he could be as gallant as the boy. Gallant—that he might sing, here, on the brink of eternity! But he could not—he was too tired of body—to utterly weary of soul. Too shaken of spirit. It was all he could do to walk, as the others walked, without stumbling. He followed down a corridor through the room with the guns—the other, larger room of the ropes and the machines. And, at last, out of the room's far door—thank God there would be no torture!

And farther out into a great sunlit space surrounded by buildings.

All about, people were shouting excited directions. On a platform, at one end of the lot, a lovely lady, in a black frock and a black mantilla, was dancing. In another corner a man—in rough leather trousers and a flannel shirt—steadied a ploughing horse. There was somewhere, far ahead, the sound of a sobbing violin.

But Pasquale scarcely noticed. His gaze was riveted upon the line of men in grey green uniforms. Men who stood opposite a rough placed wall. Men who held, in their steady hands, gleaming steel rifles.

So. That thing called destiny had again formed a circle. The rescue—the privation, the loss of citizenship, they meant nothing! It was to be the firing squad, after all. Just as it had been planned. Pasquale, walking stiffly forward, was quite unconscious of the grinding of a camera.

Was quite deaf to the calling voice of the man who directed the scene. He took his place, against the wall, in a way that was utterly mechanical.

"Remember—the peasant who was the second from the left? The gaunt, dark little man? Who stared so desperately at the other armed men, the men in uniform?

The old fellow with the long beard shifted his tobacco from one cheek to the other. The boy stopped humming. The violin—a distance away—struck a high, quavering note. And the director shouted a order.

And it was then that Pasquale made his great dramatic appeal.

It was then that—the critics later said—he had his moment. For his face changed, stiffened, grew tense.

And one hand, involuntarily, crept up to his heart. And his lips breathed something—something that even the critics did not recognize as a prayer in an alien tongue.

And then the guns, leveled in the hands of the powder horn the squad was about. And, by one, like mowed down poppies in a wheat field, the imprisoned peasants fell against their wall. Some of them fell very badly, indeed—your extra man doesn't relish stone bruises!

But Pasquale's fall was a perfect thing. He just slithered forward—with his hands groping ahead of him. Just fell forward limply, into the dust.

Only—when the others rose, laughing, and began to brush off their smocks, Pasquale did not rise.

The studio doctor, summoned hastily, called it heart failure. . . .

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SHE dominated Mary's entire life, professionally and privately up until Mary's marriage to Douglas Fairbanks. And after her marriage, Mrs. Pickford's influence did not diminish, for Douglas Fairbanks knew her, respected her mother-in-law for her ability, enjoyed her company because she was one of the vitiest and most delightful of women, and loved her for Mary's sake as well as her own.

But if Mrs. Pickford dominated her daughter's life for many years, it was a loving and miraculously successful domination.

Without her mother, Mary Pickford would never have achieved her great place—the greatest place any woman ever has or ever will occupy in the movie business.

Their relation to each other was more than that of a loving mother and daughter. It was that of a sculptor and his masterpiece, of business association of great adventurers bound for the same goal.

Charlotte Smith, who kept a boarding house in Toronto, and was left a widow with three very young children and no more, at all, was a great woman—one of the greatest figures ever produced by the motion picture business.

Early days of privation and trial, of starvation and denial, of settling in the world for food and clothing and shelter for her little brood, did great things for Charlotte Pickford.

They developed her own strength and determination and gave her the deathless love and respect of her daughter.

Mary never forgot. She never forgot her mother's courage and cheerfulness, her fighting heart, her smiling face and her selfless devotion to her children. For those early days were days of real poverty which sordid the soul and bring it forth worned and embittered, and strong and determined.

MRS. PICKFORD was, I think, one of the most charming women I have ever known. Impossible to resist her sweetness, her amiable and dry, her touch of the Irish and her Irish. Her sympathy was as wide as the ocean. Impossible not to respect her air of authority, her keen, concise knowledge, her way of handling people, the deathless love and respect of her daughter.

It was only where she loved too much that her wisdom failed her.

And she loved Mary's curls. Why?

They were, in a way, her own creation. You may remember that when Mary first went into motion pictures she did not have curls. She had a couple of girls' curls. She was allowed a knot at the back of her head. The long, beautifully arranged curls were Mrs. Pickford's idea. She saw what could be done with them, how they could be arranged upon Mary's head, and she arranged them, played them up in pictures and publicity.

At last they became a tradition—and Mary's mother never was able to overcome that tradition.

As Mary's fame grew and the love of the world flowed to her feet, Mrs. Pickford saw her masterpiece complete. There stood her darling, her beloved child, known to and loved by more people than any other single woman in history. And into her mother love, which was the strongest thing in her nature to begin with, came a sort of idolatry. There was no fit her idol.

Why change it? During the years of Mary's greatest popularity, her mother stood beside her as a prime minister might stand beside a queen. When Mary made "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Daddy Longlegs," and "S. Maris," her mother was the chief fact every step, in every decision. And her decisions were always wise. She steered the steadily onward, watched the box office, planned the finances, the studio, took from Mary's shoulders all details, fought all the battles.

In those days, Mary was almost never alone in anyone's company, especially with the curls and the solid, black-eyewoman a familiar picture. It is necessary to understand all these and to understand a little of the character Charlotte Pickford to understand the that followed.

FOR time marched inexorably. It did stand even for that spirit of youth, Mary Pickford.

Mary grew up. She grew sweetly. As a woman she infinitely more beauty and charm and artability than she had as a girl.

But she became a woman. She was no longer a little girl— though it should be the prime womanhood. If there had been no Pickford tradition tied to her, if her hair had been, curls, the Mary Pickford of thirty could have lived public to ecstasy just as the M. Pickford of forty did.

Perhaps she could have done it anyway, perhaps she can still do it.

In her first attempts because they lacked conviction, they were not measures, they didn't possess the flame of complete new personality. The curls were constant reminder and she was just little M. Pickford trying to play a role of M. Pickford. When Mary herself longed for new fields, stories, new roles, when Mary saw herself that she had changed and that times likewise changed, her refusal of all these was habitual.

Always her advice was to follow the formula, to retain the curls and all that with them.

It is a significant fact that during her picture, "My Best Girl," every hit of a film that could be produced to correspond to the days was produced. The same was played with war, practically, same scenes that Mary had been making fifteen years. The same personnel surrounded her. It was a complete throw-back.

And it was to be Charlotte Pickford's picture.

I don't suppose anybody could have be happier than she was. And nothing came from Mary the joy of knowing that she never did one thing that shadowed those days for her mother.

The masterpiece was still intact. The tradition was unaltered. The curls were still there.

SO Mary, the artist, for five years sacrificed her beauty. Mary, who through years of experience pictures and because she inherited her mother's keen mind along with her own genius, never had her mother refused to recognize that there was any sacrifice. Perhaps, because she loved her mother so much, she was unconscious of none.

But I do not believe, and even Mary herself couldn't make me believe, that she gave up to attempt to find a bigger field for herself, if she kept those curls, because she was afraid
There is so much beauty in the love those bore each other that any mistakes dwindle to insignificance beside it. What, after all, did the world give comparable to what they were each other? Mrs. Pickford made Mary at the time, and Mary repaid her debt in full. There were many people who thought that her mother's death would all but kill Mary Pickford. Her friends dreaded the day as if it were inevitably nearer, not only because of her affection for Mrs. Pickford, but because of her fear of its effect upon Mary. But great love, real love, is seldom weak even in the face of death. Great love carries within it a conviction of immortality and a command to carry on.

When it could no longer wound her mother, Mary cut off her curls.

"The action itself may seem simple. Mary herself may believe her own explanation as she felt old-fashioned, out of proportion, out of date, with them. But it is one of those simple actions that mean so much. It has all the significance of Mary's life that the Boston Tea Party had for the lives of the American colonists.

It is the birth of a new Mary Pickford, it seems that the screen has gained a new artist. Mary is going to start out without her curls—not her old place but a new place. In her lifetime, in her prime, she has become a tradition which by its very nature is beloved but which has no part in the screen life of the world today. She has got to make them accept Mary Pickford, not as a personality, not as America's sweetheart, but as the girl with the curls, but as an artist.

For years she has gone through all sorts of lumping and limiting experiences. It was to have played better than any actress on the screen, have been more than human because she couldn't play the curls. Great opportunities have been scarred because they didn't fit with the old tradition. Ideas that grew in Mary's mind, advances in technique, growth of power of an actress, have been worthless because she was held to a field in which ideas were of necessity always the same, because power wasn't needed to play little girl roles. Her former beauty and lure have been discounted, but photography Mary Pickford is the most beautiful woman on the screen today.

Now the curls are gone.

Before her are new worlds to conquer. She is at a time in her life when most great stage actresses are just coming into their own. She is much younger than Duse was when she achieved world fame and acclaim, much younger than Bernhardt was when she conquered the world of the theater.

Yet she has already completed the greatest chapter in the life of any screen star. The battle before her is, practically, an attempt to come back. And she cannot come back as the child with the curls. She must come back as a woman. She is photographing as well now as she has ever photographed.

A group of very famous screen folk were talking of Mary and her great step. She now had in her possession two of the screen's greatest comedians, directors whom other directors still call master, two well-known producers, the most famous dramatic screen star, two well-known critics and one or two authors.

The consensus of opinion was that Mary Pickford could today take a story written either for Clara Bow or Gloria Swanson and play it better, more convincingly and with more appeal than either of those great stars.

But she will fail again as she failed before if she tries half-measures. She must cut off her past as she cut off her curls. There is a new generation of screen fans. There is a new thought in the world. She must cast aside all fear, all thought of what is expected Mary Pickford, of what her public has always wanted, and start a new cycle.

Even now she is experiencing somewhat with the new talking picture. Her voice has great magnetism. The new era of the talking picture may help her to begin this new epoch. If she succeeds, and she will succeed if she has the courage of complete conviction, she will be something more than a great star, a deathless personality, a tradition.

She will be a truly great artist and her name may be added to those of Duse and Bernhardt upon the roster of fame.

And when somewhere she meets her mother again, her success will justify her defiance of that tradition and no one will rejoin more gloriously than that great and loving woman—Mary's mother.

---

How they get those scenes on moving trains. J. Roy Hunt, the cameraman, invented this process to photograph James Hall as he looks out of the window of a speeding train in "The Fifty-Fifty Girl." It is a great contraption if the train doesn't dive into a tunnel.

---

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The "No" Woman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

physically possible for her to grant it. If ten men came asking almost Madame of them roguery and one describing Nadina Bleaching Cream—transform your complexion—being you new fashion, alluring beauty—just follow the same directions in every package—use your skin grow smoother, whiter, lovelier, day by day. Watch trickles peeples, roughness and muddy-sallow color give way quickly to radiant, healthy new loveliness.

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tions peppered in various degrees with the personal element: I still smile to myself now and then as I recall the flowery phrasing of the ocean club promoter—and the clumsy methods of the dentist.

The next morning Miss Hall brought me a printed list of the products represented by the guests at the party the night before. But then I was a wiser—and sadder—girl. I handed it back to her without comment and she shrugged her shoulders in contempt for my ways and remarked, "You're a fool!"

OTHER episodes have followed, many of them not too pleasing, but I have learned my hardest lesson from Miss Hall. I was never so green again, at least not the same vivid hue of grass green.

I will admit that I was once afterwards locked up in a florist's vault (and who would suspect a florist of being so desperate for distinguished clientele?)

But he was a shrimpy little coward so I wasn't the least frightened. I simply jumped at him and said "Boo!" and he tremblingly opened the door.

There was a hand cream demonstrator who bored me until I allowed her to leave a sample with me for Madame Glyn. I told her Madame never uses cream but she vowed that in every woman's life comes one day when the hands change. She still calls me up persistently to see if Madame has tried the lotion. She even had the nerve to ask me if I couldn't manage to have Madame go out without gloves some raw day.

Can you feature woman's inhumanity to woman?

Some of my bribery experiences are not at all sordid and are even filled with human interest and pathos. One happening in particular I shall always remember with sympathy. I answered the telephone one day and a tiny, frightened old voice asked, "Is that the secretary to Madame Elinor Glynn?" When I assured her of my identity she seemed scaredly to know what to say next. She kept repeating—"This is REALLY the secretary to Madame Glynn?"

After assuring her several more times, I grew impatient and insisted upon knowing what she desired.

"I wish to see you, Miss," she said in a terribly humble little voice.

"Me?" I said.

"YES, Miss, I'll meet you any time you say and at any place, if I can see you for five minutes." Of course this was nothing new—I'd heard that same story a hundred times a day for months, but the difference lay in the frightened little voice and manner. I promised to meet her in the lobby at noon and she told me over and over that she would wear a big red rose so I'd be sure to recognize her.

When I found her I knew I never could have missed her—rose or no rose—she was so fragile and old and wee. She presented a

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[continued from page 16]

**SHOW PEOPLE.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—** Marian Davies and William Haines portray the funny side of the good old days and get into the movies. Recommended. (Aug.)

**SILK LEGS.—Fox.—** McGee and Bellamy demonstrates how to make money with silk legs. (March.)

**SIMRA.—**—M. Johnson & Co.—Those charming travellers, the Martin Johnsons, have made a long way since their entertaining jungle picture, 'Greet Studies of wild animals in their native haunts.' (April.)

**SKINNER’S BIG IDEA.—FOB.—** After a long uphill battle, Bryant Washburn continues the adventures of your old friend, Skinner. (May.)

**SKY SCRAPER.—** Pathe-D. Miller.—Love and the law. The legal battle that the plot is marked out. With Sue Carol and William Boyd. (April.)

**SMART SET, THE.—**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.— William Haines takes up polo. Always the same, fresh kid. But good, if you go in for flappant youth. (April.)

**SOFI LIVING.—**—Fox.—Adventures of a stenographer who finds that it is easier to get alimony than for a living. But love saves all. With McGee Bellamy and Johnny Mack Brown. (April.)

**SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENS.—**—Paramount.—Essentially a haunted house picture. Good comedy thrill and lots of action. With the eyes-easing Esther Ralston. (May.)

**SOUNP THIS IS LOVE.—** Columbia.—Slightly goody goody style. Dreammaker’s assistant turned prizefighter—all for love. With William Collier, Jr., and Shirley Mason. (July.)

**SOUTH SEA LOVE.—** FBO.—Just like any other brand of love—full of inconsistencies. With Patric Ruth Miller. (June.)

**SPEEDY.—**—Lloyd-Paramount.—Harold Lloyd captivates all the dames of Manhattan in an ingenious and high-powered comedy. For the whole family, of course. (May.)

**SPORTING AGE, THE.—** Columbia.—Good acting and fine direction lift this tripping story above the average. Special honors to Belle Bennett and Holmes Herbert. (June.)

**SPORTING GOODS.—**—Paramount.—Richard Dix plays an enterprising salesman in one of the very best light comedies. (June.)

**SQUARt E CROOKS.—** Fox.—Original variations of the usual crook business lift this comedy above the average. With the fine work of Jackie Logan and "Skeets" Gallagher. (June.)

**STORMY WATERS.—**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Eve Sedgwick plays the body. Therefore but this story of love in the tropics doesn’t quite come off. (Aug.)

**STRANGE CASE OF CAPTAIN RAMPER.—**—Dolphin First National.—German picture with original plot but a bit heavy. (Aug.)

**STREET ANGEL.—**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell continue to remain in Seventh Heaven. A human-interest story, admirably acted. By all means see it. (April.)

**STREET OF SIN, THE.—**—Paramount.—Technically a fine picture but the story, a brutal tale of the London slums, is repellent. The best satisfaction of Emil Jannings’ American performances. (July.)

**STREETS OF SHANGHAI.—**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Great comedy effect in a story of the underworld. No one who sees this picture. (June.)

**STRONGER WILL, THE.—**—Excellent.—Just one long laugh. (June.)

**TELLING THE WORLD.—**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—That comical us, Bill Haines, goes to Mexico for a change. Fox. A picture which makes her debut in this one, is all to the good. (June.)

**TEMPEST.—**—United Artists.—Interesting story of the Russian Revolution. While John Barrymore is a success, Camilla Horn’s picture. Here’s a real find. (June.)

**Temptations of a Chorus Girl.—**—First National.—This is a naughty, just foolish. Betty Compson makes the most of a maudlin character. (June.)

**TENDERLOIN.—**—Warners.—This time the dirty crooks blame the robbery on Dolores Costello, the reym of an excise to register a lot of angus. (March.)

**TENAVENUR.—**—Pathe-D. Miller.—Boarding house life on the wrong side of Manhattan. Heavy comedy and vividly played by Phyllis Haver, Victor Varconi and Joseph Schildkraut. (July.)

**THEIR HOUR.—**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Wherein the demure girl outshines the fast boy. With Dorothy Sebastian, Jeanne Johnson and June Marlowe. Not for the children. (June.)

**THIEF IN THE DARK, THE.—**—Fox.—Supposed to scare you to death. But it merely puts you to sleep. (June.)

**THOROUGHBREDS.—** Universal.—Once again the innocent country lad falls in with a gang of wild men. Good direction and some race-track scenes help. (May.)

**THREE SINNERS.—**—Paramount.—Pola Negri as a good girl gone wrong. Not so wonderful as the good girl, but oh, after she has gone wrong! Sophisticated amusement. (June.)

**TIGER LADY.—**—Paramount.—Reviewed under the caption of, "Good comedy thrill and lots of action. With the eyes-easing Esther Ralston. (May.)

**TILLIE’S PUNCHED ROMANCE.—**—Paramount.—Rare antique that has been redone for no good reason. Even with the hard work of Louise Forsend, it is mostly just plain silly. (May.)

**TRAGEDY OF YOUTH, THE.—**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Patsy Ruth Miller and Buster Collie in an ultra-modern comedy showing the folly of youthful marriages. Smooth and sophisticated. (May.)

**TRAIL OF ’98, THE.—**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A mighty panaram of the Klondike rush, told with a new and beating-making realism. Congratulations to Clarence Brown for making a really thrilling film. (April.)

**TREE OF LIFE, THE.—**—LITH.—The story of the world’s creation, so far as L. H. Tolhurst, with the assistance of the University of California, prepared the scientific data. Educational and worth your while. (April.)

**TRICK OF HEARTS.—**—Universal.—Hoot Gibson in a simple-minded story. Rather pukey. Algernon. (May.)

**TURN BACK THE HOURS.—**—Gotham.—All right, turn back the hours and what does it get you? Just a quicker, with a lot of unknown players filling in between more important pictures. (May.)

**TWO FLAMING YOUTHS.—**—Paramount.—Introducing are two coming stars—W. C. Fields and Jackie Coogan. Great fun for all but the chronic weeper. (May.)

**TWO LOVERS.—**—United Artists.—Some direction, neat acting and fine settings cannot disguise the fact that this is the same old plot. But Ronald Colman and Vilma Bary are simply swell. (May.)

**UNDER THE BLACK FLAG.—**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Flash, "the wonder dog," shows that the dogs did their share in fighting the war. (May.)

**UNDER THE TONTO RIM.—**—Paramount.—More gold rush, Richard Arlen and Mary Brian in a falta exciting Zone Grey story. (April.)

**UNITED STATES SMITH.—**—Gotham.—Eddie Gribbon and Mickey Bennett in a roughneck but funny comedy. (August.)

**UPLAND RIDER, THE.—**—First National.—Ken Maynard rides the winning horse in the race that saves the old homestead. A routine plot but a grand horse play. (May.)

**VAMPING VENUS.—**—First National.—A "Connecticut Yankee" costume designed to get back some of the money spent on the "Helen of Troy" project. cockpit, enough to be popular, Talmie Todd is beautiful and Charlie Murray is funny. What else do you want? (May.)

**VANISHING PIONEER, THE.—**—Paramount.—The return of Jack Holt to the Paramount ranch. And with beautiful and Western. (August.)

**WALKING BACK.—**—Pathe-D. Miller.—Trivial story of the younger generation made interesting by the presence of the charming Sue Carol. (June.)

**WALLFLOWERS.—**—FBO.—One of those stories that is motivated by a trick. Will hurt but adequate. (April.)

**WARMING UP.—**—Paramount.—Richard Dix in an original and really funny story with a bad-tongued pitcher. Family diversion. (July.)

**WARNING, THE.—**—Columbia.—Jack Holt’s sense of humor saves this melodram of the Hong Kong dives from being dull. (May.)

**WASHINGTON, D.C.—**—Universal.—A mediocre mystery story with a bit of comedy and a weird ending. (May.)

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“WE AMERICANS”—Universal—A fine drama of our immigrants. The struggles, loyalty and problem of these new Americans will make you more tolerant and sympathetic. A fine line study in patriotism splendidly acted. (May.)

"WHEEL OF CHANCE”—First National.—Rich Roy Battledore does some good work in a dual role. You forget the improbabilities of the story in your interest in the star's acting and the dramatic situations. (August.)

WHEN THE LAW RIDES—FBO.—Something better than the conventional Western plots. With Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro. (August.)

WHIP WOMAN, THE—First National.—A picture so badly made the audience laughed. Through bad judgment of a reviewer, we failed to warn you how bad it was. (March.)

WHITE SHADOWS OF THE SOUTH SEAS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Just misses being a remarkable picture. Its weakness of story is spoiled by some of the most beautiful tropical pictures ever filmed. (August.)

WHY SAILORS GO WRONG—Fox.—For those who will laugh at anything. Rather a get-up. (June.)

“WICKEDNESS PREFERRED”—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Alene Pringle and Lyle Colly in a comedy of marriage that is naughtily, sophisticated, but full of laughs. (June.)

WIFE RELATIONS, THE—Columbia.—Naive romance of a housewife who finds a husband in a department store. (August.)

WILD WEST ROMANCE—Fox.—Some thrill in this Western but Ruttman's acting is the chief reason why you will shun the Sotom of Tom Mix. (August.)

WILLFUL YOUTH—Peurto.—Heavy melodrama in the tall feathers with Kenneth Harlan and Edna Murphy. (June.)

WOMAN'S WAY, A—Columbia.—This time the diamond necklace is lost in the Latin Quarter of Paris (April.)

WOMEN WHO DARED—Excellent.—Stunning party to the lower East Side, as the picture tells it. (August.)

YELLOW LILY, THE—First National.—Convincing the big bad habit of drunkenness to the girls with ladies who live on the other side of the tracks. How about our little child? Who's taking care of this little girl? Why will you want to see the picture? (July.)

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW—Rayart.—The title tells the story. Full of crooks and smooth-logic Cornelius Keefe is the handsome cop. (May.)

HEART THRIBS

Seattle, Wash.
Bouquets for "Sorrell and Son."

Living next door to us is a young man whose wife recently departed for parts unknown with his farm equipment, leaving her husband with two darling little boys, four and seven years of age.

For some time the deserted husband seemed to feel very bitter, hated the sight of his boys, and let them go nowhere unsupervised.

One Sunday afternoon we asked him to leave the boys with my mother and go to the movies with us. He replied that he didn't care for movies, as they were nothing but "slop". However, he came along and we saw "Sorrell and Son."

Our friend sat very still throughout the show and we didn't talk about the picture on our way home.

But inside of one week our neighbor had hired help to clean his house, re-seed his lawn, and plant flowers and shrubbery in his garden. Best of all he hired East for his widowed mother to come and make a home for him and his little boys.

And inspiring pictures? Yes, give us more like it.

P. F.
**CASTS OF CURRENT PHOToplAYS**

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue.


**BABY CYCLONE, THE**—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Robert Wright and Edward Underwood. The cast: Joseph Losey, Low Cady; Dorothy Arzner; Harry J. Sloane; Gaston Glass; Leo Gorcey; John Strong; Dorothy Mackau; Carole, Betty Compton; Marjorie Lynn; Sylvia Ashton.


**BATTLE OF THE SEXES**—United Artists. —Directed by Victor Fleming. Cast: Betty Dishman,managed by Harry Franklin; William Powell, Dorothy Mackau; tofu Polk; Ruby Keeler; Mary Duncan; Ethel Wing; Duncan; Alden Hale; John Miljan; Robert Armstrong; Sally Eagan, Richard Carle; Mrs. Jordan, Luse McCullough; friend of the Jordan, John Batten.

**BROADWAY DADDYS**—Columbia. —From the story by Austin Strong. Directed by Charles Vidor. The cast: Anouck (n. a.); Dorothy Arzner; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Ruby Keeler, George E. Cooper; Cooper; Edward Rounds; Mrs. Jordan, Belle Bennett; Nora Long, Dora Delany; Rosemary, J. B. McGowan; Walter Lang; Dorothy Mackau; Roscoe Arbuckle.

**BROKEN MASK, THE**—Anchor. —From the story by Francis Fenton. Directed by Adele Armand. Directed by James P. Hogan. Photoplays by Edward Gladstone and Stanley Willans. The cast: Patsy, Helen Lunde; Carole, Barbara Redford; Edgar Culver; George Barrows; Daisy Arzuva; William Powell; John Barrymore; Brian Aherne; Margaret Rawlings; William Powell; Robert Walker.

**COWBOY KID, THE**—Fox. —From the story by Harry Sinclair Drago and Seton I. Miller. Scenario and dialogue by Jean Carlin. Directed by Harry C. Brown. The cast: J. F. Kennedy, Ken Maynard; Helen Morgan; William Powell; William Powell; John Barrymore; Brian Aherne; Margaret Rawlings; William Powell; Robert Walker.

**CRAIG'S WIFE**—Pathe. —From the play by George Kelly. Adapted by Clara Beranger. Directed by William Beaudine. Dialogue by David Salk. The cast: Mrs. Craig, Irene Rich; Mr. Craig, Walter Huston; John Albert; Ethel Helmer; John Grosvenor; Joe Conroy; Ada Collier; Judy; June Collier; John Mather; Esther Walker; George W. Patten; Amanda Blake; C. Henry Gordon; John Strong; Mary Kilpatrick; Tom Moore; Helen West; Charles Barbour.

**DEVIL'S TRADEMARK, THE**—Fox. —From the story by Frank Howard Clark. Directed by Louis King. Photoplays by Roy Eslick. The cast: Red Roper; Buzz Barton; Janet Anderson; Duane Thompson; Robert Maitland; Ben Cooper; Tom Reynolds; Edmund Cobb; Jim Dalton; Edward Barry.

**FLIGHTING FURY**—Fox. —From the story by Lambert Hillier and Elizabeth Pickett. Scenario by Elizabeth Pickett. Directed by Lambert Hillier. The cast: Judge, Barry Norton; Phyllis, Dorothy Arzner; Janie, Marsha, Ben Bard; Addie, Robert Anderson; Ted Ben Abner, Evelyn; Doris Anderson; Harry; Marsha Anderson; The Swoop, Arabian Horse; Furia, Blanche Frithscl.


**HEART TO HEART**—First National. —From the story by William Timbrink. Directed by William Beaudine. Continuity by Adelaide Heddon. The cast: Princess Delores (Anita Louise), Mary Astor; Plenty Lennox, Lloyd Hughes; Aunt Aunt Louise; Louise Fazenda; Uncle Felix, Lloyd. Sally Tyler, Thelma Todd; Bill Dwyer; Raymond McKay; Robert Meets; Edna Manning; Hazel Boyd; Virginia Gray.

**HEART TROUBLE**—First National. —From the story by William Timbrink. Directed by William Beaudine. Continuity by Adelaide Heddon. The cast: Princess Delores (Anita Louise), Mary Astor; Plenty Lennox, Lloyd Hughes; Aunt Aunt Louise; Louise Fazenda; Uncle Felix, Lloyd. Sally Tyler, Thelma Todd; Bill Dwyer; Raymond McKay; Robert Meets; Edna Manning; Hazel Boyd; Virginia Gray.

**HEIRESS TO HEIR**—First National. —From the story by William Timbrink. Directed by William Beaudine. Continuity by Adelaide Heddon. The cast: Princess Delores (Anita Louise), Mary Astor; Plenty Lennox, Lloyd Hughes; Uncle Felix, Lloyd. Sally Tyler, Thelma Todd; Bill Dwyer; Raymond McKay; Robert Meets; Edna Manning; Hazel Boyd; Virginia Gray.

**HIS RISE TO FAME**—Excellent. —From the story by Victoria Moore. Directed by Bernard MacEveety. The cast: Jerry Drake, George Walsh; Laura White, Peggy Shaw; Hubert Street; Bradley Walker; Helen Lee; Mildred Earnest; Mrs. Craig, Ethel; Martha Peckel; Montana McAlley, William Gaskill; Nell Rice; Bill Yule; Ivan Lynn.

**HOT NEWS**—Paramount. —From the story by Hugh ISCOUR/ER. Adapted by Lloyd Corrigan, Grover Jones and Florence, from a play by Clarence Budner. The cast: Pat Chance, Robert Emhardt; Scoop Morgan, Nell Rice; Mrs. Craig, Ethel; Martha Peckel; Montana McAlley, William Gaskill; Nell Rice; Bill Yule; Ivan Lynn.

**JUST MARRIED**—Paramount. —From the story by Anne Nichols. Adapted by Frank Butler and Gilbert Pratt. Directed by Frank Reicher. The cast: Bob Adams, James Hall; Robert Adams, Ruth Ford; Tony Adams, Faith Robey; Henry Adams, William Powell; Mrs. Jack Shaw, Ivy Harris; Makepeace Witter, Tom Ritchie; Mrs. Witter, Mandel Gurney; Victoria, Lila Lee; Seward, Arthur Hoyt; Purser, Wade Boteler; Maguire, Mario Carillo.

**LADIES OF THE MOB**—Paramount. —From the story by Ernest Brehod. Adapted by William Wellman. The cast: Betty Furness, the sultry guide—Betty Lou. Always soft and fluffy. Daintily fashioned from finest deep-pile velour—and sewed with seams that won't rip. Really remarkable, this stuff so fine at the price so low—but made possible by the sale of thousands everyday!

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Use Coupon on Page 137

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Yvonne, Cline Bow; Red, Richard Arlen; Marie, Helen Lynch; Joe, Carl Gerlad; Soft Annie, Mary Alden; The Macher, Rodolfo Rivas; Little Fower, Lorraine Rivero; The Other, James Pierre.

"LIGHTS OF NEW YORK"—WARNERS—From the story by Hugh Herbert and Murray Roth. Scenario by Hugh Herbert and Murray Roth. Directed by Bryan Foy. The cast: Kitty Leets, Helene Costello, Eddie Morgan, Cullen Landis, Holly Thompson, Gladys Brockwell; Mrs. Morgan, Mary Carr; Hawk Maller, Wheeler Oakman; Gene, Enman Perkins; Detective Crosby, Robert Elliott; Sam, Tom Dunn; Collins, Tom McGuire; Tommy, Guy D'Ennery; Mr. Jackson, Walter Peetwell; Mr. Dickson, Joe Delaney.


"LITTLE WILD GIRL, THE"—Hercules—From the story by Putnam Hoover. Continuity by Cecil B. Hill. Directed by Frank S. Mattison. Photography by Jules Cronjager. The cast: Marie Cause, Lila Lee; John Beamer, Cullen Landis; Tamah McIntyre, Frank Merritt; Wannake, Sheldon Lewis; Maurice Keat, Boris Karloff; Percy McKewiffe, Jimmy Aubrey; Oliver Hampton, Bud Shaw; Duncan Dale, Arthur Hohlking; Momo, Cydrene.

"LOVE OVER NIGHT—PATH—From the story by George Dromgold and Sanford Hewitt. Adapted by George Dromgold and Sanford Hewitt. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The cast: Ticket Champion, Rod La Rocque; Jessica Stewart, Jeanette Lott; Richard Tows, Richard Tucker; Director, Tom Kennedy; Grandmother, Mary Carr.

The long and the short of it. Monte Blue, one of the tallest stars in pictures, will have Betty Bronson, the tiniest ingenue, for his leading woman in his next picture.


"MYSTERIOUS LADY, THE"—M.G.M.—From the story by Dr. Ludwig Wolff. Directed by Fred Nible. The cast: Tanna, Grete Garbo; Azrael, Conrad Nagel; General Alphonso, Gustav Vo Seyffheit; Max, Albert Pollet; Col. Von Enter deff, Edward Connolly, General's Aide, Richard Alexander.

"NO OTHER WOMAN"—FOX—From the story by Paul Banks. Scenario by Josie Barnes, Mr. Bernard Vorhaus, Directed by Lou Belleg. The cast: Carmelita Duran, Danilo del Rio, Maudra Don Alvarado; Albert, Ben Bardi; Magdel, Pauline Duval; Carmelita's Aunt, Rosa Marstain; Gene Duke, Sunny, Andy Laney.

"OBEY YOUR HUSBAND"—Anchor—From the story by Arthur Hoit. Directed by Charles Han. Photography by Robert E. Cline. The cast: Arthur Resnick, Gustav Glass; Joyce Kennedy, Dorotha Dwan; Mr. Kennedy, Robert Elliott; Dale; Alex Lake; Elad Hughson, Henry Sedley; Dennis Armstrong; Jack Johnston; Jim, Joe Burke; Stewart Robert Homans.

"PAINTED POST"—FOX—From the story by Harry Sinclair Drags. Scenario by Backleigh Pottel. Directed by Eugene Forde. The cast: The Blake, Tom Mix; Barbara Lana, Natalie Kinsey, Ben Tyler, Phil McGillaugh; Joe Nimble, Al St. John; Theatrical Manager, Fred Gamble.

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Is it the kind of picture I would like?
Which one shall we see tonight?

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Each issue of PHOTOPLAY contains the most up-to-the-minute authoritative reviews of all the very latest motion pictures. Refer to the “Brief Reviews of Current Pictures” department listing all pictures reviewed for the past six months, also the “Shadow Stage” department, reviewing the best pictures of the month and current releases.

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Adela Rogers St. Johns
One of the greatest living analysts of the emotions of women, has spent two years studying the lives of the sirens of history—how they won their men—and better yet—How they HELD them. She is telling the girls all about it in a series of articles in Smart Set called—

What Every Woman Wants to Know
The First Being What Cleopatra Knew About It

Was the love power of these old world women a secret that died with them? Does sex, without charm, captivate but not hold?

Or can a modern girl apply their technique today? Does charm, without sex, last and triumph?

Can a woman get a man if she thinks rather than feels? Are feminine brains more important to love than feminine beauty?

Every young man thinking of marriage—every married man—owes it to himself to learn the secrets of women from these masters of men. But above all he should have his sweetheart or his wife read them—in

September

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The greatest enemy of the gums, dentists will tell you, is our modern diet of soft foods. Back in the days when the human diet was coarser, gum troubles bothered few. Vigorous chewing encouraged a good circulation within the gum walls. The gums themselves were firm and healthy. But in these days of soft food, our gums have become flabby and tender. They bleed easily. They invite disease.

Naturally, you can’t change your diet. But you can counteract the damage soft foods do your gums.

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How Ipana improves the effects of massage

Better still, massage your gums with Ipana Tooth Paste. After the regular cleaning of your teeth with Ipana, simply squeeze out some more Ipana and gently brush your gums.

For Ipana’s special virtue in massage is its content of ziratol—a healing hemostatic widely used by dental specialists. And this ziratol content enables Ipana to enlarge the effect of massage, to tone and stimulate the gums—to make them sound, healthy, resistant to disease.

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“FORGOTTEN FACES”

“DOCKS OF NEW YORK”
Starring the popular favorite George Bancroft, with Betty Compson and Baclanova. Josef von Sternberg Production.

“THE WATER HOLE”
From a story by Zane Grey. With Jack Holt and Nancy Carroll. F. Richard Jones Production. Many of the scenes in Technicolor.

“SAWDUST PARADISE”
Starring Esther Ralston, the Blonde Goddess of the screen. With Hobart Bosworth and Reed Howes. Luther Reed Production.

“THE FLEET’S IN”
Starring Clara Bow, the most popular girl on the screen, with James Hall. Malcolm St. Clair Production.

“BEGGARS OF LIFE”

“THE MATING CALL”
By Rex Beach. Starring Thomas Meighan, with Evelyn Brent and Renée Adorée. Directed by James Cruze. Produced by Caddo Co.

“THE FIRST KISS”
Starring Paramount’s Glorious Young Lovers, Fay Wray and Gary Cooper. With Lane Chandler. Rowland V. Lee Production.

“JUST MARRIED”
From a story by Anne Nichols, author of “Abie’s Irish Rose.” Co-starring Ruth Taylor and James Hall. Frank Strayer Production.

HEAR!
See and hear a Paramount Picture tonight! In theatres equipped to show “sound” pictures Paramount now presents the first quality “sound” program. Paramount Features, Paramount News, Paramount-Christie Comedies. Stage Shows on the Screen—all in sound, all Paramount! Watch the newspapers for theatre announcements of Paramount Pictures in sound. Silent or with sound—“if it’s a Paramount Picture it’s the best show in town!”

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Complete for Every Picture Reviewed in This Issue

A complete list of all photoplays reviewed in the Shadow Stage this issue will be found on page 14.
The big news for this month is that Greta Garbo is going home for the Christmas holidays. She will hang up her stockings at her old home in Stockholm and she will remain over there for a month.

Even a high pressure efficiency man has his Achilles heel. After setting Hollywood on its ear, Joseph Kennedy, who dictates the destinies of FBO, Pathe and First National, rushed abroad to avoid an annual hay fever attack.

The announcement that the Marquis de la Falaise de Coudray is to be scout extraordinary on the Continent for Pathe, First National and FBO, appointed by Joseph Kennedy, has started a lot of Hollywood gossip. Are Gloria and the Marquis get to a divorce? There is no announcement, but the Marquis is going to be abroad for some time.

Harold Lloyd's next comedy will be a talkie. Harold has fallen strong for the sound films. He is installing a full Vitaphone-Movietone equipment in his new home, now under construction.

Universal is to produce the Bram Stoker thriller, "Dracula." The author's widow was asking $250,000 for the film right, but it is said that Carl Laemmle bought "Dracula" for a lot less.

Nobody knows just what John Barrymore is to do upon his return to Warners. Anyway it will be a talkie. Maybe "The Jest." Maybe "Hamlet."

Another link in the chain of evidence that Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are married is found in her slave bracelet, inscribed "To my darling wife," and signed Dodo. That's his pet name, if you must know.

Emil Jannings has signed a new Paramount contract. This calls for sound pictures, but bars talkies. Emil has been losing weight trying to learn English in preparation for the talkies and the new contract indicates that he gave up the fight.

The adventurous Bebe Daniels flew to New York for her vacation. Landing at Hadley Field, N. J., she grabbed a hot dog and rushed by car to the Great Neck, Long Island, home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Meighan.

Buddy Rogers lives with the family of a fraternity college chum in Hollywood. He pays $18 a week for his breakfasts, lodging, laundry, a kennel for his dog and use of the family garage. Hollywood isn't making a Coal-Oil Johnny out of Buddy.

Rupert Hughes and Conrad Nagel, guardians of Marshall Ricksen, the brother of little Lucille Ricksen, who died in 1925, have filed their report with Judge Beecher of the Los Angeles Probate Court. Under their handling little Miss Ricksen's savings have been increased to $36,000 and Marshall is now attending school on an income of $150 a month.

It is reported that Betty Bronson is to appear in a film version of "Peer Gynt," to be made by a Norwegian company at the Berlin UFA studios. Betty sails about September 15th.

Pauline Frederick is coming back to films, to star in a talkie version of "On Trial."

John Robertson, the director, and his wife, Josephine Lovett, are back from a stay in England. Miss Lovett's original for the screen, "Our Dancing Daughters," is looked upon as an oncoming hit and everyone is trying to sign her.

Another South Sea story is on the way. Ramon Novarro is to do "The Pagan," a John Russell tale.

Ruth Chatterton makes her film debut in Emil Jannings' "Sins of the Fathers."

Raoul Walsh, the director, has married Lorraine Helen Walker.

Anna May Wong is in Germany, emoting for UFA.

Irving Thalberg has just given his wife, Norma Shearer, a Rolls Royce. It was a birthday gift.

Now they're putting the vivid Bacallova in a Jack Holt Western. What next?

Constance Talmadge is to do a film at Nice, France, for United Artists release.
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Miss Doris Kenyon, whose current successes are Warner Brothers' "The House Tamer" and Paramount's "Interference", wearing the Doris Model of The Arch Preserver Shoe, named in her honor.
**Brief Reviews of Current Pictures**

**A B I E S I R I S H R O S E**—Paramount.—The great and original Irish-Jewish comedy, played by a likeable cast headed by Charles Rogers, Nancy Carroll, Bert Morel and so on. (Sept.)

**ACROSS TO SINGAPORE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayor.—The legend of the fall and rise between a Singapore woman and a Chinese devil. A sporting melodrama, well played by Margaret Morris, Joan Crawford and Ernest Torrence. (June.)

**ACTRESS, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayor.—Adaptation of a novel by the Welles, "one of the most delightful of stage stories. After a series of pert, modern stories, it is good to see Norma Shearer return to her old-fashioned charm. (June.)

**ADORABLE CHEAT, THE**—Chesterfield.—Nicholaw farce. Lil Libby looks as pretty as ever and she's the only bright spot in the film. (June.)

**AGA THOT**—Columbia.—Thrilling sea story with good human situations. Hobart Bosworth, Charles Delaney and Eugenie Gilbert head cast. (June.)

**ALEX THE GREAT**—FBO.—The funny adventure of a country boy who comes to New York to "press his pants with the Flatiron building." With Skeets Gallagher. (May.)

**ALMOST HUMAN**—Pathé-De Mille.—Original twist in this film. It's a story of human beings, told by three dogs. Entertaining and different. (June.)

**AFTER THE RAID**—Pathes.—Lee Marvin gets all hot and bothered about a few stolen cows. (May.)

**AVENING SHADOW, THE**—Pathes.—Introducing a new dog star, Klondike. Klondike has looks, brain and it. (June.)

**BABY CYCLOPS, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayor.—All right, if you like Pekinese pups. (Sept.)

**BABY MOTHER, THE**—Plaza.—Humorous and appealing child story with Priscilla Moran and her dog. (June.)

**BACHELOR'S PARADISE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—A somewhat hackneyed drama with a little old-fashioned tie-throwing and an engaging prize-fight. With Sally O'Neill. (July.)

**BARE KNEELED, GATE**—Preventing that the flappers are not as bad as their big sisters. With Virginia Lee Corbin and Jane Wharton. (Sept.)


**BATTLE OF THE SEXES, THE**—United Artists.—How a happy home is wrecked by a blonde. Soldiers are in the war. (Sept.)

**BATTLES OF CORNDEL AND FALKLAND ISLANDS, THE**—Artlee.—An authentic record of two naval engagements between Germany and England. The picture tries to be a "Potemkin" but misses. (May.)

**BEAU BROADWAY**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayor.—Aileen Pringle and Sue Carol fight for the affections of Lloyd Corrigan. Gay, inconsequential comedy. (July.)

**BELLAMY TRIAL, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayor.—The audience is admitted to the court room of the most thrilling murder mystery of the year. (Aug.)

**BEYOND LONDON'S LIGHTS**—FBO.—The young mother gets familiar with the second city and the result is a battle between the high hats and the lowbrows in London. (May.)

**BEYOND THE SIERRAS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayor.—A Tim McCoy Western that will put the kids to sleep. (July.)

**BIG KILLING, THE**—Paramount.—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton become all tangled up in this one. (July.)

**BIG NOISE, THE**—First National.—Concerning a city election. And just about as interesting. (May.)

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**BLACK FEATHER, THE**—Pathes-De Mille.—Very old mystery drama with what is known as a "society background." Some of the characters seem a little too well dug. (May.)

**BLONDE FOR A NIGHT, A**—Pathe-De Mille.—A light domestic farce made agreeable by the charming presence of Marie Prevost, Harrison Ford and T. Roy Barnes. (Apr.)

**BODY PUNCH, THE**—Universal.—All the making of a good picture and some riff stuff that will go big with the men. You'll like it. (May.)

**BRANDED MAN, THE**—Rayart.—The best part of this domestic epic and the titles. Why not do your reading at home? (Aug.)

---

**BRONCO STOMPER, THE**—Pathes.—It is 1 Coleman's turn to outwit the villains in this West. Some good pictures of a rodeo. (May.)

**BURNING DAYLIGHT**—First National.—Exciting tale of gold rush days that makes splendid entertainment. You'll like Milton Silos and Dorothy Jordan. (April.)

**BURNING GOLD**—Bless.—A story of old deeds in the old fields. (Aug.)

**BURNING UP BROADWAY**—Sterling.—Daring story of a young girl who is too old for her looks. Not worth the talents of Helene Costello and Sessue Hayakawa. (Aug.)

**BUSHIRANGER, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayor.—Tim McCoy goes to Australia and plays some rough shots on the bushrangers. (Aug.)

**BUTTER AND EMMAN, THE**—First National.—The amusing adventures of a country bumpkin (Wm. Henry) who becomes an "angel" on funny, (Aug.)

**CAIRED THE DAWN**—Hall-M-G-M.—Max Davidson and Polly Moran have two moments in a haunted house. A short comedy. Very funny. (May.)

**CAÑON OF ADVENTURE, THE**—First National.—Ken Maynard sets the western scenery on fire. A good one. (June.)

**CAUGHT IN THE FOG**—Warners.—The police get in the fog, too. (Aug.)

**CERTAIN YOUNG MAN, A**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayor.—Romantic drama of the Arcadian type. Very little society. A bit languid but well played by Raymond Hatton, even if he isn't precisely the perfect Andy. (July.)

**CHASER, THE**—First National.—Harry Lee does a lot of acting—some of them too good to be good taste. Don't cry if you miss it. (Apr.)

**CHICKEN A LA KING, THE**—Fox.—More less good image-drama, things but tough in spots. With Nancy Carroll and Ford Sterling. (Aug.)

**CITA TOWN, THE**—Metro.—First National.—Johnny Hines cuts down on the bugs and builds the plot, and the result is one of his best picture. (May.)

**CHORUS KID, THE**—Gotham.—Goofy amusing story of chorus girl, played by Virginia Browne Fair. (May.)

**CLOTHES MAKE THE WOMAN**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Help! The Czar's daughter is with us again this time played by Eve Southern. The picture is its good moments. (July.)

**CODE OF THE SCARLET**—First National.—Ken Maynard gets his man. Good outdoor story. (Sept.)

**COHEN AND KELLYS IN PARIS**—Universal.—It was funny the first time, but not good in repeated. Time to call a halt. (Apr.)

**COP, THE**—Pathe-De Mille.—Once more the war fare between the cops and crooks. Some good mel-drama well acted by William Boyd, Alan Hale and Jacqueline Logan. (July.)

**CROSSBONES, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayor.—Rolling-pin humor built around the characters of the comic strip. Polly Moran and Marie Doro are funny. (May.)

**BROKEN MASK, THE**—Anchor.—Ugly story of revenge but well told and acted. (Sept.)

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**P I C T U R E S Y O U S H O U L D N O T M I S S**

"The Godless Girl"
"Wings"
"Sorrell and Son"
"The Circus"
"The Patriot"
"Love"
"Abe's Irish Rose"
"The Trail of '98"
"The Patent Leather Kid"
"The Nose"
"Speedy"

As a service to its readers, Photoplay Magazine presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. Photoplay's reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews shows you accurately and conclusively how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of Photoplay in which the original review appeared.

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**BRIDE OF THE COLORADO, THE**—Pathes-De Mille.—Starring the Grand Canyon of Colorado. And what a great, big canyon it has grown to be since the last. The picture offers little story interest. (May.)

**BRINGING UP FATHER, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayor.—Rolling-pin humor built around the characters of the comic strip, Polly Moran and Marie Doro are funny. (May.)

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**C R E A M O F T H E E A R T H**—Universal.—Travels of a week-end butterfly and a shy cell youth, beautifully acted by Marion Davies and Charles Rogers. A Grade A picture. (May.)

**CRAIG'S WIFE, THE**—Pathes.—Splendid drama of Irene Rich and Marlene Dietrich. (Sept.)
Now the livest news becomes living news! Now you not only see it happen—you hear it! Now Fox Movietone captures the voice of the world as well as its image—its sounds as well as its sights—its words as well as its actions. A miracle has happened!

...The roar of the crowd which is half of football’s thrill—the blare of martial music as the troops wheel past—the thunder of unleashed horsepower as the plane speeds through the air lanes—all these come to you in Movietone! They make you an ear-witness as well as an eye-witness! They really take you there!

...Have you heard the news? If not, go today to the theatre showing Fox Movietone News, and prepare for the thrill of a lifetime!
The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views

**Letters from Photoplay Readers**

Three prizes are given every month for the best letters—$25, $10 and $5.

**$5.00 Letter**

Orange, Calif.

Just out of college, I married a mining engineer whose first job took us to a camp some ninety miles from the nearest town. The population there is an odd mixture, as you can imagine—the main division for the women is gossip—and as a result “no man’s land” would have been a haven of peace and calm in comparison.

“If you want to save my sanity,” I told my husband, at the end of the first month, “persuade the company to open a movie house.”

Well, we got the movie all right, and what a change it made! Photoplay has become the community Bible—discussions of Clara Bow’s “IT,” Greta Garbo’s clothes, and Jack Gilbert’s love making have taken the place of neighborhood gossip—and there is now little time left for rattling the skeleton in the other fellow’s closet.

You couldn’t know the place! And so “Thank Heaven for movies!” say I, and I’m sure the whole community would fervently say “Amen!”

R. H. THOMSON.

**Mary’s Bob**

Lynn, Mass.

We all loved Mary Pickford’s curls. But, as she says, she is considering playing young girl’s parts (and don’t anybody kid themselves but what she won’t be peaches at it) it is perfectly all right and natural that she should have a “bob” just long enough to pin up.

We loved her curls, but we will love her every bit as much without them.

BARRIE V. ELIZABETH LEE.

**Dresses Like Irene Rich**

Boston, Mass.

Do the movies help any? I asked some friends. One woman expressed her ideas thus: “A few years ago I was an awful sight. I couldn’t dress well. The movie stars set an example for me. I closely followed Irene Rich, being about her age. The change was perfect. Have I not improved in my clothes? By dressing my age I look younger.”

MRS. J. ROCHE.

[Continued on Page 69]
LOVE GAVE HIM COURAGE
OR HIS DEATH DEFYING SLIDE

WILLIAM HAINES
in EXCESS BAGGAGE
with Josephine Dunn and Ricardo Cortez
A James Cruze Production—Based on the play by John McGowan—Continuity by Frances Marion—A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture—Directed by James Cruze

SEE—REMEMBER
AND CASH IN

Mighty few people can remember what they've seen after it's all over. You can test your own memory—and possibly win a prize, by answering these five questions. To the man sending in the best answers I'll give $50 in cash and the domino I wear in my new picture, "Excess Baggage." To the lady sending in the best answers I'll also give $50, and Miss Dunn, who plays opposite me, will give the make-up kit she used in the back stage scenes. In addition I will send autographed photographs for the fifty next best answers.

BILL HAINES' FIVE QUESTIONS
1. What new M-G-M picture has a South Sea Island setting?
2. What two Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer World Tours are now in progress?
3. What does "continuity" mean in motion picture making?
4. In 75 words or less tell who your favorite M-G-M director is and why.
5. Which M-G-M actress is called the screen's leading comedienne and name two comedies in which she has played?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by October 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

Note: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of John Gilbert Contest
Don F. Russell, Newburyport, Mass.
Mrs. Belle McCamp, Dallas, Texas

YOU'LL laugh—you'll cry—
YOU'LL thrill to "Excess Baggage"
ON the screen
AS thousands did on the Broadway stage.
AND it's only the first
OF Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's big picture FOR your enjoyment this season.

Ask your theatre manager when you can see the new M-G-M pictures: William Haines in "Excess Baggage"—Lon Chaney in "While the City Sleeps"—"Our Dancing Daughters" with Joan Crawford—Buster Keaton in "The Camera Man"—"The Bellamy Trial."

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
"More Stars than there are in Heaven"

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
She—

Slapped a king.
Saved a nation.
Was born in poverty
Became the most celebrated beauty of her time.
Was one of the greatest sirens of history.
Is the subject of fifty world-famous paintings by Romney, worth $100,000 each.
Was loved by Lord Nelson, famous naval hero.
Became the scandal of Europe.
Influenced the destiny of nations.
Was scorned by the country she saved from defeat.

See—

The most gigantic naval spectacle ever filmed!
Scores of sea monsters at death grips . . . Flaming frigates plunging to destruction.
One of the most famous love affairs of history lived upon the screen.
A sensational best-seller brought to you in film form.
The first presentation of the inside story of the private lives of famous historical characters.
The famous Battle of Trafalgar pictured for the first time, in rich detail.
The sumptuous splendor of European courts.
Five famous players in the leading roles.
A cast of thousands in breathless action!

You'll remember 1928 as the year you saw—

CORINNE GRIFFITH

"in The

DIVINE LADY"

with

H. B. WARNER, VICTOR VARCONI
IAN KEITH and MARIE DRESSLER

Produced by FRANK LLOYD
who made "THE SEA HAWK"

Presented by RICHARD A. ROWLAND

A First National Picture

Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"
A Recipe From A FRENCH STAR

And a few hints on what to serve at small, informal and strictly feminine luncheons

In a cook book published in 1885, I found some suggestions for menus to be served at luncheons for women guests. The menus were not designed for formal functions but were merely suggested as guides for the good housewife who happened to be entertaining a few girl friends.

The modern girl would gain at least five pounds by merely reading what the lady of forty-three years ago served for a little light luncheon.

At the girl's affairs of the elegant eighties, the luncheon started with oysters or clams, plunged into soup, dashed into a fish or entree, jumped into chicken or quail, swerved into a hot vegetable—usually asparagus, and ended in a lourish of frozen puddings, sweetmeats, fruits and coffee.

The hostess was warned that it was bad form to serve more than two kinds of wine with luncheon.

I have only given you a rough outline of the menus. Every dish was served with a fancy sauce and accompanied by numerous fancy fixings.

The girl who provides an elaborate menu for a luncheon today is wasting both time and money. Women are too careful of their figures and complexions to eat a heavy meal in the middle of the day. Out in Hollywood, particularly when the stars are actively working, the usual luncheon for the girls is a salad and a glass of milk. Chicken—or perhaps sweetbreads—are the only meats that most women care for in the middle of the day.

If you are entertaining at luncheon this Fall, remember that the attractiveness of the dishes and their tastiness count for more than quantity.

You may, if you like, serve a light soup in bouillon cups, but many women prefer fruit cocktails or eggs prepared in some decorative way.

With the main course, you may omit potatoes because, if it comes to a choice between two fattening foods, most girls would rather have hot bread of some sort. And you can make up for the potatoes by having two kinds of vegetables. The salad should be your principal concern because you may serve a heavier and more elaborate salad than is permissible at a dinner. But, if you have started the meal with fruit cocktails, be sure to steer clear of using fruit again with the salad. For dessert you may have pasty of any kind but it is usually safer to end the meal with an ice or some other light dessert.

This month I am going to give you a recipe for a good luncheon dish that was submitted to Photoplay's Cook Book by Renee Adoree. The recipe is for French Fish Roe Croquettes.

1 can fish roe 1 tablespoon cream
2 eggs 1/2 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon cream pepper
1 tablespoon cream cracker crumbs

Mash the fish roe with a fork, add one unbeaten egg, cream and seasoning. Shape into balls or croquettes and roll in beaten egg. Then roll in cracker crumbs. Fry in deep fat. Garnish with parsley and cream sauce and serve piping hot.

Or, if you like, serve with drawn butter sauce and garnish with lemon.

This is a good recipe to use as your principal course at a small luncheon. With it you may serve peas or tomatoes baked with cheese sprinkled on top.

If you have not received a copy of Photoplay's Cook Book fill out the little kettle to your left, send a quarter and you will receive the Cook Book immediately. It has been enlarged to include one hundred and fifty recipes contributed by the leading stars.

Carolyn Van Wyck
Crooks can't win—FBO. Good celluloid gone haywire. Will someone please stop the crime wave? (August.)

Cupid's Knockout—Heracles. Just a fair-to-middling comedy, for evenings when you have nothing better to do. (August.)

*Garvan the Terrible—Sovkino. A really great picture, made in Russia that, in acting and technical excellence, never has been surpassed. Marvelous performance by L. M. Leontioff. If this comes your way, take it home. (August.)

Danger Patrol, The—Rayart. A big whitehouse, fresh air drama of the Northwest with three rounding a crook. (August.)

Danger Rider, The—Universal. There's a lifting drop of original in the plot of this Hoot Gibson Western. (August.)

Dawn—Herbert Wilcox. An English production that gives a fair and impartial presentation of the Edith Cavell case. (August.)

Desert Bride, The—Columbia. Betty Compson, as a Parthian beauty, rules havoc in the foreign Legion. (August.)

Desert Pirate, The—FBO. Filled with the usual staples of the orthodox Western but made bearable by a plot with some originality and the charming presence of little Frankie Darro. (May.)

Detectives—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Karl Dane and George K. Arthur in a collection of gags—a good way to pass the time. (April.)

Devil's Cage, The—Chadwick. No use bethering your pretty little head about the inconsistencies of a plot that cannot be punctured. (June.)

Devil's Spinner, The—Tiffany-Saahl. Lots of meat and potatoes, cheap slave ships, piracy, mutiny and revenge. Also a remarkable performance by Belle Bennett. (May.)

Devil's Trademark, The—FBO. Aggravating bank. (September.)

Diamond Handcaps—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Walter Pidgeon staged three episodes about the curse of a diamond, probably written about the supposed curse of the Hope diamond. Some fine acting by Eleanor Boardman, Lena Malena and Conrad Nagel is noted. (June.)

Do Gentle, The—Goaich-M. M.-G. M. A short fuse turned into a panic by the appearance of a real, live gorilla. (August.)

Dog Justice—FBO. But the story is a cin. Injustice to Ranger, the canine star. (May.)

Don't Marry—Fox. An amusing little comedy that ends with a punch. Go, played by Lois Moran and Neil Hamilton. (July.)

Doomsday— Paramount. Florence Vito sympathetic and efficient portrayal of a fine woman who marries to escape drudgery merly results in a tragedy. (July.)


Dressed to Kill—Fox. A tale of the underworld; how you handle your kidneys, every action and suspense. And splendid work by Edmond O'Brien, Mary Astor and Ben Baird, recommended. (May.)

Drums of Love—United Artists. D. W. Griffith tells the Paolo and Francesca legend's story by changing the locale and by overloading with pageantry. Mary Philbin branches out with lots of IT and Don Alvarado gives a good performance. (April.)

Dugan of the Dugouts—Anchor. Ga.-dang the Great War again. (September.)

Easy Come, Easy Go—Paramount. Richard Barthelmess a fine, young, competent partner of a crook. A bright, fast-moving comedy and Richard's best in months. (July.)

End of St. Petersburg, The—Sovkino. What the Soviet wants you to believe. St. Petersburg is blown by a top secret operation. (May.)

Escape, The—Fox. An ancient melodrama that should have been allowed to rest in peace. Wit of the Lynette Walls Russell. (May.)

Excess Baggage—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Vivid and realistic picture of stage life. See it. (September.)

Faithless Lover, The—Kroll. The dash bursts again. But aside from that, this is just a lot of melodrama. (May.)

Fallen Angels—Universal. Norman Kerry draws through some gloomy doings in the role of man with much to play dead. Interesting but hardly cheery. (May.) (Continued on page 136.)

Philopays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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Try any advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed
Want a THRILL?...
Fly with
REED HOWES
as RUSS FARRELL
AVIATOR

Here's a kick that will stand your hair on end! Take a flight with the daring "Russ Farrell" of the Border Patrol. Thrill to the chase after air smugglers and sky bandits! There is a half hour of high adventure waiting for you in each of the six pictures in this new series of air thrillers.

Get set for the take-off! Watch for "The Sky Ranger."

Produced by CHARLES R. ROGERS
and HARRY J. BROWN.

From the famous "RUSS FARRELL" flying stories in The American Boy Magazine by THOMSON BURTIS.

In these other EDUCATIONAL PICTURES, too, you'll find laughs, thrills, novelty—

LUPINO LANE COMEDIES
BIG BOY-JUVENILE COMEDIES
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with JERRY DREW
DOROTHY DEVORE COMEDIES
TUXEDO COMEDIES
(Jack White Productions)

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KINORAMAS
First among News Reels
CAMEO COMEDIES

Lyman H. Howe's
HODGE-PODGE

OUR WORLD TODAY—A Modern Screen Magazine

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc., E. W. Hammons, President
Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Dear Carolyn Van Wyck:

Perhaps I do not come under the general classification of "girl." For, though I am still in my early twenties, I am two years married. And it is my marriage that constitutes my problem.

No—Miss Van Wyck! It isn't the sort of a problem that would probably think of me. It isn't the sort of problem that the average wife has to face. My husband loves me very dearly, and he makes a good income, and he is generous. And, since we have known each other, he hasn't looked at another woman. He hasn't a single bad habit—not in the regular way of speaking.

But, oh, Miss Van Wyck, there are times when I feel that my marriage is about to go on the rocks—when I feel that the whole thing is a terrible failure.

You see, we had many beautiful wedding gifts. And we moved into a new house and furnished it—I think—charmingly. I have pretty china, and linen, and rugs and furniture. And I love them. I love to dust and polish and sweep. I love to keep my house in a perfect condition.

But my husband! He hasn't been home for ten minutes before the order has disappeared from almost every room. He gets cigarette ashes on the rugs (there is even a hole burned in one of them!) and he leaves newspapers on the floor, and he throws wet towels in the clothes hamper. He sometimes helps me carry the dinner dishes out—he would like to dry them for me, every evening. But, if I let him, I wouldn't have a dish left. Muddy feet and cake crumbs and once (oh, Carolyn, this broke my heart!) an ink stain on a drawn work table cloth! They mean nothing to him—and they are real tragedies to me.

What on earth shall I do? We've had many a sharp quarrel on the subject. My husband contends that a house, in which a man is uncomfortable, is not a home. I tell him that I will leave him unless he learns to respect my pride in my possessions—and my care of, and for, them. Last night, after an especially bitter scene, my husband went to his club and stayed until dawn. And I cried—also until dawn.

But, though we kissed and made up, over the breakfast table, it will all happen again. In fact, my husband upset his orange juice when he was kissing me!

Carolyn Van Wyck—please help me if you can. For I am very unhappy.

Alice.

Carolyn Van Wyck

Girls' Problems

Home or Husband?

Is This Month's Problem

For the housewife, who loves her furniture and her home too ardenty, is in the position of making such a choice. In my answer to Alice's letter—and in "Craig's Wife," one of the finest of the current photoplays—you will find my opinion and advice on the subject.

And, although this month's problem has to do with marriage, don't forget that I am always ready to help you individually upon any other matter that has to do with your beauty, health or happiness.

Letters enclosing self-addressed envelopes I will answer by return mail; those without postage will be replied to on the pages of this magazine.

For information regarding the care of the skin, send a stamped envelope. For my booklet on sane reducing methods, send ten cents.

Carolyn Van Wyck
FAVoured PerfumeS

- IN THE POPULAR "PURSE SIZES",

Quarter ounce

Price One Dollar

The most luxurious perfumes of the world— the supreme COTY fragrances which are the favourites of lovely women everywhere—are each obtainable in the exquisite little purse sizes for handbag or travelling kit—an adorable convenience.

L'ORIGAN, PARIS, CHYPRE, L'AIMANT, EMERAUDE, STYX

"Finesse of Beauty," a guide to greater loveliness with Coty creations, on request—COTY inc. 714 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
What woman does not know that she is a thousand times more attractive when her skin is smooth and fresh and fair!

**Give yourself**

**WHAT NO ONE ELSE CAN GIVE YOU**

**a Beautiful Skin**

Give yourself the gift you've always longed for, that no one else can give you—

A beautiful skin!

Perhaps already you are blessed with a naturally good complexion. Start now to give it proper care to keep it always fine and young looking!

Or perhaps it grieves you to see your skin less lovely than it should be? If so, the chances are your trouble is one of six common skin defects which, happily, are easy to remedy.

Ice, warm or hot water and Woodbury's Facial Soap—and just a little patience and persistence are all you need to gain a beautiful skin.

A skin specialist gave the prescription for this wonderful soap. Wrapped round each cake is a booklet with the proper treatment for normal skins and special treatments for each of these six common skin defects:

- Excessive oiliness
- Sallowness
- Blackheads
- Dryness
- Blemishes
- Enlarged pores

Begin, tonight, the treatment that meets your need and see what a delightful improvement you can bring about with even a week or ten days of proper care!

A 25¢ cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks. Get a cake today. You will find it at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Now—the large-size trial set!

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
2219 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

For the enclosed 10 cents please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2219 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name__________________________

Street__________________________

City__________________________State__________________________

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
A GAIN including the Scandinavian. Jeanette Loff was born in Idaho and raised in Canada, but her parents were both Danish. As a pianist in a small movie theater, she studied screen acting and learned what not to do. With a confidence inspired by viewing countless horse operas, Jeanette went to Hollywood. She played a very small part in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—try and find her in it—and was just going back to the nickelodeon, when Cecil De Mille discovered her and made her a leading woman. In "At Yale" and "Love Over Night" she plays opposite Rod La Rocque. Can you see her resemblance to Vilma Banky, Rod's wife?
WILLIAM BOYD specializes in pictures that portray the adventures of rugged and daring gentlemen of the great outdoors. He is usually classified among the newcomers but, as a matter of record, Bill Boyd was a handy man around the studios for many, many years. Do you know that he played an inconspicuous rôle in "The Young Rajah" supporting Rudolph Valentino?
WHAT a break for Lupe Velez! First Lupe is selected by D. W. Griffith for the leading rôle in "The Love Song." Then Irving Berlin is engaged to compose a ballad for Lupe to introduce to the public by way of the no longer silent screen. And because Lupe has refused to allow success to turn her head and because she is witty and generous, all Hollywood wishes her luck.
BY request—Janet Gaynor. Not since the days when Lillian Gish was thrown out, out into the storm, in "Way Down East," have so many tears been shed for a shadow heroine as were evoked by Janet in "Seventh Heaven" and "Street Angel." And not in years has any youngster so captured the hearts, imagination and sympathy of the public—and all without ballyhoo or bombast.
THE GOSSARD LINE OF BEAUTY

THE VERY LATEST

A GOSSARD ALL-IN-ONE

for Cool Days

A perfect joy — this new, complete undercostume by Gossard, combining a dainty bloomer with a foundation garment of satin tricot. No more bulkiness at the waistline, no extras in the way of underwear; nothing needed but this simple, exquisitely dainty garment, which fits with satin smoothness under your frock.

It’s the new Gossard Tedetite 5428, made of satin tricot, showing the Parisian uplift line at the bust. The attached bloomers are silk tricot, and fasten with a single button at the side. And this lovely, new, complete undercostume is only $8.50.

A New Gossard Tedetite 5428 — Retailing at $8.50.

"How does she keep her hands so lovely?"

"— the most beautiful hands, yet she does all her own work — ."

"As I turned from pouring tea, I realized with a thrill they were talking about me!

"I felt such a happy glow of pride ... my hands used to be my despair!

"Now I find it easy to have soft, pretty hands, in spite of dishes to do three times a day.

"I discovered that by using Lux for all my dishwashing, my hands never became rough or red or chapped-looking. With Lux, they are even whiter and softer after washing dishes than before!"

Millions of women who do their own work now have hands as flawless, as lovely, as if they never touched the dishpan! They learned for themselves when they used Lux for their fine things, how white and smooth the delicate, sparkling Lux suds made their hands. So they used Lux for dishwashing too. For Lux is soothing to even the most sensitive skin.* It is made by a marvelous special process—made white and thinner and purer than anything else. There is no trace of harmful alkali in Lux, nothing to dry up to coarsen the skin, as there is in many soaps—whether flakes, chips, or cakes.

And Lux costs so little! In one of the big packages there is enough Lux for 6 weeks' dishes! So little to pay for beautiful hands!

"Those few whispered words made me flush with pleasure!"

Lux keeps lovely the hands that wash dishes
About the worst thing that could happen to pictures at this time would be to get messed up in politics. Mayor Jimmy Walker—it is unnecessary to say, a New York—took a rap at a couple of well-known headmen of the California end of the industry who are ambitious politically and socially, and told them to mind their own business. He was dead right. Such activity is going to make national censorship a party issue, and it would be the most natural thing in the world for Canon Chase and his holy racketeers to trow this in with all their other rubbish as an argument for Federal control.

The truth of the matter is that the political activities of these two executives do not mount to a row of dull pins. One of them, by collecting money from the picture colony for the late Republican Committee of California, posted himself into a job as state highway commissioner. The other got himself fixed up with a badge as a delegate to the convention at Kansas City where he was lost in a picture so big that his publicity men could not get him a line in the Kansas City papers.

This was the fellow who visited Coolidge at the White House six months ago, accompanied by a battery of photographers, and came out flattered at being received that he immediately announced to the waiting world that he picture industry had gone hook, line, and inker for Coolidge.

Later came news reports of an aerial journey, plus the wife and kiddies, to the home of the Republican candidate, although the reports neglected to describe Hoover's eager rush out onto the front lawn to embrace the visitors. In fact, the reports left considerable doubt whether they got into the house at all.

Perhaps one of these film chaps is ambitious to go back home as the first official American diplomatic representative to Soviet Russia. But that is a dream sequence that will die on the cutting room floor.

We suggest that they cut out the dreams of diplomatic glory and attend to what the country needs more than new politicians—good motion pictures, minus new effects.

The finest and hottest shot of sound philosophy that ever came out of Hollywood was uttered by Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle recently.

Roscoe and a group of friends were sitting around a cafe table and the conversation fell on gin.

"Gin?" said one of the crowd, cracking wise, "What's gin?"

"Gin is what you and I were buying when Ruth Roland was buying real estate," answered Fatty.

Poor, jolly Fatty. He should know something about the wages of gin!

Nothing can add to the punch of that one great line. It says everything there is to say
about the joys and heartbreaks of the petted children of the Gold Coast.

I NEVER believed the plump comedian guilty of the death of the girl that brought about his downfall, and I hope that seven years of punishment, shame and abuse will mark the end of his bad luck.

THE whole world is talking talkies.
The fans are listening to their favorites' voices like kids at their first Punch and Judy.
The film makers are hysterical over plans for new audible movies, and the actors are practicing scales and having their voices renovated.
The signs on Broadway now read—"Moonlight and Roses—A Talking Picture." The talkies have swept the Main Stem.

Seemingly, the silent drama has forgotten it was ever silent.

Some of us are bitterly disappointed in the talkies so far. Some of us are going haywire and screaming that they have kicked all quiet films out of the back door. Neither is true nor just.

Right now talking pictures are getting fat on their novelty. They need a lot of development, technically and on the human side. But they are here to stick, and their flood can't be stopped any more than Niagara can be dammed with a toothpick.

It's up to us to sit tight, cross our fingers and let the scientists tinker.

FROM the motion picture business has gone a fine character, a splendid showman, a gentleman, and a philosopher. Richard A. Rowland, erstwhile production manager of the First National and formerly president of the old Metro Company, has left the business to devote himself to the development of his own interests, and travel.

At forty-seven he has accumulated several millions and life, he says, is too short and sweet to waste it all in the worry and uncertainty of motion picture production.

One thing few people know, and that is that Rowland, not content with becoming a millionaire himself, kept on until everyone who was near and dear to him was fixed for life also.

There are few enough men of Rowland's type in any business.

CANON WILLIAM SHEAFE CHASE, D. D.—professional reformer, bitter enemy of the motion picture and the pop-gun of Brooklyn, N. Y.—is in again.

This time he has made Representative Hudson the goat. That gentleman has introduced in Congress another bill designed to hamstring the photoplay.

Canon Chase's new bill attempts to label the picture industry a public utility, and so bring it under the guns of the federal government, with regulatory powers. Simply the old demon National Censorship being dragged in the back door with phony whiskers on.

WHAT rubbish! Pictures can't be turned on the gas or switched off like the lights. The some difference between a public utility and a public entertainment. One feeds the body, the other the spirit. The time hasn't come yet when government can push a button and make the soul ja

This is nothing to get fretted about. Dr. Chase is doing something to justify the contributions of deluded people to his reform racket.
Poor old Canon Chase! They'll laugh this bill out of Congress, just as they've snickered off all the rest.

WITH this issue we commence publication of "The Studio Murder Mystery," by the Edingtons.
You'll find that this new story is not only a red-thriller. We feel that no informative article on the talkies and the people there ever gave a truer picture of life in film studios.

The authors know their Hollywood and they know how to word-paint the film city in true and flamboyant colors for their readers.

Two treats for the price of one—a mystery yarn that will raise your back hair and an engaging, author-word picture of life and work on the arc lit stages.

HENRY L. MENCKEN and other prophets said that the future talent of the movies will be developed in the amateur field. A noted director tells us that he is looking for his cameramen and technical staff in the ranks of the amateurs.

In some respects, the Amateur Movie Contest recently conducted by Photoplay is the most important and far-reaching achievement ever accomplished by this magazine. It was the first contest of its kind ever held; Photoplay is mighty proud to say that this was the first national magazine ever to establish a department for movie amateurs.

A party at my home I showed the prize-winning film of the 35 mm. division, "And How!" It was produced by Russell T. Ervin and the Motion Picture Club of the Oranges. Frankly, some of the movie people present thought that they were going to be amused and shocked by its crudities. But before the last scene had faded from the screen, Winfield R. Sheehan, general manager the Fox Company, turned to me and said, "I want this boy."

Two other producers present also wanted the service of Mr. Ervin, but Winnie Sheehan happened to be present. He got him on a five-year contract and sent him to Hollywood.

ELSEWHERE in this issue you will find the rules for the next Amateur Movie Contest. Whether or not you are a maker of amateur movies I want you to read about this contest, because out of it may come the next Griffith, De Mille or Von Stoehrheim of the year after next.

Photoplay is going to show the twenty best films of its second Amateur Contest to every prominent producer in this country. It is going to do this, not on as a help and encouragement to the amateurs, but as service to the producers.
ONE of the four main reasons why women love diamonds was responsible for my purchase last January of a diamond for the record price of three hundred thousand dollars.

The four reasons are:
1. Vanity.
2. The desire to make other women envious.
3. Sentiment.
4. Investment.

The last reason entered into my calculations a bit, of course. These days of erratic stock movements it gives one a secure feeling to know that a small piece of carbon in a safe-deposit box represents nearly a third of a million dollars. Perhaps the real reason, too, could be catalogued under the heading of "vanity," although it was something bigger than that.

The diamond in question, one of the five purest large diamonds in the world, was discovered only a few years ago in South Africa. Its discovery was an event of first magnitude in the diamond world, for no such stone had been found for more than a century. It was larger than the Kohinoor and experts pronounced it unique because of its unusual purity compared to its weight.

When it had been cut in Amsterdam it was said to be a gem among gems, one fit to be the finest star of an emperor's crown.

But there were no more emperors, and the living kings could not afford diamonds—not even George of England, who had just voluntarily reduced his exchequer to set an example to his people.

When the diamond arrived in Hatton Garden, London, jewelers from all over the world made special trips to see it. The most famous experts on Paris, New York and Madrid weighed, studied and found it flawless.

The purchaser was a syndicate of London jewelers and this syndicate, after an appropriate fee for exhibition, offered the jewel for sale. Here were only two bidders—an Indian maharajah, who offered in exchange a celebrated emerald pendant and a star of diamonds and rubies, and a well-known Fifth Avenue jeweler, who offered cash. The American won and himself went to London to take possession of the jewel and carry it preciously home.

I had been a client of this particular jewelry firm for years. One day the head of the firm called me on the telephone.

"We have something exceptionally interesting to show you, Miss Joyce," he said.

I visited the shop and, with an air of mystery, was ushered into a private office. And there, on a table, in a black-velvet-lined chest, was the largest diamond I had ever seen.

Precious stones have always held an infinite appeal to me because of their beauty, the beauty that is another name for cold, deathless purity.

This stone was brightening in its beauty. It lay there alone, a tiny thing, yet dominating the somber room and all of us in it. It made me gasp.

Mr. Black (for there can be no harm in mentioning now the name of the gentleman who was showing me the jewel) smiled.

"What do you think of it, Miss Joyce?" he asked.

"I have never seen anything anywhere like it," I answered, truthfully.

And at that moment there entered in me a wild idea: I must possess this stone! No other woman should wear it. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 88]
CHAPTER I.

SIBILANT whispers around the sides of the great stages! The slithering splash of drainage from the roofs! Strange, weird shapes, forming themselves out of the billows of dripping fog; huddling in Behemothian groups in corners of the studio lot. The skeletons of "dead" sets, clothed in flowing veils of gray; dim hulks holding mystery, changing form with the ever-eddying mists enveloping them.

Dank expectancy in the night of deeds too dark for day! Cold, wet fingers of mist, creeping down the spine. Lannigan, night watchman of Superior Films, clumping denly out of the ghostly void; shivering down his gauze coat collar; pulling off his hat to slap away the moist accumulated there—"Sure, 'tis a foine night for a murther! Ye can't see thro' it no more than the divil's heart, Mac!"

"There's certain to be many a man killed tonight, that fact, Lannigan!" agreed the gateman. "Take a look out the Wet—slippery as a greased slide, but they keep on breakin' the limit as they always do around midnight!"

The two men gazed somberly out upon the boulevard, a street light across from the studio entrance made but a soft and short illumination. Below it gleamed the black wetness of the road, and upon the road was the constant singing of wet wheels. Cars, filled with midnight roisterers from the beach clubs, speeding by. . . .

Rules for Studio Murder Mystery Solutions

1. Nineteen prizes, totalling $3,000, are offered for the best solutions to the thrilling serial, "The Studio Murder Mystery." This story will appear in Photoplay in eight installments, starting with the October, 1928, issue and concluding with the May, 1929, issue. After the appearance of the March, 1929, number, on February 15th, 1929, solutions to the mystery may be submitted but not before that date. All solutions must be received by Photoplay before midnight of March 10th, 1929, to receive consideration. The final installments of "The Studio Murder Mystery," printed in the April, 1929, and May, 1929, issues, will solve the mystery. The full list of winners will be announced as soon after the close of the contest as possible.

2. Awards will be made according to the accuracy of the solutions to "The Studio Murder Mystery" as worked out by the authors, the Edingtons. Literary merit will not count. The awards will be made wholly upon the detective ability of contestants in working out the mystery, explaining how the crime was committed, giving the reasons and naming the real murderer.

3. Solutions must be written in 200 words or less.

They must be typewritten on one side of a sheet of paper and the contestant's name and address must be typed on the upper left hand corner.

4. The nineteen prizes will be awarded as follows:

   - First Prize: $1,000
   - Second Prize: $500
   - Third Prize: $350
   - Fourth Prize: $150
   - Five prizes of $100: $500
   - Ten prizes of $50: $500

In the event that two or more contestants tie for any award, duplicate prizes will go to each contestant.

5. All solutions must be addressed to The Studio Murder Mystery Editor, Photoplay, 221 W. 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

6. No solutions will be returned to contestants. No inquiries regarding this contest will be answered. Failure to fulfill every rule will invalidate your solution. The contest is open to everyone except employees of Photoplay and members of their families. It is not necessary to be a subscriber or even a purchaser of a single copy of Photoplay. You can consult copies in public libraries, if you wish.
Domn fools!" said the Irishman.
Aye!" agreed MacDougal quietly. Then:

"IBert's working late tonight," he added.

"Yep! Cursing and bellowing to beat the Dutch, same as usual, at that heavy of
whin I come by just now! I tell ye, Mac, if I was that young Hardell ... rotten
lee is, the dirty bum ... I'd see Seibert in H—- before I'd take his dirty talk!"
The Scotchman shrugged indifferently. What he thought about motion picture
actors and their actors, he did not express.

"A girl, startlingly rh and lovely, leaned out.

"Oh, Meestair Mac! Eef you please!" she called.

"Right, Miss," and the gateman stepped quickly to his duty.

"I would like so much to drive into the lot, tonight, Meestair Mac. Me, I am
fraid to go out alone to the car, so late ..."

"Certainly, Miss Beaumont. You'll find lots of parking room. There's no one
Seibert working tonight," smiled the gateman, but beneath his courteous answer
was a questioning tone that brought a quick explanation.

"You wondair why Yvonne comes so late, eh?" She laughed up into his eyes,
cring the man to meet her careless mood.

"Well, I will tell you a secret. I am veree naughty! I say I will have that new
pt for that next picture I make, all read by tomorrow for Meestair Rosey! What
think I do? I go home and go to bed, and go straight to sleep ... like this ..."

She squeezed her eyelids tightly together so that their heavily mascaraed lashes,

The diagram of
the Superior lot,
as shown in the
Los Angeles
newspapers after the
strange murder.

Franz Seibert — the star di-
rector of Superior Films. A
Hollywood invader from
abroad. Seibert brooked no
interference, he took his time
with his films and put his
whole being into them. His
idiosyncrasies were the talk
of the film world.
pricked into the soft skin of her cheek. Opening her eyes swiftly in mock dismay, she continued,

"I wake up! I remember! Quick I jump into the car, and come out here. I know the nice beeg Meestair Mac is here, and I am not afraid! Now I go up to my dressing room and get that picture script..."

"JUST a minute, Miss Beaumont, I will turn on the corridor lights."

"Non! The gate you must watch. Anyway, Me, I have the cat’s eyes in the dark!"

She waved her hand to him as she ran lightly up the stairs of the nearby building which housed the dressing rooms—the men’s on the first floor, the women’s above. The gateman looked after her a moment, his brow thoughtful. Then he went into his little office beside the gate and bent over his time sheet.

"Yvonne Beaumont. In at 11:23 P.M.," he wrote there. When he looked again in the direction of the dressing rooms a light had been put on in the room he knew to be the pretty little French leading woman’s. He liked the cheery friendliness of her chatter, but just now he wondered if it were absolutely truthful! He knew that motion picture folk have queer ways... that night and day are the same to them... that impulses are usually obeyed, no matter what conventions they seem to break. And yet...

"HEY, Mac! Open up!"

The gateman recognized the voice of Billy West, Seibert’s assistant director, and he hastened to the gate.

The young man let in slipped into his office, and immediately set about lighting a cigarette.

"Beastly fog, Mac. Didn’t dare take a hand off the wheel to light up, and couldn’t have got a smoke going, with all the wet blowing in the window, if I had..." he said, puffing vigorously. Then,

"Seibert still working?" he asked. It was significant of the director of whom he spoke, that his assistant did not give him the familiar “chief,” in referring to him. People did not drop into these little comradely ways with Franz Seibert.

"I expect so. I haven’t marked him out yet," said the gateman, answering his query.

"Damn!” said the young man heartily. "I left my script book on the set, and I’ve got to have it tonight. We’re finishing tomorrow, and that means H— to pay, and sixteen new props and ideas he’ll get at the eleventh hour! I’ve got to out-figure that bozo some way, and I sure need that book!"

"Tough luck," sympathized the gateman dryly. It was a well-known fact that there were times when the famous director preferred to work alone, and at such times no member of his crew, even his assistant, dared venture on his set. This was one of those times, for West had not been called by Seibert that night.

"Well, I’ll hang around until he gets through," said West, and turning up his coat collar, the young man went out of the little office and disappeared in the grayness.

MacDougal’s keen eyes had not missed West’s seeming idle glance at the time sheet, nor had his intelligence accepted the cigarette story. Yet in a way, the arrival of the young assistant director eased his mind. West was known to be 할 over heels in love with Yvonne Beaumont.

"SOME silly love business, despite all the talk about script, and he’s followed her out here," he told himself, and marked Billy West in at 11:40 P.M.

Twenty-five minutes later Lannigan appeared again out of the mist.

"Sure, Mac, this do be the divil’s own night, and nor no take! I could swear by the Holy Saints that there be spoors about! I saw one the now, skitterin’ across the lawn..."

"Nonsense, man!” exclaimed MacDougal. "You’ve shot eyes to see anything on a night like this, Lannigan!"

The little Irishman did not like his tone, and he showed immediate resentment.
"And, if it wasn't a night like this, Scot MacDougal," said he significantly, pushing his face up close to the other, and peering sharply at him, "I'd swear by the Holy Saints 'twas a woman's figger I seen just now! A leetle lady, she was, and runnin' in the direction of Hardell's dressing room! Now phwat d'ye think of that, Scot MacDougal!"

There was a double meaning in the words, calculated to come close to home with the gateman. Yet peer sharply as he might, Lannigan could detect no flicker of uneasiness in the steady gaze of the level eyes above him.

After a moment MacDougal slowly removed his pipe, and replied calmly.

"THERE'S no woman come on the lot tonight, except Miss Beaumont, who's up in her room reading her new script. Furthermore, there's no other woman on the lot at all, save the nurse in the hospital yonder! And I don't hold with your idea about spooks, Lannigan! The wind and the fog make queer shapes sometimes, and a man's imagination puts life in them! That's all there is to that."

"He's supposed to be dead, you know," explained the office boy, indicating the sprawling "dummy" on Stage Six. "Can't tell the difference, can you?"

"Are you sure? . . . it's not a real man?" whispered the girl.

"Course it's not real!" laughed the boy. "Go and feel of him! He's only wax and saw-dust!"

The girl stretched her hand out to the pale face. "Daddy! Daddy!" she screamed. "It's a man! It's a man! Oh . . . let's get out of here!"

"All right, MacDougal, have it your way. But maybe now you'll be explainin' this to me. As I was crossin' the lawn to Stage Six, that same where Seibert is workin', the lights went out! Not only thin on the stage, which same Seibert might have put out himself, but the big arc standin' between the stage and the dressin' rooms, which same has to be shut off in the dynamo room! Simultaneous, out of the bushes in the garden on the West side, comes a black figger, and makes a sneak for the side entrance of the stage. I keeps on goin' to-wards the stage, thinkin' to find out what ails the lights, and meet the intruder likewise, but whin me foot strikes the gravel on the path alongside, that devil of a Seibert hears me, and yells out like a roarin' bull fer me not to step foot on the stage! I yells back the same polite way that the lights are out. He howls that he ain't blind, and that he don't need them any more, and to let him alone! The damn fool acts like a man with the plague whin he's got his mind on his directin' . . . so, here am I, waitin' his highness' pleasure to fix them lights. Also, mean whilst this black figger I seen is most likely denudin' the stage!"

MacDougal laughed heartily, and slapped the little Irishman on the back.

"EASE your mind, Lannigan. That 'black figger' was Billy West, who's been waitin' a chance to slip on the set and get his script book, which he forgot and returned for a while ago . . . ."

"And a fine director, I call it, that won't let his own assistant near him, so that he has to go sneakin' around like a damn sneak!" broke in Lannigan disgustedly. Then he added triumphantly:

"Ye haven't explained the why that are wint out, simul- taneous with the lights on the stage!"

"The lamp probably burned out. They do, you know," said MacDougal dryly, "and it happened that Seibert finished at the same time, and turned off the stage lights. Nothing supernatural in that, man!"

"Just the same, I tell you I feel it in me bones that there's strange happenin's on foot tonight!" muttered Lannigan.

33
A CAR slipped through the entrance of the Superior Films studio.

A girl, startlingly fresh and lovely, leaned out.

"Oh, Meestair Mac! Eef you please!" she called. "I would like so much to drive into the lot tonight, Meestair Mac."

"Certainly, Miss Beaumont," responded the gateman. "You'll find lots of parking room. There's no one but Seibert working tonight."
murder mystery that shook Hollywood

Dwight Hardell — the leading Superior Films player who was the victim of the strange murder. Popular to the public, Hardell was disliked — and even hated — by his associates.

The reasons? Study them. They may help you solve the murder and win $5,000 grounds. On nights of the heavy fog that sometimes swept in from the ocean, these areas of shadow were enlarged. On this particular foggy night, chance and a criminal became co-conspirators. The arc at the east end of Stage Six burned out, and remained out until Lannigan's next round...and thereby, as the saying is, hangs a tale.

It was as Lannigan was going towards the store room for the new lamp, that the superstitious Irish heart of him was made to leap convulsively in his thin chest. A high, thin scream split the air. It might have been a woman's terror-stricken cry. It might have been the miserable moan of a Formatting line. It might have been, as Lannigan muttered as he crossed himself, "a banshee!" Very likely it might have been a banshee, for banshees are said to walk the passing of the dead.

CHAPTER II.

The Southern California sun glowed down warmly upon the grounds of Superior Films. It was refracted brilliantly from the white gleaming sides of the great stages. It made the mist-soaked grass to sparkle as with a million emeralds. It took thirstily back towards itself the moisture that had drenched all things the night before.

The young lady from Kansas clutched her father's arm in ecstatic anticipation as they waited to see if the letter a friend had given them to one of the executives of the studio, would be the magical "Open Sesame!" which would admit them to these exciting and enchanting realms. Finally, in charge of an utterly blase office boy, they went down the long gravelled paths skirted the ten big stages.

Never in her wildest dreams had the flapper from Kansas visualized such beauty, for the extravagance of colors and materials used in motion picture sets is not conveyed to the audience from the screen. She stood with hands clasped and eyes wide and entranced, before the exotic loveliness of a star's bedroom set. Gauze curtains, embroidered in crystal and gold, swayed gently under her reverent little hand as she touched them to enter. Gold satin, of an undulant sheen, such as she had not dreamed could be put into human weaving, draped the bed...trailing off its end like a woman's gown, and finally came to rest in a swirled pool of crystal beads, on a floor that was paved with gold and set with jewels.

The beauty-worshipping little soul of her was hushed before [CONTINUED ON PAGE 76]
Whose Heart is

Proving that all the romances of those who care for each other in a Big Way are not played before the camera:

Those love scenes between Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland, the young Mexican, are not entirely make-believe. No director has to stand on the sidelines and urge them to put more feeling into their work.

Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., admit that they are engaged. But Hollywood insists that the narrow diamond circlet on Joan's left hand looks like a wedding ring. This romance has thrived on opposition.

This story should be called Cupid's Guide to Hollywood, What Every Head - Wait Knows.

Hollywood's mission is to divert the rest of the world with romance; it is the only city whose principal industry is love-making. Love, to Hollywood, what steel is to Bethlehem, Pa. And you think the natives do not patronize the home industry, you don't know your California.

The romances of Hollywood, like its pictures, are divided into three classes: There are the super-special epics or program romances, and bum talkies. The super-specials are the romances, which the participants care about each other in a Big Way. The program affairs are those in which the things go to parties and dances together and may or may not stray to the altar. The talkies are just that.

Before we get to mentioning the names of those who are feverish about each other, just one little word of warning: Love's Time-table in Hollywood subject to change without notice.

At this moment, Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland are seen every place together, and Norma and her husband Joseph Schenck, the millionaire producer, being practically separated, the make no attempt to hide their affection for one another. But shush! You mustn't talk about it. Norma is a b
Whose in Hollywood

By Cal York

She is married to a big producer. It's all a secret; such secret, in fact, that fans out in Squirrel Hollow write to TOTPLAY to ask how the affair is progressing.

Norma and Gilbert care for each other in a big way and those scenes on the screen are the real thing. Will Norma and Schenck get a divorce? Will Norma leave pictures? What will Gilbert Roland do? Hollywood has consumed four hundred and twenty-five years of its expensive time agitating the question of Norma's idea of her future activities. Conversations on the subject have delayed more big productions than all the supervisors of the film colony.

Second in romantic interest come Edwin Carewe and Dolores Del Rio. Miss Del Rio is now safely divorced from her husband, time.

In advertisements printed in film trade journals, Mr. Carewe and Miss Del Rio have shared the same space. Theatrical circles recognize this form of devotion as almost as binding as an engagement ring. In these advertisements, Mr. Carewe figures as "The Master," "The Svengali," and Miss Del Rio as "The Pupil." Would Newport, Bar Harbor or Coney Island herald an attachment in such a practical, straightforward manner?

Mr. Carewe and Miss Del Rio have gone to Europe, all alone save for thirty-eight trunks, a maid and a chaperon.

Is Mary Akin Carewe, ex-wife of the gray-haired hero, pining away in solitude? She is not; she is going places with Jerry Miley. There are more broken homes than broken hearts in Hollywood.

Last year's Tristan and Isolde, John Gilbert and Greta Garbo, have reached the stage when love has ripened into friendship. They go places together, they play tennis, they like to work together. But marry? No; Greta places too high a value on her career.

And what's the Great Lover doing these days? We mean, of course, Charlie Chaplin. Love has not been kind to Charlie; it has brought him grey hairs and alimony. Please
Epic, program and talkie romance

don't infer that Charlie is elderly; he is old only by contrast, if you get what we mean.

After that divorce from Lisa Grey, Chaplin's faith in women reached low ebb. "I can't afford to marry again," he announced, "I've only got a million left."

Then he met Ruth Taylor. Charles had heard that Miss Taylor was a Wampas Baby Star and had scoffed, "Such silliness!" He never had seen her on the screen.

But Ruth is young, she has a sense of humor, she has a crisp personality. And so she triumphed. At one time the little romance threatened to be complicated by Lupe Velez. Charlie was interested in Lupe—but there was too much competition.

For once Charlie found himself playing second fiddle. The big Mammy sheik from New York, Al Jolson, outrushed and outgeneraled the comedian. His affairs are only program romances but they are lively, amusing and all in fun. No hearts or contracts are broken.

When a Barrymore loves, then you will find drama. Jack went goofy over Dolores Costello and things began to happen. The first thing that came to pass was Papa Maurice's abrupt departure from the home that had sheltered him—off and on—for nearly twenty-five years. Maurice couldn't stand Jack's courting of his beautiful daughter. If Barrymore was Hamlet, Costello wanted to be King Lear. Mamma Costello sided with Dolores and Jack, and Hollywood had its first divorce caused by the attentions of another man to a daughter.

When Jack left the Warner Brothers Studio for United Artists, he was parted from Dolores. He has returned to Warners because he had been promised a Vitaphone version of "The Jest." And, so they say, Dolores will be his leading woman. In the fight among producers for Jack's services, Cupid won out.

And the Warner Brothers profited thereby.

When Florence and King Vidor were divorced, Florence shut her heart to romance. But she forgot to close her ears. Along came Jascha Heifetz, the violinist. Heifetz is not like the crude Hollywood sheiks. He is cultured and gemütlich. And he plays like an angel.

Concert engagements took Heifetz to Europe. Florence pined prettily—but not for long. All of a sudden she was seized with a great desire to visit the Louvre. Just like Charpentier's "Louise, Love and [continued on page 111]."

Reginald Denny and Betsy Lee, formerly known as "Bubbles" Steifel and a newcomer in pictures, will be married in November. Reginald is now running around Hollywood broadcasting the fact that he has won the most wonderful girl in the world.

Supervisors may be the big bosses on the set, but they can't always tame the stars. For five years, Paul Kohner, supervisor of Mary Philbin's pictures, has been trying to coax Mary to say "yes." Mary finally relented and they'll be married soon.

Sue Carol and Nick Stuart in their own little comedy drama, "Prisoners of Love." It is one of those hearts and flowers romances. Nick is in Europe and how the cable expenses do eat up most of the profits from the trip!
By

Elinor Glyn

Princess Natalie Golitzin with her mother and father—three refugees from the Russian Revolution. Distinguished, cultured and aristocratic, they are now beginning life anew in the melting pot that is Hollywood.

The romantic story of a Russian Princess who is now working as an extra girl

O ut in Hollywood there are hundreds of extras of both sexes who, for all we know, may be potential stars of magnitude—and is it Fate or Chance which brings them suddenly into the ken of the producers and directors—or keeps them hidden and unknown? Who can tell? There is one that I know of who, some day, seems bound to register with powers that be—and her story is such a romantic one that your editor asked me to write it down for you.

Before the war and the Russian Revolution, there was a great noble family of Golitzin,—one branch in St. Petersburg and one in Moscow—and when I was staying with the Royal family in 1909 and 1910, they were great personages about the Court.

The head of the Moscow branch, Prince Golitzin, always took a great interest in science and medicine—and helped many struggling professors of both on their way while studying himself. His mother had been an Armenian princess and so his children all showed the almond, semi-Oriental eyes. His wife, the present princess, was a noted beauty.

When the revolution broke out, the prince was away at the war, fighting, and the princess was obliged to fly from Moscow with her young children. The little Princess Natascha (anglicized Natalie), the one I am going to tell you about, was perhaps then about eight or nine years old. They had lived in a beautiful palace in Moscow, surrounded by dozens of servants and much state. Imagine what it could have been for them and hundreds of others—menaced by an infuriated mob, and never knowing when even their own domestics, with whom they had always lived on the kindest terms, would turn upon them and betray them to the Bolsheviks. However, the princess was a great character, and rather than stay with hourly prospect of being butchered as they saw numbers of their friends hacked to pieces, she decided to try and get her children to safety. So they started, escaping from Moscow by night with two or three devoted servants who would not leave them, tracked by dogs, sheltering in woods for days with no food but berries.

The horrors of the journey I would rather not write about—but at last they reached Tumen, a town in Siberia, with some of the children sick, no money left, and but one devoted nurse out of the retinue—the Bolsheviks having seized all the others. Their misery was complete; the poor princess did not know if her husband were dead or [continued on page 104]
Is Hollywood Emotionally

Hollywood is the emotional frontier and its greatest balance. It is the means and not the man that brings about adjustment in the sphere of human welfare. No matter where I go, whether it be New York, London, Paris or Kalamazoo, I am looked upon by courtly harassed individuals as a genius at adjustment, a man of superhuman powers, "trouble-shooter" divinely gifted.

I am, of course, none of these things.

So I was not surprised when I came to Hollywood and discovered that a great many people in the film colony were eager to discuss with me their personal affairs, the hope that my counsel might prove helpful.

In fact, within forty-eight hours after my arrival in the cinema capital, I had talked, by a strange coincidence, with an estranged husband, and then with his wife, and finally with the woman who had torn down the couple domestic structure. None of the three knew, of course, that I had talked with either of the other interested parties, and each besought me to guide him out of the bewildering maze in which they were all engulfed.

Now right here I want to point out Hollywood's most glaring and fundamental fault, and I am naming it as a result of year spent in disentangling snarls in the human web, ranging from misdeeds to felony. The fault is Hollywood is, unquestionably, lack of emotional balance.

Let me emphasize what I mean by lack of emotional balance. Briefly it springs from wrong or entirely new conditions. And new and wrong conditions frequently go hand in hand. By that I mean that such seldom exists without the other.

Please bear in mind that Hollywood is a frontier—an emotional frontier, if I may coin the phrase, and the most fascinating in the world. In fact Hollywood is the emotional center of the world. It is peopled so far as pictures are concerned by pioneers. And wherever you find pioneers, you also find new things, and often wrong things.

Yet Hollywood seeks the pioneer. He is welcomed with open arms. He is, in truth, the very life blood of the film industry. Without him the...
Unbalance

The world's greatest fault—virtue—is its lack ofives by impulse

In the case of the three very gifted people who brought their troubles to me for adjustment, I found, primarily, their difficulties were due to want of emotional balance which I have just pointed out Hollywood's underlying weakness. Naturally, all of them were greatly distressed by their predicament. Their sensitive natures, if nothing else, would have spilled forth that effect. Also, they are persons of exceptionally high intelligence, possessing vibrant personalities. They had been terribly embarrassed by cruel publicity, particularly the press airing of their private divorces. And one of them, whose name almost a household word, feared that this unfortunate publicity might reflect disastrously upon her career as a star. I cannot tell you the names of these people, of course, because they came to me in strictest confidence and their discussions therefore are sacred. But my conclusion concerning their affairs is something that is open to discourse, especially insofar as it bears upon conditions as I have found them in the film capital.

Want of balance in emotional life is almost always the sole source of human troubles. You will find this a fact no matter where you go. There is immorality in every city—in every community, in fact. It is a fundamental condition that has prevailed since the world began. Hollywood, in this respect, no exception to the rule. Nor, on the other hand, is it any worse than other cities. In fact, considering the extraordinary conditions of life here—the temptations, the allurements, the act that it is altogether an emotional center—Hollywood is better than other cities and, per capita, immorality is lower.

There is no community in the world, however, where gossip flourishes so flagrantly as in the cinema city. A particle of fact becomes a pound of fiction, especially when the fact is tinged with a touch of sensationalism. There have been some instances where gross exaggerations have brought perfectly innocent people under the malignant robe of scandal.

In fact, it is the fear of scandal, I think, that helps to keep Hollywood as pure as it is.

Nowhere are there such tremendous temptations. The emperatorial and sentimental stimulation here is enough to upset the moral equilibrium of the most phlegmatic person. I marvel that anyone comes through unsathed!

THINK of love-making being a legitimate business! Picture, if you can, a beautiful girl clinging rapturously in a man's embrace—giving, apparently, every ounce of her emotion, pouring out her very soul—and still preserving her purity. No wonder it seems incredible!

I could write an entire chapter on my experiences with the misnamed or emotionally unbalanced stars of Hollywood. Highly intelligent, they are, keenly alert, endowed with a rare sense of humor, and prodigiously generous; suffering, in fact, from the generosity of their emotionalism. As emotionally gifted as they are, and as wholly lovable, their plunge into

J ust a social function in the film capital one night recently, a very prominent movie star told me that she had come face to face with a problem in her domestic life that seemed insurmountable. Before either she or I realized it, she was pouring out her soul to me. She told me how her husband had become cold and inconconsiderate, how he was making her suffer greater mental cruelty. She informed me that he often stayed away over night, refusing to tell her where he had been. Although she had no definite information, she felt, nevertheless, that there was another woman.

Her husband, on the other hand, asserted that her jealousy was killing his love. She feared they were headed for what she termed "the usual Hollywood matrimonial disaster." Suddenly, with a gasp of surprise, she halted and blurted out, "Why, Judge Lindsey, I scarcely realize what I have been saying. Here I have been telling you secrets of my own life that I have never told anyone. I have actually told you things that I never dreamed I would tell. Now I am thinking how on earth I came to do it." Then she concluded, "I think it is because you have such a sympathetic under-  [CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]
Will Nils Asther Retire?

He is tired of American methods. "If you're a leading man, you must give first place to the star. You must not steal the picture"

By Ruth Biery

WILL Nils Asther retire from motion pictures?

A rumor has circulated in Hollywood that this lad, who has been in the American movies for less than two years, played with H. B. Warner in "Sorrell and Son," with John Gilbert in "The Cossacks" and in a number of other successes, is going to forsake acting to live in the country with his writing and reading.

He admitted that there is a foundation of truth to the rumor; acknowledged frankly that there is much in the American movies which does not appeal to him as an actor.

"Work to me is like some people's religion. It is my God. I forget everything when I am working. Yet, I cannot do my best going in such a hurry from one leading man to another.

"If a story is interesting—all right. But to become a star or a famous leading man, to have to take every part that they give me—No!

"I want to have something to say about my stories. I want to work hand in hand with my director. I want to think out my part and then do it.

"When a director doesn't know me, he keeps me in straight lines. I feel I am not good. I feel I cannot make a success for the picture."

The old, old cry of the artist who rebels at the mechanics of motion pictures. The struggle of the man or woman trained on the stage and the screen of Europe against the economic rush of American pictures.

It is what Greta Garbo meant when she said: "The American studios are like a big factory. It is necessary, I suppose, but I cannot get used to it. In Sweden we have one director who knows us and only a few people who also know us."

Nils Asther, like Greta Garbo, was trained in the small studios of Sweden. He was accustomed to accept acting as an art rather than a short-cut to wealth, fame or position.

He had all of the latter before he entered the acting profession.

His father owned factories, newspapers and bank stock.

Malmo, Sweden. The son was to be trained to succeed him to enter the diplomatic profession.

At sixteen the lad pleaded with his parents to allow him to enter the theatrical profession. But the father, scandalized that his son should wish to become an itinerant player, said, "No" with an emphasis which left no opposition. And when Nils took his life into his own hands and departed, the pearly doors were barred to him.

"I will not have any comedians in my family," were the father's words upon parting.

Nils made for Copenhagen, appealed to Hartel, at that time one of Sweden's best known actors.

"I will teach you if you have the ability. I do not want you money. If you cannot act, I will not waste time with you."

A year later Mauritz Stiller gave Nils Asther the lead in one of his productions.

Two years in Copenhagen, Berlin, Paris. A star in one picture after another.

Then, at nineteen, "I want to go on to the stage. I want to try talking as well as acting."

With the offer of $36,000 marks a month from motion picture, he accepted $300,000 yearly to guarantee the continuation of classic productions.

Shakespeare, Moliere, O'Neill! One night Romeo and Hamlet and the third an obnoxious servant.

Twenty hours a day, without his...Continued on Page...
THE Moore the merrier or a batch of little Colleens. Every mail brings news of another namesake to Colleen Moore. The little Colleen Moores in the picture are from Randolph, N.Y.; Cleburne, Texas; Hutchinson, Kan. (front); Jacksonville, Fla. (back); Iron River, Mich.; Toledo, Ohio; and Enid, Okla. And they all want to grow up to be movie stars.
HERE do I put my name? Just there?"

The wistful smile and childish treble belonged to ninety-eight pounds of elin femininity, far better known to the peoples of the earth than King George of England or Gene Tunney of New York—and more popular, too.

The time was the second week in April and the place was a big motion picture studio in Hollywood, California. The young woman was putting her signature to a new contract that guaranteed her a largely increased weekly stipend; a salary so big, in fact, that did the President of the United States dare to accept it, frantic legislatures would denounce "this dastardly raid on the public treasury."

There is no need to mention her name nor to reveal the sum involved. Suffice it to say that were the Presidential honorarium boosted six hundred per cent he would still be considerably shy of the amount of that contract figure.

And why does she get so much? Where's the value? Not only in this case, but as to the twenty or thirty other men and women classed as "stars" in the movie firmament?

Here's the reason—You recall that picture you saw last night, or last week—or rather how much do you remember of it? The title, the producer, the distributor, the author, the director, the cinematographer, the scenarist, the principal player—ah! You recall the name of the star? Surely! Patricia Whoois, or Rinaldo Whamsit, wasn't it?

But the other eight or nine factors, each quite as important as the star, seem to have slipped back into the mists of memory within a few seconds of their appearance before your eyes. But you can recall the star! Exceptional in your case? Not at all. If you doubt, try it on the next ten people you meet.

And that brings us to the subject matter of the large type at the beginning hereof—What makes them stars? What trait, or attribute, or feature causes a large part of humanity to come into laudatory agreement about some particular person? Why will millions of people pay from fifteen cents to two dollars to watch this man or that woman move silently through a cinema drama?

What turned the tides of dollars into the personal coffers of Misses Pickford, Gish, Swanson, Garbo, Griffith, Naz, Moore, Talmadge, or the Messrs. Chaplin, Fairbanks, Lel, Mix, Novarro, et al.?

Well, becoming personal, one reason is that you and your family and your friends and most of the rest of the popular scan the lights and the billboards to see who is showing at the Palace, rather than what is being exhibited there. The play on the picture may entertain you superbly—or bore you horribly—once you are in your seat, but the player draws you in!

HUMAN beings are interested in the kind of things more intensely than they are in principles, places, politics, pragmatism, or—even prunes or prisms. "Hamlet?" Um—ah—well. But John Barrymore in "Hamlet" is another story, much more interesting.

Precisely the same thing all down the ages has made us press ideas in terms of personality. Jupiter, Venus, Ceres, Minerva, and so on down the Olympian list. I dare you to think of abstract justice without visioning a plump but equipped with bandage, sword and scales, or liberty within the heroic damsel of the upraised torch. And further how much of us see a glowing, tremendous Personage with white beard shining garments as Deity, or, oppositely, a leering, malevolent darkling as Satan? Have we not apotheosized impersonal God into a personal God, and evil into a personal Devil?

Recently a journalistic autobiographer mentioned his initial news assignment. His city editor said:

"Down on Vine street an hour ago a man shot another. Down there, find out who did the shooting, whom he shot, a why. When you have those facts you'll have a story the people will want to read—because it will be about off people."

When we see beautiful purity or repressed suffering on the screen, unconsciously we translate these into Vilma Banky
Them Stars?

fhvorites? What quality lifts answer to screen success

Ble Bennett, while heroism or noble sacrifice is not considered its qualitative abstract, but as Ronald Colman, or Richard B. in the fleshly concrete.

The Society of Motion Picture Engineers was recently in convention at the Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood. While these gentlemen devise and build and supply much of the material for picture making, they lack intimate contact and detailed knowledge of the industry, so they have invited adepts to inform them. Thus, Carey Wilson, scenario, explained the construction of a moving picture, and dwelt on some of the griefs of producers in dealing with the great players.

"If the stars cause all that trouble," suggested one engineer from Rochester, N. Y., "why not get rid of them? This case after personalities is foolish, and public might be shown..."

"Yes, yes," agreed Mr. Wilson, "but it's the producers hear you. They might get angry and accuse you of trying to ruin their business."

Just then Chairman Cook announced that Clara Bow would be making street scenes at Highland avenue and Hollywood Boulevard, just two blocks away. At noon. Thirty minutes later he tried to get a quorum to vote on a constitutional matter. He didn't get it because a gentleman from Rochester had led an us two blocks up the street -- on an investigation.

Rumours of star salaries are absurd. Of course. And something should be done about it; even to eliminating the us. And everyone knows great pictures make great stars, but that the stars do not make great pictures. Look at "The Birth of a Nation," and "The Miracle Man," and "The Four Horsemen," and "The Big Parade"!

And most of the eminent producers complain that the star system is ruining the industry. "It is impossible that millions should continue to be invested in such ephemeralities as human personality." they cry.

To which the answer is "Piffle!" and they know it. They'd like nothing better than a few more new stars to whom they might even pay more stupendous salaries. 'Tis good business. Produce the man or the woman with the drawing power and they can very nearly write their own salary tickets. For the public insists on heroes for its plaudits as determinedly as it does on victims for its vengeances!

The conventional explanation of the rise of this or that player to the stellar heights is luck or accident, which is untrue. Out of ten thousand young women to pass before the camera one may have the necessary qualifications to carry her to the top. With young men I think the odds are longer. No, it's not luck, but something more vital and simpler.

TRITE opinion says "Personality," which means nothing save that you have tagged something with a name but have not defined it at all. Elinor Glyn says "IT," which, while shorter, is still no whit more definitive.

Stars rise up in all walks of life. Thus: Mussolini, Chaplin, Fairbanks, Beaconsfield, Maude Adams, Florence Nightingale, Mary [continued on page 108]
So that the eyes will have IT, Jim Collins gives Ruth Elder lessons in movie make-up. Miss Elder was more nervous before her first day’s work at the Paramount studio than she was when she set out to fly the Atlantic.

W HEN Mary Pickford bobbed her hair, she lost some of her inhibitions at the same time. Ever since Mary married Douglas Fairbanks, she has been the grand lady of Southern California. Unless you had a foreign title or your name appeared in the Social Register or your standing in the film world was unimpeachable, you weren’t likely to be invited to Pickfair.

All that is changed now. Mary is now going places and doing things. She goes to parties given and attended by mere actors and actresses. Pickfair is thrown open to a widening circle of friends. Mary also frequents beauty shops and is gradually losing the rest of her curls.

Doug encourages all this frivolity. All work and no play threatened to make Mary a dull girl. And what’s the use of being young, rich and beautiful, if you can’t make a little discreet whoopee every now and then?

B E S T talkie gag of the month, ferreted out by Walter Winchel.

Overheard at a dialogue picture: “Yes, Mr. De Mille. Yes, yes, yes, Mr. De Mille.”

J A C K GILBERT was sitting on the set. The electrician hoisted a half ton arc light at a perilous angle above him.

Jack looked up casually and drawled without moving, “I hope that thing doesn’t decide to fall on me.”

“Gee, I hope so, too,” the electrician answered. “I just put in some fresh carbons. It would be hell if they should get busted.”

B I L L I E D O V E and her husband, Irvin Willat, were coming out of a Mayfair party. They met Greta Garbo and Jack Gilbert. The men stopped to chat. The women had not been introduced.

“Next time you see me, I’ll be playing Hamlet,” was Jack Dempsey’s farewell to Hollywood. Jack and Estelle Taylor are rehearsing for the new Belasco play, “The Big Fight,” in which Jack does his stuff.

Finally Greta held out her hand. “My name is Garbo,” she stated. “And mine is Dove,” Billie answered.

J U S T when they are all talking about letting it grow long, Eleanor Boardman returned from Europe with short locks. She was one of those who had stoutly gone on record as saying she would always have long hair. She’s wearing it to shoulder length, pinned back with a comb.

Dorothy Mackaill has introduced a most eccentric bob. It wears it brushed back over her ears with heavy, straight bangs over the forehead.

Aileen Pringle wins the scissors. She cuts her own hair. After several futile attempts at letting it grow she’s wearing it shorter than ever.

A W E L L known wit pulled this one on Hollywood’s official glad-hander, Fred Niblo: “Nobody is as glad to see anybody as Fred Niblo is to see everybody.”

M R. AND MRS. TOM MIX are celebrating the annulment of divorce rumors that always follow Mrs. Mix’s departures for Paris. This time the situation in the Mix household is serious. Tom has said harsh things about the social parasites that have turned his home into a club house.

It’s the old story. Tom, in spite of his money, is a genuine citizen. Mrs. Mix has been developing a yearning for socie
Charles Chaplin and a proud young "fan" named Evelyn Lederer. Today Evelyn is known as Sue Carol. This picture was taken in Pasadena several years ago when Sue was merely a movie-struck child.

Hollywood:

social position. Tom has been generous and has given the sum about a quarter of a million dollars in various cash gifts, to say nothing of her jewels.

IND friends have warned Mrs. Mix that once she gets a divorce she will no longer be Mrs. Tom Mix. And Tom has for the sake of their daughter, Thomsina, that his wife return home. Meanwhile, Tom is going places with Molly Day, while Mrs. Mix sojourns in Paris.

HERE'S thunder in the air, even in stormless California, every time Lily Damita and Sam Goldwyn come within speaking distance. The climax came when "The Rescue" company went to Santa Barbara Island on location. What with words and dirty looks being exchanged between Lily and producer, Lily's mother could stand it no longer and pro- tested to go hay-wire. She was shipped back to the mainland in a highly nervous state. The poor French woman, unused to the ways, was suffering from delusions.

How all these quarrels will affect the first Colman-Damita divorce, no one in Hollywood is willing to predict.

VILL D. W. Griffith and his wife, Linda, again be known as a happily married couple? For years the couple have been separated but there has never been a divorce. They are both in Hollywood now and have been seen together again and again. Mrs. Griffith refuses to talk on the subject. D. W. admits that they are still very good friends, and says it with enthusiasm, which is always a good sign in Hollywood.

CLARA BOW has just moved into Pola Negri's dressing room, which makes her queen of the Lasky lot. She looked the place over and immediately decided to have it redecorated. Now that Clara is trying to divorce herself from IT and become seriously dramatic, she feels that the black and gold walls and the heavy brocaded drapes are not in keeping with her new celluloid personality.

But we understand she has reconsidered the matter, and that Pola's decorations will stand. Meebe this means Clara plans to cling to her IT, in spite of studio policy.

THE best line of the month was pulled by The Morning Telegraph which chronicled the following item:


LITTLE tragedy of Broadway and Hollywood. Jack Pick- ford, as you know, has been seriously ill. Mary urged him to come East to go to a sanitarium in New York State.

Jack got as far as Broadway and he wanted to have a little fun. Wandering into a night club, he met Marilyn Miller. Once Marilyn and Jack were married; but there is no longer any love between them. But when Marilyn saw Jack, looking so pitifully ill, her heart was touched. She left her own party and joined him. And for days and nights, she watched over him with touching devotion. Marilyn is now the ace of Broadway musical comedy stars. Socially, she can pick her own friends.

As for Jack, he's just Mary's brother—and ill.
Hollywood gives a surprise party at which the stars of the colony gave one of its favorite little girls, Marion Davies, "a great big hand." The hostesses were Louella Parsons, Adela Rogers Hyland, Constance Talma and Gloria Swanson. If you will look closely you will note among those present: Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, D. W. Griffith, Marquis de la Falaise, Gloria Swanson, Katharyn Carver, Adalphe Menjou, Laura La Plante, Colleen Moore, Anita Stewart, Bill Haines, Polly Moran, Buster Collier, Harry Crocker, Ruth Taylor, Claire Windsor, Madge Bellamy, Betty Bronson, Blanche Sweet, Patsy Ruth Miller, Phyllis Haver, Charles Rogers, Gertrude Olmstead, Holly Taylor, and many others.

Once when she was in love with him, Marilyn incurred Flo Ziegfeld's anger and nearly wrecked her own career by marrying Jack. And now when she is no longer in love with him, she is loyal enough and big enough to be his friend when he needs friends most.

Ray Griffith and several Paramount officials were discussing talking pictures. Said Ray in his charmingly husky voice:

"They say these talkies are a novelty, and they're nothing but a reproduction of the human voice. We've had the human voice with us for 15,000 years and this is the first time I ever knew it was a novelty."

Hollywood is keeping a curious eye on Lila Lee and James Kirkwood these days, wondering if rumors of matrimonial discord will break out in an eruption of facts. Lila has been frequently seen late in the company of a popular scenarist, and the story is told that he wired the prodigal husband aboard the train bearing him homeward to ascertain at what hotel he desired her to make his reservations.

This created a wild furor in the mind of said husband, afflicting him with an ardent desire to jump out the train window.

A traveling companion is said to have dissuaded him.

Be that as it may, Lila has been boulevardig muchly with the head of the household since his return, and friends do tell me that the Kirkwoods are at home when folks call. So gossip may just be gossip.

During the period of her convalescence, Bebe Daniels, who has just shaken loose from the shackles of intestinal flu, spent her days at the Paramount studio, working, and her nights at the hospital under the care of a nurse. "You see," Bebe explained, "that was the only way I could rest. As soon as people learned I was back at the studio, they began to call at my house in the evening to extend felicitations. It was almost a case of being killed by kindness."

Eleanor Boardman has formed the habit of talking to her now six-months-old grandson.

One of the mother's favorite questions is: "Is your mother a good actress, baby?"

And the daughter invariably answers "Ga-ga."

Ben Lyon squired Ruth Elder to the opening of "We Shadows of the South Seas" at Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood. Ruth wore white ermine but Ben was not without his bit of fur. It decorated his upper lip, a small, well-trained patch of brown, adding materially to his usual appeal.

Oretta Young is just seventeen and she had never been out of Southern California.

The fourth of July offered a trip to San Francisco. You would have thought from her excitement that she is going to Europe, Honolulu, China and Egypt!

Come to find out, it wasn't the trip at all which was of interest. It was four whole days away from her governess-scholl teacher.

This California law which enforces school training until the age of eighteen is darned hard on these youngsters who are control mamma, now that they're in the movies, but can't get on with their state-furnished protector.

Mike Boylan, whose recent fiction story you may have read in Photoplay, has just annexed a new car. It is very luxurious and expensive, and is painted white. Mike proudly drove it from the Fox Studio to the home of his friend Joe Jackson, ace title writer for Warners. And Joe, noting a Boylan equipage pausing before his door, pushed up the window and sang out loudly for all the neighbors to hear, "No kid today, Mike!"

Says Director Frank Strayer to Richard Dix, "Your puppy will be ready tomorrow."

Says Ruth Elder: "Why, Richard, I didn't know you had a dog."

Jack Gilbert is going to have a little competition where he begins his new co-starring vehicle with Greta Garbo. In "The Woman of Affairs" there are three other leading men and Garbo will have nothing but "big names" in her picture. Gilbert, of course, has the most important role but Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Johnny Mack Brown and Lewis Stone are holding up their end of the story.

The Woman of Affairs" is, in reality, "The Green Hat." This changing of titles is an old Hollywood custom with a new angle. Professor Will Hays barred Mr. Arents...
vinational novel. Nothing daunted, the M-G-M studios bought an original story from the author, known as "The Woman of Affairs." It doesn't take a detective to discover that it is the story of the lady who couldn't make her mind behave. Gloria Swanson started the fad when Will Hays barred "Rain" and she made "Sadie Thompson." Another case in point is "Kongo," on the taboo list, but being made by Lon Chaney under the title of "West of Zanzibar," an original story Tod Browning.

WATCH for a new Greta Garbo! You'll see your slinky favorite with sports clothes and a boyish swagger in "A Woman of Affairs." Director Clarence Brown has brought out the change and declares that there will be nary a single duplication of the famous Garbo hips.

INTERESTING things are always happening on that set. Dorothy Sebastian has been assigned to play the second lead opposite Garbo. Because of the fact that she and Clarence Town are engaged she has consistently refused to play in a picture directed by him. "I'm afraid I'll be so self-conscious I'd be an actress in front of Clarence." But she is playing part anyhow, all for the sake of her career.

THIS concerns Walter Anthony who juggles verbs and nouns for Universal pictures. His secretary fairly worships each subtitle that comes, polished, from his typewriter. They were in the projection room recently and there flashed on the screen:

"Yes, though I walked through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me. . . ."

"Oh, Mr. Anthony," she whispered in deepest awe, "did you write that?"

There was a pause and Anthony answered:

"No—a fellow named David wrote those words."

Upon which there was a contemptuous though faint sniff.

IF it must be explained that several years ago when a couple of Frenchmen got together in Los Angeles to open a restaurant they decided, being patriotic, to name their establishment after one of the greatest of Frenchmen, Victor Hugo. Victor Hugo was a great guy and the Victor Hugo, Angeles, became and is a great restaurant.

Now to switch the scene. In one of the biggest studios there is a great, big supervisor. So big, in fact, that he gets two thousand dollars a week salary. A script was recently brought to this supervisor, a wow of a script, and on the first page of the scenario he saw these words, "suggested by the story of Victor Hugo."

THE great, big supervisor read the story. To prove he was a bright boy, he recognized it as one of the great stories of all time. So he pushed a buzzer for a yes-man.

"Say," commanded the supervisor, "you hustle right down to Los Angeles and get this Victor Hugo under contract. Tell him to sell his restaurant. We want him up here among our writers."

JUST another "I told you so" divorce. When Dorothy Mackail married Lothar Mendes, the German director, the usual group of croakers gave the marriage about six weeks. It lasted a couple of years, principally because Dorothy hated to admit that her romance had been a failure. Dorothy accused her husband of neglect and said that Mendes was unduly devoted to his work.

GEORGE O'BRIEN'S mother came out of the opening of her son's picture "Sunrise" with tears flowing freely.

"And now who's your favorite actor?" a friend asked jokingly.

"Tommy Meighan," Mrs. O'Brien solemnly answered.

ESTELLE TAYLOR was watching a mother cat and five sucking kittens on the ship that Ralph Ince used for the bounding main sequence of "The Singapore Mutiny."

"There's a great big cat downstairs, ma'am," vouched the skipper. "He never comes up. Stays down there all the time ketching rats and mice."

"He never comes up?" mused Estelle aloud, watching a tiny kitten amble across the deck.

"Well, ma'am, that is hardly ever."

IF you see Doug Fairbanks, Jr., doubling on the screen for Walter Hiers you'll know the reason. Joan Crawford wants to keep thin. She eats nothing but vegetables, but every self respecting vegetable plate dinner includes a generous order of mashed potatoes. These Joan puts on Doug's plate and, adoring swain that he is, he eats them. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 74]
The Stars That Never Were Nice Baby

By Margaret E. Sangster

The extra folk! The ones who come, all enthusiasm, all vivid hope, all filled with faith, to the window of the casting office.

Feeling that, behind the window lies the promised land. Feeling that, if the breaks are right, the promised land will be gained!

Well, oftentimes, if the breaks are right, the promised land is gained! Oftentimes the enthusiasm leads directly to its goal, the hope is justified, the faith knows fulfillment. Count up, on the fingers of your two hands, the extras that have become star material. Why, your two hands won't be half enough for the counting! What of Swanson and Alice Terry? How about Harry Langdon and Harold Lloyd? Think of Bebe Daniels and Janet Gaynor. And think of the many, many others! The extras who made good.

Think of them. And then think of the stars that never were. The personalities that have been lost forever. Think of them kindly—for they merit kindly thoughts. Think of them tenderly, for some of them need tenderness. Think of them—at times—with laughter. For some of them deserve the passing tribute of a smile!

But—no matter how you do it—think of them! Of the boys and girls, the men and women, who were lost in the struggle. Who vanished into the Never-Never Land. That girl you noticed in the shot of the dock—the girl who watched, with pitously quivering lips, as a steamer put out to sea. That man, in the rodeo scene, who did the magnificent bit of riding. You expected to glimpse them—both of them—again. Didn't you? In other pictures. In real parts. So, for that matter did the critics. But you, and the critics also, were disappointed. For they vanished, these two—just as a puff of smoke vanishes. They disappeared and perhaps—back of that disappearance—there is, in each case, a story.

Just as there was a story back of that golden haired child—the one with the wide, innocent eyes and the curiously adult ankles. The one that played, for a short moment, in the schoolroom cut back of the Blondest Star's last picture. You remember her, don't you? It was said that she was the logical successor to Baby Peggy.

But—she only appeared once. Just once...

She was so tiny—so dainty. A story book child. All the nursery rhymes rolled into one small body. All the saccharine small girls of history—gathered together in one winsome face, one set of bobbing curls. The Blondest Star who had gone over the prospects with the casting director put upon that child the stamp of immediate approval.

"I looked exactly like her, when I was little," said the Blondest Star. "No—don't be fresh. Of course, I haven't one of my baby pictures with me. But you can see for yourself that she'll be perfect. And—after all—why are you asking questions? We've got to do the cut back. And she's the only pretty little girl that we've seen for weeks."

The casting director surveyed the tiny applicant with critical eyes.

"Oh, she'll do, all right," he said. "She's pretty. She'll
She was a story book child—all the nursery rhymes rolled into one small body. No wonder the famous director thought her a great find.

“You, Jim!” the child exclaimed. “What are you doing here?”

“Mabel,” snarled the chap in the driver’s uniform. “Didn’t I tell you to keep away from the studios? I won’t have no movie stuff in my family—see? Ain’t I told you that? Ain’t I told you that plenty?”

“Where’d you find her?” he questioned, with the merest nod toward the place where the youngsters was standing.

“She’s a wonder! Kids are usually so damned awkward. She moves as gracefully as a charming woman. And yet the innocence in those eyes—” he raised his own eyes heavenward.

The casting director who, a short time ago, had been apprehensive, was quick to fall into a happy mood. And he didn’t find it hard to forget that the Blondest Star’s hand had urged him to the hiring of the child.

“Glad you like her, chief—” he agreed genially. “Oh, I know a beauty when I see one—even if the beauty wears ankle ties and half socks!”

The man with the megaphone was considering.

“I suppose she has some smarts [CONTINUED ON PAGE 134]"
**The Shadow Stage**

*A Review of the New Pictures*

**REVENGE—United Artists**

This picture is classed as one of the most interesting of the month because it deals with strange people and places, because Dolores Del Rio is the star, and because it is pictorially beautiful. This is the third picture in which Miss Del Rio has been directed by Edwin Carewe, the trio being "Resurrection," "Ramona," "Revenge."

The gypsy author, Konrad Bercovici, wrote the short story from which this is made, and it gives Miss Del Rio a new characterization, full of fire and abandon: that of a wild gypsy girl who tames bears for pastime. When they are tame, she despises them. So with men. It remains for Jargo, the bandit, to conquer her.

LeRoy Mason, Rita Carewe and others vitally assist in picturing these people of changing moods.

**THE MATING CALL—Caddo-Paramount**

This is the last of seven pictures under Meighan's million dollar contract signed with Paramount two years ago. The picture, made from Rex Beach's popular novel, is Meighan at his best.

It takes a man of strong fiber to spend four years in the war, living only on the memory of a goodbye kiss from the woman he has clandestinely married. It takes an even stronger man to live through the ordeal of discovering, on his return, that his marriage has been annulled and the girl is married to another. Just see how our hero meets this situation and gets himself another wife!

Evelyn Brent and Renee Adoree have equally prominent roles supporting Meighan. James Cruze has directed a picture of great romantic appeal.

**THE CARDBOARD LOVER—M.-G.-M.**

Those of you who saw Jeanne Eagels in the stage play by this name, when it ran for a year on Broadway, are, no doubt, eagerly awaiting Marion Davies' screen interpretation. And what a treat you have in store!

The story is laid in Monte Carlo, one of the beauty spots of the world. It all begins with the efforts of an American school girl to secure a tennis champion's autograph. The champ loves a French vamp, but our girl is not abashed by that. Chasing him to the gambling table, she loses ten thousand francs to him at baccarat. She can't pay and, to cancel the debt, he hires her to pose as his fiancee, to keep the siren away. Yes, they have changed the stage play.

Of course, Marion Davies is the American girl, and her priceless comedy builds one laughable situation right upon the other.

Jetta Goudal plays the exotic siren and wears clothes that would make Paquin and Worth turn green with envy. One of the funniest scenes in the picture is where Marion throws a bedspread over her shoulders, stuffs part of the mattress in her hair, and emerges as the vamp.

Nils Asther, the leading man, plays his first comedy role and wins new friends. De Segurola has an obnoxious part, but proves he can act as well as sing.

This ultra-modern farce comedy furnishes everything you can desire in the way of screen entertainment; the last word in sets, the last word in clothes and one of the best comedies of the season.
The Best Pictures of the Month

THE CARDBOARD LOVER  NOAH'S ARK
REVENGE  THE MATING CALL
THE NIGHT WATCH  KIT CARSON
THE SINGING FOOL  THE TERROR

The Best Performances of the Month

Thomas Meighan in "The Mating Call"
Marion Davies in "The Cardboard Lover"
Evelyn Brent in "The Mating Call"
Renee Adoree in "The Mating Call"
Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool"
Davey Lee in "The Singing Fool"
Jacqueline Logan in "The River Woman"
Dolores Costello in "Noah's Ark"
George O'Brien in "Noah's Ark"

Tests of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 141

NOAH'S ARK—Warners

This picture has been heralded as a super-production, has been ages in the making, and thousands of people appear in it. The story is fundamentally a modern one, with its theme derived from the Bible. It is historical, allegorical, symbolic, etc., but the Biblical sequence does not disappoint, as the sets and scenes are so massive and realistically impressive that we have decided to be on the safe side when the world is destroyed again. We are all wondering how the flood scenes could have been made without loss of life.

The modern sequence is laid in France, at the time of the war. The story revolves around the romance of a beautiful American girl and an irresistible American boy. The two fall in love when they are caught in a train wreck, just before war is declared. These roles are played by Dolores Costello and George O'Brien, and rarely have they done such beautiful work.

The war episode is all one could ask, but the intimate scenes between O'Brien and Guinn Williams, his buddy, are exceptionally fine and appealing. It is to Michael Curtiz's credit that he has directed such a huge spectacle and at the same time so beautifully handled the love story.

The picture has a large and capable cast, and is tremendously interesting, for the most part; exceptionally thrilling and awe-inspiring in many parts, and will be discussed by every school child in the country, to say nothing of what will happen among teachers and religious enthusiasts. You will not be properly informed if you miss this.

THE NIGHT WATCH—First National

NAVAL officers sometimes are compelled to place duty before love, and their reticence may look like indifference. So, it's no wonder that a seemingly-neglected wife occasionally listens to the sweet nothings of a former sweetheart. But, it's dangerous business, my dear! If you don't believe it, just see Billie Dove in this.

This picture is a war story, with a naval background, and the change is refreshing. Court scenes remind us of "The Trial of Mary Dugan" and Korda reveals a skillful hand in the direction of these and other dramatic scenes.

Paul Lukas, leading man, plays a rather repressed characterization and Donald Reed does well in a part no one likes. Nicholas Soussanin is the suave villain. A good break for Billie Dove and a good break for First National.

KIT CARSON—Paramount

FRED THOMSON acquits himself admirably in his "swan song" for Paramount. The story and continuity for this picture were written by Paul Powell, a director who understands story construction. He gives us a new insight into Carson, the pioneer guide, and fashions the historical background into the story, rather than the story to the background. Hundreds of Indians are used for atmosphere.

The picture deals only with Carson's two romances and has the elemental struggle of strong men for a woman as its basic appeal. Nora Lane again appears as leading woman for Thomson. This time she is the Spanish dancer over whom the men wage war. Dorothy Janis gives a nice performance as the Indian girl. Thomson fans will love this, as it carries the spirit of adventure and conquest.
ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE — M.-G.-M.

WILLIAM HAINES gives straight drama a fling. He's just as convincing as in comedy, and wonderfully sincere as Jimmy Valentine, the rôle Bert Lytell made famous. The modern version of this popular stage and screen drama is a well-directed, well-rounded production. Don't fail to see it. Lionel Barrymore, Leila Hyams, Tully Marshall, and Karl Dane head the cast.

THE CAMERAMAN — M.-G.-M.

BUSTER KEATON clicks again, and we don't mean perhaps. He's a reformed tintype photographer this time, trying to break into the newsreel service all because his heart aches for the office stenographer. He takes his famous poker face through fire, water and jail for the type-writing lady, and gets all tied up in hard knots trying to scoop a Tong War. Great story, original gags—and Buster's irresistible. See this and bust!

A BETTER cast couldn't have been picked for the screen version of this stage success. Lew Cody drops his sophistication, assuming the rôle of a Babbitt bachelor. Aiki Pringle is brilliant, as the gentleman's secretary; and Marcel Day gives a distinctive characterization of the supernanimat Maggie Cotrell, an ultra-modern playgirl who smokes, drinks, and marries anything. The best smart-set comedy yet.

LINGERIE— Tiffany-Stahl

A SENTIMENTAL ballad in celluloid. Chester Conk as "Pop," janitor at Princeton, spends his life savings to put his son (Charles Rogers) through college. When it's over the lad leaves Princeton, married and happy, but without knowing that "Pop" is his dad. Mary Brian is worth a college year. Take more than one handkerchief. You'll cry and laugh unless turning it talkie ruins everything.

FROM a ballyhoo artist in a cheap carnival to chuh worker may seem a far cry, but it appears logical as we go. Beautiful Esther Ralston using her showmanship to put on a revival. Miss Ralston's work shows marked improvement and she has perfect support in Hobart Bosworth, as an evangelist, and Reed Howes as her "grifter" lover. Thoroughly pleasing picture.

A SINGULAR MAN— M.-G.-M.

THE SAWDUST PARADISE— Paramount

THE best thing either Alice White or Malcolm MacGregor has ever done. While the A.E.F. tears up Paris, a disillusioned doughboy, seeking death in the trenches, finds love and laughter with a little Parisienne who makes "Mademoiselle from Armentieres" look for her chapeau. Director George Melford, in carefully blending drama, emotion, and humor, has turned out a well-rounded production.

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THE SAWDUST PARADISE— Paramount
Sound Pictures

THE SINGING FOOL—Warner

If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now." Al Jolson surpasses himself. This is a better picture than the Jazz Singer," and it is guaranteed to pull your heart strings when you hear Jolson singing "Sonny Boy."” By occupation, a waiter; by desire, a song writer; by nature, a singing fool," that’s the way he begins life, and his big inspiration is Molly, the beautiful girl who sings and dances at Club Cliquot, where he is waiter and, for diversion, contains the songs of his own composition. A go gets over big, Molly marries him, "Sonny" is born, and success and happiness are his. Molly two-times him and capitulates to the bottom of the ladder faster than he went up, and Josephine Dunn plays the part of Molly, beautiful enough any man to lose his heart over. Betty Bronson, as Grace, cigarette girl, is perfect. But, the picture that lingers in Jolson and Davey Lee, the three-year-old son. Don’t miss it.

WOMEN THEY TALK ABOUT—Warner

WELL-DIRECTED, exceptionally cast production, which would be just another movie without the Vitaphone. Claude Rains proves that an ex-stage actor, though effective on the screen, can walk away with a sound film. All interest centers about his charming characterization of an able old gentleman who enjoys his enemies. Anders Randolf is also more effective on the screen. Unfortunately, there are only a few snatches of Irene Rich’s voice carryover. The best talkie yet.

THE TERROR—Warner

ANOTHER all-talkie Vitaphone drama. Instead of subtitles, the scenes are announced vocally, and every incident requiring explanation is elucidated by dialogue. Joe Jackson’s clever titles are effective. Every sound is synchronized, which, unquestionably, adds a lot to the eerie action and thrilling climaxes. You’ll get a real cinematic chill.

The story deals with the capture of "The Terror," a criminal who continues to perpetrate his fiendish deeds without detection.

No wonder. You’ll never guess his identity. Suspense is splendidly sustained until the end of the picture.

The capable all-star cast includes May McAvoy, Louise Fazenda, Edward Everett Horton, Holmes Herbert and others. The story is full of mystifying situations which thrill you to your finger tips.

UNCLE TOM’S CABIN—Universal

PROTOPLAY originally reviewed this production as a straight "super-feature" in its January, 1928, issue, stating this was not the "Uncle Tom’s Cabin" we all knew, but a bigger and buncombe version of the love affair of Eliza and George Harris, slaves. Now Universal has had "Uncle Tom" Motion-tuned to its vast advantage. No dialogue is spoken, save Aunt Ophelia’s constant cry for Topsy, but the musical setting by Eryx Raper is music, not mere melodious noise. A sound picture really worth hearing.

[Additional reviews of sound pictures on page 82]
TWO stars with but a single profile, Dolores Costello and Elsie Ferguson. Although Elsie's profile is no longer shadowed on the screen, Dolores carries on the tradition of piquant and fragile beauty. Incidentally, although as alike as twins, they aren't even remotely related.
Farm Boy

to

Actor

George Duryea, an unknown, steals himself some thunder in "The Godless Girl"

By Helen Collier

A FARMER-LAD looked across the plains, over the heads of the cattle he was herding and announced to the open spaces above and about him, "I am going to be a great actor!"

Because there were none to hear him, there were none to unsay him. Cows are notoriously uncommunicative.

Four years later, however, when he unbacked himself from the rods of a freight train in New York City and started to talk the streets which he believed led to fame, there were any to laugh at and to jeer and to thwart him.

Many times he went three days without eating, but never missed the night school at Carnegie Tech, where he had rolled for dramatics.

Came the day of his first engagement—a small, nondescript cock company, whose name he has forgotten. Years of eady, pitiless plugging. Then a chance as Abie in "Abie's Irish Rose" for Anne Nichols, in a troupe destined for fantastic globe-corners.

Back to New York, wiser, self-educated and with an ambition more overpowering than even that which had shortened his career as a farm hand.

The movies! But a trip to California cost money. He had regular position with Anne Nichols. And boys who have sought their way since ten years of age do not throw over regular positions to follow a will-o'-the-wisp.

So he sent a picture of himself to Cecil B. De Mille, scarcely hoping to receive an answer.

Ten days later came a letter requesting that he forward a screen test of himself to Culver City.

A screen test—the lad frowned. He hadn't any!

Of course, he knew some movie people. He rounded up a cameraman, an electrician and a friend who knew something about directing and cutting. Then he sat down and wrote himself a little story.

A vacant studio could be rented for a few dollars. He herded little company together, showed them his story, featuring himself in a telephone conversation (he couldn't afford a situation which would require other actors) and had his test taken. The experiment cost him ninety dollars.

The test was mailed on Tuesday. Saturday afternoon a New York representative of De Mille telephoned and suggested that he leave at once for Culver City.

A screen test, which he made himself and which cost him ninety dollars, landed George Duryea in the leading role of the De Mille special. Here is a boy who plugged his way to success.

Two weeks later Mr. De Mille surprised the film world by announcing that George Duryea would play the leading role in "The Godless Girl," his big reform school special.

George Duryea—George Duryea! No one had ever heard of him. What did De Mille mean when every juvenile in the city had supposed that his test would be chosen from the hundreds which had been taken?

The farmer-lad paid no attention to the jealous "I'll bet he won't make good" Hollywood gossip. When the picture was finished he silently accepted a five year contract with Pathe and as silently walked over to the M.-G.-M. lot to play the lead with Renee Adoree in "The Tide of Empire," another coveted role in another super-special.

Nor did he pay any attention to the Hollywood girls who flocked to pay him homage. Social engagements did not seem to interest this silent lad from the cow-country.

Then, without a word to anybody, not even his publicity agent, he slipped to the station and met Grace Stafford, the young lady who circled the world as his sweetheart in the Anne Nichols' stage play.

The first word that Hollywood knew about it was when she accompanied George to a photographer and he announced shyly, "Meet the young lady I intend to marry!"

Nor will they tell the "when" or "where" of the matter. All they will discuss is his next picture, called "Marked Money."

And if you stepped on the lot tomorrow, when he did not chance to be working, you would not find him playing poker or exchanging light talk with other out-of-the-scene actors.

You would find him watching—watching—watching. And if you asked him what he was doing, he would probably answer you as he did us, "I'm a farmer-boy learning how to be a great actor."
Why Ramon Novarro
Decided to
Remain in the Movies

By Ruth Biery

The star felt he would be a coward to quit the films for a monastery. Then, too, he can sing in the talkies

Last year it was announced that Ramon Novarro would forsake motion pictures to become a priest, or will he try for the concert stage. He has been unhappy because of the silent drama's limitations. But the sound pictures have changed everything. Thus Ramon is won back to the screen's new freedom.

Ramon Novarro will not leave motion pictures to become a priest, nor will he try for the concert stage. He has been unhappy because of the silent drama's limitations. But the sound pictures have changed everything. Thus Ramon is won back to the screen's new freedom.

It is partially because of the advent of talking motion pictures. But it is largely because he has settled a life-long conflict with his inner nature.

The priesthood? The voice? The silent drama?

Since the days of his childhood, when he sang and dramatized and studied the precepts of his religion with his thirteen brothers and sisters in Durango, near Mexico City, he has struggled with this triangle of inclinations.

How often has he sat in the Little Theater of his luxurious Hollywood home and recalled the improvised playhouse in the massive home of his father. Recalled the marionette theater his mother presented him on his sixth anniversary. Recalled the weekly "shows" he had given it for sixty-five neighborhood children. Chuckled as he remembered the five-cent admissions.

What a joy he secured from these first dramatic expressions!

But even then he had been checked by a hesitancy to promote secular entertainment. As he grew into his teens he found himself becoming caustic in his entertainments, poking fun at certain of the townspeople, putting questionable ideas into the heads of children whom mothers had entrusted to him.

His mother reprimanded him; his father confessor reproached him. Was he to allow dramatics to over-balance his interests? Ramon was church soloist and choral leader.

No one in all of the country about could sing and chant as well as Ramon, their leader.

His work with the youth of the community was of such deep interest that he decided priesthood was his vocation.

But there was his music! Possibly he had the talent to become a great singer.

He conferred with his father confessor. They recalled the allegory of the three men with the talents. Ramon pointed out that the man who had buried his talents had been severely reprimanded.

"If God has given me talents and I go into a monastery and bury them, won't I likewise be reprimanded?" he queried.

And the priest answered:

"Develop thy talents!"

How little did this father realize that his words would ring again and again to this boy as he sat in his own theater pondering upon his manhood's future.

How little did he realize that this same Ramon would soon away to Europe, traveling incognito, that he might ponder uninterupted, on this question of talents.

For after "Ben-Hur," Ramon wondered about pictures just as he had wondered about his little marionette theater! "Ben Hur" had offered a blending of his love for the drama and religious fervor. He had seen it in a spiritual as well as a pictorial message.

But after this, pictures became just pictures. He found himself interpreting brigands or disloyal husbands as studio executives demanded. He found [CONTINUED ON PAGE 10].
READING from left to right: Phyllis Haver’s knees. Skirts, so the fashion experts say, will be fuller. Phyllis is dressed up for her rôle in “Singapore Sal,” which is another story of one of those gals who live East of Suez where there are not censors. Ever since that short but vivid episode in “What Price Glory,” Phyllis has been going in for That Sort of Thing.
Wearing the Clothes

Left: Paris insists on panels and a tight-fitting effect across the hips. Gloria's most striking evening gown is of gold mesh, over a flesh-colored lining, with four panels hanging from the hip line.

The evening coat at the right is luxurious, expensive and feminine. Huge clusters of flowers in pastel shades are embroidered on an ivory satin ground. The large roll collar replaces the conventional fur scarf.

They called her a "clothe horse" and her feeling were hurt. So Gloria Swanson went into a sartorial sulk for several years. But she's out to recapture her old title aided by this jade velvet evening gown with flounced cape collar.
A few eccentric rôles drove Gloria into an orgy of clothes buying. Any woman can—and sometimes does—look funny in her clothes, but only one in a hundred thousand can wear 'em like Gloria. This is a close-up of the new Swanson coiffure. The hair is parted in the middle and waved around the face in a style made famous by Lina Cavalieri. Long ear-rings should be worn only by chic women who can wear them without looking like a cigarette girl in a Greenwich Village speakeasy.

Who but Gloria could get away with an evening gown like this? Like most of the new models, all the drapery is at the back. The front is quite plain. The gown, of white satin, is made in butterfly design with flowing wings, hung from the shoulder straps and the hips. The long ear-rings of brilliants, the jeweled bracelets and the simple coiffure rolled at the back of the neck help a lot. Gloria carries a large handkerchief with a wide edge of sheer lace.
RAQUEL TORRES is half Mexican and half German, and you can't beat that for an interesting combination. Her real name is Marie Osterman, but when she went into the movies, she took her mother's maiden name. Raquel made such a hit in "White Shadows" that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed her on a long contract.
He's Jack of All Trades

By Lois Shirley

Nick Stuart has been everything around the studio, from office-boy to assistant director.

NICK STUART is one cinema youngster who doesn't have to worry about his future. If anything should happen to his five-year contract with William Fox he could go back tomorrow to script clerk, cameraman, assistant-director, office boy or a half-dozen other behind-the-studio-door professions. For Nick has nabbed every rung of the ladder.

Not that anything is likely to happen to him after his work in "The Cradle Snatchers," "The High School Hero" and "The News Parade." Still, he thinks he's pretty lucky to be a Jack-of-All-Trades.

It all started back in 1921, when a clean-cut, fifteen-year-old human clerk in a Los Angeles sporting goods store was sent to the Fox studio to deliver a pair of gun handles to Tom ix. Once inside, he secured three days' work, then telephoned the store he was a movie-actor! When the three days were over he drew his pay, said good-bye to the other extras and made a straight line for the manager's office.

"I like this movie business," he announced. "I've decided to stay. Got a job for me?"

Just at that moment, Lewis Sergeant dashed through the office. The manager nodded toward him. "Our boy's been chosen by another studio to play Huckleberry Finn. His job as office boy is vacant. But I don't suppose you want that?"

"Sure, I'll begin right now." And Nick gave the rest of the day free-of-charge to learning his duties.

Now, of course, the rest of this is reminiscent of Horatio Alger and the bright boy who worked his way up; but since Nick is the only chap in the movies who climbed from the inside, why not give Alger a break and prove that all of his tales might not have been just fairy stories.

Nick began at fifteen dollars a week (he had made twenty-two fifty in his three days as extra), and two years later he was drawing twenty-four dollars in the same position.

"I spent the last four months of that two years persuading them to give me another job," Nick laughed. "I'd decided I wanted to go with a unit and thought a good place to begin was the camera. So once a week for four months I went in and asked the boss for a chance at it. At first he didn't seem to warm up to the idea but I kept . . . [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]
FROM long skirts to no skirts. From
stockings, to no stockings at all. And
in a few years!

See what Hollywood did to Sue Can.
There's nothing between Sue and a camera but a curtain. When she attended Kenosha Convent, she wore the regulation middy costume. Sue's convent days were cut short by perfume fights, which showed an early leaning towards flippancies of life.

Since Raquel Torres' school days at the Holy Cross Convent in Los Angeles, her skirts have remained the same length. Even in her convent days, she wanted to go into the movies. A large number of beauties of both stage and screen were convent-bred. What do the good nuns think of their ex-pupils? Well, while they may be a bit shocked by their clothes, at heart they are secretly proud of their girls.
1st the little angel of the Holy Cross Convent in New York photographed in her Confirmation dress. Think of the hours of sewing that went into all those lace inserts. Who would have predicted that Josephine Dunn would grow up to wear a green jersey bathing suit embroidered in diamonds and pearls?

Patsy Ruth Miller was the young radical of the Convent of the Visitation in St. Louis. She wanted the weekly holiday changed from Thursday to Saturday. And she won out. Now that she's in the movies, she takes her holiday when the director orders it.

From Convents

Freud would say that Alice White's mania for scanty clothes is traceable to the fact that, in childhood, she had to wear dresses that were too long for her. Alice's mother was a vaudeville actress and Alice was raised at St. Vincent's Convent in Newark, N. J. Her Confirmation dress was purchased with an eye to future utility. She wore it until she grew into it. It was her party dress for five years.
Mr. Hoople

He played big business in the films—landed him be-

By
Stewart Robertson

W. Grosvenor Hoople straightened his back and beamed vacantly down the shade dappled vista of Orange Grove Avenue. This particular slice of Hollywood shimmered peacefully in the lull of late afternoon, untroubled by the peering tourists who did sentry duty on the not far distant boulevard. The fragrant notes of a violin throbbed along the breeze, water splashed musically in tiny fountains and the delicate aroma of fresh gingerbread sifted its way to appreciative nostrils.

Mr. Hoople sighed in languorous content, noted with approval a well-filled pair of russet silk stockings belonging to a neighbor, then sauntered back into his hammock.

He was a large and flaccid gentleman with a stubborn, unimaginative face that might have belonged either to a captain of industry or a sergeant-major. Bushy eyebrows and an uncompromising mouth lent it power; pendulous cheeks like slabs of pink putty added the sleekness of success.

And, in a way, Mr. Hoople lived up to his countenance, his movie portrayals of divers statesmen, prison wardens, dukes and managing editors having made him one of the better known heavies in the film colony.

NOW, between pictures, he became himself and loafed amiably through the days for, like many another actor, he was a simple enough soul when no one was looking. The gods had given him his appearance, but they had evened things up by being riddly in the matter of brains, as Mr. Hoople's mental processes were, to be charitable, slightly torpid. The hammock bulged dangerously as he lay gazing upward in a state of muddled happiness.

A screen door creaked, then flew shut with a resounding slap. Mrs. Hoople, a coy and unfashionable lady in the late hundred and seventies, appeared on the patio and hailed the figure under the trees. Her voice, trained in the bleak spaces of her native Montana, carried without difficulty across a hundred feet of lawn. "Time for market," she called.

Mr. Hoople started guiltily, heaved himself upright and shambled in the direction of the garage. A faded sweater and rumpled corduroys fitted him sketchily, and on his head reposed a crushed felt hat, once white, but now the ambiguous tint known as French nude. He grinned sleepily at his wife.

"What'll it be, mother?" he inquired.

"Anything you want, honey," said his partner generously.

"I declare, you've behaved so well for the past week it's a pleasure to cook for you. If only you'd stay that way!"

"Well, m' dear," laughed Mr. Hoople, "I'm playing myself for a change. This market business gives me quite a thrill, being one of the common people and all. Tonight I'm going to the horseshoe pitching tournament and maybe chew a little tobacco. It certainly does a fellow good to get away from art once in a while."
Stays in Character

Illustrated by
John Alonzo Williams

"Now this," said the gorgeous Grosvenor Hoople, "is most astonishing." Arrayed in the full splendor of evening dress, he advanced upon the querulous Peabody and loomed above him. The fifteen hundred in his pocket helped him to speak with authority. "My dear sir, you are questioning the integrity of my firm. Explain yourself" described in minute detail exactly what he had said to De Mille. At last he emerged laden with pineapples and escorted by an undersized Greek bearing parcel. A couple of taut, well-massaged, loud-shirted men lounging nearby watched him as he enjoyed the car into starting.

"That's the fellow I was telling you about," said the taller. "That stiff?" scoffed the other. "Why, he don't look as important as a corporal in Coxey's army."

"That's because he's laying off," said the first man. "Believe it or not, Eddie, he's the guy we need. Let's find out where he lives."

They boarded a green sedan, steamed in the wake of the smudgy runabout and saw it swerve in at a gravelled crescent of driveway. Then they proceeded south and west to a pretentious apartment house on Highland Avenue, where a fiery-haired girl waved a greeting from an upper window.

Back at the Hoople establishment the head of the house was sprinkling the lawn and crooning the latest ballad, flapping about every fourth note, as is the habit of gentlemen who wheeze. Suddenly the telephone shrilled an imperious summons, and a moment later his wife came to the door.

"It's the studio," she told him in a metallic voice. "Now I suppose there'll be no living with you."

Mr. Hoople slip-slipped into the house, almost losing a Congress gaiter en route, kissed his spouse with affectionate zeal and picked up the receiver. The resultant conversation was almost a monologue, the actor saying "Yes" and "No" at the proper moments, but as it proceeded [CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]

He clambered into a bleary runabout and jolted his way to the food emporium run by a greasy gentleman whose unpronounceable name ended triumphantly in "pulos" and who was known to his customers as "Hey, Joe."

Here were gathered the idle idols of filmdom, making their daily gesture toward democracy, for it was considered stylish to do one's own marketing when the pay envelope was out of season.

Celluloid cavaliers, shady ladies, villains and festal virgins mingled condescendingly with their public, revelling secretly in the staves of admiration.

INTO the midst plunged the jovial Mr. Hoople, saluting sundry acquaintances with profane gusto and making more noise than a thirdrate alderman on a Lindbergh reception committee. He went into a huddle with a brittle damsel who wanted to unleash her opinion about authors and in return he
The Story of a Dancing Girl
As told to Ruth Biery by Joan Crawford

CHAPTER II

I BELIEVE each man fulfills a different need in a woman's life. One man may answer the cry of her mother love, awaken her most tender, solicitous affection; another man may reward that strictly feminine, clinging vine desire to be protected; still another requites the cave-woman's mad longing to be captured.

Ray Sterling was my incentive.

He believed in me. He knew all about the laundry as served in the schools, the horrible beatings. He knew that gossip which always encircles a girl who is working her way through life and snatching her fun in the dance halls.

Yet he believed I was going to amount to something.

He believed I had a beautiful soul as well as a dancing body.

And he was the first person to give me the goal "I must be all that he thinks me!"

It was undoubtedly his faith which gave me the courage to pack up and leave home. I walked out of those ugly laundry quarters with a few paltry dollars, a few paltry clothes and the new feeling that I was not an inferior person. I was a dancer and as such capable of earning my own living.

In trailing from one dance hall to another I had met a road show manager. With my new faith in myself, I persuaded him to give me a job in his chorus at twenty dollars a week.

We went to Springfield, Missouri, and lasted two weeks. I had just enough money to return to Kansas City.

It was the dull season and there weren't any more jobs.

Still, I didn't go home to mother!

But how could I leave Ray Sterling? He was my pal, my friend and my sweetheart. He, who had given me the very ambition which was now urging me to go thousands of miles away from him.
Joan tells of her first romance and of her debut as a chorus girl

How often does ambition force woman to face such a separation? Yet, if she subjugates her career for a man, she may spend the rest of her life wondering to what heights she might have limbed had she followed her inclinations.

And if she goes, there comes a time when she wonders if, after all, home and innocence-of-the-world might not have meant more to her. I left, after the cross-road which came in the life of all ambitious women and although I was only seventeen I realized the potency of my decision.

How could I tell Ray about it? After all, he was a man. And although man may establish a woman's faith in herself, may build up her very soul for her, what man is not selfish when it comes to the thought of losing that woman?

And what woman dare pit her faith, her ambition, against the strength of a man's loving persuasions? I left without as much as "goodbye" or "God bless you!"

The prima donna of the road show had given me her address in Chicago. I had saved enough for carfare. When I arrived in my first really big city, I had exactly two dollars.

A man on the train said he was going in my direction and asked me to share his taxi.

I did not ask the why for his generosity. It did not interest me. Remember, I had learned the lesson that men may be useful to women. I had also learned how to handle the man situation.

I had no idea any place could be as huge as Chicago. When we arrived at my address, the taxi meter showed ten dollars. I mumbled a low, contrite "Thank you" and dashed out and up those steps as though all the demons of Hades pursued me. I was afraid he might ask for my half of the ten dollars!

The prima donna wasn't home. "On the road" the landlady told me.

I sat on the steps to reconnoitre. The name "Ernie Young" flashed through my memory. She had told me about his reviews. A corner drug store telephone-book gave me his downtown office number.

Two hours later I stood at the end of a long line of girls before a door marked "Private."

Suddenly I remembered I now had less than two dollars. The labyrinth of busses and street cars had taken several nickels. It was afternoon and I had not eaten. I faced a night alone in a strange city.

What is the Power that guides one when they face actual starvation? [CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]
AILEEN PRINGLE wears the most expensive gown ever made at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, and that's saying a lot. Eight women worked for fifteen days sewing on each bead and sequin by hand. Let's take a Cook's Tour of this simple little frock: It is made of white soufflé—not an egg dessert in this instance. The hemline is just a series of ups and downs. The butterfly effect is also carried out in the sleeves. The bodice is tight but the skirt bursts forth in a circular flare. The cap is also of soufflé and beaded. Miss Pringle sports this gown in "The Single Man." Which is why he stayed single.
Amateur Movies

New PhotoPlay Contest Starts—$2,000 in Prizes—

Home Movies in Color Startling New Development

By Frederick James Smith

The second PhotoPlay Amateur Movie Contest, which opens October 1st, is destined to be an even more significant contest than PhotoPlay's pioneer competition of last year. It was impossible to rese the wide interest manifested in the first amateur movie contest, was the first competition of its kind conducted by publication anywhere in the world and no one could foretell its far-reaching effects. With the second contest, PhotoPlay is able to promise that the winning films will be shown to all foremost makers of professional movies, both New York and in Los Angeles. It is now clear at the PhotoPlay Amateur Movie Contest promises the one definite link between the amateur and professional film maker that these contests are likely to develop vital new blood for Hollywood. Here-...
Plastic Dentistry
New Hollywood Art

How a dentist invented some new tricks of make-up

By Louis B. Jacobs

The character actor of the old school used to pride himself on his art of make-up. He boasted of the dexterity with which he manipulated crepe hair into glorious beards; fought in support of his method for procuring the effect of natural wrinkles, hollows and protuberances with grease paint and believed that his ability to create distorted noses, enlarged ears and elongated fingernails rated him high in the profession. Today, his technique is obsolete for motion pictures.

The development of the cinema has brought about an entirely new system of preparing a character for the lens. Grease paint has almost been done away with. The panchromatic film with emulsion so sensitized as to photograph color values of the slightest tint, shows up painted lines for what they are, while color photography prohibits any artificial coloring on the face.

The prying eye of the camera has become so difficult to deceive that experts in the new art are maintained in all studios who do the experimenting for desired effects upon manikins and make up the actor for his role without giving him much concern for its detail. As a consequence, a far greater degree of realism is being produced and an infinite variety of characteristics accurately obtained.

It never occurred to the player of former years to make his teeth as an aid to his character drawing. About the only thought he had to give them is to block them out with black paint if their absence was desired, or to whiten a conspicuous gold crown. Now, perhaps the most important phase of preparation for the camera is consideration of the teeth. This has developed a new branch of dentistry known as plastic dentistry and is closely related to plastic surgery.

While the use of false teeth had occasionally been used on the stage for plays like “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,” they were generally frowned upon. They fitted over the teeth and interfered with speech. Obvious, they never became popular as they were adapted solely for grotesque effects. The idea that they might be used to beautify never occurred.

It remained for a young dentist [CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]

Back of this set of animal-like fangs are Lon Chaney’s own teeth. This detail of make-up added great effectiveness to his playing of the weird hypnotist in “London After Midnight.” Dr. Arthur Freedman made this thin porcelain plate to fit over Chaney’s teeth. The plate changes the whole contour of the face, and yet is so cleverly made that it doesn’t interfere with speech.

George Stone, without make-up, and very good-looking, too. No wonder you’ll be surprised when you look to the right and see—

This terrible face. It’s Mr. Stone, plus a false front, in his rôle of The Rat in “Seventh Heaven.” It’s a question of dentistry.
Knew she was one of the six most beautiful women in England! But when I met the Viscountess Curzon at tea in the rose-and-beige drawing room of her London home she cast a spell upon me.

A soft fire threw its gleam on silver teacups; a low lamp cast turquoise shadows upon a deep couch. From the latter, there recurred the well-worn words: "To greet the intrusion of a callous creature I had ever beheld.

As we chatted, the firelight playing on the rose-leaf contours of her cheeks, dancing in the blue pools of her eyes, warming a pale gold of her close-cropped hair, I sought to myself, "Her tall, blonde Anglo-Saxon beauty, the proud, delicate moulding of her face would have turned Queen Guinevere green with envy!"

A silver voice broke my reverie. "What are you staring at?"—naturalness one of Lady Curzon's most captivating traits.

"You! Rude, I know—but you must be used to it! I was lost in your beauty!"

"Rubbish! A sensible American isn't going to break into verse over a creature..."

Life is favorable to good color and a smooth fresh skin, you know. But this very fact has the effect of making us English women take all the more care of our complexions."

She snatched the word "How" gaily from me. "It's quite simple, my way," she said. "I just use a pure fine cleansing cream made by Pond's. And every now and then I tone up my skin with Pond's Freshener. Pond's Cleansing Tissues—they're ever so soft—remove and absorb the cleansing cream thoroughly."

Your skin, too, should know this way to loveliness that Lady Curzon finds so effective. Always, at night and after daytime exposure, cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. The new Tissues, soft, ample, fine, absorb both cream and dirt.

Then, refreshed and cleansed, your skin responds to the tonic touch of Pond's Skin Freshener, glows with new radiance. A delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream keeps your powder smooth and fresh for hours on end.

Mail Coupon with 10c—A generous trial package of Pond's four delightful preparations awaits you.

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of perfume, a dozen dainty hand-made handkerchiefs and a little boudoir clock.

They were accompanied by a sweet, cordial note: "I remember my first birthday in this country," said the Goudal, "when I was alone and miserable."

THE entire motion picture industry mourned the death of Ward Crane. When he saw that the end was near he insisted upon being taken East to see his family. He died there. Undoubtedly the reconciliation of Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan was a blow to him for he had been in love with Marie for several years.

ONE of Hollywood's famous landmarks is called Dark Canyon. And the name of the hero in Douglas Fairbanks' new picture is D'Artagnan (pronounced "Dar-tan'-yan"). When Doug read the contract with M.G.M., under which he is obtaining the services of his former cameraman, Henry Sharp, he found this phrase: "and Mr. Sharp's services shall be contracted for by the said Douglas Fairbanks to photograph a picture called 'Dark Canyon.'"

A SUGGESTION, albeit a trifle late, for a suitable name for the apartment building one of the fair film ladies was erecting.

How about "In Your Arms"?

TRICK names for talking pictures are quite the order of the day in Hollywood; First National has Filmstone, Universal has Uniphone.

But Sam Sax, head of Gotham, has the niftiest name of all. His is Saxiphone.

Adolphe Menjou says that golf knickers aren't being worn any more. White flannels and a sweater are correct for the links.

Joan and Doug, by the way, have evolved a new form of pig Latin which they use upon every occasion. Johnny Mack Brown from Alabama, who has his own patois, remarked when he heard the sweetheart's, "If you all say anything insulting just let me know."

THE reason the scenario writer was discharged from Lasky's: He wrote a story for Emil Jannings.

"This is the story," he told the executive. "We show Mr. Jannings as a young man, then he grows older; there is a snowstorm and, in the end, he wanders off into the storm."

SOMETIMES they remember even in Hollywood! Eva von Berni, Norma Shearer's Viennese discovery, celebrated her eighteenth birthday after she had been in Hollywood just two weeks. Somebody told Jetta Goudal about the child who had come to this country alone even without a knowledge of the language.

Jetta, who had never seen Eva, discovered her address and sent her many gifts: a white cut leather bag, a large bottle of perfume, a dozen dainty hand-made handkerchiefs and a little boudoir clock.

They were accompanied by a sweet, cordial note: "I remember my first birthday in this country," said the Goudal, "when I was alone and miserable."

We hear that Joe Schenck has toying with the pasteboards again following the course of the little ivory. At any rate, the story is abroad in Hollywood that he won $200,000 at Deauville, France. That'll pay for the trip. Joe, a melopee, makes another picture for United.

Rumor also has it that Mr. Schenck and Camilla Horn have been seen much with each other's company, all for business reasons no doubt. Sometimes it's a tie to convince these European stars they should return to Hollywood a make pictures for several thousand week when they are lucky to get sev hundred in their own country!

SOMEONE recently asked Constance Talmadge if her third husband would be an American. "Well, why not?" she answered. "I've tried the other side of the Atlantic twice, so 'See America Third' is now my motto!"

An autograph hunter approached Charlie Chaplin's table at the Moulin Rouge the other day and asked the comedian to sign his name on the back of a check she had hastily torn from her book. Charlie took.
The deliciously smooth skin we mean by 'studio skin' is a great asset to a star. I am delighted with Lux Toilet Soap—my skin is like satin after using it.

Leatrice Joy, Pathé De Mille’s lovely star, inspired this luxurious bathroom. Miss Joy, like nine out of ten screen stars, uses this delightful soap.

"Few people can resist smooth lovely skin"

How quickly a man or woman is won by the fresh loveliness of velvet-smooth skin!
The close-up has taught this to motion picture directors—they have learned that this beauty always wins instant response from the audience.

Screen stars know the velvety beauty their skin heightens their allure. The loveliness of her skin under the崽 lights of the close-up is more important to a screen star than any her beauty.

Nine out of ten screen stars use

Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin.

There are in Hollywood 433 important actresses, including all stars. 417 of these use Lux Toilet Soap.

All the great film studios, following their stars’ example, have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms.

Order some today. You, too, will delight in the luxurious lather—it never fails even in the hardest water. Instead of paying 50¢ or $1.00 for a cake of French soap you can now have the same luxury for just 10¢—Lux Toilet Soap. White, delightfully fragrant!
The Studio Murder Mystery

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

the sparkling exquisiteness of the dressing table. Bottles...utterly ravishing bottles...hold the secrets of intoxicating fragrances...She put out a longing hand to the silver atomizer...Oh, to spray one's throat and hair, and turn one's lovely head to see one's lovely self...She sighed, and remembered that she was only a little girl from Kansas.

"Well, come on, now. You can't stand staring at these gawgs all day," said her father.

"That's a very fine set. Everything is real. The perfume in those bottles cost $25 an ounce," said the office boy.

WASTE of money! Can't you see it on the screen," said the man from Kansas.

"No...but it lends atmosphere. We try to make everything as real as possible. It helps our people get into the spirit of a picture," explained the office boy importantly. The man from Kansas grunted. Then they both were made to wait while the girl stoodspell-bound at the sight of two wardrobe women passing by, La. rich and heavy, and creamy satin; chiffon underruchins, of tints calculated to make the feminine heart swoon with desire; a great string of pearls hanging from one woman's arm, and tucked beside a genuine Peacock fan!

The little girl from Kansas clenched her thin hands unwan. Oh, that such things existed! That some women wore them! That she would go back to the beauty-starved days of her normal life, remembering and desiring these things! The woman soul of her was drawn up to a quivering worship of all the exotic beauty about her—it cried out, terribly, for possession!

"Come on, pass. He's going to show us a dummy.

"Oh...a dummy," she said tonelessly.

"Sure! Looks just like the actor, and they use it in scenes where it's dangerous for the real man to work. I've always wondered about that.

Never did take much stock in that 'double' stuff either. Why, I've seen some things on the screen I just knew couldn't be done by any living human...

THE man from Kansas waxed enthusiastic.

"Why, I told 'em! I said, 'That fellow ain't alive! No, sir! That's a fake figure!' I said. I had it all figured out, didn't I, puss?"

"Yes, daddy,' answered his daughter dutifully. She hoped he was not going to tell the office boy how it was done. It never made any difference to her father, when he was revealing his wisdom, whether he was talking to the originator of the idea, or not.

It made his daughter very nervous at times. But the office boy knew the type. He quickened his steps, and the man from Kansas was put to it to keep up with him. He stopped talking and kept his breath for walking.

"Now don't yell when you see him. He's supposed to be dead, you know," said the office boy, and parted the black velvet curtains which enveloped the set on Stage Six. But the visitors instinctively shrank away from the sprawling, stiffened figure on the floor.

"But...there's blood all over him! It looks so...so...queer!" shuddered the man, against his father.

"Catnap. Photographs blood," explained the office boy laconically.

"Oh.

Daughter and father remained staring silently.

The figure was truly fright- ing. Gorgously twisted in unnatural death agony, she was tortured, horror-stricken guise of...what was it?...of death? But no, fear of something more startling than death! A terrible amazement...unbelieving surprise, was felt forever in the dead staring...on the set...cold featured man had undoubtedly come monstrous end, if the evidences of the lay figure could be as indicative of facts. A slight distance from his prone body a dulling rapier, stained with blood. In one of the rigid hair-clotting on the floor, he glanced a second rapier. Fast the satin-covered heart a set dark stream had welled, it made a narrower river on the floor.

"Can't tell the difference, you?" asked the office boy wryly.

"ARE you sure...it's no real man?" whispered the girl.

"Say, do you think we'd dead men lying around on sets? I'll tell the world we do! 'Course it's not real! Go a feel of him! He's only wax a make-up and sawdust!"

Trembling, but determined, to be able to tell them back how she did it: the girl turned toward the sorry figure. Her father did not stop her. He was staring dumb wonder at the mystical cleverness of the simulation.

"Go on! Get down and try it!"

Slowly she went down on her knees, stretched her hand out to lay it on to pale face. Simultaneously the office boy delivered a well-aimed kick the dumb figure. Then there was...instantly arrested movement from them both. Their eyes could not other, widened in fright. The figure screamed in a wildly mounting terror.

DADDY! Daddy! It's a man! It's...a man! Oh...let's get out here! I want to go home! I want to go home!

She seized the little figure across her father's chest her hands trembling convulsively...him. The boy remained staring silently. The girl suddenly cupped his hand about his mouth,

...think I'm going to sick...be gulped, and rushed long for the door, and the blessed star- light. In blind fear he hurtled down the stage steps, and into the pompos paunch of the president of the Superior Films studio.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 129]

They Created the Great Murder Mystery

"THE Studio Murder Mystery" is the first novel of Carmen Ballen Edington and A. Channing Edington. It is the first mystery story correctly to use studio trick and an absolutely realistic background as an integral part of its plot.

The Edingtons know motion pictures from the ground up. They belong to that efficient, well-trained class of studio workers that the public never hears of. Mrs. Edington was a reporter on The San Francisco Bulletin and The Examiner before she joined the publicity department of a picture studio. "You know what that means," she writes, "Watching every angle of production for news and sitting in on dressing room conversations. If there is anything about pictures that I cannot write about I have yet to witness it."

A. Channing Edington was born in Kansas. He studied chemistry and passed the State Board examination in Pharmacy. He served in the war and then went to California. He obtained a position at a Studio as a reader and worked his way into minor positions in the production department.

"My real life story begins with my marriage," he says. It was a studio romance, born of mutual tastes and ambitions. The Edingtons re-wrote scripts, doctor stories and did general editorial work. "A Blind Bargain," one of Lon Chaney's successes was largely their creation.

The news that their novel was accepted for publication by PHOTOPLAY arrived almost simultaneously with the birth of their first baby.
“Nothing is more important than alluring smooth skin”

says William A. Seiter, director of Colleen Moore in “Happiness Ahead”

“There is no physical attribute more important than alluring, smooth skin. A screen star passes the most merciless test—the Klieg lights find out the slightest flaw in spite of the most adroit make-up. But for the owner of a skin that can pass this test, there is the support of an adoring public.”

STUDIO Skin—skin of rare smoothness—is the one thing every girl in Hollywood aspires to! Her skin must be flawlessly beautiful for success. Nowhere else in the world is smooth skin more jealously guarded, than in this city of talent and beauty!

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap. They care for their skin the true French way. For it is made by the method France developed and uses for her finest toilet soaps.

So important is beauty in Hollywood that all the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms! Order some of this lovely, rare soap today.

For anyone who wants to keep a perfect complexion, Lux Toilet Soap is splendid.

Luxury hitherto found only in French soaps at 50c or $1.00 a cake, now 10c

Lux Toilet SOAP

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
Gossip of All the Studios

[continued from page 74]

the check, eyed it ruefully for a moment, then elaborately endorsed it. But before returning it to the lady, he carefully tore it in two, giving her only the half he had inscribed!

LITTLE film deb describing a man whose conversation commences with "Now I'm not vain, but—" or "Far be it from me to boast, but—"

A SLIGHT discrepancy in the Los Angeles papers concerning Miss Lilyan Tashman. A section of a Sunday newspaper reveals that:

"Miss Tashman does not use rouge but features in her toilet a certain cosmetic in its various shades, to harmonize with her
gown, using 'Sunburn' and 'Tropical' for the seaside a sports wear, as it gives an even sunburn effect and is an ab-
lute preventive from sunburn."

From the news section the day following:

"A check yesterday at several Hollywood studios reveals that two actresses were burned so seriously that they're ordered to bed by physicians. They are Lilyan Tashman and Ruth Chatterton. Miss Tashman, wife of Edmund Lop was bed-ridden for a week, as was Miss Chatterton. The former was burnt on the back, while Miss Chatterton suffered burns on the face. . . ."

DIRECTOR W. S. VAN DYKE received the great thrill of his life when "White Shadows of the South Sea" opened at Grauman's Chinese Theater. He began his picture career as an extra man, one of the 10,000 in "Intolerance," at figuratively sat at the feet of D. W. Griffith. Although "it must" did not know it, he has been Van Dyke's constant inspiration all the time that.

Patsy Ruth Miller suffers for her Art. As the efficient stenographer in a few scenes of "Beautiful but Dumb," Patsy has about as much sex appeal as a filing cabinet

WITH Madge Bellamy's four day marriage to Logan Metcalf safely disposed of, she is coming out of her retreat in the mountains.

A beautiful new home in the hills close to Riverside and a beach "cottage" at Santa Monica are absorbing her interests. Both of these pieces of property presents are from her real-estate father.

MARCELINA DAY had to work all night on "The Single Man," the Aileen Pringle-Lew Cody picture.

Richard Dix came out to encourage her.

Which is the first inkling we had that the Dix-Day affair has recuperated!

Wallace Beery solves the traffic problem by flying to work. Wally owns two planes and is interested in an aviation company. He is now demanding a landing field at the studio

The bathing girls haven't a monopoly on the beach antics. The boys can also cavort. Robert Armstrong, Jimmy Gleason and Jack Perry pose as "The Spirit of '28"

Wallace Beery solves the traffic problem by flying to work. Wally owns two planes and is interested in an aviation company. He is now demanding a landing field at the studio

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74
WHY THE JEWELER SAYS "Genuine Orange Blossom"

Jewelers everywhere emphasize the genuineness of Traub Orange Blossom, just as discriminating buyers emphasize it, knowing that the Orange Blossom name and its familiar symbol carry assurance of value such as only Traub, in its position of unquestioned leadership, can offer. By insisting upon the genuine Traub engagement and wedding rings, you neither limit your choice nor abuse your purse, since Orange Blossom is so moderately priced, and is available in so many new, exclusive styles at all the better jewelers.

Our delightful booklet, "Wedding Ring Sentiment", free on request

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(© T. M. Co., 1928)
As told to Princess Pat by 10,000 Men

"Women Use Too Much Rouge"

The men, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge does look unreal.

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. But there is never a question of too much, never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the most natural rouge in the world. And whether blonde or brunette, you can use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect—instead of being limited to one as with usual rouges.

Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat Almond Base Face Powder

Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing Almond Base imparts to Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The Almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent Almond Base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat Almond Base face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the Almond Base to make the lighter weight powder just as clinging as the medium.

Wonderful New Color for Lips

Just what you've wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lip and that also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, partly lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of color with usual lipsticks.

Try the Seven Famous Aids-to-Beauty: Princess Pat Week End Set

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care and real value—besides artful secrets to make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge.

You will be delighted with the set.

Get This Week End Set—SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for this coupon and 25c (count). Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.
QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions
You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that have been answered in former issues, such as synopses of plays or interviews. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Your full name and address will be published if requested.

I. C., Battle Creek, Mich. — It's just over one of those rumors. Lon Chaney certainly was not killed during the making of "Laugh Clown Laugh." I ought to know! I talked to him after he finished the picture. But a lot of orchestra leaders are going to be murdered if they don't stop playing the over the radio.

FIVE WORRIED CORRESPONDENTS. — No, it can't be a mistake when I said that Mae Ray and Wallace Reid played in "To Have and to Hold." The story was filmed twice, in the second version Betty Compson and W. S. Van Dyke had the leading roles. The Murray version was made in 1916 and the complete film in 1922. So there is.

M. J., Jackson, Fla. — You lose. Kelson was married to George W. Webber. F. Pickford is thirty-five years old, and Mrs. Fairbanks' next picture is titled "For Ternity." Mae Murray is in vaudeville.

ONE M. S., Columbus, Neb. — Lilian is older than sister Dorothy. John Gilbert's first love was in March, 1923, separated in August, 1924.

F. H., Mellott, Ind. — William Powell did play in "Ragtime" so I do not know if he wore a mustache in it or not. I do know, however, if he did play in it I don't know whether he would have worn a mustache or not. This is getting awfully complicated, say, Mr. Powell normally wears a mustache, and only if that is any help. Alice Mills played opposite Richard Dix in "Say It Again, Simon." K.

Brooklyn, N. Y. — William Haines was twenty-eight years old and has been in pictures since March, 1922.

Y. Wood, River, Ill. — Say, fellow, change their hair as fast as they change minds these days. At this moment Alice may have purple hair for all I know. Different types in her career Alice has had brown and brown hair and now I hear that she is going to be a blonde. But I can tell that Alice is twenty-one years old, five feet tall and weighs 105 pounds. Her next picture will be "Show Girl." L.

Thr, Toledo, O. — No one has taken into his place and no one is going to. It is done. Clara Bow is twenty-three years old, five feet, three and one-half inches and weighs 115 pounds. Renee Adoree is twenty-one years old, five feet, two inches tall, weighs 110 pounds. And Ramon Navarro feet, ten inches tall. Come again.

An., St. Louis, Mo. — Marion Nixon is a little trick. Superior, Wisconsin, her home town but her present address is First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

M. A. S., Castleton-on-Hudson, N. Y. — Here's a girl who remembers "What Price Beauty!" The hero of that unscreened picture was Pierre Gendron. Irene Rich is married to D. F. Blackenhorn. He's a Los Angeles business man.

O. H. F., Jacksonville, Fla. — Ah! Ah! Dang it, woman, you get me all interested and then you go raving about your little daughter. Just for that I shouldn't answer your questions. Myrna Loy is an American, born in Helena, Montana, on August 2, 1905. She is five feet, five inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Myrna's hair is auburn and her eyes are green. She is a dancer before going into pictures. Jetta Goudal gives her birthplace as Versailles, France. She is thirty years old and has black hair. You seem to like the green-eyed girl because Jetta, too, has them kind of orbs.

NILS ASTHER was the subject of the most persistent questions of the month. It was Nils who played the Prince in "The Cossacks." Mr. Asther's next picture will be "Her Cardboard Lover," with Marion Davies and his address is the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Now for the others: Arthur Lake is twenty-three years old, has light hair and blue eyes. Clara Bow's next picture will be "The Fleet's In." Philippe de Lacey is eleven years old and you'll see him next in "The Four Devils." Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia on Oct. 6, 1906, and he weighs ninety-six pounds.

Mary Brian is twenty years old and tall. Married. Richard Arlen's real name is Richard Van Mattemore and he is about twenty-nine years old.

In writing to the stars for photographs, PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

SWEET SIXTEEN, Indianapolis, Ind. — "The sweetest and most beautiful treasure in film land" may be addressed at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. In her real life, Billie Dove is Mrs. Irvin Willat. Reading between the lines of your letter, I discover that you are a flirt.

J. S. B., Jacksonville, Fla. — May I quote from part of your letter? "I am a bachelor, past the age where it takes only a blind cap of curls and dimpled knees to make my heart go boom." You have my sympathy — my imagination—something more than a short skirt. Alice Joyce has that something; she is intriguing, and yet she has refinement, discretion, dignity." Miss Joyce was born on October 1, 1890, and has brown hair and hazel eyes. She is married to James Regan and has two charming little daughters. And she is all your fancy paints her.

A. P., Milwaukee, Wis. — Neil Hamilton's wife is a non-professional. Neil is six feet tall and weighs 155 pounds. He's twenty-eight years old and has brown hair and brown eyes. Write to him at 410 Taft Building, Hollywood, Calif. He's Bebe Daniels' leading man in "Hot News" and "Take Me Home."

Mrs. E. M., Fennsdale, N. Y. — Wrong on my age, by about twenty years. I am the only man in the world who never has written a book, a play or a movie scenario. Gary Cooper was born on May 7, 1901, in Helena, Montana. He lived in England as a boy and when he was fifteen he went on a trip to France. He became an accident and returned to the West to recover his health. He became a cowboy and entered pictures as an extra. Gary is six feet two inches tall, weighs 180 pounds and has black hair and dark blue eyes. Lionel Barrymore is forty-five years old.

Mrs. C. J. C., Bartow, Fla. — George Arliss filmed "Disraeli" for United Artists in 1921. Mr. Arliss has gone to Hollywood to make a "talkie."

J. D. F., Oklahoma City, Okla. — Estelle Taylor and Bebe Daniels aren't twins; they aren't even related. And to you and others who are concerned with the whereabouts of Ben Lyon. Ben has been working the last few months on "Hell's Angels." It's one of those pictures that take ages to film. Leila Hyams played with Bill Haines in "Alias Jimmy Valentine."

D. A. E., Parkersburg, W. Va. — Your patience is rewarded. Clive Brook is married and he and his wife have their home in Hollywood. Vilma Banky is opposed to Rudolph Valentino in "The Son of the Sheik" and Agnes Ayres was the girl in "The Sheik." Valentino's Life Story appeared in the February, March and April issues of Photoplay in 1933.

Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest, other than the inquiries, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is impossible to have this complied with in order to insure you receiving the information you write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address and any initials will be blurred if requested.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]
The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

CLEARING THE TRAIL—Universal

HERE'S a good, honest Western all about a sheriff who gives up his job to save the old home ranch from a couple of dirty crooks with black moustaches. You think there is going to be an unhappy ending. Pull yourself together—this is a western! The kids like Hoot Gibson's ridin' and shootin' and for the old folks there are Dorothy Gulliver's legs encased in the sheerest silk stockings that ever came from Fifth Avenue.

HEARTS OF MEN—Anchor

HAVE a heart yourself, Mr. Producer, and don't give us any more like this. There's a limit to what you can do with your architects and men about town who are in love with the same girl. Warner Richmond is just an old meany, while Cornelius Keefe and Mildred Harris are too good to be true. Heigh-ho, there's a masquerade ball and the good boy gets framed with a diamond necklace. Pardon the yawn.

NIGHT LIFE—Gotham

SOME progressive producer who thinks there aren't enough cheap night-clubs now in movies, hands us the same story that has been dashed up as night life for two years. But Francis X. Bushman and Eddie Bauzell put it over. The former, as a suave detective, maintains the suspense, and the latter, song and dance boy of many Broadway hits, breaks the melodramatic monotony. Otherwise, it's a bit violent, but okay for the bloodthirsty.

BURNING THE WIND—Universal

THIS horse opera is as old-fashioned as an evening at home. But it isn't Hoot Gibson's fault. He's capable of better things; his last Western was positively phenomenal. The only reason we can see for this release is too many technicians working on the production. There were two scenarists (which is permissible), two cameramen, and two directors. Hoot tried to laugh that off and couldn't. So set this one down to the Hollywood heat wave.

BEAUTIFUL BUT DUMB—Tito Stahl

THIS gay little comedy proves two ti the ugly duckling plot manages to ke youthful figure in spite of old age; and Ruth Miller is a very subtle comedian who gets her sex appeal backstage long en to give the piquant situation of an "machine" in love with the boss a full You'll howl when the office flapper gives dumb bell lessons in love.

CAPTAIN CARELESS—FBO

BOB STEELE may not know it, but he's lucky chap. He's a complete departure from the orthodox outdoor hero who swears chews tobacco for atmosphere. His character is a fascinating contrast to the super hero; he seems to get at the essence of American Youth. Each picture he does better than the last; this adventure comes an entirely new type of screen story, with debonair Bob at his best.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]

Sound Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

THE DIZZY DIVER—Paramount—Christie

POLITICALLY, the first comedy sound film is making movie history. Confidentially, 'tis a pain in the neck. Billy Dooley gives a fairly accurate characterization of Billy Dooley imitating a sap sailor who tries to dust the ocean on scrub day. Everyone throws chocolate pudding, as usual, but the gooby sounds are frightfully artificial, and occur at just the wrong places. Orchestras can't make noises like chocolate puddings. All you need is the can-opener!

THE BEAU BRUMMELS—Warners

SHAW and Lee aren't a bit more impressive on the Vitaphone than they are on the Orpheum. There's something frightfully dull about two alleged gentlemen in pin-checked suits and derby's broadcasting nonsense songs and prose in a nasal monotone. The theatre addict used to find refuge from over-ripe vaudeville at the movies, but "them days is gone forever." Now it's all the movies—radio—in the bathtub—everywhere! There is no justice.

WHOA—Warner

IF you like your vaudeville down in black and white, here it is. The only difference between Conlin and Glass in big time and on the Vitaphone is that they're there on the stage, and not there in the talkies. Never mind; they're there. In spite of the high-powered spirits knock each other over the head with the piano, but sail in fun. They put over a flock of laughs, and we mean put them over!

DOWN SOUTH—Warner

THE Three Brox Sisters, of vaudeville fame, make their Vitaphone bow under one big garden hat, humming harmonies from the South. Their regular number is "Back In Your Own Back Yard," which they render with several skillful variations. They follow with a crooner and a song called "Call Of The South." Low voices register most successfully on the Vitaphone, so the performance of the Brox Sisters, with their mezzo-soprano and contralto, is flawless.

THE INTERVIEW—Fox

IN their second Movietone appearance Bobby Clark and Paul McCullough, the ace comedians of revue and vaudeville, slip far down in the deck among the nine-spots. They are using "The Interview," an old standby of theirs. The material is all right—it has been all right for at least seven years, if that is a boost. The synchronization is slick and clear. The walrus McCullough, and Nervous Nellie Clark loses his cigar, thumps his cane and announces that Paul is a senator from Rhode Island by act of Providence, just as he has for many years. But the dear old paprika doesn't get into the nostrils of the audience. "The Interview" is comedy heard through the wrong end of a megaphone.

THE BOOKWORM—Warner

HARRY CONLEY, one of our very slickest vaudevillians with a trans-Pacific grin, goes Vitaphone. He and Miss DeVoie dish up a sketch that's a high-powered yell. A country sap and a city slicker, who once.PLAINLY, is in the last days of monotony. One can scarcely discern the difference between a sound film and a couple of regular vaudeville—if the performer knows his "talkies."

WIVES, ETC.—Warner

A short sparkling "talkie," in which Charles Ruggles nearly talks himself to death. No, it's not quite that simple. He does the next worst thing: talks himself in and out of marriage with three women in ten minutes. Fast worker, what? The skit smacks pleasantly of vaudeville, is ultra-sophisticated, with sharp, spicy lines that out-wise-crack each other. Step in where you see this billed.

STORIES IN SONG—Warner

IN transferring from vaudeville to the telephone the voice that made the waltz hit "Alice Blue Gown" famous, Adele Rose achieves a distinct triumph. Her rich trillo registers most effectively due to the fact that sound films are gradually being perfected to allow the human voice complete naturalness. Also, she is one of the few Vitaphone performers who can be seen and heard with pleasure. She sings two charming croons and a jazz epic in her first sketch for Warner.

IN A MUSIC SHOPPE—Fitzpatrick

AN interesting Movietone that repro the human voice more really to either the radio or phonograph. Dramatic it nothing to get wildly excited over. In tabloid biography of the author of that old Southern ballad, "My Old Kentucky Home." It suggests the tragedy that Barkeley brought him. After writing song, he gave it to a girl in music because she said a kind word for him.

THE BIG BOP—Buck Jones

BUCK JONES makes a very pleasing impression in this, his first independent picture. We almost agree that he did well to produce this, as this compares most favorably with his former pictures. The theme—an airplane across the Pacific ocean—is yet sufficient to guarantee thrill; and the character of Buck's leading woman, Johanna Rabson, has never been so apparent. This, combined with the boyish poppy of the supporting cast, insure evening's entertainment.

LUCKY IN LOVE—Warner

CLYDE COOK makes his Vitaphone debut as a henpecked husband, which seems ural. Clyde has a hangdog expression was made just for henpecked husbands to though he's actually just a中国市场 that takes "talkies" like a duck to water. He does "Mr. and Mrs.," closing with the line that goes "far, far, into the night." Sketch has sound effects, other than voice, which demonstrate the wide scope of Vitaphone.
Have you tried it as an **Astringent**?

**Delightful and so inexpensive**

So many women have written us concerning their faith in Listerine as an astringent that we feel we ought to pass the good word along.

The nice thing about Listerine used this way is that the cost, compared to most astringents, amounts to almost nothing. The saving is really remarkable.

Yet in effectiveness you'd look a long time before finding its equal. Gently but firmly it closes the pores, tightens sagging tissues and lazy muscles. Your skin seems fresh and firm—evidence.

There's no question of the importance of an astringent in the care of the skin, and we'll wager that once you try Listerine you'll like it above all others. Simply douse it on your face full strength. Results will delight you. Why not begin today? Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.
Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
What a cigarette meant there

Down from a starless sky . . . and after hours of utter strain, a moment of utter relaxation. Safety after peril . . . rest after struggle . . . companionship after lonely vigil . . . no wonder the solace of a friendly cigarette has a place of its own in men's hearts.

What a cigarette means here

Up from the sun-drenched earth—drowsily nourished under smiling skies, the tender leaves of tobacco ripen into gold or bronze. From what soil and rain and summer sun prepare, we select the prize lots. Aroma and fragrance from Turkey; from old Virginia and the Carolinas, rare mildness; mellow "body" from Kentucky. We "age" it and blend it . . . and from earth's choicest tobaccos we give you Chesterfield.

And about six million smokers tell us it's more than worth all the trouble we take!

Lippett & Lyons Tobacco Co.

Harvesting a fine stand of "bright" tobacco and hauling by sledge to the curing barn.

... and yet THEY SATISFY
An Art Leather Bag
hand-fashioned for Sue Carol...
hand-fashioned for you!

YOU will find reflected in Meeker Made handbags only those shapes and designs which are authentic, marked in every case by that good taste which makes it correct for your own adoption.

Style is the first consideration in fashioning a Meeker Made bag because the Meeker Made reputation for smartness must be retained. Serviceability walks hand-in-hand with its chic style. Their quality and luxurious beauty make selection of any one of them a splendid selection and surely satisfactory.

Meeker Made Handbags, Underarm Bags, Pocketbooks, Vanities and Bill Folds are made of finest grade imported steerhide, tooled, hand-colored, hand-laced.

Brickbats and Bouquets

Moralists Get Busy

Portland, Oregon

When "Variety" played here they made the theater manager paint bathing suits on the posters of Miss de Putti. Imagine that! Of course they "butchered" the picture so that it was practically ruined.

Next—Mr. Pantages opened a new theater here and on his inaugural programs he had pictures of a feminine statue. The board compelled the manager to paste slips of paper over these pictures.

When "The King of Kings" played here, they ordered "cuts," but for once the film people refused.

Francis Ray.

Jolson Makes 'Em Weep

Davenport, Iowa

In Photoplay I read a criticism about Al Jolson and "The Jazz Singer." Now my Dad and I saw this picture three times, and enjoyed it more each time. I cried quarts.

Mr. Jolson's "Mammy" songs and his Jewish cantata made many of us have red eyes.

Evelyn Stuckel.

It Is an Ill Wind—

Bloomington, Ind.

A year ago illness made it impossible for me to see a picture for several months and one day my husband, to appease my hunger for the "movies," brought me a copy of Photoplay. Since that day I haven't missed an issue. My own pleasure and interest in pictures has increased a hundredfold and my friends have formed the habit of consulting my files of the magazine for Shadow Stage reviews which are of inestimable aid to choosing one's picture.

MRS. RALPH ESAREY.

The new Metropolitan Sound Stages opened with a bang. Douglas MacLean made the first noise when Al Christie (unarmed) broke the ground for his new talkie studios which will be devoted to the production of louder and funnier comedies. MacLean's first film for Christie, "The Carnation Kid," will be a talkie written by Al Cohn, the whispering script scribe.

Maurice the Sheik

San Francisco, Calif.

Maurice Costello—Wanted on the Run!

Amongst the matinee idols loved the most, handsome Maurice Costello is one who should be starred in sound productions.

No young "Romeo" of the movies can compete with the original sheik of the screen—Maurice Costello, in the game of love—(Miss) V. C. Brent.

The Stars' Dilemma

Salt Lake City, Uta

I was in Los Angeles during the opening of "The Street Angel." I struck me as I saw the stars go into the theater, how hard it must be to please the public with their act on screen.

If the star paid no attention to us, she branded as a "snob"—while when one spoke to an old man, she was a "pub hound."

If stars can neither acknowledge ignore us—what can they do? Though she may be "snobs" or "publicity hounds" and though there is always adverse critics, she is sure that those who try so hard to please in pictures always act as graciously as possible under the circumstances, out of them.

Margaret Parks.

Dinner vs. Photoplay

Louisville, Ky.

If anyone asked me which of these three I would rather do, that of having a lovely meal, things I like best, or to go without my appetite and have a new Photoplay to read, I would choose the Photoplay every time.

MRS. JUANITA UNITED

[continued on page 10]

[continued on page 100]
How
Women of the Screen
Enhance their
Shapey Legs

By Simply Wearing a Certain Type of Hosiery

DOROTHY MACKAILL
FIRST NATIONAL STAR

wears this exquisite chiffon... the smart Allen-A Heel tapers to a longer point

TODAY, pre-eminent stars of the screen are rapidly turning to a certain type of hosiery which, they have discovered, accentuates the natural shapeliness of their ankles and legs.

Dorothy Mackaill has fallen in love with this Allen-A Heel style.* A matchlessly clear, sheer chiffon from top to toe, full-fashioned, course, to mold to the leg—while the new Allen-A Heel tapers to a point above the slipper, making the ankle appear exceedingly slender.

The silken foot is reinforced by this smart heel, an extra narrow sole, and special side and top toe guards—invisible even when worn with "cut-out" slippers. Thus long wear is assured.

You will find this lovely Allen-A creation at your dealer's in all the newest shades. Ask for it by style number—3715. Only $1.95 the pair.

If your dealer does not carry it, simply send us his name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, Kenosha, Wisconsin

*The same hosiery styles shown in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 38th St.—and other New York stores—are now available at Allen-A dealers everywhere. Priced from $1.50 to $3 the pair.
Why Women Love Diamonds

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

I scarcely heard Mr. Black as he quietly commenced the history of the jewel, but gradually as he spoke I became interested; then absorbed.

"This diamond, Miss Joyce, has a record—but until now it has no history. It is the largest diamond in the world without a history."

The phrase echoed and re-echoed in my head.

The great diamonds of the world are immortal. They live forever. Unlike pearls and some other stones, they cannot decay or disintegrate with time. That is why they are so valuable—and so rare. They are the ultimate in evolution. They have already gone through every chemical process possible to their ingredients.

They are perfected by the hand of the greatest Master, and through the centuries to come must remain unchanged.

Mr. Black was speaking again:

"Miss Joyce," he was saying, and his voice was very serious, "the name of the woman who begins the history of this diamond will be as immortal as the stone itself."

"Centuries hereafter—thousands of years hereafter—until the very end of the world, this jewel will be worn by some beautiful woman. And when she tells its history she will say:

"First worn by——"

There was a silence. He looked at me. I looked at the diamond. Then I heard myself saying in a whisper:

"First worn by Peggy Hopkins Joyce!"

I knew that nothing I had accomplished in life would refute the grave. I was under no delusions concerning this "fame" which newspaper headlines had thrust upon me. Ten days after the mortal remains of Peggy Joyce were carried to their last resting place I should only be a memory, growing fainter with the years.

Here, in this diamond, in this magnificent, sparkling, unbelievably lovely thing there on the table, lay my chance of immortality!

"No other woman who was not of royal blood has begun the history of such a gem," said Mr. Black.

"Have—how much is it?" I asked.

Banal words to apply to such a jewel. But, alas!—all things in this world have their price.

"Three hundred thousand dollars," said Mr. Black.

Three hundred thousand dollars! A fortune to anyone, and much more than a fortune to me.

But what, after all, was money—weighed in the scales against immortality? It was much more than I could afford—much more than any woman could afford to pay for one solitary stone—but

"I will buy it," I said. And was aghast at my own words. Do you blame me?

II

WHY do women love diamonds?

I have listed "vanity" as the first reason, and it has two sides to it.

First, diamonds set off a woman's beauty as no other stones—except perhaps pearls. Secondly, the possession of diamonds makes a woman at once as being well-dressed, worldly affairs. No woman likes to be the poor. And no woman can be thought of who she is not of diamonds.

I do not think women wear diamonds to impress men as to how much they are jealous. This is perhaps the most feminine of all traits. Generally a woman's jewels are chased for her by some man.

Wearing them, she is silently crying to another woman: "This is what a man has given me!"

Just as the man who buys them, nine out of ten, does not do so because of love in a woman, but to subtly show other men that can afford to give his woman the best.

That, after all, is what most being women are for—to pander to some rich vanity.

Often, too, sentiment enters a woman's preference for this and that, of jewelry. I myself constantly wear mold bracelets which is one of the least collection, not because of the bracelet itself, but because of the sentiment engendered through its associations.

Jewels given a woman are the concrete desire to buy the kind of jewels to say "love" or "affection"—and to know a man prefers her above all other women, very dear to a woman's heart.

Occasionally, women are passionately in love, with jewels of their beauty, but think rare. One is more likely to encounter a particular species of devotion in a man who has a magnificence of emeralds. He spends every cent he makes on emeralds. And spends all his time fortune telling them, talking to them as much as they know, and does not do without his possession. He loves them—the more than he has ever loved a woman.

Fourthly, a diamond is food for a woman who can repel a social or economic. She knows little of jewelry, and what women live is as shrewd bargainers of diamonds as are some men of stocks.

Diamonds are an excellent form of investment for women because they are easily sold than other forms of property. She has purchased a good stone a woman sells or pawn everything before she will sell it go. While it represents money to her to do anything sooner than convert it into cash.

With a collection of jewels in her strong a woman feels herself wealthy even though she may have to put it to raise money to her rent.

There was even a case not long some European actors who did not have no money, wearing an emerald pendant to forty thousand dollars.

To even consider parting with my hundred thousand dollar diamond is to think of I ever the day comes when I sold it for a great-grandchildren will be the sale, and even then I shall turn over to my grandchildren's great-grandchildren.

Amateur Movie Makers

Rules of PHOTOCPLAY's second prize contest for amateur movie makers will be found on page 71
Modess
— SO INFINITELY FINER

A minute will show you how much better it is...

In not a single detail is this unbelievably comfortable sanitary napkin like the ordinary kind. When you know Modess, we are positive you will prefer it.

The special Johnson & Johnson gauze is softer. A remarkable filler is used. It is not in stiff layers with square edges but is a soft mass of downy substance like cotton, amazingly absorbent, instantly disposable. It is shaped and rounded on the sides to give the utmost in yielding, conforming comfort. To impart a really luxurious softness the gauze is meshed with a film of cotton. Modess will never chafe. For added protection, the back is rendered resistant to moisture. Modess is truly disposable—disintegrates instantly and flushes away.

Women who know Modess are so enthusiastic—so happy to have found at last a sanitary napkin without fault, that we are sure you will feel amply repaid for trying it.

Modess can be secured at all drug and department stores. The cost is no greater than you are accustomed to pay. If you prefer to examine it first, we shall be glad to mail you one Modess free.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.

One Modess free for examination

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, New Jersey, Dept. 6
I should like to receive one free Modess to examine carefully
Name ........................................ Address ..................................
Questions and Answers

[continued from page 81]

LINA AND BETTY, SEATTLE, WASH.—The picture you choose from "The Smart Set" is a portrait of the charming Mary Brian.

FAY H., PLEASANT VALLEY, OKLA.—Charles Chaplin is thirty-nine years old. Lita Grey was his second wife, the first being Mildred Harris. His next picture is titled "City Lights." Yes, Charlie is an Englishman. Write to him at the United Artists Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

J. H., LA GRANGE, ILL.—Gertrude Olmstead played opposite Richard Dix in "Sporting Goods." Miss Olmstead in private life is Mrs. Robert Z. Leonard, wife of the director. She was born Nov. 10, 1904 and is five feet, three inches tall.

DOUG, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—All right, Doug, I'll register the fact that you're a girl, not a boy. Malcolm McGregor was born in Newark, N. J. He has two brothers. And a wife. Write to him at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. James Hall can be reached at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

EVELYN M., CHICAGO, ILL.—Emil Jannings is married, but not to Lil Dagover. His wife's name was Gussy Holl.

M. L. M., WASHINGTON, D. C.—With Carolyn Van Wyck at 221 West 37th St., New York, in care of Photoplay Magazine. Molly O'Day is five feet, two inches tall. I can't tell you her weight. Molly is red-headed and it changes from day to day.

R. E. B., NORWICH, N. Y.—So I have neglecting Edmund Lowe. It was unintentional, I assure you. Mr. Lowe was born in San Jose, Calif. He played on the stage in New York in "The Son-Daughter" and "The Night Watch" before he went into the movies. Esther Miller was his first wife and Lina Tashman is the second Mrs. Lowe.

A. NEIL, HAMILTON FAN, MINNEAPOLIS MINN.—That's your favorite real name. He is married to a non-professional. They have no children. He has brown hair and brown eyes and was born September 19, 1899. His next picture is "Hot News."

HELENE, FAIRFIELD, CONN.—Bob Siegel played the orchestra leader in "Close After Midnight."

R. A. T., LOUISVILLE, KY.—I have no reason that would indicate that Bebe Daniels is married. She lived in Mercur, Utah. Her father was P. G. Daniels. She has no brothers or sisters.

Photoplay's office says that the title of this picture is "A Couple of Bores." But have a heart. Buster Keaton has been known to make a funny picture. However, to get down to business: the cute little pig with the fancy fur coat is a wild Mexican boar. His name is Pedro, and he works at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.
"Cream of the Crop"

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"

CIGARETTES

King Vidor
Famous Motion Picture Director

The finest tobacco—"It's Toasted"
—broad in cut—no dust—all impurities removed—flavor improved.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
He's Jack of All Trades

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63)

in touch with every company and kept reminding him when an assistant cameraman was needed.

"One day he surprised me by answering, "Well, go and take it!"

"I was scared to death. I knew how to run errands but I didn't know a darn thing about loading a magazine or threading a film or keeping track of footage. The first day we went on location I was so up-in-the-air that I forgot the camera handles.

"WE arrived at a race-track in a town near Los Angeles and didn't have a thing to turn the camera on. Golly! I thought all my shots were ruined.

"When I got back I sneaked straight to the developing room and found it was blank film that had operated. But I'd ruined four hundred feet of raw stock and we had to account for every inch of it.

"I was sure in hot water until I remembered we could turn in 'shorts.'

"I cut off a piece each day and returned it so many at a time. They never caught me at it.

"After six months I decided I'd like to shoot stills, the photographs they use for publicity. Remembering how I got my chance on the unit, I began going to the office and asking for a crack at it. And I kept my eyes peeled until I found a comedy company that was short a 'still' man.

"I got twenty-eight dollars a week on this transfer.

"About a year later I heard a rumor they were going to start using script clerks. I didn't know what they were but I decided I wanted to be one. I went to the studio manager and said, 'Mr. Clay, I've been here a long time. I hear a rumor you're going to need script clerks and I'd like to be one.'

"This time I didn't get over. They sent a couple of guys out from the East to fill the first positions.

"I was pretty sore, but I kept right on going to Mr. Clay's office and asking when he was going to use me.

"One day, a couple of months later, an assistant director stopped me. 'Don't say anything about it, Nick, but I think you're going to handle the script on our picture.'

"FOR three days I was on pins and needles but, if I'd known what that job meant, I guess I wouldn't have had the nerve to try it. It's tougher than being assistant director. You've got to keep track of the costumes and what the actors are doing every single moment. When they use their left hand and what they are doing with their right. The very first day we left for the mountains to shoot some old country-store scenes.

"When we got back to the studio we found that the power which ran the lights had varied so we had to return and shoot some of the scenes over.

"And I had to remember where every can in that store was when we took the shots. One day I said, 'I think the tomatoes were here' and the director snapped, 'You can't think like a chef, you've got to know!' I never could understand why I wasn't fired when the picture was finished.

"I spent one year on that job. I learned a that a director must do so I thought I might as well start trying to be a director.

"But there was a lay-off and then and didn't look as if there was going to be work for anybody.

"The casting director needed an assistant so they told me I'd have that.

"But I didn't like that job. Hard luck stories from morning until night. Extras always trying to borrow money. Girls down on the luck to date up so they could see a free dinner.

"I got sick and tired of telling people who might be starving that I didn't have anything for them.

"When things picked up I went back to scripting.

"But I was still on the lookout for directing. Danny Keefe, the assistant on 'What Price Glory,' was a pal of mine.

"I told him about it. That's the first job I didn't have to ask for. He asked to have me for his assistant.

"THAT was some job! The first night they gave me the script and a rambling blank paper and told me to go home and make out a shooting schedule. Sets were already built from the first; the actors get their clothes from the second. I had to make out how many soldiers were wanted for this battle; how many for the infamous, and the most famous, the automobile for the regular players.

"One day fifteen publicity men turned up for lunch and I didn't have enough.

"I might have worse Hell this time than when I had too many.

"From 'What Price Glory' I went to first assistant.

"I was soft. I had an assistant and I knew exactly what he was supposed to do for me.

"They had another lay-off in 1927. Not a thing stirring. The manager offered me a change of position. But I decided it was time to try acting.

"Played extra a few days with Buck Jones in 'The War Horse.' The cameraman was a friend of mine and as a friend he told me I was terrible. Said I'd better get back behind the camera.

"My face was too hard, I didn't have any variety of expressions.

"I WAS pretty downhearted because I'd taken a test for 'The Cradle Snatchers' and had my heart set on the part of Henry.

"And the day after he told me all this, I was chosen!

"Gee, I was happy. I'd entered the place to be let-in and after seven years it was really going to happen.'

"Of course, sometimes even the directors forget that Nick is really an actor. Sometimes they treat me as if I'm not two. But after seven years they've taken them all on 'The River Pirate.' Again it's 'Hey, Nick, how many feet in this scene?' or 'Say, Nick, how many extras do we need for tomorrow?'

"But Nick doesn't mind. In fact, he's proud of it. It proves he never really has to worry about work. He's Jack-of-all-trades in the movies.
TANGEE is the favorite of the smart feminine world of today. It makes every woman a better artist of natural make-up.

Tangee helps your make-up by changing lor to your artistic needs as you apply it. It changes from orange to blush-rose, the "hyest" and most delicate color in Nature, and exactly the shade of blush-rose you require, depending upon the amount used.

Tangee is water-proof and won't muss.ays on all day without fading or rubbing. Demand Tangee today. One lipstick for all complexions! On sale everywhere. Twice as many women are using it this year. Be sure you see the name Tangee on carton and gun-metal case. The Geo. W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York.

NOTE: Tangee is healing and soothing because it has a cold cream base. Tangee Rouge Compact and Tangee Crème Rouge have the same magical changing quality as Tangee Lipstick. Ask for them.

PRICES—Tangee Lipstick $1, Tangee Rouge Compact 75c, Tangee Crème Rouge $1 (and for complete beauty treatment: Tangee Day Cream, Tangee Night Cream and Tangee Face Powder, $1 each). 25c higher in Canada.

THE POWER OF... TWENTY CENTS

Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-up." Address Dept. PP-7, The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York.
Cecil B. DeMille's masterpiece, "The King of Kings," will be exhibited simultaneously, beginning week October 1st, in an extensive list of popular motion picture theatres.

Sixteen stars of first brilliance in the cast, five thousand characters, backgrounds of majestic beauty and pageantry and the most soul-stirring story of all time. In sheer drama and pictorial magnificence, it will hold you spellbound.

As an attraction playing in theatres commonly devoted to the legitimate drama, "The King of Kings," showing at advanced prices during the past year and a half, established box-office records and was called back two and even three times for repeat engagements.

Now Pathé releases it to all picture theatres. The entire family should see it. It provides gripping entertainment for all ages, all creeds, all classes. The experience of seeing this immortal, emotional drama will leave a cherished memory.

Among the thousands of theatres which will show it, these beautiful houses will show it:

**ALABAMA**
- Mobile: Strand
- Montgomery: Alabama
- Railroad:

**ARIZONA**
- Flagstaff: Orpheum
- Tucson: Bijou

**ARKANSAS**
- Hot Springs: Royal & Spa
- Fort Smith: Palace

**CALIFORNIA**
- Los Angeles: Criterion
- San Francisco: St. Francis
- Long Beach: State
- Santa Barbara:

**COLORADO**
- Denver: State
- Pueblo: Majestic
- Greeley: new 1st St.
- Boulder: 1st or Curran
- Pueblo: America or Rosita

**ILLINOIS**
- Danville: Territorial
- Dekalb: Apollo
- Evanston:

**KENTUCKY**
- Louisville: Strand
- Lexington: Strand
- Richmond: Strand
- Central City:
- Perryville:

**KANSAS**
- Topeka:
- Coffeyville:
- Coffeyville:
- Smith Center:
- Sikeston:

**MARYLAND**
- Baltimore:
- Cambridge:
- Frederick:
- Salisbury:

**MASSACHUSETTS**
- Boston:
- Cambridge:
- New Bedford:

**MISSISSIPPI**
- New Albany:
- West Point:

**MISSOURI**
- St. Louis:
- Kansas City:
- Columbia:
- Hannibal:
- Clinton:
- Joplin:
- Bolivar:

**MONTANA**
- Butte:
- Missoula:
- Great Falls:

**NEW HAMPSHIRE**
- Keene:
- Hanover:

**NEW MEXICO**
- Albuquerque:
- Los Lunas:

**MICHIGAN**
- Detroit:
- Saginaw:

If your favorite picture theatre is not listed here, ask the manager.
Picture Ever Produced - can now be seen in every motion picture theatre -

exhibit "THE KING OF KINGS" this within the next few weeks

MICHIGAN

Detroit (Theatre) Capitol Orpheum
Lansing Capitol
Detroit Capitol
Flint Regent
Oakland Regent
Grand Rapids Regent

NEW YORK

New York City All Keith-Albee Theatres in Metropolitan District
Albany Empire
Buffalo Lafayette
Scheneectady Orpheum
Kingston Troy

OHIO

Cincinnati Lyric
Columbus Southern State
Dayton Imperial
Hamilton Palace
Cleveland Sherman Virginia
Akron Strand

OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma Imperial
Oklahoma Family Gem

RHODE ISLAND

Providence (Theatre) Lero
Woonsocket Palais
Bristol Palais
Woonsocket Regent

UTAH

Salt Lake City Capitol
Morgan State

VERMONT

Burlington Majestic
Montpelier Playhouse
Rutland Falls Palace
St. Johnsbury Opera House

WASHINGTON

Seattle Columbia
Bellingham Avalon
Eugene Columbia
Spokane Tivoli

WEST VIRGINIA

Wheeling Court
Charleston Capitol
Clarksburg Regent
Grafton Strand

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee Aladdin
Marion Regent

WYOMING

Cheyenne American
Laramie Orpheum

Manager when he is going to show "The King of Kings"
Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

Puzzled:
You must decide whether you want to buy up your own home and another woman's house for this man you think you love. What you willing to sacrifice for him? What is willing to sacrifice for you?

On the answer to these two questions hangs the proof of whether or not this attraction between you is just a passing infatuation or a lasting love. Be careful, dear. Your letter is dignified and intelligent. Bring out these qualities in handling this difficult position in which you now find yourself. Talk this over frankly with your friend and try to learn exactly how he feels about you. Then pass judgment on yourself—this is a question in which you must do it yourself. For, when you have asked yourself an honest question, that your best man and the most you owe every honest woman, you must admit that you should never have married your husband. And that, in marrying him, you have done him a great injustice. And that, because you have done him an injustice, you owe him at least politeness and consideration. The consideration that is his due because he is buying with the money he earns and that he so generously shares. The politeness that you undoubtedly would give to a casual clerk in a shop, or to the ice man, or to a friend at a bridge party. For you do not scorn at clerks or men or bridge partners as you do at the man whom you have (no matter how modernly your marriage service reads) promised to love.

And then—perhaps—oh, probably!—you will find that your honest question answers itself. That you care more, far more, for your husband than you could ever care for any home. And if this is the answer you will realize that a broken dish or a cigarette ash do not matter very much. That ink on a table cover and even a burned rug are unimportant! For ink is easier to eradicate than a cross word too hastily spoken; and a torn rug can be more speedily mended than a broken heart!

If you love your husband, Alice, this is my answer to your problem. Let you find your self as involved as was "Craig's Wife"—as miserable. Put aside these household laces and penates that are fragile—make your home a place in which a normal, rather careless man can be as much at ease as he is in his club or his office. Make his homecoming a release, every evening, from care. Not an entrance into prison.

Pray! If you want to, that he will grow as fond of his home—and its contents—as you are. But also pray that you will hold the center of his interest. For it is only when a husband finds that he and his wife is the center of his interest that he will be because you—and not your husband—have changed.

But Eyes:
You should increase your weight by ten to fifteen pounds. Clara Bow weighs about one hundred and fifteen pounds, but remember that nearly every girl on the screen fairly endangers her health keeping thin. It is the means of the tendency to "fatten" everyone. Don't judge your weight by a movie actress. You can wear all shades of brown, sapphire blue, or pink and black when trimmed with white. Use a rachel powder, and lipstick and rouge tending more toward pink than red. To increase your weight, you must eat fattening foods and get lots of rest. You must eat lots of fats, butter, oils and sweets, plus green vegetables, cereals and two quarters of drinking water daily.

DEROBIAIRE:
You are the exotic type. How lucky you are! Use warm oil, nightly, on your brows and lashes to make them grow.

FROSTILLA
for exposed and irritated skin

Has proved this by his desire to carry out and wash dishes—after a busy day at his office. That he is clumsy is not his fault—certainly, after showing this desire to help, he does not break your pretty dishes on purpose. Certainly, at a lovely moment of reconciliation, he did not spill his orange juice in a spithe! way!

Alice, you must sit down calmly and face the situation that has to do with your marriage—and its survival. Ask yourself, frankly, which is the more important in your life—your husband or your home? If you find, when you have asked yourself an honest question, that your best man and the most to you you must admit that you should never have married your husband. And that, in marrying him, you have done him a great injustice. And that, because you have done him an injustice, you owe him at least politeness and consideration. The consideration that is his due because he is buying with the money he earns and that he so generously shares. The politeness that you undoubtedly would give to a casual clerk in a shop, or to the ice man, or to a friend at a bridge party. For you do not scorn at clerks or men or bridge partners as you do at the man whom you have (no matter how modernly your marriage service reads) promised to love.

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DEROBIAIRE:
You are the exotic type. How lucky you are! Use warm oil, nightly, on your brows and lashes to make them grow.
Adolphe Menjou picks OLD GOLD as camera records the Blindfold Test

The test was conducted by responsible witnesses who asked Mr. Menjou to smoke each of the four leading brands, clearing his taste with coffee between smokes. While the camera recorded the test, only one question was asked: "Which one do you like best?"

I've discovered a new way of mixing business and pleasure. The parts I play call for the constant smoking of a cigarette . . . I probably average one cigarette to every hundred feet of film. In the blindfold test I discovered one so smooth, so considerate of my tongue and throat that even the business of wholesale smoking while we're shooting scenes will be a pleasure. The cigarette I voted for proved to be OLD GOLD.

Why you can pick them

Three types of leaves grow on the tobacco plant . . . coarse top-leaves, irritating to the throat . . . withered ground-leaves, without taste or aroma . . . and the heart-leaves, rich in cool and fragrant smoking qualities. Only the heart-leaves are used in OLD GOLDS.

Adolphe Menjou . . . debonair, sophisticated Paramount star . . . one of the greatest living actors . . . appeared recently in "His Tiger Lady", "Night of Mystery" and "Serenade".

What you spit to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
To have beautiful eyes—do this

IN A TWINKLING... wonderful Winx makes eyes enchanting pools of loveliness—by framing them in a soft, shadowy fringe of luxuriant lashes. If you want beautiful eyes that can never be denied a whim or wish, apply Winx to the lashes.

Fashion Decrees This Cream

In this dairy compact is the bewitching lash dressing, Cream Winx which gives to lashes and brows smart beauty. It also aids their lustrous growth. So easy to apply. 75c complete.

Some Prefer This Cake

Safe and harmless and simple to apply, this wonderful Cake Winx, preferred by many fastidious women, makes eyes seem larger, more expressive. A lack of the brush, and it’s done! 75c complete.

The Originator of the Smartest Mode

Everywhere you’ll see eyes made lovelier by Winx Waterproof, the liquid lash dressing which neither runs nor fades. It is safe, easy to apply and remove. 75c complete.

Insist Upon Winx

To be sure of the loveliest lashes and brows, insist upon Cream Winx, Cake Winx, or Winx Waterproof—whichever you prefer. For Winx is now the mode. Obtainable where you purchase your aids to beauty.

WINX
ROSS COMPANY
243 West 17th Street, New York City

Will Nils Asther Retire?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

name on a program, with no bright lights to herald that Nils Asther was among the players. Yet he loved it! Was happy every moment during the three years he played in this theater.

"We were together, like this!" Nils interlaced the fingers of both hands to show the harmony which existed between the players and the director.

"The director knew the heart of each actor, The actor knew the heart of every other actor.

"Here in America the director and the actor meet, perhaps on a party. Then they work together.

"How do they know what they can do for each other? And if you are the leading man you must give first place to the star in the picture. You must be careful that you do not show your face too close or too much—that you do not steal the picture.

"I do not speak for myself only. I speak for all of the others. If I am the leading man, the others must be careful not to take away from me any glory.

"It is a feeling like this," he crossed his fists in a zigzag fashion. "I cannot do my best. I give it up."

ONE day, while he was playing at the Art Theater, a minister from Russia was introduced. He became interested in the Bolsheviktorn country and when his new friend asked him to return to Petrograd as his guest, he accepted, and made arrangements to represent Sweden in the diplomatic service while he was in the foreign country.

But even in Russia, while making investigations of prison conditions, flying from one end of the country to another on aeroplane inspections and generally absorbed in work which was both daring and thrilling, he could not keep away from the film industry.

He made two pictures for the Red Cross, directed several others and acted as cameraman when needed.

At the end of six months he returned to Copenhagen to play in "King Lear" with Hansencr Hansen.

The story has been told of Nils Asther and his interest in American Motion Pictures. He had just completed a picture in Berlin with Noel Nolan (Imogene Wilson), Paramount and him on a contract. United Artists desired and secured a release from the Lasky organization.

The newspapers have said that Mary Asther brought him to this country. The truth of the matter is, they met on the docks and discovered that they were both bound for the American movies.

BUT when two well-known people are thrown together, land in New York from the same ship—such stories are the one possible answer.

Then came the engagement to Vivian. A perfectly bona fide true-to-form real land arrangement.

It lasted a few months, then both decided marriage was not advantageous for personal people.

Mr. Asther and I had dinner together. There is no doubt he is restless, unlike my father, who said to play in Europe.

"I feel I am wasting my time," he choked as he said it. "Life is too important to me. There is so much to be accomplished. I don't like to play in one big picture—a chain part—to show the American people what I want to accomplish. I don't care about publicity. I would like to play in "The Wrecking Boss.""

He would have so much to teach me.

"But I want to read and see plays. I want to write some more of my experience in Russia. [He has already had a syndicate submit me."

If I could play in two pictures a year, have the rest of my time for myself—"

Well, yes, we rather think that there is no chance that Nils Asther may retire from American movies.

How a train wreck was filmed for First National's production, "The Wrecking Boss." The camera is perched precariously on the platform. Real wrecking equipment is being used to hoist the baggage car. In fact, the whole scene was more trouble and expense than a real wreck.
A Message to the Women of America

New beauty preparations are springing up overnight like the proverbial mushrooms... multi-colored bottles and jars are beckoning from shop shelves... theories of beauty culture are contradicting one another at every turn... No wonder thousands of busy modern women everywhere are asking themselves, "How am I to decide? Of all this vast bewildering array of products, products that promise so much, which shall I choose?"

In the field of beauty culture, it is notable that the Sophisticate who can afford everything... and the wise prudent Housewife who can afford only the best... alike recognize the unquestioned supremacy of HELENA RUBINSTEIN... Such is the significance of background, the force of authority, the reward of results!

HELENA RUBINSTEIN is the pioneer and originator of Modern Beauty Science. Today, after years and years of exhaustive study and research in every climate under the sun, her name is the symbol of scientific beauty culture the world over. Her word is the voice of authority.

For a generation the creations of this great Artist-Scientist have brought new beauty, greater happiness to women in every walk of life—Society leaders, famous actresses, widely-known professional women, scions of royalty.

Helena Rubinstein’s youth-renewing beauty-giving creations contain exotic herbs gathered from the four corners of Earth. These rare unguents, balms and lotions have awakened the beauty consciousness of millions of women, and have withstood the greatest test of all—the merciless test of Time.

Throughout America and Europe and even far-off Asia, you will find these preparations discussed, praised, imitated—but never will you find them equalled! Your beauty deserves the best!

Three Steps to Beauty...

As a home treatment "Three Steps to Beauty" offers the most remarkable value in the world, at 3.25. Its regular use will bring about an amazing improvement in any skin, within 2 weeks.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN Renowned Beauty Scientist

VALAZE PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM

Helena Rubinstein's Crowning Achievement

Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream is much more than a cream. It is a beautifying balm of rarest quality—the crystallization of years of exhaustive research. Not only cleanses the skin immaculately, but it revitalizes. It lifts away the drawn look from the eyes, the forehead. It moulds weary, sagging contours back to sculptured lines of youth. This "wonder cream" soothes, cools, protects, spares delicate skins the drying effects of harsh soaps. It restores to scaly skins their pristine smoothness and suppleness. Nor is it a blessing to the face alone.

Hands, arms and elbows are beautified by this priceless unguent, which because of the infinite variety and excellence of its ingredients is a necessity to the skin from babyhood to old age. Not the least of the wonders of Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream is its amazing effect upon oily, disturbed skins—it is a unique cream cleaner which really benefits this difficult type of skin. And yet with all its rareness of quality, its swift unfailing powers to beautify, Helena Rubinstein has so priced her creation, that it is accessible to every woman, man and child in the world! Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream. 1.00

Helena Rubinstein Creations are obtainable at the best shops, or order direct.
Appaulds Dreiser  
Notre Dame, Ind.
I want to compliment you on the article by Dreiser. That piece by Dreiser was great. I think that man is indubitably the greatest literary personage today, and if anyone feels like arguing the matter, send him to me. If it wasn’t for the fact that the Ladder of Success, or whatever it is, has a top, Dreiser would never stop climbing.
D. L. Hogan.

A Bas Successors
Chickasha, Okla.
Just a word about “successors.” I do not believe the public is as interested in them as the producers seem to think. We would rather have perfection in something new than semi-perfection in something familiar. There is little logic in a campaign for new faces and new ideas when it is offset by the exploitation of successors who seek to perpetuate familiar faces and ideas.
CALVIN GOOD.

Gold Medal Contest
Dresden, Germany.
Voting for the best yearly picture is becoming harder and harder as we see better ones. I have hesitated for quite a while to make my decision.
MARIE LEONTINE GRAVES.

We Bow Gracefully
New York City.
My English is poor, but my heart is in the right place, so I shall copy the manner of Cheva, that “V’ry remarkable fellow,” and say:
Twenty-five cents—PHOTOPLAY—Heaven!
F. S. GERTLER.

Wally’s Successor
Portland, Oregon
I would like to suggest to you that you have already discovered the logical successor to beloved Wallace Reid. Look back in July issue, on page 74 and discover the third your life-time the way I did when I saw, looking back at me, the same blue-grey eyes and blond hair of our long-remembered Will Reid.
The lad’s name is Ben Alexander.
WANDA M. WALKER.

A Call for John Gilbert
Santa Ana, Calif.
The August PHOTOPLAY cover, with the conception of the Marion Davies one, is the most beautiful I have ever seen on a Photoplay. However, why don’t you ever use a picture a male star for the cover? Certainly a J. Gilbert picture would make the magazine good seller.
MARGARET TEOFORD.

Using the Brief Reviews
Chicago, Ill.
With a bunch of half-grown kiddies, depend upon your Brief Reviews as to what the children will benefit and enjoy them not. And, oh, I’m telling you that’s a serviceful service.
The kiddies can’t wait until the next co PHOTOPLAY comes and daddy has check all those they can go to.
(Mrs.) CLARICE W. SCHMOLL.

“The Screen’s Aristocrat”
W. Palm Beach, Florida.
Congratulations and thanks for the beautiful artistic cover design of August PHOTOPLAY. Billie Dove, the screen’s exquisite aristocrat!
(Mrs.) MARY STEVENS.

They Simply Don’t Count Their Lives Complete Without MELLO-GLO
SWONDERFUL how MELLO-GLO Face Powder keeps the ugly shine away. A new French process (it would be French) makes MELLO-GLO Face Powder stay longer, no matter what happens. And its heaven-born rose petal bloom bescons gypsy beauty on the complexion, though the possessor of that complexion be of uncertain age.
MELLO-GLO just can’t stand the sight of a pore. Its smooth velvety texture covers up every one nicely. No, it doesn’t clog the pores or dry the skin. MELLO-GLO Face Powder is pure and plays the part of a true friend to the complexion.
If you would preserve your facial charm—improve it—point to the nearest store and ask for MELLO-GLO Face Powder. If they are out (the demand is overwhelming) ask them to get MELLO-GLO for you.
MELLO-GLO, Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass.

FREE SAMPLE
Please send me, without charge, a sample of this new wonderful face powder with a Beauty Booklet, MELLO-GLO, Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass., Dept. B.

My name
Address
Please tell us the name of the store where you buy your toilet articles.

My dealer’s name

A new game for the beach—leaping pillows. And what are those odd little dots painted on the satin? And why are Agnes Franey and Myrna Loy so intent on the game? And who do you suppose thinks up gags like this?

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The New Clara Bow Hat

Tri-Colored RATINÉ Silk Embroidery

Look for the Clara Bow pin on every genuine Clara Bow hat.

A PRODUCT OF THE WM. F. CHINIQUY CO.

CHICAGO

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Why Ramon Novarro Decided to Remain in the Movies

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58)

In Berlin, did he repudiate the cono stage?

As for the priesthood—"We can pict him standing on a hill back of an old men-  
try in Spain where he made this decis

"After all, life is nothing without relo  
gion..."

Then it was he began to visit "El Retiro"  
(The Retreat) at Los Altos, California,  
to commune with the holy fathers. Then it was  
he began to contemplate asing as he had in  
the beginning.

And while in Germany, a few months ago,  
there came the definite opportunity to tour  
the continent singing!

A n opportunity just as Ramon had always  
visualized it: A program of ten songs, an  
orchestra, a change of costume for each rendi-  
tion, scenery which would emphasize the  
emotional interpretation of each individual  
selection.

His idea has always been to interpret music  
through song, color and emotion.  

And with the opportunity in hand, he  
hesitated.

And after all, what did it offer but a perfect  
motion picture setting for his singing?

How few people would hear him under these  
conditions?

To what a select group must he bring his  
musical message in comparison to the number  

of whom he had brought his dramatic inter-  
pretations in the movies?

How did he know that he would be success-  
ful?

A letter from his studio, Metro-Goldwyn-  
Mayer, informed him that a talking stage was  
to be constructed. It told of plans for him to  
sing upon it.

The concert stage meant freedom, choice of  
his own songs, his own interpretations. But  
the movies—

"I'll still be under orders. I'll still have to  
do things which are unpleasant.

"But every song I sing will be perfect, every  
setting as beautiful as the best experts can  
make it."

"I won't have to troupe bitter and thither.  
And I will be able to sing for all of those who  
already know me."
The Health Builder does more than its share in helping me retain that radiant health and slender figure so essential to every motion picture actress," says Joan Crawford, featured by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

**Joan Crawford**

**Reginald Denny**

Reginald Denny, Universal star, says: "I wouldn't miss starting my day with the invigorating vibratory-massage I get from my Health Builder. It puts me in wonderful trim for a long hard day at the studio."

**HOW FAMOUS MOVIE STARS WIN HEALTH AND BEAUTY in 15 minutes a day**

Health and beauty— invaluable to all of us—are priceless assets to the stage and screen star. The radiant personality that comes from vigorous exercise, the suppleness and grace that regular exercise alone makes possible— these are essential requisites—requisites that a vast number of popular actresses insure through daily use of the Battle Creek Health Builder.

**S& Slender—Radiantly Healthy This Enjoyable New Way**

At 15 minutes a day of effortless vibratory exercise with the Battle Creek Health Builder, manufactured under the patents of Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, massages the heaviest muscles, puts up sluggish circulation, aids digestion and reduces superfluous weight—safely and surely in any part of the body desired.

Joan Crawford, Reginald Denny, Vivienne Segal, Oscar Shaw, Dorothy Knapp—are just a few of the scores of men and women prominent on the stage and screen—in business and social circles—who use and endorse the Health Builder. Every day in countless private homes—in large medical institutions, hospitals, gymnasiums, etc.—the Health Builder is doing thousands of men and women to keep fit, many upon advice of their physicians. Dieting and back-breaking exercises are banished! Perfectly synchronized with the muscle tone of the human body, the Health Builder keeps you pleasingly slender, makes you look and feel your best at all times—yet, does all this without any effort on your part!

**A Health Builder for Every Requirement**

Ideal for home use is the Universal Home Model, a compact, enclosed Health Builder. The Athletic Model is very popular for clubs, home gymnasiums, colleges, health centers, institutions, steamships, etc., while the handsome Deluxe Cabinet Models combine utility with distinctive beauty.

Write for Fascinating Health and Beauty Data

Send for "Health and Beauty in Fifteen Minutes a Day"—a Free book of fascinating interest, showing how the Health Builder keeps you fit. Write for your copy NOW!

Sanitarium Equipment Co.

Room AE-5167

Battle Creek, Mich.
For Rest or Play—
A Place Uniquely Different

For full enjoyment of California's varied charms, select the hotel of which—

MR. JOHN BARRYMORE said—

"I have always found the Ambassador a delightful place to live and shall be glad to have you say so."

Quoted from the "Guest Book," a collection of unsolicited commendation from world famous celebrities about—

the Ambassador
Los Angeles

NO HOTEL IN THE WORLD OFFERS MORE VARIED ATTRACTIONS—Superb 27-acre park with miniature golf course, open-air plunge and tennis courts. Riding, hunting and all sports, including 18-hole Rancho Golf Club. Motion picture theatre and 35 smart shops within the hotel. Famous Coconut Grove for dancing nightly.

Write for Chef's Cook-book of California Recipes

BEN L. FRANK, Manager

For Rest or Play—
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Write for Chef's Cook-book of California Recipes

BEN L. FRANK, Manager

earlville, N. Y.

To Barry Norton: 
You, the "Mother's Boy" of "What Price Glory" should have brought peace forever into the world when you staggered into the doorway and gave that agonized cry of "Captain, stop that blood." You made me want to shrink from seeing you suffer so. 

Oh, Mr. Norton, the picture was horribly realistic and so very human alive or in prison—all the rest of their relations had been murdered. 

The town was raging with riotous soldiers and this poor, gentle lady with her little family, had nowhere to go. They might have died of starvation and assault from the brutal soldiers, but Fate or Chance made a very celebrated Russian friend of mine, a colonel of the White Army, hear of their plight and come to their assistance. He, himself, had just escaped from prison with hairbreadth adventures; he managed to collect a little money and give them food and shelter. Their object was to get through to Chicago and turn their literary affairs; they could not afford to pay the nurse, but the faithful creature would not leave them and shared their hardships.

THEY bore everything calmly and bravely, but naturally the horrors affected the gay characters of the children, and when I saw them afterwards, their eyes all seemed to have some shadow of deep-seated melancholy which was peculiarly intriguing. Again, by the kindness of my friend, they managed to reach Harbin, where the prince and the nurse worked to keep the children alive.

I shall not go into any more details but tell you that they finally arrived in Seattle—where the prince (escaped from prison) joined them, and they were united once more. Here they were about three years ago—the prince practicing medicine and the princess keeping a little school and the older children, now grown up, serving in shops. 

Our beautiful little Princess Natalie was now sixteen, when my friend, the Russian Colonel, then in New York, wrote to me to say he had seen the child's remarkable beauty and he wondered if she could get work in the movies. He asked me to help them if I could. Just then—by chance again—I happened to see a Seattle paper in which there was a portrait of Princess Natalie—just taken in a rather shabby ordinary dress. She was the type I admire perfectly chiselled features, very long black hair—and a white face—with great, wistful, shadowed mysterious eyes. I showed the picture to Irving Thalberg and we agreed that if she were small enough, she might be a great asset to the movies. 

That very day I received a letter from the princess, Natalie's mother, telling me of the introduction from my friend, and asking my advice about Natalie. When I heard that her height was five feet, six, I was afraid to advise them to take the great step of plunging into Hollywood on the chance of screen employment. Oh, Mr. Norton, the picture was horribly realistic and so very human alive or in prison—all the rest of their relations had been murdered. 

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"Everyone admires my hair, now that I'm doing it the new way that nearly every really smart girl I know is using," says Miss Agnes Traney, popular dancer, now appearing in the Broadway hit, "Rio Rita." "My hair doesn't need shampooing more than once a month, now. My scalp feels better than it ever has felt. I have gotten rid of all my dandruff. My hair is much easier to arrange, and it stays that way. All I do to keep it like this is put a few dashes of Danderine on my brush every time I use it. It's wonderful how Danderine adds to the beauty of your hair, makes it look so silky and lustrous."

Danderine is not oily. It removes the oily film from each strand of hair and restores the natural color and lustre. It dissolves dandruff, cleanses and invigorates the scalp. It is delightfully fragranced. The big bottles are just 35c at all drug stores. Beautiful, smooth, gleaming hair and a healthy scalp for a few cents.

Plastic Dentistry New Hollywood Art

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

in Hollywood to bring the make-up of the teeth into the utmost importance for picture characterization. Dr. Arthur D. Freedman had frequently discussed with his prominent picture patrons, their problems for obtaining the proper touch of facial expression into a smile or grimace. It was claimed that this could only be obtained by muscular control and that the best pantomimists were those who developed the greatest flexibility of their facial muscles.

Dr. Freedman tackled the subject from the standpoint of his prosthetic art and eventually developed a porcelain shell which fastened upon the artist's teeth holding thereto by perfect fit and suction with the aid of a substance which assisted adhesion yet permitted easy removal.

STUDYING the character for which a set of teeth is desired, Dr. Freedman takes an impression of the mouth which he reconstructs in plaster of paris. He then proceeds to build over the natural teeth in such a manner that the new facings will produce an effect that will change the shape of the mouth. These facings made in his laboratory are of porcelain and are the most realistic shells, yet they are not really broken. Once in place, the teeth are made to appear protuberant, to overlap or to symmetrize so as to disguise completely the player into the desired character, without speech interference.

The color of the teeth is controlled by shaded porcelain ranging from black, which conveys the effect of a missing tooth, to the pure white of the dentifrice advertisements. Perfect teeth are made to appear irregular and irregularities are corrected. A short tooth is made to line up with its neighbor, while a long fang can be shortened apparently to match, without an instrument being applied to the natural dentition. Gold crowns are concealed beneath porcelain shells and nicked or broken teeth made to appear in perfect condition.

The camera is completely deceived, and the deception is likewise indistinguishable to the eye. Dr. Freedman's contribution to the movies marks a drastic change in the art of make-up as well as opening a new field in practice of dentistry.

MANY of the noted characterizations which have brought fame to their portraitor recent releases, were the result of Dr. Freedman's device. Mary Pickford, in preparing character of Maggie Johnson, a shop girl "My Best Girl" desired to obtain some big color at first hand. It was arranged that she should spend a day behind the counter as a saleslady in a Los Angeles Five and Ten Cent store. Knowing that ordinarily she would be easily recognized, she appealed to Dr. Freedman's effect a change of appearance.

For her own beautiful teeth, he constructed a set of crooked incisors, laterals and cusps which so completely disguised her that not even the store manager knew the identity of "new girl" at the ribbons.

This is Cecil with a mask over his teeth in "The Blackbird." He plays the rôle of one of those men who doesn't chew but only swallows

Lon Chaney had a set of teeth designed especially to convey an impression of a character in "London After Midnight." George Stone, a fine looking young man whose performance of "The Rat" in "Seven Heaven" accomplished the pinched and dislike expression by the use of artificial teeth.

Cecil Holland, an M.-G.-M. featured player, constructed a perfect death's head with the lip of nose putty and a set of Dr. Freedman's incisors, which was the sensation of "The Big Heart." In "The Blackbird" Holland played and so in which he concealed almost all of his teeth so as to appear toothless, leaving but a stumps showing. For the old sea dog in "Dr. Waters" his dining apparatus appeared as a few gnarled and twisted tusks. In his part the person, Holland's teeth are strong and even, the full set is intact and they are prominent white.

How Cecil Holland looks when he keeps a straight face. There is not even a hint of the broken-down old derelict about Cecil
Gossip of All the Studios

[Continued from page 78]

was doing westerns and “quickies” on....

so it was at last given a chance to direct a big
were and although he had never met Griffith
asked him to go as his guest to the opening
with accepted and learned then that he had
for the younger man’s god.

**EVEN “Our Gang” reads the**
newspapers. The other day Fa-
tina was discussing a certain much
alked about couple in Hollywood.

“They’re having one of those com-
passionate marriages,” he an-
ounced.

isn’t Spring or anything but Hollywood still
manac. Alice Mills’ engagement to Wil
davis, a realtor, has been announced.
ently Alice believes that a nice, steady
ness man is better than one of these flyby
uts, but Duane Thompson will soon promise
love and honor Buddy Waddles, who ap-
ored in “Hit the Deck” in Los Angeles.

QUEL TORRES was being interviewed.

The newspaper man, a newcomer to
lywood, was enthusiastic over her work in
ite Shadows of the South Seas.” “I’m
as that the whistling scene was a most
one,” said the interviewer. “I don’t
how you ever made the sound so naturally.”
Oh, yes,” said Raquel. “It was most
ult. I had great trouble in learning to
ade just right. It is very hard to work with
sound machines.”

The interviewer jotted down the cryptic
and doesn’t know to this day that the
chronization was put in the picture after it
entirely finished and it was not Raquel at
who did the whistling.

HEY tell it of Charlie Farrell and his new
ford roadster. Charlie was buzzing along in
 carriage when he came upon Blanche
hay, in her Lincoln sedan, stalled at the
bottom of a hill.

Help you, Blanche?” asked Charlie, always
rant.

blanche suppressed a smile. “But my car is
ing, Charlie.”

With that Charlie was soon lugging the
lohn uphill, to Blanche’s chagrin.

“Thanks so much,” she said, at the top,
but I think it was too much strain for your
car. The exhaust simply poured black
ke all the way up.”

Charlie glanced at his car. “No wonder!
been driving with the emergency brake on!”

**Nils Asther** had a cable from
his mother. It read: “Is it true
you are going to marry? I read it in
the newspapers. Why don’t you tell
me?”

Nils cabled back: “Who will I
marry? I don’t read the newspa-
ners.”

**LARA BOW’s Steak and Chop House.”**

This sign spreads itself across the front of
restaurant, eating place on the corner of
verly and Preuss Roads (adv.)

It was originally owned by Clara’s father but
has been enlarged and the name of the star
runs the restaurant. If she pulls ’em in at
chop house as she pulls ’em in at the theat-
the project will be a huge success.

AR AND MRS. LEE ARMS are the par-
ts of a baby daughter born recently at
Pasadena Hospital. The little girl has been
listered Margaret.
Pickford, Richard Coeher de Lion, Sarah Bernhardt, Edison, Lloyd, Jane Addams, Lister, Martin Luther, Lilian Gish, Cromwell, Valentino, Jeanne d’Arc, Columbus, Burbank, Paderewski, Hattie Kate, Edwin Booth, Alexander, Lindbergh, Washington. A curious list, isn’t it, but stars in their orbits.

Of course the screen people have the advantage and reach their stardom more quickly and emphatically because they feed on hundreds of thousands each day all over the world, and they are actually seen instead of being heard or read about. It may be absurd to classify the screen stars with the great figures of history, but the question of intrinsic value is not at stake. The point we are after is that certain qualities are attractive to large masses of people, and that public preference is based on these qualities.

The men who have found and presented most of the screen luminaries have to think hard when you ask them:

What makes them stars? Most of them have no answer. I tackled David O. Selznick on the subject the other day and asked him if such players as Mary Pickford, Lilian Gish, Valentino, Fairbanks, Constance Talmadge, Richard Barthelmess, Henry Walthall, Mack Sennett, Lionel Barrymore, Norma Shearer and Clara Bow, though not all flowered into stardom under his banner.

“I’ve often wondered about that,” he says. “When a boy, I used to look at Lois Quiney’s face partly covered by a dust cloth. Behind him a group of players, camera men, electricians and prop boys. Overhead the dim reaches of a great stage. A circus under the United Artists studio lot in Hollywood. He smokes constantly and wears his soft hat bent down over his eyes. He has just finished making a camera test of a young girl he believes will succeed to a star mantle within the year.

“Perhaps it’s a reflection of divinity, a bit of that ‘image and likeness.’ Obviously something lying above the merely physical—which puts it in the super plane that for want of a better word we call the spiritual. You’ll find the spark on the stage, in Congress, on the screen and in every instance why the player, whether he is a star or not, has it, but that point we’re after is a certain quality.

“No, it’s not intellectualis. That has almost nothing to do with screen stardom. It is Intelligence, though, spelled with a capital I. And undoubtedly intuition’s involved, which complicates things a little. And thinking may have a part, though it isn’t as important as people believe, because it’s a mechanical process and can be cultivated, while Intelligence is inherent and rises to Spirit.

Then culture, which, while not vital, is valuable. I’m tallist of thewomen’s remember. For instance, there’s a woman you’ll see her in a few minutes—who at one time may have read a book. It’s barely possible. She’s uneducated, slany, even vulgar, but she’s a great screen actress and knows instinctively what is required. She’s talented, but not cultivated, and would fail on the stage.

“I first saw Voltaire dancing in a prologue at the Auditorium in London. He came to Sunset Boulevard studio to do extra work, uniformed, but active, alert, alive. A bit here and there he did until his spark was fed by experience and education, and became a star. Cynicism were his principal qualities, though he had a strong vein of mysticism too, and on the screen we have had no greater figure of romance.

“Mary Pickford came to the old Biograph studio in New York from the stage. She has tremendous driving power in her—a spirit dynamic like Musso, but with a talent for self-appraisal. She never kids’ self. The thing that most attracted me I day first saw her was the intelligence that shone in her face. But she was thirty and work and information. She could not driven from the studio while work was go on. She was—and is—a sponge for experience and talent in a fast that it burned steadily for eighteen years.

Constance Talmadge is entirely different. She was in 1915 and 1916. Then I put her into ‘Intol ance’ as the mountain girl, and she has been flaming ever since. Connie is exuberant human and has that intuitive and intuitive thing about her. We picked Douglas Fairbanks from stage where he had already risen to stardom. It was his vitality that attracted me. It strutted him even as he walked the street, and was indefatigable as a worker. No hours long, no task too hard, no trouble troo. Hitch those things to his vivacious intelligence and you have all that is kindliness, and y produce quality. We knew we had a great star when we saw his first picture, ‘The Lam’ but four pictures went by before we knew that was the star.

At first you can never be sure when you have a Pickford, a Belle Bennett, a Gilbert or a Meighan. You may believe it, but it may not stand the fact and confirm your judgment. That’s the rule for the public and public alone determines star rating. A lot twaddle is talked of this boy or that girl being a star by the producer, or ‘ranne down the public’s throat.’ No hours long, no task too hard, no trouble troo—have been made to sell a new star, and failure has invariably resulted when the high qualities have not been there. hut Abraham Lincoln was indubitably right. The public terribly hard to fool—continuously.

When Clara Bow came to my studio Mamaroneck she plainly showed the mendous, vibrant force that was in her. She only wanted extra work then. Norma Shear came too, on the same mission, about the sat time. Her characteristic was a cultur vivacity that was very pleasing. Since th she has of course developed other qualities as a sure technique.

When we were making ‘Way Down East’ we had a young man working as a ‘grip’ stage hand who possessed rather large feet. It was a simply oedrama, though he was rough, uettered. I put him in a small part and he crawled wonderfully. He seemed to have an intuitive feeling for the parts, and later he rose rapidly. You probably member him. He was Charles Emmett Mac

Stage training is good, but stage success doesn’t always insure screen preferene Screen work must be handled ‘cold,’ where the stage player gets the advantage of expression and retain the audience. Take the voice from a stage player and he is seriously handicapped. Two great stars were fearful screen failures. Never mi their names, but one cost me a shameful nu of dollars.

What makes Gloria Swanson successi
ordinary vitality, intuitive judgment, active good taste and a good, vivid and distinct individuality. Mack Sennett put her a bathing suit among his 'beauties,' just oblige an actor whose wife was, but he didn't keep her there. She was too vital, smart, intelligent, so she simply smashed her way into the upper ranks." No doubt but Griffith can pick winners. It's why I'd rather have his judgment than anyone else's, but he can't tell you how he did it. In one of his early pictures he watched a group of young lads killing time between acts. Back in his private office he sent for them. Within two months there was a star in the making. It was Wallace Reid.

NE day at the old Fine Arts studio two ladies and a little girl appeared at the door. They were Griffith's acquisition manager and the latter happened to be seated there. Woods tried to put them off, but Griffith just caught sight of a child under a large hat through the door crack. What do the ladies want, Mr. Woods? he asked. That interview brought Bessie Love the picture world, and she made a success of her very first part, as a Swedish servant in "The Flying Torpedo." Gentleness, humor, all were prominent in Bessie. One in Hollywood was much interested in Talmadge's little sister. No one at Vitagraph studio in Coney Island had more interest in either. Just a nice little girl, but Griffith knew there was screen value in her. In New York a year previous to putting in "Intolerance" he told me he had on his payroll "a bundle of nerves, with whimsicality that someone eventually will find five thousand a week to." That was Constance Talmadge, whose memories go back to the early days will recall the first great male star, and Griffith. Griffith had gone to Biograph to act in the thrilling productions of those early beginnings. A story called "The Adventures of Dolly" was to be made. Griffith made so many suggestions that Lilian Gish, still associated with the director as a star, and then an important factor in the studio, suggested that "this new guy" be allowed to direct it, since he knew so much. Griffith insisted that rid Bitzer of him. No other studio players were too badly paid, and the management didn't burst with confidence, so Lilian was told to go alone as cause as little trouble and expense as possible. So Griffith, thinking very little of the story, went out on the street in search of players. From the old Knickerbocker at Broadway and Forty-second street he saw a man, none too prosperous. He stepped the street and accosted him. You look as if you could play," he said. "Can you act for five dollars a day?" Sir, replied Arthur Johnson, then three away from his last stage job, "I can act for five dollars a day. Where shall we go?" Of OVER a thousand excellent preparations make appeal for a place upon your dressing table to guard your complexion—to keep your skin soft to the touch—free from blemish. Madam, we introduce another. Perhaps you have not thought of it as a complexion aid, but it is!...your old acquaintance...Sal Hepatica.

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Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your blood stream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the source by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within 30 minutes. Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how this saline treatment can make you feel better and look better. Send coupon for free booklet that explains more fully the benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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a great degree," Griffith insists. "When first I saw Colleen Moore in Chicago I saw it in her face. Her appealing sincerity tugs at your heart and will not be denied. She couldn't be mean; she has to be generous.

Spirituality! Let's concentrate on that. It makes great preachers and great missionaries.

Those who saw Edward Milton Royle's play, "The Squaw Man," twenty-odd years ago will recall the character of "Little Bighorn," the native man who appeared only in the second act, but stood out like a lighthouse with but a dozen lines to speak. Originally played by William S. Hart it was a high spot of character, and also was the original Messala in the old play, "Ben-Hur," and had done Shakespearean drama before that. Later he drifted to vaudeville, and then out to Hollywood. Thence H. Ince had known him in New York, and gave him a small part in one of the Old Mutual pictures that he was making down near Santa Monica.

Born in the West, Hart loved its atmosphere and traditions, so Ince featured him in a "Western." In the picture he had become a great star. One afternoon I sat with Ince in a New York projection room watching a new Hart picture called "Hell's Hinges."

"What puts Bill Hart over?" I asked.

"His sincerity and sweetness," Ince answered. "People are interested in him more than in any man I know. You should see his 'fan' mail." He paused, then, "What's the greatest human trait, do you think?"

Well, so far as I can see, every man, woman, child, horse and yellow dog loves Bill Hart. Good God! Bill isn't handsome, but he's hell on appealing affection."

That's true of Lon Chaney, also. Out at Culver City the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio was doing "Tell It to the Marines," and a detachment of Marines was borught from the base at San Diego. I think Marines are not particularly affectionate or lilly-fingered. But that gag of leathernecks did love Lon Chaney, who played the part of a hard-ball sergeant. And everybody on the studio lot feels the same way about him. He's interested in them and in their troubles, so they tell him these and stolen stories and half-baked ideas for him. It's a sincere, interesting, curious love of humanity with Chaney. I don't think women like his make-ups, but I never met one who wasn't curious about him, and children take to him like a kitten to its mother.

Five of us sat in a projection room when Greta Garbo's first scenes were shown upon a screen. So far as the screen went, Miss Garbo was an unknown quantity. Would she or wouldn't she? Did she or didn't she? A thousand feet of film are cut, then another thousand. No one spoke. Then more film, and still more. Finally the lights flashed up. One of the men ground a cigarette into the floor with his heel.

"But two roles in life are open to that lady," he said. "She can act, or she can start a new religion. So far as results go it won't make much difference: she lacks either way.

Sheer, dynamic force—-as Griffith says—is tied up in the small package known as Clara Bow. So well understood is this that great care is taken to preserve the mystery of features, lest good, earnest work by a less positive character be wholly nullified by her vigor. One of her outstanding traits, too, is a positively healthy curiosity. She won't care.

"A lot depends upon character," continued Griffith. "People aren't born with character. They achieve it. It's a growth; a laminating of various qualities. What I've outlined are the universal patterns of growth; they won't care.

"And that explains the 'flash' star; the youngster who leaps into prominence in one picture, only to slip back again in the next effort. In the first, budding individuals matched up with the needs of the characterization. In the next, it didn't. There had been insufficient time—or inclination—for work and experience to grow into stilt character, and so nothing happened. If good sense and real hard work are laid on top of natural quality we may get star material. Yes, we may."

"But natural talent isn't enough. Promising young players often are fed on the belief that God has given them a reservoir of talent and they need only dip the bucket. They seldom realize that the greatest artists are the greatest workers. I like to create an ordinary young actor folk as parable of the wise and the foolish virgins. Keep on putting oil in your lamp, 'I'd tell them. 'It's all right to play, but work at ye art.'"

"The public is generous and tolerant if those able to entertain it, but it never forgives orlessness. Instinctively it feels that public and personal are one... and so if recognition demands better work. That's what makes Lillian Gish a great artist. She's never satisfied with a small part, but goes ahead digging working, studying."

Which opens up another angle.

Stars appear, wax, shine brightly for a time and then their radiance dims. No need to mention names, but they open the way exhibiting the phenomenon at this moment. Three stars are slipping. Why?

Evidently it is the finer qualities that bring preference. Audiences favor excellence of these; to brightness, activity, kindness, humor, beauty, symmetry, generosity, purity, justice, sincerity, intelligence, wisdom, honor, and it all fits. When once these qualities are in any person is said to have charm.

Then comes success, adulation, fame, fortune and so on. If the character isn't strong enough to resist erosion by these, then selfishness, conceit, injustice, meanness, gree egoism and so on creep in, warp character and begin to act repellently. Popularity falls off, except with these superficial qualities. This or Mr. That "don't pull like they did in my audiences don't like her—or him—don't send us these leads any more."

The plumber's wife, the blacksmith's daughter, the clerk, the butcher, the dress maker, the grocer's helper, the brakeman and the miner decide very quickly whether they do or do not want to spend another cent to see this particular player. When the collectively observe, "Aw, she's no good any- way"—the experienced producer to whom this remark has been swiftly passed on, calls off the advertising and cancels certain plans.

The odd thing is that Maine or Idaho or Georgia or Oklahoma get the same idea about the same player. They don't need a year or so behind the domestic returns, from it are later, but remarkably coincident. An when these things happen some day someone remarks:

"I wonder what's become of Hazel Squid or Harold Bazo?" or they may not, in which event the dark curtains of oblivion steal softly and the erstwhile promising player is laid to rest.

When the fine, positive qualities are smoothed over by the coarse negatives, out goes the candle.

In all this nothing much has been said of beauty. That probably is because it has so little to do with stardom. Is that contrary to belief? Well, I'm sorry.


Then look at the men: Chaplin, Fairbanks—Blue, Hart, Dennison, Colman, Nagel, Gilbert—Mix—all fine, parachuting boys, but? Well, what have they got? A few dollars and a pencil and make up your own lists. Then when you have fought the neighbors over them determine for yourself just how much beauty has counted in the making of the name. Of course it's an asset, and an important one, but it's not by necessity by any means.

So here we are at the question we began with. What makes them stars?
"Gentlemen prefer Flattering Hands,"

says ANITA LOOS

Author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and "But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," uses New Cutex Liquid Polish

Charming, unspoiled and amazingly petite Anita Loos has a habit of emphasizing her brilliant sallies by graceful gestures with her well formed perfectly groomed hands.

She says: "I cannot seem to talk without making motions. Everyone notices my hands and I don't dare neglect them."

"The New Cutex Liquid Polish keeps them looking nice. It flattens the hands and I love flattery."

"A Cutex Manicure Kit goes with me on all my trips. I never let a week go without using the Cuticle Remover and Cream. They bring out the half moons and keep the nail tips tip-top!"

Modern women keep their hands chic with the New Cutex Liquid Polish. Keep your hands lovely this way, too! (With Polish Remover 50c. Separately 35c.)


"Driving hands... one minute at the wheel the next at tea..."

says Miss Adelaide Bride

This winsome blonde of Washington society says: "Our social season is a mad whirl from one place to another. "One minute your hands are on the wheel—the next you are shaking hands or tealing with an ambassador.

"All of us rely on Cutex Liquid Polish. It keeps the nails so lovely looking and gives them such a flattering finish!"

Special Introductory Offer—6c

I enclose 6c for samples of the New Cutex Liquid Polish and Polish Remover. [If in Canada, address Dept. O-10 Post Office Box No. 2934, Montreal.)

Northam Warren, Dept. O-10

114 West 17th Street, New York

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Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and easily, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches thoroughly 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 application makes the face look better. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all drugstores, 50c and $1.

Stillman's Freckle Cream 50c
Removes Whitens Freckles. The Skin

The Stillman Co., 32 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
Send me your FREE skin treatment booklet.

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in a safe easy way

You stout folks will be interested in the story of my reduction.

I took no rigorous courses in dieting or exercise, no drugs, no thyroid or glandular extracts; no sweat baths, lotions, soaps or creams. But I did lose 97 pounds.

Today my weight is normal, I feel better, have more vigor and vitality. I have no wrinkles or flabby skin. My insurance companies who examined me before and after reducing now say I am an excellent risk, that I have probably added 10 years to my life. As a consequence my premiums have been reduced over $1,000 a year.

Wont you let me tell you without cost or obligation how easy and safe it is? Just send your name and address today.

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Dept. 8
Hart Bldg.
New Orleans, Louisiana

LADIES DO IT TOO. Get a FREE copy of our booklet. Write us today!

Dorothy Sebastian wears the largest engagement ring in Southern California. It was presented to her by Clarence Brown, the director.
When teeth are glistening white

4 out of 5 are Pyorrhea's victims

UN AWARE of the fact that all is not well even when teeth are gleaming white, 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger pay the high penalty for self-neglect. They sacrifice health to Pyorrhea.

Take this precaution: See your dentist twice annually. And start using the dentifrice that keeps teeth so white and at the same time helps to safeguard health against this foe.

Morning and night, every day, use Forhan's for the Gums.

Without the use of harsh abrasives, it restores teeth to their natural whiteness and protects them against acids which cause decay.

Also, if used regularly and in time, it helps to firm gums and keep them strong and healthy. Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

Get a tube of Forhan's. Use this dentifrice regularly. Brush and massage your gums daily with Forhan's following directions in booklet that comes with tube. Teach your children this good habit. It will protect their precious health in the years to come.

Two sizes—$5c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

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The whole world knows Aspirin as an effective antidote for pain. But it's just as important to know that there is only one genuine Bayer Aspirin. The name Bayer is on every tablet, and on the box. If it says Bayer, it's genuine; and if it doesn't, it is not! Headaches are dispelled by Bayer Aspirin. So are colds, and the pain that goes with them; even neuralgia, neuritis, and rheumatism promptly relieved. Get Bayer—at any drugstore—with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin;
it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufactory of Monoaacetanilide of Salicylic Acid.

Don't forget to Shampoo your hair to-night with
Cuticura Soap
You will be delighted with its fragrance and efficiency. Send for samples and directions for using.

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MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING PERSONAL CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS
Unusual novelties. Reasonable prices. Every prospect will buy. Cards sell at sight. Handsome Sample Book FREE. Large commission on sales. Also beautiful line of boxes of assorted cards. Best value on the market. Write immediately.
ROCHESTER ART CO.
DEPT. G
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The Story of a Dancing Girl

(continued from page 69)

You read the same story over and over—Evelyn Brett tried suicide. John Gilbert is about to turn away from Inceville in despair. But just at the psychological moment when we call "fate" intervened for them, John Gilbert went out to dinner and sent for his valet to change before he went. Then, as though there were some unseen hand laid on my shoulders, pushing me forward dashed ahead of those other girls, through the doors marked "Private!"—"Don't let them kick me out!" Like frightened child, I burst out sobbing. "Please don't let them kick me out. I have less than two dollars!"

"They won't kick you out!" a small midget behind a large desk smiled as a father smiled at his child who is unduly frightened. "I'll sit down and tell me all about it."
And that evening I danced in the chorus at Friars Inn in Chicago.

One week there, two weeks dancing at convention in Oklahoma City, then to Denver, and back to Chicago again. I do not know of any situation which could so degrade a girl as to be the hayseed in chorus.
We are: Glittering, jolly chorus girls chumming together with their "oh, business" language.
There you are, Lonesome, harassed by the out-of-town feeling yet imagining that you have a whole future depends upon getting acquaintance with someone.
In Chicago and Oklahoma City I had dress in a big room with the other girls who had a chance to imitate their every move.
In Detroit they recognized me as a Dor Dot and put me in a corner, behind a curta where I could not see what they were doing.
They were determined that no greenhorn should steal their make-up methods.

Yet there staring at the costume someone had tossed to me. My heart pounded with me within me. Shame because I did not know what to do with my first real opportunity to live a dream of my own various "fathers" gladly, if I could have it my way about it.

As for Ray! I would have given up every gift of success and fame just to have seen that dear face before me.

There is a zero hour in the life of every person. This was the zero hour for Joan Crawford, nee Lucille Le Sueur. Suddenly, a little dark-eyed kid with dirty hair and ears slipped behind my curtain.

"You don't know much about show business, do you? Here, I'll show you."

And she cut rehearsal that afternoon to show me the steps and the make-up, so I could join that evening.

ORANGE—isn't it, how the law of averages seems to stake you to a living? Here were two-girls—all of them cold, selfish, joyless of a newcomer except one. She was at least pretty, the least popular, and yet kept me from being a failure. I wish I had not lost track of this youngster.

I had expected to see men standing in line waiting for us after each performance. That was my idea of show business. But each girl that chorus had her own "boy-friend."

Trout's beaux-around-town must have known us, for none of them formed in line to offer a new girl a free dinner.

"If I had been for Ray—someone at least to talk to at home with me!"

One night, eight weeks after my arrival, I was feeling for the first time really peppy! I had been promised to end girl, a chorus pinch-up.

We were doing a gypsy dance. I loved it. Big balloon skirts, the tight little bodices, rapid, swirling motions. I forgot everything in the exhilaration of spinning. This time, I even forgot where I was going. My feet whipped one of the tables.

Three men looked up and smiled in acknowledgment of my attention!

The next dance was a buck and wing. I arrived, I loved the costumes. Tight trousers, loose blouses, Eton collars. I could not do any of the steps so I faked them.

The same three men smiled—in recognition of my footwork.

We had been "off" only a few moments when the manager yelled, "Hey, girls, are you decent?"

"We have been called 'Wait a moment.'"

"Make it snappy. I've got someone important to meet you."

It was J. J. Shubert! He was one of the five men who had smiled when I accidentally met his table.

He was trying out "Innocent Eyes" in trout and asked me to attend the matinee next afternoon.

"HAT was my first big show. I thought I was in heaven. Those girls all separated for size, in their gorgeous costumes with their perfect technique and rhythm. Never had I thought of coming when I would dance such an exhibition?"

And after the performance, Mr. Shubert asked if I would like to go to New York with the company.

"You mean I could go to New York and wouldn't cost me anything?" I stammered.

Of course, there is one thing you don't do the show business—jump an engagement without giving two weeks' notice. But I was so green I didn't know it. Yet, I hesitated.

Young had been so good, practically my whole career for me.

"What time does the train go?"

"Two o'clock in the morning."

The embarrassment that comes with knowledge of this grave social offense is finally ended. An important phase of woman's oldest sanitary problem is now solved.

WHERE smart women gather social or in business—even the most attractive are guilty of offending others at certain times. Yet they, themselves, seldom realize it. When told, they become miserably self-conscious. They try in vain to overcome the difficulty by make-shift methods. Now science offers safe and certain relief from this fear.

Kotex now scientifically deodorizes

Millions of women have learned to depend on Kotex within the last ten years. It has brought them better health, greater peace-of-mind under trying conditions. Now comes an added advantage. Kotex chemists have discovered (and patented) a process that absolutely ends all odors. The one remaining problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved!

No more bulky outlines

That awful feeling of being conspicuous because of the bulkiness of old-time methods is gone, too. Kotex pads are rounded and tapered so there is no evidence of sanitary protection when worn. You may add or remove layers of filler as needed—a thing all women appreciate. There is a new softness, because both filler and gauze have been specially treated. Finally, Kotex is so easy to dispose of, eliminating all need of laundering.

Buy a box today, at any drug, dry goods or department store. 4c for a box of twelve. Supplied, also, in rest-room vending cabinets.

Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by a patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,897, granted May 22, 1928.)

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1—Softer gauze ends chafing; pliable filler absorbs any other substance can.

2—Corners are rounded and tapered; no evidence of sanitary protection under any gown.

3—Deodorizes—safely, thoroughly, by a new and exclusive patented process.

4—Adjust it to your needs; filler may be made thinner, thicker, narrower as required.

5—It is easily disposed of; no unpleasant laundry.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Mr. Hoople Stays in Character

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

his replies became more crisp, he stood erect and frowned in a important manner. Finally he hung up and gazed impersonally at the despairing Mrs. Hoople.

"I'm a millionaire banker," he announced, beginning to tramp the room with his hands behind his back. "Chairman of the board. Wall Street stuff. Hard as granite. My secretary is in love with my size. I think he's been on the wrong side. Big scenes, however. Repudiation, recrimination, repellation. I'll make the part stand out like a bull's eye."

"Grosvenor!" snapped his wife.

"Eh?" asked the financier, ceasing his march.

"You forgot the radishes."

"Radishes!" said Mr. Hoople in amazement.

"What the devil do bankers have to do with radishes, may I ask? Send one of the servants and, by the way, you are doing about cooking for me. Let the Filipinos go back on the job. I'm dining at the Biltmore."

"Can't you stay human just for tonight?"

"Wailed theluckless spouse.

"Don't let's go over all that again," said Mr. Hoople, assuming the fruity tones of a fashionable dandy. "You know how I am when I'm working on a manicure sixty-four hour day. Well, I've got to get the feel of this part at once." His wife sneered openly.

"Listen," he advised, now half way upstairs, "I admit I wouldn't mind playing a broken-down musician or street cleaner or some such tear Jerker, but I can't help it if I see sort of grand. And it isn't only appearance, Mary; it's brains. De Miller himself said to me, 'Grosvenor, old kid,' he said, 'your look is positively amorphous.' Really," said Mr. Hoople coughing modestly, "you should be proud that I am what I am."

H A L F an hour later he sallied forth in a well cut double-breasted suit of navy blue which camouflaged his tenancy to small amirigams. A seal ring engaged from a curio shop pleasanly dully on his left hand, and from one arm hung a rosewood cane. A frill of white linen piping bordered his vest, and a black, dove grey dress caps and a snowy wing collar completed the accoutrements of a properly starched bound-in-morocco conservative.

He paraded magnificently through the house, caressed his wife with dignity and headed for the garage. Ignoring the decrep rumble, he climbed into a glistening limousine and rolled smoothly away toward the city. At the first corner a green sedan slid out from a side street and gave chase.

The embryo chairman of the board de spondantly into Los Angeles, skirted the B road toand came to rest before a imposing bank building on Spring Street. Dusk settling and the financial district lay desolate and softened in the fading light. Mr. Hoople walked to the portals and gazed between sive bronze bars at the barren expanses of dirt, the shining grilles, the mahogany desks of executives. He imagined himself par trikly to and fro, watching with reverence a wae, a man among men.

"Yes, Vandeever," said Mr. Hoople dismally, "my word is final on the Smithers k extension. What about the Patagonian vestment? In my opinion, excellent. I also pleased with the first quarter earnings public utilities. Diversification—"

A passing roundabout, he glanced sharply noted the ensemble, and saluted. Mr. Hoople gulped, gestured in return and watched him out of sight. Then he parceled out to seven other men. His looking glass was, of course, crisscrossed with the sort of clever jargon and began to feel quince caps of doing business at Broad and Wall. parked the limousine, bought a financial ma, and strode boldly into the California Club. After a few minutes of gas patronizing at the members, he depar for the Biltmore.

A plaques or brass mounted beneath a cloud of hazy lights the examiner a banker takes on Thursdays. In the midst of his meditation, tiny hand crumpled his coat sleeve and—

"Isn't this Mr. Grosvenor Hoople?" asked a creamy voice.

That individual wheeled and looked upon a slender man with a pronounced face the color of a sugar maple in October. H er worship cradled from a pair of Mediterranean eyes as the girl drew a little closer. A Hoople slouched back in pleasurable astonishment, and felt a queer sensation creep up his scalp.

"It is," he admitted in his best Un Lees manner. "And what, my dear lady, can I do for you?"

Free trial offer: in PHOTOPHAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
E following Tuesday Rita prepared to do little net casting. Mr. Hoople, rosier than from much good food, blinked dreamily regarded her in fatherly fashion. She wed across the table and patted his hand, upon Mr. Hoople relaxed still more. Platonick whimsy appealed to him, particury after a day of portraying frenzy while went to a dummy stock tie. Groomsman, dear, murmured the siren, I remember me telling you that my jers are in the real estate business? Well, a favor, please, honey. They're working tonight at their offices over in the Pletorich

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Ordinary Cocoanut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and beware you get—"MULSIFIED."

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You never lose ivory in your bath—it floats!

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When in Chicago

The Lake Shore Drive Hotel

181 Lake Shore Drive—Chicago

W. B. Johnson, Manager
Jersey, but high-pressure him till he
Never mind the details; Pete and attend to them.

Never mind their grammar, either,”
tita. “Go ahead, Grosvenor, you’d
I think it would be screaming—
business men at their own game. And
very about taking the money—you’d
the boys a favor.”

HeHoople fidgeted in indecision. The girl
herself on the arm of his chair and gave
full benefit of her eyes.

D be favoring me, too, honey,” she
meled, and leaning over, kissed the top
head. A shade of annoyance flashed
idle’s face as he watched her.

“he said, noting Mr. Hoople’s fat-
resion, “I guess we’re all set. Here
fr. President.” He detached three
dred dollar bills from a pulpy roll and
hem over. “That’s how sure I am,”
ked. “I’ll be a wall-eyed pile if you
lmost got me believing your make-
that front would make you a million
other line. Did you ever think—”
ave to be going,” said Rita, hurriedly
he slightly dizzy Grosvenor to his feet.
stead. “He’d better prac-
ple few spils, anyway. Be down here
tomorrow night. We’ll have the stage
all he’ll have to do will be to walk
laralyze ’em.”

Hoople regained some of his poise and
himself of a creaky bow.

“lemen,” he announced, as though
ng a meeting of shareholders, “I will
tmost to give you full value for your
He cleared his throat and smiled
ily on the brothers, who grinned in
Behind his back the lambent Rita
it a tinted eyelid.

just who,” inquired Mr. Hoople
ome irritation, “is this Mr. Pea-
He raised his voice still higher and
severely at Eddie, ignoring a non-
figure in one corner of the private
Why worry me with petty details,
Are you not competent of handling
branch?”

rise me, sir,” said Eddie, cringing in-
ly before such majesty. “He’s in-
in a lot near the flying field, but we
an’t able to convince him that he ought
’t to be in the field?” repeated Mr. Hoople, who
en know where it was. “Doilful
ot near a gold mine like that. Very
low some minds work. Do you mean
 doesn’t want it? Then waste no
ge on the fellow.”

I want it,” piped the prospect, a
worried-looking specimen, “but is it
le price? That’s what I want to

this,” said the gorgeous Grosvenor,
arrayed in the full
of evening dress, he advanced upon
ulous Peabody and loomed above
ilk hat gleamed virtuously, a silken
nonchalantly from his shoulders,
teen hundred in his pocket helped him
with authority. “My dear sir, you
ignoring the integrity of my firm. Ex-

ily’s eyes shuttled between the
and the “President.” He mustered
at smirk.

hadn’t had had doubts if I’d seen
he stated, “but these young fellows
smooth. Y’see, I’m from Arizona—
the grocery business there—and now
urn over my capital in real estate, I
’t blame me for being leary. There’s a lot of trimmers in your
people seated himself at a desk, de-
gold watch from its chain and laid
extension by his elbow.

Devote exactly twenty minutes to
;” he said, icicles dripping from every

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turn prosaic opera pumps into modish jewelled
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Like a New Woman! "I feel better, sleep better, and am more active since taking HENN-O-KEMP. I lost 22 pounds in 11 weeks without dieting or exercising. Refer any one to me regarding your wonderful remedy."—Mrs. Gertrude Thomas. This harmless, scientific method will help YOU, too. Write, today, for FREE booklet. Results or money back.

HENN-O-KEMP 965 The Arcade Cleveland, Ohio Not for sale in stores

Bashful!

"You know I am nervous, embarrassed at being in the presence of those I admire so much. I can hardly read this notice. I am awed by the presence of so many stars. It is a great thrill for me to be here."—Richard Blackstone, D-2510 Flatiron Bldg., New York

Discovering gold? No, you're discovering a new gold mine—your publicity gold mine! Remember, every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
"Listen," he said, "all you movie people are half nuts, but your percentage is even higher. Go on home, Hoople, and play at being a cemetery watchman or something. And don't come downtown after dark."

Mr. Hoople trotted to the street and boarded a cruising taxi, then turned as a silken voice called his name.

"Move over," said Rita, shoving her way inside. "Oh, Grosvenor, darling, isn't this terrible? Tell me what to do, honey, you're so strong and masterful." The Mediterranean eyes brimmed with tears and she flung herself against him in a gale of weeping.

"My advice to you," wheezed Grosvenor with feeble dignity, "is to find another naincompoop—Mrs. Racey." The girl's body stiffened alertly, then she collapsed and sobbed more violently than ever on Mr. Hoople's vest. He pushed her gently away. "I'll drop you at the Biltmore," he announced. "That's where I found you.

"No," snapped the girl, "you'll drop me right now." She tapped on the window and alighted as the chauffeur drew up at the next corner. "Good-bye, you funny-looking old cluck," said Rita from the pavement.

Mr. Hoople reached home, wandered into the library and gloomily contemplated the pattern on the carpet.

His wife watched him from a corner until curiosity got the upper hand.

"What's the matter, dear?"

"I feel overworked," sighed Mr. Hoople plaintively. "This part is quite a strain."

"Then why don't you stop this posing around, and rest yourself," asked his wife, putting her arm around him. "What's the good of you pretending to be a banker? You'd never make a dollar at it."

The deluded Grosvenor suddenly perked up and his hand strayed to his breast pocket, while his brain assembled a suitable retort. The hand searched, withdrew, and Mr. Hoople drooped again. In spite of the clothes he was just a tired, disillusioned, flabby man of fifty-three.

"I guess you're right, Mary," he said in muffled tones. "From now on I'll do my acting at the studio."

**A TICKET** clerk at the Santa Fe depot contemplated his flaming-haired customer and smiled affably into eyes of Copenhagen blue.

"Certainly, lady," he said, "I can sell you through transportation to Detroit, but you'll have to go to the bank first. I can't change five hundred dollars."

Is Hollywood Emotionally Unbalanced?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

standing; you seem naturally to comprehend the situation."

While writing letters one morning in my room at the Ambassador, there came a soft knock at my door. I opened it and was confronted by one of the most promising young actresses of the screen.

For the moment I was taken by surprise. This wonderful lady was the last person one would expect to call so early in the morning. "I simply must talk to you," she began breathlessly.

Then she explained that she was considering breaking her engagement because she felt that she could not carry the double responsibility of a career and a home, especially a home with children.

Not that she was averse to having children—in fact, she stated that she was very fond of them. But she could not, she explained, permit anything to take her away from her work at so vital a time in her career. So she had come to question me regarding birth control.

HARMONY

THE keynote of beauty is harmony. The modern woman proves it in her new insistence on exquisite harmony of costume, in her skillful selection of frock and hat, coat and accessories that complement one another smartly and exactly suit the occasion.

Perfect harmony goes beyond mere items of dress. A truly smart woman would as soon complete her winter evening gown with summer sport shoes as with a summer-beaten skin. Though boyish tan and freckles lend debonair charm to the carefree clothes of vacation time, with winter's more formal costumes they are wrong to the point of absurdity.

Now, before the gay winter season overtakes you, correct these last freckles and lingering lines of tan, make smooth and soft the patches of rough skin left from sunburn and exposure, lest they ruin the effect of your smartest frocks just when you want to look your loveliest.

Follow this simple fall-time treatment which Dorothy Gray designed for your home use. It employs the same scientific method and preparations which have proved so successful in all the Dorothy Gray salon treatments.

1. **FIRST**, gently remove every particle of cosmetics and clogging dust from your skin at night with the Dorothy Gray Cleansing Cream. Then, with the Dorothy Gray Patter, pat in one of these emollient creams to counteract the drying effects of summer exposure: Special Mixture (for dry or normal skins), Tissue Cream (for oily skins or plump faces), Smooth on the Dorothy Gray Bleach Cream to help whiten sunburn, tan and freckles.

In the morning use Cleansing Cream and then pat on Orange Flower Skin Tonic, a mild astringent which closes the pores against the day's exposures. Finish with either Astringent Cream (for dry or normal skins) or Astringent Lotion (for oily skins). These finishing preparations keep the pores closed and hold your make-up smoothly for many busy hours.

DOROTHY GRAY

753 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO, WASHINGTON, ATLANTIC CITY

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Please send me the Dorothy Gray booklet. I am particularly interested in:  □ The Treatment for Lines and Wrinkles □ The Treatment for Double Chin □ The Treatment for Relaxed Muscles and Crisp Throat.

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A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, simply apply a little Liquid Arnica at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have. You will find that no oil that is used for the purpose will get into the hair, and you can use it with the greatest confidence.

You can get Liquid Arnica at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

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About a year ago I came on a similar mission at the instance of Cecil B. DeMille in his production of "The Godless Girl," a film that in an extent has undertaken to show the evil of forcing young girls into "House of Reformatories." During my stay among the film folk at that time it was my privilege to be entertained by the homes of the many screen celebrities. I found charm and culture comparable with the best America has to offer.

Here I found the same interest in the great social and economic problems that I had met with almost anywhere else. As a guest in DeMille's House in Chicago, as the guest of the famous Lady Astor in New York, with the highest type of refinement about the banter boards, I have never met more interesting people, more eager intelligently, or more interesting than those at these homes of our leading stars, directors and magnates.

Now I am in Hollywood for the third time, firstly because of the courage of a small group of men (Messrs. E. M. Asher, Edward Small, and Charles R. Rogers, in association with Sam Sax) who have undertaken to

Says Judge Lindsey:

There is, as I see it, great need for an avenue through which to handle Hollywood's problems. It lies, I feel, in the establishing of an inner court of conciliation, made to function along lines similar to the House of Wards in New York. It has proven itself a success, and it would be of inestimable worth to these children of the films, grown up and otherwise. I find much encouragement and enthusiasm for such a plan in Hollywood, so perhaps some day it will come to pass—its scientific experts in affairs of the heart and problems of humanity setting a glorious example to the rest of the world.

very promising for me now. The man I thought loved was my greatest hindrance."

Hers, of course, was a plain case where the emotions ran high. I did not show her how to reason the thing out, how to establish her emotional balance.

Perhaps the most complicated matter I was ever called upon to adjust was one of Hollywood's near sex tragedies. Its inception was at a party in the home of an extremely popular movie star. This charming young woman was in no way connected with the incident, but was con- nected with the unfortunate circumstances, yet had the matter become public, she, with a large group of other picture people, would have been inevitably involved in the hour or more revealed scandal. In fact, had the conditions of this case become a matter of public record, news of the disgrace would have swept like wildfire through the country, wrecking the career of one of Hollywood's cleverest actors and bemirching the name of the wife of a well-known scenario writer. Upon my advice a different course was pursued and public scandal avoided; and I am still hoping that at least one house threatened with dissolution may be saved to a continuation of all the emotional relationships for which it is known. It is needless to say, of course, that there had been a normal emotional balance among the people involved, no condition that could possibly be questioned would ever have arisen.

Since my own experiences in a juvenile and domestic relations court have been so filled with the drama of life, it is but natural that I should find much in common with the people I have met in Movieland, and that I should be in sympathy with their problems.

I came to Hollywood first some seven or eight years ago, at the invitation of the Famous Players-Lasky Company to help in their recent search for the best film then being produced that dealt with a phase of social conditions that make for delinquency in childhood.

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I learned later from a friend of the girl—
woman who, by the way, may become
heroine from a male star who is said to have
earned millions for one of the three largest com-
exes in the industry—that the star for whom
bered had been granted a large salary


other case in point was that of a young
who was receiving only $350 a week. But
true of her work in one sensational suc-
pictur, her drawing power had multi-
many times and she became a star of first
itude. Of course, she had grown much
satisfied with her financial arrangement, and
official of this concern, who is a particu-
larly broad-minded and progressive executive,
my opinion regarding the matter, I ad-
him to increase her salary.

I have been thinking of raising her to
0 a week," he told me.

I am sure you will never regret it," I said.

O he never has, for her work has been
better in each succeeding picture.

A nomic situation calls for fairness to
user as well as to star, and some plan to
and will yet have to be worked out, for if
rer goes to pieces from psychic worries in-
over money matters, nobody gains by
er advantages or disadvantages the
may give to either.

all of this is somewhat away from the
or lack of emotional balance. I was
ng to a director in one of the large stud-
singing the praises of his cameraman,
H drawing one of the biggest salaries
source in Hollywood. "He is a great
said to the director, meaning, of
, that he was a great photographer.
One of the best in the business," he re-
ras delighted when later on the boy, giving
he wink, whispered, "A different kind of
, Judge, from the kind I was doin"
I saw you last!"

I of which hinted at the fact that Holly-
has some citizens who would just as soon
et their pants. There is a very dramatic
ected with that lad, a tale of regener-
that could well serve as the text for a
t sermon. And the thing that lent a
of comic to it all was the fact
had been inclined to do so, I could
old the boy things about his director
ight have established between them
en closer bond—the bond of the under-

FASCINATING city, sure—Holly-
ood. A strange charmer makes it a
to itself. Walk down Hollywood Boul-
day Saturday night and you will find
iel's Main Street one of the world's most
ful thoroughfares. You will think at first
it is quite the principal artery of any
city. Then, finally, you will become con-
s of a difference, subtle difference, hard to
, does not show in the third
of clothes the people wear, it is more in
spirit—a composite of eagerness, ambi-
disappointment and disillusionment. A
owboy may pass you by, his wide-
hat tipped back, his high-heeled boots,
s arms jingling on the cement. Of
ce people you see, perhaps he will be the
me, does not show in the
other types will be there, from the
est extra that you saw besieging the
ng offices that day to the most regal
uous car posing its way along the
t of traffic. A glorious city, surely. And
all that strange lack of emotional balance,
 if there were emotional balance, if there
reason, and restraint, if impulse were un-
then inspiration no doubt would die,
dered by an overload of system and

perhaps Hollywood's greatest fault is also
ing virtue. For so long as Filmland is
by impulse, and so long as emotion pre-
nates, just that long will the movies en-
as a creative institution.

Murder at the
Breakfast Table

So often they come to
distrust the whole business.
Harsh, unpleasant, frequently
unsatisfactory, the remedies
seem almost worse than the
disease . . .

Feen-a-mint is Different!
It's just like a bit of delicious
chewing gum. You don't
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Its magic laxative principle
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science meant it to be released.
It actually becomes part of
the digestive fluids—does not
disturb digestion. It works
with the body—not against it!

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gripping pains. It won't poison
or weaken the system. It won't
enslave you to laxative pills.

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constipation—now!

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Suddenly, it happens! A quick
retort, a slamming door . . . Love
isn't killed at once that way, but
murdered slowly, day by day . . .

Most people have TRIED to correct
this constant, chronic bad-temper-
itried laxatives so slow they take
weeks to act, and others that wrack
the system . . .

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Address

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The Shadow Stage

A BIT OF HEAVEN—Excellent

FROTHY Follies doings, which prove that Broadway and Park Avenue won’t mix. (That is, until another movie comes along and proves that they will.) Eda Lee is clever as a “Scandal’s” queen who reluctantly leaves the stage to marry into the Four Hundred. Between hubby’s snob aunt, and a debutante angling for hubby, the newlyweds split; the dancer goes back to the stage, and hubby to Europe. From there? It’s a bit unusual—better see it.

BROADWAY DADDIES—Columbia

I’ looks like Fox lost a good bet when they let Rex Lease go, for the boy has considerable appeal in this picture, and he and Jacquell Logan manage to make a worn out story interesting. Somebody told us “good” chor girls were rare, but now they bobs up ever often and show us they don’t care two whoo about any rich man’s money. All they wish to be loved by the right man. Youth like to believe this, so the picture pleases.

NONE BUT THE BRAVE—Fox

YOU’ll enjoy this one. Charles Mott as the smart, sleek college hero, sets out to prove what a wow he can be in the insurance business. However, as an insurance agent, it proves to be a better athlete. Only after a lot of series of failures does he find himself and stars a make-back. Sally Phipps is the beautiful heroine. There is a gorgeous beauty pageant in technicolor which alone makes the picture worth seeing.

This cute little machine should be in every home. It is a cob-web maker and is used extensively by producers who haven’t time to catch a flock of spiders to do the work for them. It is something like a vacuum cleaner working in reverse. Barbara Kent is here giving a deserted look to an old kitchen chair. Do you remember those cobwebs in “The Dragnet”? They were manufactured by this machine.
ROAD HOUSE—Fox

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PHOTOPLAY

MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

125

Now You Can Reduce 2 to 4 Lbs. in a Night

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Do what you please

Take no risky medicine

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Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes. Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well groomed men.

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Painstaking analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration, forces body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Consult your physician and he will tell you that Fayro is certain to do you good and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Lose Weight Where You Most Want To

Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effect on abdomen, hips, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. As soon as you are the correct weight for your height do not try to reduce further. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

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The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full sized packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for $2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.

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"Thank you for Fayro. I lost 14 pounds in three weeks; feel better and certainly look better."

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For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and names and addresses will be given on request.

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Address. 

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ORPHANS OF THE SAGE—FBO

THIS mid-Victorian "hoos pitcher" has everything from the Oregon Trail and Twin Gun Motie to snakes and Indians. And that, you'll admit, just isn't done. Buzz Barton is some trooper. This fierce-faced juvenile star has lassoed several Westerns and hauled them out of the rut with his irresistible action and spontaneous humor. But this one is so impossible that even Buzz can't redeem it. You've gotta give the boy credit for trying, though.

NAME THE WOMAN—Columbia

After you've named the woman, try naming the plot. It's something to do with a lady who was at the scene of the murder. The lady's husband has the direct attention of a young man, and grows up with the lumber camp. Lila Lee shouldn't wear bobbed hair. Her only claim to individuality was the sleek coiffure. This film is a big way by covering his eyes with his hands. There's some nice scenic stuff but you can find that in any good travelogue.

THUNDERGOD—Anchor

James Oliver Curwood sticks to his story. It's another of those wide open spaces operas where the silver screen gives goes to a young man, and grows up with the lumber camp. Lila Lee shouldn't wear bobbed hair. Her only claim to individuality was the sleek coiffure. This film is a big way by covering his eyes with his hands. There's some nice scenic stuff but you can find that in any good travelogue.

CHESTER CONKLIN fans are prepared to laug at when he appears on the screen, whether he stands or falls. Of course, Director Mickey Nealan would make us cry over the poor taxi driver, who pins all his faith to his lucky number. "We're all licorice," he says to the number of his family. And, strange as it seems, after unbelievable vicissitudes, it actually brings him prosperity and happiness. See this for laughter, then change your superstitrion.

MODERN MOTHERS—Columbia

HELENE CHADWICK plays her most brilliant role in many months, as a lovely but notorious stage star in a story of modern theater people. The script sags in a couple of spots, but it gets over its point; viz: that worthy motherhood is dependent upon the individual rather than social caste. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., plays opposite Miss Chadwick and is charming. It's only a matter of time 'till boy that reaches the top!

THE OLD CODE—Anchor

HEAVEN help the Indians (and the theater-goers) on a night like this! It is the type of frontier stuff that used to thrill movie fans when the fourth largest industry was in the cradle. Absolutely the same thing! And they've been doing it since. Their white man—white man loves white girl—half-breed wants white girl—Indian and half-breed try a little villainous cooperation. Don't rob the baby's bank for this.

COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE—Gotham

IF companionate marriage confuses you, this picture may clarify it. Four marriages form the plot, illustrating the warp and woof of matrimony. Ladd and Blyth are the leads in this. But it's only a relief to see Betty Bronson not Peter-Panning. Dick Wailing, who plays the lead, is a lad worth watching. Judge Lindsey appears in the opening scenes. The opening scenes are a little slow and the audience was a little confused. Nellie's small crows are very much mistaken.

THE RIVER WOMAN—Gotham

A FINE melodrama well worth the seen. The tawdry lives of three river people, a woman, a boy and a man, all shown with a shain of gallantry. Jacqueline Logan reaches a peak of the opera. The character work of Larry again proves himself the most important member of the royal family. The Charles Delaney smile grows more and more appearing. force of this production is the mania in which the sorid river spirit is caught.

THE CLOUD DODGER—Universal

HERE'S something new for the jaded eye! An aeroplane opera—no less—all the spectacular, breath-taking stuff on canvas! This screen adaptation of the act, story is impossible, but so incidentally the film doesn't matter; two chaps fighting in space a dizzy blonde. Al Wilson certainly knows how to make a name for himself in the movement of the old Westerns up ahead with times. This will hang anyone a thrill.

RANSOM—Columbia

PETTY international strife over a war formula, but "you'll appreciate the difference"! Smart boys don't leap at the throat of the famous young chemist but thanks to the handling of an old screen story, refreshingly logical angles replace the usual tripe details. Edmund Lowe and George Baker star. William V. Mong is the crafty Wu Pah, who kidnaps the lady's young son, played by Jack Cooch with characteristic non-ance. Nice intrigue.

CELEBRITY—Pathé

THE story of a pupilist's progress in many and literature looks like a good natured one—Gene Tunney. Robert Armstrong is as Kid O'Brien, the box-fighter, terribly strong on the thickend. Even a love-and-honor brat may have to try his hand so he proceeds to hire an actress and a mother for proper background, and the picture begins. Is Miss Quagley is excellent as Actress and Clyde Cook as manager is a serene, Delicious satire.

THE DIVINE SINNER—Rayart

THE scenes of this story are laid in Aus tralia and it is at the close of the war. The illustrat scientists and the character work are very strong on the thinend. This picture rather convincingly proves that good may come out evil, or that there are exterminating civil conditions. Was it found itself into a horrid story and immensely improved, and the daughter must work. The picture rather surprisingly proves that good may come out evil, or that there are exterminating civil conditions. Lawford and Loosie are effective. Every detail is a hit. It's so old-fashioned that the villain we studied and ruins and flows and stairs and)--Walter Levy he Lynch him? Jack Oakie freckled face, cowpvy, tomes the custom some merry laughs.

SIN TOWN—Pathé

ELINOR FAIR and Ivan Lebedeff are in cast, but don't let that fool you. It's just—Western—and one a that—with a war as a white war comedy but degenerates into a horse opera after the first few shots. It's so old-fashioned that the villain we studied and ruins and flows and stairs and)--Walter Levy he Lynch him? Jack Oakie freckled face, cowpvy, tomes the custom some merry laughs.

THE BANTAM COWBOY—FBO

TWO brotherly fellows fighting over a must, with a gong powder wasted, both of the refore see in is a awfuly original, but you won't notice the shoot when Buzz Barton is the star. The kid has whinical ways of going about his heroics! He is a star, and much gets you. Somehow he always manages to disguise Westerns as comedies, and a horse opera disguised as anything is an improvement on the original!
THE SCARLET LADY—Columbia

YNE more Russian aristocracy is overthrown and the Soviet triumphs—the sixth carbon copy of an over-worked plot, but far the weakest. Lya De Putti, as a peasant girl, is given the best opportunity of this one she has had in some time, but she fails to do much against such a trite and ridiculous subtlety. Don't let this tule fool you when it comes to your town a super production.

Amateur Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

odded, unless it is a vital part of your story. Above all, do not be discouraged at failure. This is one she has had in some time, but she fails to do much against such a trite and ridiculous subtlety. Don't let this tule fool you when it comes to your town a super production.

The Eastman Kodak Company's startling announcement of home movies in color used almost as much of a sensation in the amateur field as did the pioneer talks in the world of professional pictures.

George Eastman, the veteran inventor and manufacturer of cameras and motion pictures, assembled a small but very distinguished audience at his home in Rochester, N. Y., recently and unveiled his "Kodacolor" process to the worthy gathering. Among Mr. Eastman's guests were a young man and a board of directors of the General Electric Company, General John J. Pershing, Major General James G. Harbord, president of the Industrial Corporation of America, and Hiram Percy Maxim, president of the Amateur Cinema League.

The new natural color process startled Mr. Eastman's guests and aroused their unbounded enthusiasm. On a small screen, Mr. Eastman revealed scenes in full colors. In these experimental shots, the rich reds, yellows and blues are so perfect that one might be excused for believing the delicate tints of human faces, the golden flash of goldfish were caught successfully by the Kodacolor process.

The new Eastman process is revolutionary, but is not yet adaptable to professional picture making. The radically new element lies in the film. Instead of having the usual smooth surface, the liquid on the sensitive coating is based with cylindrical lenses so minute as to be invisible only under a magnifying glass. These run lengthwise of the film and are 1,559 of an inch wide. This lens side is outward as the film runs through the camera.

The effect of these invisibly small lenses is to separate the rays of light coming into the camera through the three segments of a three light filter. Each of the three colors in the filter—red, green and blue—lets into the camera from the scene in front of the lens only that type of light registering its own color. The three different light rays register on the rear, or emulsion, side of the film only in black and white, but each tiny lens embossed on the film distributes the light rays falling upon it that the different colors register on the sensitive film emulsion as a distinct black and white impression for each color at that point.

Later, in projection, the light from the projector lamp passes through the film, through the tiny film lenses and through the light filter covering the lens (a replica of the camera lens filter), each ray being directed through the proper spot on the screen. The combination of the three colors—red, green and blue—gives practically every natural color.

THE SCARLET LADY—Columbia

127

NOW, HE DRAWS

the things he wants

LOOK at drawing No. 1 above. Then compare it with No. 2 and note the improvement Federal School training has made in the work of Art Nelson. Before he studied drawing with the Federal Schools, he worked as a surveyor's assistant at $18.00 a week. Today he has a fine position in the work he enjoys at $75.00 a week. He says, "The Federal Schools made this possible through their training and co-operation, as I had only average ability before enrolling as a student."

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FRECKLES

THE Kodacolor process is immediately adaptable to the Eastman Cine-Kodak Model B, f.1.9, and to a Model A or Model B Kodascope.

The filter and neutral density attachment for the Cine-Kodak costs $15, the filter and compensator for the projector costs $18 and the Kodacolor screen is sold at $25. The Kodacolor process is now adaptable to a fast lens Bell and Howell Films and to a Bell and Howell projector.

There are certain points to be noted in the Kodacolor process. It is just as easy to film a home movie in colors as a black and white one. However, perfection must always be at f.1.9. No matter how bright the light (and it must be bright), it cannot be stopped down or it will destroy the color ratio of the filter. Pictures can be taken only in bright sunshine. At present no duplicates can be made of Kodacolor film and for the time being the only processing station operated for Kodacolor is at the Rochester Eastman plant. In projection, since the color filters absorb a good deal of light, it is necessary to be content with a small picture on a special Kodacolor screen. The largest picture that will be satisfactory is 16½ by 12 inches.

Kodacolor film comes in 50 foot lengths and its cost, per reel, including processing, is $6. Yes, your contest contributions may be partly or entirely in Kodacolor.

CHECK up another scoop for an amateur cameraman! Paul McCoy, president of McCoy's Laboratory Inc., of 62 West 14th Street, New York City, beat the world with his 16 millimeter shots of the rescue of Captain Frank T. Courtney. Mr. McCoy not only won them on 1 the world's leading newsreel agency, but he made his own newsreel called "The Ugly Nipper," showing the unusual privilege of seeing his own stuff, enlarged to standard size film, shown in the Manhattan theaters.

When Captain Courtney and his courageous crew fell into the sea with their flaming airplane, "Mighty loud, on an attempted trans-Atlantic flight, they sent out SOS calls. The Minnesotans was first on the scene and rescued the men.

Mr. McCoy was a passenger on the Minnesota and shot a hundred feet of the rescue, including long shots of the wrecked plane, views of the men coming on board and later a scene of the four aviators and the Minnesota captain on the bridge of the rescue ship. Newsreel officials wired the Minneapolis, located Mr. McCoy and arranged to secure his precious film.

Mr. McCoy is a newcomer among amateurs. He took a Cine-Kodak abroad with him, a lot of travel film and was en route to New York when the U. S. cutter fell into the sea. Odd enough, Mr. McCoy had never seen a ship developed shot of his own film when he "shot the rescue."

THE Amateur Motion Picture Club of Stanford University has completed its 1,000 foot 16-millimeter production of "The Fast Male." The comedy, a satire, based on the conventional movie idea of college, will be publicly presented on the Stanford campus this fall as a feature for the 500 seat auditorium. "We found it quite a time saver to use the 16 millimeter equipment to tell the story a bit more effectively. Four cameras were used on this film and we were able to expand the action, to refocus when necessary, and to get the color effect in the pictures," says Erwin W. Page, director of production. "In this way we obtained several angles of the same action. While we cut and edited the editing, it was worth while.

"We found a system of keeping the scene in cond form very satisfactory. The camera man for each scene or subtitle, was numbered and filed in a small portable box. Before each day's work, the scenes that were to be reprinted were picked out and, as each scene was taken it was made up on a reverse side of the card. These notes included footage, lighting and other details."

Bert L. Davis was chief photographer on "The Fast Male." Marion La Pellette and Powell Carpenter played the leading roles, while "Biff" Hoffman enacted a villain footman.

The Stanford boys developed the film in their own laboratory.

THE Cinematographic Committee of the Stanford Comedy Club of Stanford, made up of students of the Peabody High School of Nashville, Tenn., is shooting its first film, "Masqu." The film is a mystery tale developed around the idea of a "mystery" man behind the scenes. The movie camera was used in several scenes and "at times a body falls from the cliff, the effect was secured of a continua close-up of the victim as he fell through the air."

The Stanford students at work on "The Fast Male." Biff Hoffman is the ruthless lad who has the girl in tears.
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"I am depending on you. I am trusting you. Something terrible has happened... you will do it, I say?" 'Sure... sure..." They agreed, responding to the note of confidence. He sighed heavily, and clapped a fat, ringed hand on the shoulder of the man nearest him. "Go quick now..." It is a day of unaccustomed swiftness to his office and closed the door behind him.

CHAPTER III.

His fat bulk slumped in his mahogany chair, the president of Superior Films stared unseeing at the ornate walls of his office. For the first time in his experience, the producer of countless screen murder mysteries was face to face with the real thing, and for the time it utterly unmanned him. He felt sick, even as his office boy had felt sick!

Abraham Rosenthal, in his search for filmable material, had studied all sorts of stories dealing with all sorts of situations. He had calmly scanned the pages of "The Murders of the Rue Morgue" and tales equally chilling—producing. Yet, until now, it had never occurred to him that the action of the people involved in such crimes was anything but what it should be. Now, sitting alone at his desk, the horror-stricken dead face of the man out on Stage Six stared at him from every corner of his luxurious office.

It was linked into his mind's eye, so that even when he shut his eyes until his fat cheeks pressed against and cemented his lids, he could not shut out from their sight that awful picture!

Nothing in all the experience of his emotional Jewish nature, or his fertile imagination, or his countless viewing of the death struggles of men pictorially murdered for his screen productions, had prepared him for the reality of a man struck stark and cold by another's hand.

He sat and thought of the books he had read. He thought how the people in them, after the first gasp of horror, went about their business as usual. He thought about women, especially. Women in books where murders had been committed. He told himself that the author lied who did not state that they paralyzed with fright on the spot, and recovered. He felt that he would never recover. The busy, cheerful, productive day of Superior Films, and he, the last executive, was sitting like a quaking crab, his chair... afraid... afraid... to the spot!

He felt that it only remained to be "Finis" on the studio gate, and he mourned.

Once, sitting there alone, with so many of the things of the flesh... the warm, lit flesh, about him; so many creature certainties that were now useless to that poor thing out on the set, his great body shuddered suddenly as with palsy. The realization of death as an irrevocable end came to him... saw his own body, stark in the grip of remorse. He had never until that moment viewed a corpse before the undertaker's hand had worked upon it. He had looked down to his fellow-beings in their coffins and observed their peacefully folded hands, had breathed mingled odors of many flowers; had listened to a sort of soul-quiet, to the burial services; at last, when they had been lowered reverently into their blossom-covered graves, he thought of death as rest... rest... there was no sign of rest in that tortured body out there on the set! There was onlyretch fear; our films were senseless horror and spair, as though the man had seen the com plunge of the rapier, and had no recourse to receive it, while his soul sent out a rible scream for mercy!

For a long time the president of the Superior Films just sat... shaken to the fibers of being. Slowly his first fear... the fear of hor... starkness... passed from him, and a second to take its place. The personal men of the unknown murderer seemed suddenly leap at him. An insidious, invisible menace that did not confine itself to any image personal form, but emanated mysteriously from the atmosphere surrounding him.

When the curtain of the window at his back moving inward with a passing breeze, touched his shoulder, he covered away from it trebling.

How long he would have remained in a craven state, or to what extent it would ha...
Chew

\[\text{DENTYNE}\]

...and smile!

When you smile, it's your teeth that people notice. Keep them lustrous white—be proud to show them in your smile. Dentyne is the delicious gum that keeps teeth white as pearls. Chew Dentyne...and smile!

\[\text{KEEPS TEETH WHITE}\]

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Murder is murder, even in a place where make-believe reigns, and regardless of where it occurs. It was with that thought in mind, that the city of Los Angeles, in its train of almost as unpleasant after-maths, was seen by millions in the showing of the film of the murder of Frances Rosenthal.如果不是有如此严格的法律。}

Business is picking up for Calvin Austin. Austin holds down the toughest job in the movie business. He owns a magnetic cane and is hired by First National to go about the studio picking up nails dropped by carpenters working on sets. Here he is saving Thelma Todd from a bad punctuation. Yep, Calvin wants to be a movie actor.

---

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CUTTING sarcasm. The president was back to form. Cohen looked mournfully and reproachfully at him.

"Vell, anyways, Avie, vat are ve going to do vid it?"

"First, ve vill keep it under our hats!"

"But, Avie! The police... the coroner... ve got to do something vid it! Ve go to tell the authorities already?"

"Better first I should talk to Isaac."

"Sure. Talk to him. That smart Alec lawyer ought to earn his salary voice a year anyways!"

There was a silence while Rosenthal put in call for Isaac Stern, and was told the lawyer would not be in his office for half an hour. Suddenly the highly strung Cohen put his hand to his head, and slithered violently, as if...
time breaking out anew in a voice highpitched, like the end of a hysteric's

"... me Gott! Able... such a thing to... Such a vay for a man to die!"

"Yes, sir," repeated the president, instantly, as he lifted his hand to his desk with the

"... and though his head... had half to keep quiet... this..."

"... you haven't got brains to know... I haven't got time to tell you..."

"... everybody on that stage, I fire... and they disbelieved them..."

"... if they...?"

"... any-... anybody on that stage..."

"... until the police get here..."

"... is this...?"

"... Mr. Hays himself..."

"... and will shut up about it?"

"... and never shut up..."

"... and for Gott, Isaac..."

"... Izzy, I want you to anybody on that..."

"... if anybody there anybody near the phone? All right..."

"... and put guards on the stage. No..."

"... and didn't he find it out..."

"... and nobody there..."

"... so I can't have this blabbed..."

"... and don't want a lot of snoopers..."

"... you know the Vay..."

"... and Weill, send some good man..."

"... and we can trust..."

"... and the president's tone..."

"... and you know..."

"... and don't you know..."

"... and he had done..."

"... and that's why..."

"... and he always makes me lose..."

"... and he had a hard sale to tackle..."

"... and that's a good thing..."

"... and now, president of..."

"... and you know..."

"... and you know..."

"... and you know..."

"... and the public got..."
The Stars That Never Were

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

pasts father—some mother with a tongue in her cheek—" he said. "It always happens that way. It—" But the casting director was interrupting. "No," he said, "the kid came in alone and told me she was an orphan. She lives, I believe, with a poor but honest uncle. It ought be easy to get her tied up."

The lovely child had moved away from the set at which she had been photographed. She was sidling close to the place where the two men were talking. When she smiled at the casting director a battery of limps danced across her face.

"Hello," she said, with just the proper note of shyness—"nice lady" she added. The gentleman whom even the greatest ones called "Sit" laid aside his megaphone. Away with his grand manner. Quite unconsciously he knelt on the studio floor. It was his beast genteel toward youth eternal. "Aren't I a nice man, too?" he asked the wardrobe woman and two camera boys gazing at the fatuosity of his tone. The little girl's dimples became even more pronounced. The little girl's lovely hands touched the arm of the kneeling man with lingering, warm touch.

"But you," she said, and her tone lisped ever so little, "but you are the nicest man of all!"

She was as good as signed, then, for 84 years! When he took the child with him into...
and a lunchroom, there were many who said, "Funny—Editha's family is always happy!" And another, "Editha was in the kitchen today—and she had a slight smattering of theory.

She was the megaphone to happy
whisps behind carefully lined fingers
of adult, infantile," said one who had
heard her laugh in the kitchen over
many pictures are made? An' if what if
they should tell my uncle that they'd give me a
thousand dollars—" she lisped the word, as
if she loved the fingering sound of it, "a week.
What'd I do, then?"

Desperately the man whom even
the Blandest Star called "sir," was running his
fingers through his hair. It stood erect, like
a crest.

"'Til," he said swiftly, "I'll pay you a
thousand dollars a week. And you mustn't
get near that other place. Do you— (oh,
the rarity of child actresses?) "do you under-
stand?"

The child's sweetly curved arm was stealing
about the man's neck.

"If you gave me a weeny, teeny letter," she
said, "saying 'Ah, ain' a few hundred—' her laughter rippled delightedly—
take to my uncle—"

The great man was reaching into his pocket.

"You're a smart baby," he said, as he drew from
said pocket a plum wallet. "I'm glad
I don't have to make bargains with you when
you're twenty—"

There was a clattering at the door. It
broke the man's speech in two, sharply.
But the child unperturbed, nestled closer to
the protection of the masculine arms that held her.

It was only when the door swung open—
disclosing the great man's secretary, his coat
torn and awry, and a dark, angry chap—in the
uniform of a detective or a Check-er. Strangely enough there was nothing
childlike in the note of her scream.

"You, Jim!" she stuttered, and like a flash
she was out of the man's lap and onto the
door—"what are you doing here?"

The chap in the driver's uniform was strid-
ing forward. Wrath lay like a cloud over
his dark young face.

"Mabey!" he snarled. "Didn't I tell you
to keep away from the studios? I won't have
no movie stuff in my family—ain't I
told you that? Ain't I told you that plentiful!

The child was within the door. The springlike
pretension was gone from her graying little
face.

"Aw, Jim!" she cajoled, "now, Jim—"

But the young chap was raging.

"Where'd you get these fool baby doll
clothes?" he queried. "Thought I told you
to keep away from the studios—again, not after
that darn mas-quer-ad. An' you was sitting
on his lap, too. I seen you!"

The great man, minus his megaphone, off
the set looked at his face with too impressive.
Against the rate virility of the taxi driver he
seemed rather small, rather pale. But he spoke up
with a real glow of courage.

"Why," he questioned gravely, "why are you
abusing this poor little girl? She's done
nothing out of order. What right have you
in her, anyway? Are you her uncle?"

The secretary in the torn coat was trying
to make himself heard. But the anger in
the young chap's voice drowned out his feeble
attempts at speech.

"Nothing of order?" raged the taxi
driver—"an' she dressed like a kid in a
sock, and ruffled pants. What if she is less'n
five feet tall? Ain't she able to vote? Nothing!
his divinity taking on a faintly
purple tinge—"nothing, hell! An' her sitting
on your lap, lallygaggin'. Uncle! How'd you
get that way? I'd—'threateningly he took a
step forward—'I don't like to punch your nose for
you! She's my wife!"

Elsie Dinsmore? So far the story has gone
unfilmed.

The fairy tales—including "Goldilocks,
are still waiting for a heroine.

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it. (September.)

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DOWNS— Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Story

sharer, splendidly played by John Gilbert,

Marlowe. (July.)

EPI.

GOTEN FACES— Paramount.—Under-

story of recrition and sacrifice. Fine story-

ing, and 100 per cent entertainment. (Sep-

UR WALLS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Story

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it. (September.)

E CRASHER, THE— Universal.—Glenn Try-

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aw entertains his public with an imitation of

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LHE DIDN’T BUY, THE—Peerless.—Light

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screen comedy fights the war in his own

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like Sally Elters. (May.)

ASED LIGHTNING— Universal.—Dumb

at. (September.)

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(September.)

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HELLO, CHEYENNE—Fox.—That distinguished actor, Mr. Harry Carey, in Westerns that is peppered with new stunts. (July.)

HELL SHIP BRONSON—Goldham.—Noah Beery does some good work in getting the captain who is licked and frustrated by two women. You'll be sorry when virtue triumphs. Swell entertainment. (April.)

HER GREAT ADVENTURE—A. G. Steen, Inc.—What a stenographer does with one thousand dollars. Follow par. (April.)

HIS COUNTRY—Pathe-De Mille.—Excellent heart interest story by two immigrants, beautifully played by Rudolph Schdltmaa and Louise Dresser. Sincere drama. (April.)

HIS RISE TO FAME—Excellent.—Peter ring staff with nifty club trimmings. (September.)


HOLD 'EM YALE—Pathe-De Mille.—Rod La Rocque cuts loose as a football star. Why be critical about a picture so full of laughs? (May.)

HONEY MILL—U.A.—Clay- little comedy of young married life, with George Lewis and Dorothy Gulliver. (April.)

HONOR BOUND—Fox.—Realistic but repetitious story of a man and prison inmates trying to protect a worthless woman. With George O'Brien and Estelle Taylor and Norah Lloyd. (August.)

HORSEMAN OF THE PLAINS, A—Fox.—A mortgage is always a mortgage. This one is on the Old Ranch instead of the Old Homestead. Tom Mix and Tony are the mortgage lifters. (June.)

HOT HEELS—Universal.—A small town boy goes butter and spend but spite. Region,Tiffany-Stahl. (August.)

HOUND OF SILVER CREEK, THE—Universal.—Dyanmite, Lilyan Tuttle, stars an interior story to success. (August.)

HOUSE OF SCANDAL, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—If you are not sick of cowards and crooks: the inevitable girl who reforms. (July.)

I TOLD YOU SO—Leigh Jason.—This picture—one of two recent pictures only to be delayed but it shows so much promise that its producer woes a contract with the star to themselves on the strength of a preview showing. (April.)

JUST MARRIED—Paramount.—Honeymoon fiasco on transatlantic liner. Lots of laughs. (September.)

LADIES OF THE NIGHT CLUB—Tiffany-Stahl.—Men—women—children—dramatized on vices, vices, vices. (June.)

LADIES OF THE MOB—Paramount.—Clara Bow becomes a gangster's "maid" and handles a dramatic story on bootlegging. (July.)

LADY BE GOOD—First National.—How Dorothy Mackaill can dance! And what a snappy comedy story that large figure. Dorothy is featured with her. A next little show. (May.)

LADY RUFFLES—Columbia.—A mystery melodrama with给您名。在主题的女演员。Last story is featured with her. A little show. (May.)

LAW OF FEAR, THE—FBO.—The brightest light in the little picture scene of the private life of Rangoon, the police dog. (May.)

LIGHTS OF NEW YORK—Warner-Vitaphone.—For all fans of the girls who are the models of the Swanning night clubs and audible criminals. (September.)

LILAC TIME—First National.—Thrilling and romantic drama with enough sentiment to lift it above the run of war plays. (August.)

LION AND THE HOUSE—Warner-Vitaphone.—Partly dialogue with some effective performances. But the story belongs to a past decade. (September.)

LITTLE BABY ANGEL—FBO.—An old story, beautifully played by Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish. The story is given an old story a new setup. (September.)

LITTLE COWBOY COME—First National.—Released in New York under title of "Kentucky Courage."—An old favorite well acted by Richard Barthelmess. At the end of the show, act plays over. (May.)

LITTLE NUBBINS, THE.—Warner.—A Coney Island kid tries to crash society but discovers that the jokes are better company. With May McAvoy. (September.)

LITTLE WILD GIRL, THE.—Hercules.—Just met up in a lot of old-fashioned hack. (September.)

LITTLE YELLOW HOUSE, THE—FBO.—Awful fuss about nothing at all. (August.)

LONESOME—Universal.—Barbara Kent a Glenn Tryon in a good human interest story of you born back to modern day city work but, on the whole, worth your while. (July.)

LOVE HUNGRY—Fox.—Concerning a headstrong, beautiful woman, and Lawrence Gray head the cast, but Mark Berger steals the picture. It is a splendid story and beautifully acted. (July.)

LOVE ME AND THE WORLD IS MINE—Universal.—"Dowdy" story of wartime Virna, with Warren B. Seale as husky friend. A fine entertainment. (September.)

LOVE OVER NIGHT—Pathe—Mystery is eas over with some good comedy. (September.)

MAD HOUR—First National.—Elinor Glyn presents a new story that could have been written any time. (September.)

MAN—August.—A Western with slimy villain, foolish marshal and Our Hero! (July.)

MAN-MADE WOMEN—Pathe-De Mille.—A man's version, false news story, made pleasant by gaffe handling of Larry Joe and Let Pat. (August.)

MAGRIFLENT FLIRT, THE—Paramount—Mack Sennett and doing in spite of a very abismal script. The jazz author is the star. (August.)

MAN FROM HEADQUARTERS, THE—Ray—Thrilling and entertaining Secret Service yarn. (August.)

MAN IN THE ROUGH, THE—FBO.—No golf story. A Western with slimy villain, foolish marshal and Our Hero! (July.)

MAN-MADE WOMEN—Pathe-De Mille.—A man's version, false news story, made pleasant by gaffe handling of Larry Joe and Let Pat. (August.)

MAGNIFICENT FLIRT, THE—Paramount—Mack Sennett and doing in spite of a very abismal script. The jazz author is the star. (August.)

Mardi Gras Parade of the Year. (August.)

MADAM BUTTERFLY—Universal.—Thrilling melodrama and beautiful scenery successfully made out of a Horatio Alger plot. With Conrad, — and Roy Adore. (July.)

MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE, A—Ray—See this very nitty and bulling in the way of a marmalade. (August.)

MIDNIGHT TAXI, THE—Warners.—Bootsie and hitcher run a taxi. (August.)

MILLION FOR LOVE, A—Sterling—Feel melodrama. (June.)

*MOTHER MACRHEE—Fox.—Get out your handkerchiefs. This Fox star* Irish matron is conventional but Belle Bennett performance shocks at the heart strings. And Phillips de Lacy will delight you. What a boy! (July.)

MY HOME TOWN—Ray—The hero charged with manslaughter, jail-breakings, tattooing, bootlegging. Stay home and read the newspapers. (June.)

MYSTERIOUS LADY, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A mystery melodrama. And, oh what fun for the offender! (July.)

NAMELESS MEN—Tiffany-Stahl.—Claire Wilton is a wonderful mystery. (June.)

NIGHT OF MYSTERY, A—Paramount—Adolf O'Rahilly and James Cagney is the victim of a false of the French-African Chaussers. Or what a line in bootlegging! With Adolphe Menjou. (July.)

NIGHT OF MYSTERY, A—Paramount—Adolf O'Rahilly and James Cagney is the victim of a false of the French-African Chaussers. Or what a line in bootlegging! With Adolphe Menjou. (July.)

NOte—Mystery, A—Paramount—Adolf O'Rahilly and James Cagney is the victim of a false of the French-African Chaussers. Or what a line in bootlegging! With Adolphe Menjou. (July.)

NO OTHER WOMAN—Fox.—One of Dolores Del Rio's early mismatches, a dog up for one reason. (September.)

NO QUESTIONS ASKED—Warners.—William Boyd as bull-headed Texas attorney who is the last of "49" years story. Just so-so. (August.)

OBEY YOUR HUSBAND—Anchor—Horrid moral lesson for naughty wives. (September.)

OCTOBER NIGHT—Fox.—The theme is very unoriginal, different ideas, a lot of fun. (September.)

OCTOBER NIGHT—Fox.—The theme is very unoriginal, different ideas, a lot of fun. (September.)

PAINTED POST—Fox.—Tom Tim's swan song for Fox. (September.)

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
UNITED TRAIL, THE—Ray Ray—Buddy Roosevelt—(April.)

INNERS IN CRIME—Paramount—Buster Keaton in the underworld. Mostly gags. You will love it. (May.)

A STRIKE, THE—Paramount—Brigitte Horney, a Marlene Dietrich look-alike, is in the world of criminals. Acme. (April.)

ART OF THE DUAL—Paramount—Perception of Emil Jannings and flawless direction at a Loew's. It's a story of Paul the first, mad with love for Russia. Also great acting by Leatrice Joy and emotional and more intellectually than the recent Babel scenes and pictures and very much worth seeing. (May)

Tsy, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—Marlon Brando is a threat to a modern day dandy, two story tall, who loves his impression of famous screen gals, money's worth. (May.)

AS YOU ENTER—Warners—A motorman, who is a part of the Greater East Bay, and love Louise Fazenda, What a more thrilling? A sad stand, comedy, (April.)

RUSH HOUR, THE—Pathe—De Miike—Conventional grammar, pretentious and Bette Davis. (April.)

SADDLE MATES—Pathe—Wally Wales Indulges in a lot of rough and tumble fighting. You've guessed it—it's a Western. (May.)

SADIE THOMPSON—United Artists—Glora Stuart, obnoxious, ironing and dramatically fine story, with a swell performance by Lloyd Barymore and Gloria's finest acting to date. Not for virile-minded intelligences, but real stuff for persons of normal, healthy mentalities. (April.)

SAILORS WIVES—First National—A fumigated sequel to "Flaming Youth." A couple of submarine surfers will start it, but it is mostly sauer. Mary Astor does her darndest to act well. (April.)

SALLY OF THE SCANDALS—FBO—Babe Love puts life into a back-stage story that might have had, (August.)

SAN FRANCISCO NIGHTS—Gotham—Ma Busch, as a cabaret girl, revels Percy Marmont from life in the underworld. Mae's a good trouper. (April.)

SATAN AND THE WOMAN—Excellen—allowing to show a narrow-minded small town can mean to a pretty girl like Claire Windsor. Fly on them! (April.)

SAY IT WITH SABLES—Columbia—Heligh-ho Another gold-digger story. (September.)

SCARLET DOVE, THE—Tiffany-Stahl—Military life in Czarist Russia. Mostly bedroom scenes. Louis Sennett—the car—sax, grind and wears as many gaudy uniforms as a Roxy usher. (July.)

SCARLET YOUTH—S. Millard—Supposed to have a big social meaning, one of those social films that plays to "men only" and "women only" audiences. Don't let them kid you. It's just to get the easy money of any simple enough to be taken. (April.)

SHIP COMES IN, A—Pathe—De Miike—How patriotism comes to an immigrant family. (September)

SHOWDOWN, THE—Paramount—A good picture of life in the depressing Mexican oil fields. Not exactly clever, but well acted by George Bancroft and Evelyn Brent. (May.)

SHOW PEOPLE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—Marion Davies and William Haines portray the lower side of the gold who would get into the movies. Recommended. (April.)

SIMBA—Metro-Johnson Corp.—Those character travelers, the Martin Johnson, have made another one of their entertaining jungle pictures, Great studies of wild animals in their native haunts. (April)

SKINNER'S BIG IDEA—FBO—After a long time, has, Brownie White continues the adventures of your old friend, Skinner. (May)

SKIRTS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—Sy Changlin a soggy British comedy. (September.)

SKY SCRAPER—Paramount—William Haines love among the riveters. The locations are thrilling, although the plot is hackneyed. With Sue Caro and William Beaudet. (April.)

SMART SET, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—William Haines takes up polo. Always the same, fresh kid, but, if good, you go in for horsey plant. (April.)

SON OF THE SCAFFOLD, THE—Choice—Adventures of a stenographer who finds that she is to be a governess than work for a living. But love saves. With Madge Bellamy and Johnny Mack Brown. (April.)

SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENS—Paramount—This is the most comic comedy thrills and lots of action. With the eyes of Laughlin. (July)

SO THIS IS LOVE—Columbia—Slightly protect story of a dressmaker's assistant turned prize-fighter—All for love. With William Collier Jr., and Shirley Mason. (July)

SOUTH SEA LOVE—FBO—Just like any other brand of love—full of inconsistencies. With Patsy Kelly and Major. (April)

SPEED CHAMPION, THE—Rayart—If you can get steamed up over the adventures of a grocery clerk. (September)

SPEDY—Lloyd Paramount—Herald Lloyd captures all the dash and excitement of Manhattan. An excellent and high-swepted film. For the whole family. (September)

SPORTING AGE, THE—Columbia—Good acting and fine direction this triangle story above the average. Special honors to Belle Bennett and Holmes Herbert. (June)

SQUARE CROOKS—Fox—Original variations of the usual crook stories such as Ken this comedy above the ordinary. Jackie Coombs, a three-year-old kid, runs away with the luggage. (April.)

STATE, STREET, SADIE—Warners—Can you believe it another underworld story. (April.)

The

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WHERE beauty means money—on the stage and screen—famous stars have found a new way of insuring lovely complexions. No more harsh towels and no high laundry bills! No more germ-covered cloths, that rub dirt back into the skin.

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STOCKS AND BLONDES—FBO.—Romance among the chorus girls and brokers. Slightly farcical. (April.)

STOP THAT MAN—Universal.—Arthur Lake in a comedy that's a riot of fun. Watch this lad! (September.)

STORMY WATERS—Tiffany-Stahl.—Ever since titanic ships have been built, they love in the tropics quite come off. (August.)

STRANGE CASE OF CAPTAIN RAMPER—Dea-First National.—German picture with original plot. Just a bit a lot of fun. (April.)

*STREET ANGEL—Fox.—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell continue to remain in Seventh Heaven. A human interest story, admirably acted. By all means see it. (April.)

*STREET OF SIN, THE—Paramount.—Technically a fine picture but the story, a brutal tale of the lives spent along the gutter, is not the kind of Emil Jannings' American productions. (July.)

STREETS OF SHANGHAI—Tiffany-Stahl.—Ditty work in China and sightly remainder of a lot of better nays. Not so much. (May.)

STRONG WIFE, THE—Excellent.—Just one long løw. (August.)

TELLING THE WORLD—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Defeat of the Kaiserina in China. More damed fun, in a sily way. Anita Page, who makes her début in this one, is all to the good. (July.)

*TEMPEST—United Artists.—Interview story of the Russian Revolution. While John Barrymore is starred, it is Camilla Horn's picture. Here's a real find. (June.)

TFMPTATIONS—Second National.—Have almost too many poults. No. (July.)

TENIENT AVENUE—Pathe-De Mille.—Boarding house life on the wrong side of the tracks. (April.)

THEIR HOUR—Tiffany-Stahl.—Wherein the demure girl outstarts the fast stepper. With Dorothy Sebastian, Jolimie Harrison and June Marlowe. Not bad. (July.)

THE DARK IN THE DARK, THE—Fox.—Supposed to scare you to death. But it merely puts you to sleep. (June.)

THOUROUHREDUS.—Univeral.—Once again the immorality but full in in it does get wild women. Good direction and some race-track scenes help some. (May.)

THREE RING MARATHON—First National.—Heart breaking comedy in an original story of circus life. (September.)

*THREE SINNERS—Paramount.—Pola Negri as a good girl gone wrong. Not so wonderful as the good girl or the girl gone wrong! Sophisti- cated amusemeat. (June.)

TIGER LADY—Paramount.—Reviewed under title "Love Is Incarnate." Old-fashioned story, tricked out with a modern front. Made up by the stage actting of Adolphe Menjou and Evelyn Brent. (June.)

TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE—Christie-Paramount.—Rare antique that has been redone for no good reason. Even with the hard work of Louise Fondaker, it is a Miss America. (September.)

TOP SERGEANT MULLIGAN—FBO.—Fair enough burlesque but enough's enough. (September.)

TRAGEDY OF YOUTH, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—Putzy Wurz Miller and Buster Collier in an ultra modern comedy showing the folly of youthful marriages. Smooth and sophisticated. (May.)

TRAIL OF COURAGE, THE—FBO.—Cactus spic and span story. (September.)


TREE OF LIFE, THE—Zenith.—The story of the world's creation, told by a Exodus. Tohuka, assisted by the assistance of the University of California, prepared the scientific data. Educational and worthy while. (April.)

TRICK OF HEARTS, A—Universal.—Hoot Gibson in a simple-minded story. Rather puerile, Almgren. (May.)

TURN BACK THE YEARS—Gotham.—All right, turns back history itself. But just a quickie, with a lot of well-known players filling in between more important pictures. (May.)

TWO LOVERS—United Artists.—Some direct next acting and fine settings cannot disguise the fact that this is the same old plot. But Ronald Coln and Wlnna Vanta are unusually well. (May.)

UN DRESSED—Sterling.—Teaching us not to our children and also not to pose for stars. An odd plate of hash. (September.)

UNDER THE TONTO RIM—Paramount—Mather, Richard Arlen and Arliss fairly exciting Zane Grey story. (April.)

UNITED STATES SMITH—Gotham.—Ed Goddson and Mickey Bennett in a roughneck story. (April.)

UPLAND RIDER, THE—First National.—Maynard rides the winning horse in the race with ease. Outtopped. A routine plot but a grrl-rouse race. (May.)

VAMPIRING VENUS—First National.—A "C" mexican yacht" comedy designed to get back to the beach. Much overworked. A true Cock-eyued to be popular, Thelma Todd and Charles Murray is funny. What do you want? (May.)

VANISHING PIONEER, THE.—Paramount. The return of Jack Holt to the Paramount rain future result is a Grand A-OK. (August.)

WALKING BACK—Pathe-De Mille.—Think story of the younger generation made interesting the presence of the charming Sue Carol. (July.)

WALLFLOWERS—FBO.—One of those oldies that is motivated by a trick will. Light but adequate. (April.)

WARMING UP—Paramount.—Richard Dix in one of the best sporting dramas that just miss being thrilling. Family divison. (July.)

WARNING, THE.—Columbia.—Jack Holt's message about saving the melanoma of the Hong Kong and from opium. (July.)

*WE AMERICANS—Universal.—A fine drama our immigrants. The struggles, loyalty and problem of these men and their families made very to the tone and sympathetic. A fine study in patriotism splendidly acted. (May.)

WHEEL OF CHANCE—First National— and furthermore does some good acting a deal. You forget the improbabilities of the story in your astonishment at the acting and the dramatic situations. (August.)

WHEN THE LAW RIDES—FBO.—Something better than the conventional Western plot. W Tom Tyler and Priscilla Lane in a far better idea. (August.)

WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS—Metro-GoldwynMayer.—Lou Chaney can surprise. Swell crook stoke (September.)

WHIP, THE.—First National.—Dorothy Mack in a first rate sporting drama that just miss being thrilling. (September.)

WHIPE SHADOWS OF THE SOUTH SEAS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Just misses being a good picture and is marred by some of the most beautiful tropical pictures ever seen. (August.)

WHY SAILORS GO WRONG—Fox.—For the who will laugh at anything. Rather vulgar. (June.)

*WICKEDNESS PREFFERED—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody in a come of marriage that is a sight. (April.)

WIFE RELATIONS, THE.—Columbia.—the romance of a heel who finds a job and a husband in apartment store. (August.)

WIFE HUNGE RANCE, THE—Fox.—Sniff this Western but Rex Bell, the newcomer, will like sing the Stetson of Tom Mix. (August.)

WILLFUL YOUTH—Peerless.—Heavy me drama in the tall figures of Kenneth Harlan Edna Murphy. (June.)

*WOMAN DISPUTED—United Artists.—Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland are excellent in the romantic drama of Central Europe during the turbulence energy. (September.)

WOMAN'S WAY, A.—Columbia.—This time the diamond necklace is lost in the Latin Quarter of Paris. (May.)

WOMEN WHO DARED—Excellent.—Summit party to the lower East Side, as the movies picture. (August.)

YELLOW LILY, THE.—First National.—Completely out of hand, the women have to live in another side of the town. Billie Dove and Clive Brook are the principal attractions. (August.)

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW—Rayt.—tells the story. Full of crooks and stitch. Cornelius Keefe is the handsome cop. (May.)

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY Magazine is guaranteed.
Casts of Current Photoplays

Compiled for every picture reviewed in this issue.


DOWN SOUTH—Warner’s. The three Brox Sisters.


LUCY IN LOVE—Warner’s. The cast: The Husband, Clyde Cook, the wife, Alice Knowles, wife of Peter Boyer, Anita Pan; wife of Peter Boyer, Rose Howard, Herbert, Stewart, wife of Peter Boyer, James Satterfield, Peter Boyer, T. J. Satterfield; Peter Boyer, J. D. Meelan; Peter Boyer, J. F. Malley; Peter Boyer, R. F. Olesiter.


If your hair is getting thin try this famous treatment...
Fat Comes at 40 to most people—for this reason

At about the age of 40 most men and women take on fat. Medical men know the reason. At that age the thyroid gland often loses power. That gland largely controls nutrition. One of its functions is to turn food into fuel and energy. The food goes to fat when it weakens.

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That is the method embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for over 20 years. That is one reason why excess fat is far less common than it used to be.

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The Studio Murder Mystery

The first installment and full details of PHOTOPLAY's New Prize Contest appear in this issue. Turn to Page 30 now.
HEART THROBS

College Park, Maryland.

First of all I want to give you a mental picture of myself. I am one of the so-called "martyrs" of this world of joys and sorrows—in other words, a mother (who doesn't want to be anything else), but who becomes unbearable to live with after having days of one worries and duties never done.

Hence, the blessing of the movies, as a show a week, but what it means to me, as I know it does to thousands of other mothers as well as myself. Rejuvenating than a beauty all with its various treatments or resting the nerves—where one can forget self completely in the character. Personal responsibilities recede then and then only, for not even in sleep can one completely lose self, as dreams come from the subconscious mind.

All I ask is one good movie per week, with a happy ending, please (there's enough tragedy in everyday life), and I am willing to go back to the worry of Mary's companions, or Johnny-boy's health, or what next to "feed the brute." For the last is the bane of many women's existence, what next to have that is different. One thousand ninety-five meals per year, yes really! Mrs. D. C.

Bill Lea, Lloyd Burrington, The Duchess; celine Logan; Jim Henderson, Charles Delaney, John Mle, Sheldon Lewis; The Scrub, Harry, Sally Carroll, Mark Larson, Ray Grayson, Warren Burke; Henry Grayson, Julia Hulm, Mary Doran; Grandma Grayson, Tempe Pigott; Helen Henderson, Florence Allen; Jim, Larry Grayson's Pal; Mabel, by Mary Grayson, Larry Grayson.

ALY'S SHOULDERS—FBO.—From the story by Beatrice Burton. Continuity by Lynn Shircliff. Directed by George Irving Miller. The cast: Sally, Louis Wilson; Helen, Backashower; Hugh, Huntly Gordon; Millie, Alfred Drayton; Billy, Charles O'Malley; Sheriff, James Cullen.

WILD PARADISE, THE—PARAMOUNT.—Entire story by John Manker Watters. Adapted by Grahame Clark. Directed by Harold Rosson. The cast: Helen, Esther Buick; Reese, Howard Hanke; Hester, Robert Rees; Davsy, Tom Mandigo; Tanner, George French; Allan Rossco; Mother, Mary Alden; District Attorney, Lou Breslow; Sheriff, Frank Brownlee; Helen, Helen Hunt.


NING FOOL, THE—WARNERS.—From the story by Leslie Barlow, Scenario by Graham McPherson. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: Al Jasone, Mary Doran; Betty Bronson; Matty, Josephine Dunn; blackie Joe, Arthur Shaw; John Kerr; Roy Howes; Snowy Boy, Lewis Low; Louis Marcus, Edward Patten; Manager, Robert Emmett Corcoran; Medis, Robert Lynch.


MILIN' GUNS—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by George M. Davis and Robert L. Young. Continuity by George Morgan. Directed by Dean Wilding. Hest, Hestin; Gibson; Von Franke, Gibson; Jake Torrance; Jack Durkin; Robert Graves; "Curtin" Faraud, Leo Cawelti; "The Chief" Faraud, Leo Cawelti; "Jack Wise; The Barber, James Bradbury; Jr., "Jimmy" Dill, Dick Oakie; "Slippery Joe," Robert Perry.

TOO YOUNG MARRIED WOMEN—MAGAZINE.—News of Vital Importance

The choice of a hygienic agent is a matter of grave importance to the young woman. Youth and health may be endangered by a poisonous, overstrong or unreliable antiseptic. Yet it is only too true, as bacteriological tests have proved, that many of the preparations commonly used in this country fail to fulfill the requirements a hygienic agent should have. Now, for the first time, there is available in America a product which is perhaps the most concentrated and scientifically correct personal antiseptic ever perfected.

Its name is Oxol.

Oxol is not just another antiseptic. It is a delicately balanced concentration of a certain powerful chemical. It is founded on a formula discovered in Europe some years ago which is in wide use there both by the public and by leading physicians, surgeons and hospitals. Only recently, after months of research by a famous bacteriological laboratory, has its manufacture become possible. And in an improved form, it writes a new chapter in the history of antiseptics.

Oxol has the following essential qualities never before combined into one antiseptic: It is positively non-poisonous. It is non-irritating even to the most sensitive membranes with which the douching agent comes in contact. Yet it is more penetrative than deadly poison; it gets at and stops the activity of micro-organisms no matter how deeply they bury themselves.

An effective deodorant, Oxol leaves no noticeable odor about. Unlike some of the most prominent antiseptics, which lose their efficacy soon after the container has been first opened, Oxol is chemically stable.

This remarkable preparation is also a valuable gage and general antibiotic. No embarrassment attaches to its purchase or its presence on the bathroom shelf. Oxol is being placed on sale in drug stores but it may be bought in many places before it reaches your community. So make you the following offer:

Send to the regular price of a package of Oxol ($ 1.15) in a plain package you will receive the following material:

1. full-sized package of Oxol sufficient to make 25 pints of solution.
2. a sample box sufficient to make 4 pints.
3. booklet of information every married woman ought to have.

Use the free samples. If for any reason you do not wish to keep the regular package, return it to us unopened and we will immediately return $1.00 to you.

THE OXOL PRODUCTS COMPANY

Bloomfield, New Jersey.

Send attached coupon with your remittance today.

The Oxol Products Company
Bloomfield, New Jersey.

I enclose $1.00 (or $1.15) for Oxol package, samples and booklet. If I am not satisfied with the trial sample, and return the regular package of Oxol to you, my money will be refunded.

Name

Street

City

State
Eighth Annual Gold Medal Award

Winners of Photoplay Medal
1920 “HUMORESQUE”
1921 “TOL’ABLE DAVID”
1922 “ROBIN HOOD”
1923 “THE COVERED WAGON”
1924 “ABRAHAM LINCOLN”
1925 “THE BIG PARADE”
1926 “BEAU GESTE”

What was the Best Picture of 1927?

This is the last call for balloting on the Photoplay Gold Medal of 1927. Voting closes on October 1st and all ballots received after that date do not count in the final tabulation.

Photoplay is proud of the fine discernment shown by its readers in the last seven years of the gold medal award. The Photoplay Gold Medal, as you doubtless know, is given each year to the maker of the motion picture selected by the readers of this publication as the representative screen production of the twelve months. The Photoplay Gold Medal is the only award in the world of motion pictures coming directly from the film fan to the movie producer. It does not represent the opinion of a minority of critics. It is the final word of the vast army of movie lovers.

Perhaps a last word as to the selection of your favorite picture is not amiss here. Do not be swayed by printed opinions. Do not be influenced by the personalities of your favorite players. Be sure to name the picture that, in your opinion, is the best of 1927. In picking the best, you should consider the elements of story, direction, photography and acting. More than that, you should consider the quality of the story itself. Remember the fine qualities of such Gold Medal winners as “The Big Parade,” “Abraham Lincoln,” “The Covered Wagon” and “Tol’able David.” And be sure to give proper credit for the spirit behind the production. Remember that the movie producer chances a fortune on each of his films—and your vote is his only way of knowing whether the cost was worth while or not.

Address your vote to the Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York, and send it to reach this office before October 1st. You may vote on any film released between January 1, 1927, and December 31, 1927.

A list of important pictures released generally during this period is presented on this page for your guidance.

Fifty Pictures Released in 1927

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Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1927

NAME OF PICTURE

Name

Address

144
Mother Knows Best
with
Madge Bellamy

LOUISE DRESSER
BARRY NORTON
ALBERT GRAN
LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD

From the story by EDNA FERBER

J.G. BLYSTONE Production

Another FOX MASTERPIECE
The Quest for Pleasure
leads you straight home to
CAMELS

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.
The National Guide to Motion Pictures

PHOTOPLAY

November 1927

25 CENTS

The Studio Murder $3,000.00 in Cash Prizes
Concerning fair, white hands and how to keep them fair and white

LOVELY hands that speak a welcome... hands that express your every mood, now eloquent, now listening, now tender, now gay! Do you ever wonder how you can keep them soft and smooth when they are busy all day? Don't be discouraged. You can!

You may have thought that you must use rough-and-ready kitchen soap for your household tasks in order to keep things shining and spotless.

Yet you know that strong soap burns the skin, parches it into tiny lines and roughens its smooth texture so that lotions can't repair the damage.

Ivory—whenever hands touch soap

May we suggest that if you use Ivory whenever you use soap, your house and everything in it will shine and sparkle, and your hands will be protected—all at the same time?

Ivory will cleanse everything a stronger soap can cleanse—and much more pleasantly and safely. Ivory makes silver and china shine. Its pure, bland suds safely removes tiny finger marks from creamy woodwork or washes cheerful housedresses to smiling cleanliness. And it never leaves "laundry-soap" odor behind. But even more important, Ivory helps your hands so smooth and white. For all, when you use Ivory for soap-and-water task, you are merely giving your hands a bath with as pure and fine a toilet soap as you can buy... Ivory's purity protects sensitive complexions and the skin of tiny babies... and if you wish, it can keep your hands lovely to say the pleasant things that white hands can say so well.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Free: A little book on charm. What kind care for different complexions? For hair For hair, for figures? Send a postcard for the Art of Being Charming to Winifred Carter, Dept. 45-K, Box 1801, Cincinnati

IVORY SOAP
Kind to everything it touches · 99\% Pure · "It floats"
An interview between you and your dentist

Subject:
"Pink Tooth Brush"

Doctor: "Doctor, the other morning I noticed that my toothbrush 'showed pink'. Is that a sign?"

Dentist: "It would be if that 'pink toothbrush' were a daily occurrence. But the only trouble with your gums is they're a bit tender."

Doctor: "What causes that?"

Dentist: "Lack of exercise—not enough hard old-fashioned chewing in the food you eat. Fruits peeled, vegetables stripped of fiber, soups, souffles—how can your gums get much help getting soft and tender?"

Doctor: "But I can't very well live on brusk and—"

Dentist: "Well, there's no need for that. You can massage your gums. After cleaning your teeth, brush your gums lightly. If they are sensitive, brush at first, use your fingers."

Doctor: "How does massage help, doctor?"

Dentist: "It stirs the circulation in the gum. The fresh blood carries off impurities that firm up the gum cells."

Doctor: "It sounds simple enough."

Dentist: "Yes. And if you want to do a better job, massage your gums with Ipana Tooth Paste. After cleaning your teeth with it, use out some more Ipana and brush your gums lightly, or rub them with a little Ipana on your fingertips. Do this twice a day for both your teeth and your gums will be as hard and healthy as anybody's."

This, of course, is an imaginary interview. But thousands like it are taking place each day. For Ipana's history from the very beginning is a history of professional endorsement. Dentists quickly recognized Ipana's marvelous cleaning power, the sense of health and cleanliness it gives the whole mouth. But more than that, dentists saw in Ipana an aid to them in their fight against these widely prevalent troubles of the gums.

For Ipana contains ziratol, a stimulating antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by the profession. Ipana's content of ziratol helps to tone the gums—to make them firm, healthy, and more resistant to the gingival troubles brought on by our modern soft diet.

While the coupon offers you a ten-day tube of Ipana, gladly sent, a thirty-day trial makes much the fairer test.

Try Ipana for a full month
So get from your druggist a full-size tube—ample for 100 brushings. A full month's use of Ipana will demonstrate not only its cleaning power and delicious taste, but its benefits to your gums as well. Then very likely you, too, will decide that Ipana is the toothpaste you wish to use for life.

A FEW EXCERPTS FROM PROFESSIONAL STATEMENTS

Dentists agree that soft food is the cause, and massage the remedy, for gum disorders

From a famous specialist:
"There is nothing about the mastication of the average meal to bring an extra flow of blood to the maxillary structures, or to produce stimulation and growth of the cellular elements of the gingiva (gums)."

From a dental journal:
"In the absence of proper foods, with consequent faulty mastication, the tissues do not receive their necessary stimulation and we must substitute artificial stimulation to raise resistance."

From an authoritative text:
"Massage (of the gums) moves along the sluggish blood stream and makes way for the fresh blood from the heart to flow through the mouth tissues."

From a recent paper on gum disorders:
"When health has been restored to the gingivae, beauty returns in large degree to the mouth. The complexion (appearance) of the teeth should, and frequently does, improve during treatment."

Gone from the menu—departed from our diet—are the roughage and coarse fare that once gave gums unhealthful stimulation.
NOW in motion picture theatres at popular prices, after thrilling New York and the entire Nation for over a year at $2 admissions Paramount—and the "best show in town!"

First of all motion pictures to introduce sensational sound effects, "Wings" is still unsurpassed. Never has such an amazing photoplay of aviation and romance been produced! You soar in the clouds with the flying fighters, you hear the shriek of planes falling in battle, the thrill of a lifetime! Watch the newspapers for announcements of "Wings" showing in your city. Lucien Hubbard Production. Directed by William Wellman. Story by John Monk Saunders. With Clara Bow, Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen, Gary Cooper. Silent or with sound "best show in town."

Paramount Pictures
PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N.Y.C.
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Complete for Every Picture Reviewed in This Issue

The complete list of all photoplays reviewed in the Shadow Stage this issue will be found on page 14
ACROSS TO SINGAPORE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Villainy on the high seas, complicated by Chinese deviousness. A rouging melodrama, well played by Ramon Novarro, Joan Crawford and Ernest Torrence.

*ACTRESS, THE.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Adapted from "Treasure of the Wells," one of the most delightful of stage stories. After a series of perils, modern stories, it is good to see Norma Shearer return to her old-fashioned charm. (June.)

ADORABLE CHEAT, THE.—Chesterfield.—Nicholodon fare. Lil Lee looks as pretty as ever and she's the only bright spot in the film. (June.)

AFTER THE STORM—Columbia.—Thrilling sea story with good human situations. Hobart Bosworth, Charles Delaney and Eugene Gilbert head cast. (June.)

ALEX THE GREAT—FBO.—The funny adventures of a country boy who comes to New York to "Press his pants with the Flaton building." With "Skeets" Gallagher. (May.)

ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The old favorite, revived with William Haines. Good. (Oct.)

ALMOST HUMAN—Pathé-De Mille.—Original twist in this film. It's a story of human beings, told by three dogs. Entertaining and different. (June.)

APACHE RAIDER, THE.—Pathé.—Leo Maloney gets all hot and bothered about a few stolen cows. (May.)

AVENGING SHADOW, THE.—Pathé.—Introducing a new dog star, Klondike. Klondike has looks, brains and IT. (June.)

BABY CYCLONE, THE.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Full right, if you like Peckinpoh pose. (September.)

BABY MOTHER, THE.—Plaza.—Humorous and appealing child story with Priscilla Moran and her dog, Dinty. (June.)

BACHELOR'S PARADISE.—Tiffany-Stahl.—A somewhat rowdy comedy-drama with a little old-fashioned pschawing and an ingratiating pizenfight. With Sally O'Neill. (July.)

BANTAM COWBOY, THE.—FBO.—Only good because Buzz Barton is in it. (Oct.)

BARE KNEES—Goaphim.—Proving that the shappers are not as bad as their big sisters. With Virginia Lee Corbin and June Winton. (May.)

*BARKER, THE—First National.—Human and humorous story of circus life. With Milton Sills. See it. (September.)

BATTLE OF THE SEXES, THE.—United Artists.—How a happy home is wrecked by a blonde. Sophisticated drama. (September.)

BATTLES OF CORONEL AND FALKLAND ISLANDS, THE.—Artists.—An authentic record of two big naval engagements between Germany and England. The picture tries to be a "Potemkin" but misses. (May.)

BEAU BROADWAY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Aileen Pringle and Sue Carol fight for the affection of Lew Cody. Gay, inconsequential comedy. (July.)

BEAU BRUMMELS, THE.—Warner.—Shaw and Lee in over-ripe vaudeville. Noise film. (Oct.)

BEAUTIFUL BUT DUMB—Tiffany-Stahl.—Patsy Ruth Miller in gay comedy. (Oct.)

"BELLAMY TRIAL, THE.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The audience is admitted to the court room of the most thrilling murder mystery of the year. (August.)

BEYOND LONDON'S LIGHTS—FBO.—The young master gets favors from the second girl and the result is a battle between the high hats and the lower classes in dear old London. (May.)

BEYOND THE SIERRAS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A Tim McCoy Western that will put the kids to sleep. (July.)

BLACK FEATHER, THE.—Wm. Pizer. An odd mystery drama with what is known as "a" hip big with the men. You'll like it. (May.)

BODY PUNCH, THE—Universal.—A thriller of a good picture and some thin stuff that is big with the men. You'll like it. (May.)

BOOKWORM, THE—Warner.—Harry thin in a really funny Vitaphone sketch. (Oct.)

BRANDED MAN, THE—Rayart.—The best part of this domestic opera is the titles. Why do your reading at home? (August.)

BRIDE OF THE COLORADO, THE—De Mille.—Starring the Grand Canyon of Cal. And what a great big canvas it has grown! Some nice scenery, but the picture offers little in interest. (May.)

BROADWAY DADDIES—Columbia.—A story but well acted. (Oct.)

BROKEN MASK, THE.—Anchor.—Ugly story of revenge but well told and acted. (September.)

BRONCO STOMPER, THE.—Pathé.—It isn't Coleman's turn to outwit the villains in this Western. Some good pictures of a rodeo. (May.)

BURNING GOLD—Elgee.—A story of gold diggers in the oil fields. (August.)

BURNING THE WIND—Universal.—On the O. H. G. S. property. (August.)

BURNING UP BROADWAY—Stirling.—On the doings of bootleggers and such, made very well. Not worth the talents of Helen Costello and in H. (June.)

BUSHRANGER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Tim McCoy goes to Australia and plays some rough times on the boomerang. (August.)

BUTTER AND EGG MAN, THE—First National.—The amusing adventures of a country man (Jack Mulhall) who becomes an "angel" on Broadway. (August.)

CAMERAMAN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Buster Keaton redeems himself in this one. Lots laughs. (Oct.)

CAME THE DAWN—Hal Roach-M.G.M.—Max Davidson and Polly Moran have some dandy moments in a haunted house. A short comedy funny. (May.)

CANYON OF ADVENTURE, THE—First National.—Ken Maynard sets the Western scene again. A good one. (June.)

CAPTAIN CARELESS—FBO.—You'll like this one. (Oct.)


CAUGHT IN THE FOG—Warner.—The plot gets lost in the fog, too. (August.)

CELEBRITY—Pathé.—A priz-fighter gets a chance. Meaning Mr. Flynn. (Oct.)

CERTAIN YOUNG MAN, A—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Romantic two-liner in Arlenesque Lena society. A bit lugubrious but well played by Ros Novarro, even if he isn't precisely the perfect Arlenesque Lena. (July.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14
HERE! HEAR!
the Modern Movie Miracle!
WILLIAM FOX presents
FOX
MOVIE TONE

FAZIL is indeed an amazing picture to see! And —it is also an amazing picture to HEAR! In FAZIL you will hear that astonishing movie miracle—FOX MOVIE TONE. It puts SOUND into movies—realistic, true-to-life sound! In FAZIL you hear the gondolier sing his Venetian Song of Love. You hear the voices of the desert. You hear a full symphony orchestra, as though you were sitting in a great moving picture cathedral on Broadway. Fox Movietone doubles your movie fun. You won’t believe your own ears! It’s as true to your ears as it is to your eyes —because the SOUND, like the scene, is PHOTOGRAPHED. Watch for Fox Movietone in your town —See a Fox Movietone, you’ll hear a great show!

Best to HEAR!! Best to SEE!!
The Monthly Barometer

THE talkies have the field. Opinion is equally split into three factions. The pessimists declare that the new invention is a pest. The optimists hail it as a great innovation of the age. The happy mediums believe that it is open to improvement. Take your choice. The talkies are also responsible for the sudden rise to popularity of Conrad Nagel. So far, he is the outstanding success of the noisy drama.

John Gilbert’s Life Story is unreservedly praised. Mary Pickford’s bob has caused no flub. Emil Jannings receives the most enthusiastic letters among the men stars, while Greta Garbo, Clara Bow and Joan Crawford are the leaders among the girls.

Western pictures and stars are given some hot roasting, the only exception being Tom Mix. The most popular of current films are “The Corsacks,” “The Last Command,” “The Legion of the Condemned,” “Laugh, Clown, Laugh,” “Lights of New York,” and “Sorrell and Son.”

$25.00 Letter

Baton Rouge, La.

With the popularity of the automobile, people believed that railways were doomed. It was found, however, that each had its part to perform. Radio became the thing. Who wanted “canned” music when he could tune in and get the best of music? One’s favorite musician, however, might not be “on the air,” hence the phonograph’s advantage. Phonographic reproduction is much improved because of the advent of the radio.

Talkies will destroy the silent drama. They will not force the silent movies into oblivion. What are the advantages of silent pictures? For one thing, a person does not have to strain his ears to catch every word. Then, too, there is a relaxation that does not come with listening to speech. A beautiful woman, a handsome man, a word or two. The woman is no longer beautiful; the man no longer handsome.

The advantages of the talkies? Let’s illustrate with our friend the phonograph. On this machine Al Jolson is not so wonderful, for the reason that much of his effectiveness is in his facial expression as he sings. Second, the small towns will get to hear famous musicians, singers and orchestras which they have been unable to hear. Third, the best stage artists will contribute part of their time to movie production.

The talkies will have the effect of elevating the silent drama to a higher plane. Movies will become less mechanical. Fewer and better movies will be produced.

JOE NORGESS.

$10.00 Letter

Hollywood, Calif.

Before coming to California, I had heard from all sides about the many dangers of the movie studios in young girls. Outsiders also have the idea that everybody "high-hats" the beginner on the set. I hope the people of this same opinion will have the opportunity of reading this and learning the truth, at least as I have found it of working in pictures.

The first day I worked as an extra I knew very little about the game. I knew no one on the set and was naturally lonely, but I hadn’t been alone over five minutes when a girl and boy who were sitting in a car asked me to join them. When we were called to work, they told me just what to do. All day other people were asking me how I liked it and giving me "pointers."

We worked until eleven o’clock that night and I, not being accustomed to the California weather, had not brought a coat. Everyone tried to find one for me. Other times I have worked, it has been the same, each one trying to make the other comfortable. Electricians prop boys, all of them, finding places for us to sit, buying candy, treating the gang.

If everyone could know the true facts of movie work, I am sure their impressions would be the same as mine; just an interesting healthy and harmless occupation.

MISS LYNN SOTTER.

$5.00 Letter

Jersey City, N. J.

By this time, all the ranches out in those wide open spaces must be free from either mortgages or villains and are now in safe hands. During the past five months I’ve seen exactly thirty-two Ranches freed from mortgage either by the hero playing the role of Old Genorosity or foiling the villain, or by discovering oil on the premises.

Each of the old reliable Westerns has the same old plot, the only difference being in the names of the characters. Isn’t it about time the scenario writers invented something new instead of telling the same story over and over again?

Westerns, I like, but for pity’s sake I don’t want to know what is going to happen before I see the picture.

Another thing! There is the meek heroine with a little gun holding at bay six or seven big strapping brutes. If one of them ever sneezed, he’d blow the gun off the set. Too bad that Jules Verne isn’t alive, or I’d let him juggle with the mystery of how the sleek-haired hero of the galloping tintypes knocks out four men, jumps on his steed and saves the day.

GEOBGE E. ODELL.

That Melting Voice

Syracuse, N. Y.

I always looked upon Conrad Nagel as rather a cold fish. A nice man, a good actor, but no personality. But when I heard him speak on the Vitaphone, I completely changed my opinion of him. He has a warm, sympathetic and charming voice. If there are any more like Conrad out in Hollywood, the talkies have nothing to worry about.

SARAH ANN CURTIS.
A PULITZER prize winner as a stage play and the talk of New York for a year, "Craig's Wife" is the different type of picture you've been waiting for! It is the most poignant study of a domestic tragedy ever written—this tale of an adoring husband and his luxury-loving wife whose art was so full of the love of material things that it had no room for him! If you're married or expect to be, go see "Craig's Wife"! It's coming soon to your favorite theater—watch for the announcement!

Pathe presents

Craig's Wife

with Irene Rich
Warner Baxter

A William C. de Mille Production
Adapted by Clara Beranger
from the great stage success by George Kelly

Pathe Picture
WHILE abroad Marion Davies received a high honor from the French Government that of Officer of Public Instruction. This decoration is known as the “Academic Palms” because the owner has the right to wear the purple ribbon with a tiny symbolic palm branch. In Spain Miss Davies received the Order “Por le Merite” from General Primo de Rivera, the Spanish dictator.

AGAIN the impossible happens. An unknown girl becomes leading woman over night. The lucky girl is Gladys Belmont, of Pueblo, Colo. She gets the role of Corn Blossom, the Indian heroine, opposite Richard Dix in “Red Skin.” Miss Belmont is now on location at Gallup, New Mexico.

WHO is Jack Gilbert going to sign with? That’s one of the much discussed items in Hollywood right now. His contract with Metro-Goldwyn expires in December. He has been unhappy with his recent roles and says he won’t resign. United Artists is said to be after Gilbert. In the event that Jack leaves Metro-Goldwyn, it is reported that Nils Asther will be groomed for his place on the program.

RUTH ELDER seems to be in and out of pictures. Her contract has not been renewed as Paramount, despite the fact that her work opposite Richard Dix was liked. The Hollywood moguls believe that her publicity value has waned and that the story of a pending divorce from her husband has not helped her.

ANNA Q. NILSSON is back on the FBO lot after five months absence, due to a broken hip.

HENRY KING has selected Eleonor Boardman for the leading role in the big Inspiration film, “She Goes to War,” by Rupert Hughes.

DORIS MAY has filed suit for divorce against her husband, Wallace MacDonald. Says he continually criticized the food. Renee Adorlee decided not to file suit for divorce, after all, against William S. Gill.

KARL DANE married a Russian dancer, Thais Valdemar, last May but the news just became public. Karl’s real cognomen is Rasmus Karl Thakelsen Gottlieb.

AL JOLSON secretly married Ruby Keeler, musical comedy dancer, in New York, September 21, and sailed the same day for Europe.

James Murray seems to be definitely out of Metro-Goldwyn. He was given third and last chance in the leading role of “The Mysterious Island”; but failed to show up when the shooting was on. So Lloyd Hughes got the part. “The Mysterious Island,” by the way, was most finished by Metro-Goldwyn a year ago. Then, after the production had gone to a high figure, the film was shelved. Now it is being re-shot with new cast.

MARCELNE DAY says she isn’t engaged to Richard Dix. And Ruth Elder says she’s not engaged to Ben Lyon.

MARIA CORDA has been given a one year contract by First National. She made “Helen of Troy” but, after the film began to flop, First National did not take option on her services.

PRINCE GEORGE of England was the big Hollywood visitor of the month. I had met Lily Dalitta on the Continent as she was one of the dinner guests at Picfair, when the prince was entertained there. Other dinner guests were Jack Gilbert, Charlie Chaplin, Gloria Swanson, Gre Garbo, Claire Windsor and Jetta Gouda.

PAULINE FREDERICK has signed a long term Warner Brothers contract and, after playing in an engagement on the stage the winter in New York, she goes to Hollywood in the Spring for the talkies.

HOLLYWOOD has had an epidemic of minor casualties. Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch was thrown from her horse in Beverly Hills and had a narrow escape from death. Han Kraely was thrown from his horse and suffered a broken wrist. Jack Barrymore sprained his ankle on the first day of mountaineering for his new picture, the exteriors of which are being shot at Banff.

The fireworks on D. W. Griffith’s set of “The Love Song” have subsided. Jetta Goudal and Lupe Velez, who were quarreling every time they met, have kissed and made up. It was a hot battle while it lasted.

THE Warner Brothers have taken over the old Vitagraph studio in Flatbush, Brooklyn, for the talkies.
Thousands save on lunch this tasty way

They know their Baby Ruth

Here's a real way to make your lunches more delightful, and save money too: eat Baby Ruth for dessert. It's delicious and satisfying. A generous tasty treat of dollar-a-pound quality candy for five cents.

Daily, thousands are finding it the most enjoyable dessert they can buy.

Because it is made of purest chocolate, nuts, milk and sugar, dietitians say Baby Ruth makes a light lunch more invigorating than a heavier meal—that it supplies all the extra energy you need for hard work and play. Because you eat less and feel better, it's a healthful way to control your weight.

Baby Ruth is famous for flavor and guaranteed fresh. Treat yourself at lunch today. 5c does it.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO

OTTO SCHNERING, President

Also makers of Baby Ruth Gum "with that old-time Peppermint Flavor"
**LADY LUCK TAKES A BACK SEAT**

Luck!

Sure! One smashing hit that sets all fandom talking might be "luck".

Two country-wide successes might even be wished onto Lady Luck—if you’re good at wishing—

But one long unbroken parade of record-breaking wows—that’s something else again!

Lady Luck didn’t make Smash hits like “The Big Parade”, “Ben Hur”, “Tell it to the Marines”, “The Merry Widow” and “White Shadows of the South Seas”.

More stars than there are in Heaven, plus brilliant directors plus great stories plus the great resources of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization are some reasons for the long and imposing list of M-G-M’s smash hits.

If you want a guarantee for the future it lies in the performance of the past.

When the lion roars—M-G-M sound or silent, will always mean

More Great Movies

---

**HERE ARE THE FIRST OF THE NEW M-G-M PICTURES—SUPERB ENTERTAINMENT**

Broadway and Los Angeles hailed this flaming romance of the South Seas in Sound at $2 admission. Sound or Silent it will be the year’s picture sensation.

**WILLIAM HAINES**

Excess Baggage

Laughs—tears—thrills—you’ll find them all packed into the screen version of the Broadway success, "Excess Baggage." Don’t miss William Haines’ desperate slide for life and love in this pulsating comedy-drama. Sound or Silent—a hit!

**OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS**

Flaming youth de luxe—the epics of a jazz-mad age—youth! beauty! luxury! drama! You’ll cheer "Our Dancing Daughters"—sound or silent.

Lon Chaney gives you another great characterization in a thrilling tale of underworld intrigue and hopeless love. See him as the fearless guardian of the public peace in "While the City Sleeps." Sound or Silent you’ll be thrilled.

---

$50 for the keenest eye!

Test your powers of observation—it may bring you a prize. See how well you can answer the questions below. The man sending the best answers will receive $50.00 and the riding crop used by Anita Page in "Our Dancing Daughters," and for the best set of answers from a lady I will give $50 and the ukulele I play in the same picture.

And I’ll also send autographed photographs for the fifty next best answers. I hope you’ll find my questions interesting.

Sincerely,

Joan Crawford

1—What M-G-M picture was filmed on an atoll?
2—What M-G-M picture has the title of a famous wartime dirty?
3—In what new kind of part has Marion Davies captivated the public’s heart and fancy?
4—What M-G-M picture is based on the life of Sarah Bernhardt and who is its star?
5—What M-G-M picture with a Canadian background was a famous musical hit in a long run on Broadway?
6—Why do you think Buster Keaton’s “frozen face” is so effective in comedies? (Not more than 75 words.)

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by November 15th. Winners’ names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

Note: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.
If you want a clear, smooth complexion, try cutting down on meat for a few weeks and notice the improvement. Meat once a day should be the limit for anyone. Meat only four or five times a week is even better.

It is perfectly possible to plan a satisfying and attractive meal without including a meat dish. The best substitutes for meat are cheese and nuts. Nuts combined with potatoes, as in the recipe furnished by Charles Rogers for croquettes, and macaroni with cheese, are two dishes that may be substituted for meat and potatoes for luncheon, Sunday night supper, or for a light family dinner.

Here is Charles Rogers’ favorite recipe for nut and potato croquettes. Charles does not go in for cooking after he leaves the studio, but he got the recipe from his mother, who is his favorite cook.

Mix the first seven ingredients and beat thoroughly until well blended. Cook bread crumbs in one-fourth cup of cream to make a thick paste, and cool. Then add one egg yolk, additional salt and nut meats. Shape potato mixture in nests, fill with nut and crumb mixture and cover with the rest of the potato mixture. Roll until of the desired shape and flatten the ends. Dip in one-half yolk of egg, then in cracker or dry bread crumbs, rolled very fine, and fry in deep fat. Drain on brown paper, stand in circular form on serving dish and garnish with parsley.

Clarence Brown, the director, contributed an excellent recipe to Photoplay’s Cook Book, for baked macaroni, which I am going to reproduce. You’ll find it a little different and very much more delicious than plain macaroni with cheese.

1 box macaroni
1 cup grated cheese
1 cup bread crumbs
1 can tomato sauce
1 cup chopped green olives
1 cup chopped ripe olives

Cook macaroni in boiling, salted water until tender. Drain and pour cold water over it. This is important; it keeps the macaroni from sticking. Butter a large baking dish—and you’ll need a good-sized one—and place a layer of macaroni, a layer of grated cheese, a layer of mushrooms, a layer of bread crumbs and a layer of olives; alternate the layers until all the ingredients are used. Pour tomato sauce over this. Sprinkle cheese and bread crumbs over the top. Bake until brown.

In Photoplay’s Cook Book you will find a number of other recipes that are pleasant variations of more commonplace dishes. There are one hundred and fifty recipes in the new and enlarged edition of the Cook Book, and all of them represent the taste of the best cooks in Hollywood.

Just fill out the coupon at the left, enclose a quarter and the Cook Book will be mailed to you immediately.

Carolyn van Wyck.
BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES

(Continued from page 6)

CHICKEN A LA KING—Fox.—More lessons in goldfinch wits, many bunt through in spots. With Nancy Carroll and Ford Sterling. (Aug uart)

CHINATOWN CHARLIE—First National.—Johnny Hines cuts down on the cops and builds up on the crook, and the result is one of his best pictures. (May)

CHURS KID, THE—Gothen.—Goofy but amusing story of a criminal Gift, played by Virginia Brown Faire. (June)

CLEARING THE TRAIL—Universal.—Again savaging well acted by William Boyd, Alan Hale and Jacqueline Logan. (July)

CLOTHES THE MAKE WOMAN—Tiffany—Help! The girl's daughter is with us again, this time played by Eva Southern. The picture has its good moments. (July)

CLOUD DOODLE, THE—Universal.—A battle in the air for a dizzy blonde! (Oct)

CODE OF THE AIR—Bischoff.—More air stuff. Good adventure story. (Oct)


COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE.—Gothen.—Lots of propaganda. With such a live topic, this should have been a better picture. (Oct)

COP, THE—Pathé—De Mille.—Once more the warlike between the cops and crooks. Some good melodrama well acted by William Boyd, Alan Hale and Jacqueline Logan. (July)


COUNT OF TEN, THE—Universal.—Something different in the way of a prize-fight story, with James Gleason, stage star, stealing the show. Charles Ray, too, deserves mention for a good performance. (May)

COWBOY KID, THE—Fox.—A Western for the sophisticated. (Oct)

CRAIG’S WIFE, THE—Pathé.—Splendidly staged with Irene Rich as the too perfect wife. (Sept)

CREAM OF THE EARTH—Universal.—The romance of a week-end butterfly and a shy college youth, brilliantly played by Norman Miller and Martin Shaw. (Aug)

CROOKS CAN’T WIN—Fox.—Good celluloid good-guy wrong. Will someone please stop the film crime wave? (Aug)

DANGER PATROL, THE—Rayart.—A big, wholesome, fresh air drama of the Northwest with three roaring murders. (July)

DANGER RIDER, THE—Universal.—There’s a saving dash of originality in the plot of this Hoot Gibson Western. (July)

DAWN—Herbert Wilcox.—An English production that gives a fair and impartial presentation of the Edith Cavell case. (July)

DESIDRT BRIDE, THE—Columbia.—Betty Compson, as a Parisian beauty, raises havoc in the Foreign Legion. (May)

DESSERT PIRATE, THE—Fox.—Filled with the usual chaps-strap of the orthodoxy Western but made bearable by a plot with some originality and the charming presence of little Frankie Darro. (May)

DETECTIVES—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Karl Dane and George K. Arthur in a collection of cases—and some of them are not exactly spurious. (July)

DEVIL’S CAGE, THE—Chadwick.—No use bothering your pretty little brain about the inconsistencies of a plot this tight. (June)

DEVIL’S SKIJOINER, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—Lots of most in this picture, with knife slashes, intrigue, mutilation and revenge. Also a remarkable performance by Belle Bennett. (May)

DEVIL’S TRADEMARK, THE—FBO.—Aggravating. (Sept)

DIAMOND HANDCUFFS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A weird story, in three episodes, about the curse of a diamond, probably written about the supposed curse of the famous Hope diamond. Some fine acting by William Boyd, Anna Sten and Conrad Nagel is wasted. (June)

DIVINE SINNER, THE—Rayart.—Austrian drama with daring but grown-up theme. (Oct)

DIZZY DIVER, THE—Paramount—Christache.—Thanks to the wonders of science, audiences can learn how a chocolate pudding settles when it hits the face of a confection. (June)

DOGGENTEN SNORES—RKO—M-G-M.—A short farce turned into a panic by the appearance of a real, live gorilla. (Aug)

DOG JUSTICE, THE—Fox.—But the story is a cruel injustice to the canine cast. (Aug)

DON'T MARRY, FOX.—An amusing little romantic comedy, that will please the girls. Good work by Lois Moran and Neil Hamilton. (July)

DOWN SOUTH, THE—Warner.—The plot Sisters croon some of the best songs of the season. (Aug)

DRAG NET, THE—Paramount.—Vivid and swiftly moving underworld story with grade A acting by George Bancroft, William Powell and Evelyn Brent. (July)

DRESSED TO KILL, THE—Fox.—A tale of the underworld that holds your attention every second. It’s all action, all fun, and splendid work by Edmund Lowe, Mary Astor and Ben Barz. Recommended. (May)

DUCKS AND DEDUCTIVES—Warner.— (Aug)

EASY COME, EASY GO—Paramount.—Rich Dunn throws the innocence of a crook. A bit fast-moving comedy and Richard's best in months. (June)


ESCAPE, THE—Fox.—An ancient melodrama that should have been allowed to rest in peace. W. Virgins Vali and William Russell. (May)

EXCESS BAGGAGE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Vivid and realistic picture of stage life. See it. (Aug)

FAITHLESS LOVER, THE—Koedl.—The deeds burst again. But aside from that, this is just a s o d i e of mediocre celluloid. (May)

FALLEN ANGELS—Universal.—Norman Kerr drags through some gassy dealings in the title man who must play desk. Interesting but hard cheerful. (May)

FAMILY PICNIC, THE—Fox Movietone—Pioneer all-talking comedy. See it and you'll own remedy. (Sept)

FANGS OF FATE—Pathé.—Klondike, the dog grows through an old story. (Sept)

FANGS OF JUSTICE—Bischoff.—A regular out of work, but he does a real dandy job. (Aug)

FASHION MADNESS—Columbia.—Once more the frivoulous debauches is droggled off to the wood by the homely hero. Claire Windsor is the girl this time. (June)

FAZIL—Fox.—Proving the shills make bad husbands. Torrid necking in the desert. Not for the underaged children. Recommend to your kind attention. (July)

FIGHTIN’ REDHEAD, THE—FBO.—Buster Keaton eats up the Western scenery. (Sept)

FINDERS KEEPERS—Universal.—Laura La Plante is on a better rate, wastes her talent, and charm on a lot of trite gags. (May)

PIRE AND STEEL—Eldin.—Hot yarn of state famines, political corruption, the jealous lout man and the girl. Ho-hum! (June)

[Continued on page 16]

PHOTOPLAYS REVIEWED IN THE SHADOW DEEP This Issue

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

Show Girl—First National. (Aug)

Sinners in Love—FBO. (Aug)

Sisters of Eve—Rayart. (Aug)

Smoke Belley—Big Four. (Aug)

Son of the Golden West—FBO. (Aug)

Striving for Fortune—Excellent. (Aug)

Submarine—Columbia. (Aug)

Take Me Home—Paramount. (Aug)

Times Square—Gothen. (Aug)

Virgin Lips—Columbia. (Aug)

Waterhole—First National. (Aug)

Water Hole, The—Paramount. (Aug)

Wedding March, The—Paramount. (Aug)

West of Zanabah—M-G-M. (Aug)

WIN THAT GIRL—Fox. (Aug)

SOUND PICTURES

Biff Girl—First National. (Aug)

Sinners in Love—FBO. (Aug)

Sisters of Eve—Rayart. (Aug)

Smoke Belley—Big Four. (Aug)

Son of the Golden West—FBO. (Aug)

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Take Me Home—Paramount. (Aug)

Times Square—Gothen. (Aug)

Virgin Lips—Columbia. (Aug)

Waterhole—First National. (Aug)

Water Hole, The—Paramount. (Aug)

Wedding March, The—Paramount. (Aug)

West of Zanabah—M-G-M. (Aug)

WIN THAT GIRL—Fox. (Aug)

OVERTONES—Walters. (Aug)

Question of Today, The—Walters. (Aug)

Sex Life of the Polyg, The—Fox. (Aug)

Syncro Synagogues, The—Walters. (Aug)

Ted Doner—Walters. (Aug)

Worrier, The—Walters. (Aug)

PHOTOPLAY Review Staff Photos

Guardians of the Wild—Universal... (Aug)

Haunted House, The—First National... (Aug)

I Forbid—Fan Mail Pictures... (Aug)

Kid’s Clever, The—Universal... (Aug)

Lightning and the Law—Universal... (Aug)

Little Wildcat, The—Warner... (Aug)

Me, Gangster, Fox... (Aug)

Morgan’s Last Raid—M-G-M... (Aug)

Mother Knows Best, Fox... (Aug)

Night Flight—Universal... (Aug)

Out With the Tide—Universal... (Aug)

Port of Dreams—Universal... (Aug)

Romance of a Rogue, The—Paramount... (Aug)

Rough Ridin’ Red—FBO... (Aug)

Show Folks—Pathé... (Aug)

A Spanish Serenade—Walters... (Aug)

Assassin of Grief and Remorse, The—Walters... (Aug)

Ducks and Deductives—Walters... (Aug)

Foys For Joys—Walters... (Aug)

Happy Jester, The—Walters... (Aug)

Holywood Bound—Warner... (Aug)

Jest Moments—Warner... (Aug)

Lemon, The—Warner... (Aug)

Madelon—Universal... (Aug)

Morrisey and Miller Night Club, The—Warner... (Aug)

Overtones—Walters... (Aug)

Question of Today, The—Walters... (Aug)

Sex Life of the Polyg, The—Fox... (Aug)

Syncro Synagogues, The—Walters... (Aug)

Ted Doner—Walters... (Aug)

Worrier, The—Walters... (Aug)
A New Idea in Screen Magazines

Screen Book is the new movie magazine—a new kind of magazine—a big surprise—a real treat for movie fans.

First, Screen Book gives you the COMPLETE book-length novel of this month's outstanding motion picture. This month it is The Red Dance. This novel alone would cost $2.00 in a book store.

Screen Book also gives you in the same issue the COMPLETE stories in shorter form of other important movies of the month. The November issue (just out) also contains 6 full-page gravure portraits of prominent stars for framing.

The book-length novel and the shorter novels are all richly illustrated with dozens of actual scenes from the movies.

SCREEN BOOK gives you an opportunity to live again the tense, wonderful moments that thrill you so.

This Month's Feature—

The Red Dance

Starring Dolores Del Rio—Charles Farrell

Screen Book's big surprise this month is the complete ($2.00) book-length novel, richly illustrated, of The Red Dance, the most popular picture in New York. This is the story of the revolt of a peasant girl of the Russian steppes. She seeks vengeance in elopement and revolution. Her hand is raised against the Order to which she dares belong. His hand is raised against her. Strangely enough, a passionate, enduring love develops out of the fierce warfare and deep emotional struggle.

Screen Book gives you this complete fascimile book-length story with dozens of large pictures from the movie in beautiful gravure.

Also—

In This Issue

To the complete novel of "The Red Dance" and the 6 gravure portraits, the November issue of Screen Book (just out) adds the following complete movie stories short stories:

EXCESS BAGGAGE

Starring William Haines—Josephine Dunn

This is the story of a heart-throb former love before he found her. Her lover is a man who would rather die than cause her unhappiness. But she is not satisfied with loveless baggage in his dustbin. Later, because of a lucky experience, dramatically described, passages of the "excess baggage." The thrilling adventure and climax with love triumph over a thousand miles of steppes. See this story illustrated in November Screen Book.

THE WOMAN DISPUTED

Starring Norma Talmadge

The love of a ten thousand dollars hangs in the balance against the woman of a woman's streets to save their lives. A mighty and tragic story of war, love, passion in November Screen Book.

THE RED MARK

Starring Gaston Glass—Nina Quartaro

The surprising! That was the answer. The way a governor could and would dispose of a rival for the hand of a simple country maid. No love he knew could have divested of an important rival. But with his neck hanged to the noosehanging the most thrilling discovery the executional novel in November Screen Book. This picture story of a passionate love.

HERBERT BRENON

A Living Declaration of Independence

Herbert Brenon's name is the hallmark of quality and accuracy on a picture. He is one of the leading independent directors of the screen. Readers of November Screen Book will be tremendously interested in the character sketch of this master director, who madeson, "Peter Pan," "Beau Geste" and "Sorrell and Son."

Screen Book

FOR NOVEMBER NOW ON SALE

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OR, USE THIS CONVENIENT COUPON

TODAY—at the next newsstand get SCREEN BOOK, November issue—just out! Investigate this new kind of movie magazine. Save and send this bargain coupon in case the news stand is sold out. By subscribing you are assured of not missing the COMPLETE ($2.00) movie—novel—of the month for the next five months.

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So writes W. H. Adams of Ohio, Letter from California man reports $11275 sales in three months; New Jersey $4000 profits in two months; Pennsylvania $3000 in two weeks. They are making $2000 per month. 

WHOLESALE or RETAIL—wherever in the world. Business is pleasant, fascinating, dignified. You manage a food product that is indispensible. 

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1114 High Street
Springfield, Ohio

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at a Surprisingly Low Cost

You can become a high-paid social-dancer right after dinner under the guidance of America’s Foremost Dance Authority, Mr. Low-Eakins. Addle Antoinette, Violet Cordelia, and Adele Antaia, Gilda Grey, Evelyn Roxanne, Marie Fairly, and many prominent dance figures have started out under Mr. Low-Eakins’ tutelage. He is a one-man dancing gallery. This is your chance. Write today.

GODDESS GIRL, THE—Pathé De Mille—A vividly interesting story, the script and acting are by Jean Harlow and George Sidney. A fine story, with splendid acting by Marie Prevost, George Duryes, Noe Essay and Linda Basquette. (Sept.)

GOLDEN CLOWN, THE—Even Denmark has a clown who has laughed to conceal a broken heart. Turgid foreign drama with a fine performance by Tura Metzger. (Sept.)

GOLDEN SHACKLES—Peeler—You can’t see the picture for the plot. (Aug.)

GOLDEN WIDOWS—Columbus—Comedy drama built on one of the terrible consequences of country club life. With Harrison Ford and Vera Reynolds. (Aug.)

GOOD-BYE, KISS, THE—Mack Sennett—It’s a story of the daddy of comedy which tells the war in his own way. And the old boy hasn’t lost his cunning, because in his own way he tells it all with the force and power Cecil B. De Mille could give it. Inconceivably, it takes a poke at reform schools. American pica of splendid acting by Marie Prevost, George Duryes, Noe Essay and Linda Basquette. (Sept.)

GREASED LIGHTNING—Universal—Dumb Western. (Sept.)

GREEN GRASS WIDOWS—Tiffany-Stahl—Walter Hagen in a goofy golfer story. He should know better. (Sept.)

GYSF OF THE NORTH—Rayrat—A better than usual version of the drama of the Northern mining camps. (Aug.)

HALF A BRIDE—Paramount—Wherein a bride is set away on a desert island with the wrong man. (Aug.)

HANGMAN’S HOUSE—Fox—A good drama of Ireland, with some splendid backgrounds, a fine horse race and an excellent performance by Victor McLaglen. (Aug.)

HAPPINESS AHEAD—First National—What the most lily-livered, cowfarting男孩子 turns into fine entertainment by the splendid acting of Colleen Moore, Edmund Lowe and Lytton Tashman. (Aug.)

HAROLD TEE—First National—All your old friends of the comic strip come to life on the screen. It’s a joyous show and lots of fun for the kids. Arthur Lake walks away with the honors. (Aug.)

HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN KELLY?—Ur. vespers. The story of the affairs of an Irish soldier. Tom Moore plays the Irish soldier. This is a fine performance of a French girl. Good fun. (Aug.)


HEADING FOR DANGER—FBO.—The bad Western in months. New plot, new situations, no typo. Bob Steele plays the hero. (July)

HEART OF A FOLLIES GIRL, THE—First National—A humorous and hackneyed story of stig life, which even Billie Dove cannot save. (May)

HEART OF THE BROADWAY, THE—Raray—Cabinet melodrama with the usual fine cast. The best stage performance. (Aug.)

HEARTS OF MEN—Anchor.—And producer and director both heart. (Oct.)

HEART TO HEART—First National—Agreed and original comedy of small-town life. You’ll like it. (Sept.)

HEART TROUBLE—First National—Harr Langdon and Friend, with their own finish in pictures. (Sept.)

HILLY HOE BRONSON—Gotham.—Nooch Beer, due to his best acting as a rip-snorting old seaplain who is licened and frustrated by two women. (July)

HORSEMAN OF THE PLAINS, THE—Fox—A mortgage is always a mortgage. This one is on the cutting edge. (June)

HOT HEELS—Universal.—A small-town boy goes butter-and-egg for a musical show. scraper and Patsy Ruth Miller are a good team. (May)

HOT NEWS—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels hunts her own rabbit in the news reel game. And finds ’em. (Aug.)

HOUND OF SILVER CREEK, THE—Universal—Dynamic, the new dog star, blasts an inferior story to smithereens. Bebe Daniels and Pat O’Day. (Aug.)

* HOUSE OF SCANDAL, THE—Tiffany-Stahl—If you are not sick of cow-crooks and the inevitable girl who reforms. (July)

IN A MUSIC SHOPPE—Filmpay Fox.—Incident in the life of Stephen Foster, attractively presented in Movietone. (Oct.)

INTERVIEW, THE—Fox.—Clark and McCul- lough in an old act that fails to register. (Oct.)

JUST MARRIED—Paramount.—Honeymoon of the transatlantic liner. Lots of laughs. (Sept.)

KFT CARSON—Paramount.—Fred Thomson in an above par western. (Oct.)

LADIES OF THE MOB—Paramount.—Claire Bow becomes a gangster’s moll and handles a motorcycle. (July)

LADIES OF THE NIGHT CLUB—Tiffany-Stahl.—A clown and a millionnaire are rivals for the affection of a cabaret girl. Synthetic heart interest. (Aug.)

LADY BE GOOD—First National.—How Dort- othy Mackall can dance! And what a snappy comedienne! Don’t forget that Jack Mulhall is featured with her in a nest little show. (Sept.)

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Now the art of picture making enters a new phase!

Prepare to discard all your old ideas of what perfect screen entertainment should be. For with First National's

"The Divine Lady" the phrase "A Great Motion Picture" takes on new meaning. So fabulously rich are the materials in this mighty special that they forced an entirely new conception of the scope of cinema art! A fortune spent to re-enact in rich detail the most colorful naval combat in history. A cast of thousands in breathless battle action. A love-story so glorious it made an unknown author famous over-night—her novel the season's sensation. One of the most tempting sirens the world has known, living again a high romance that changed the destiny of nations. And unbelievably thrilling sequences in Sound!...

Yes, you will need an entirely new standard by which to measure the true greatness of "The Divine Lady." For there is nothing in screen history to compare it to—or which can be compared to it! Watch!
Dear Carolyn Van Wyck:

Please, oh, please, don't condemn my man to the status of a foolish little cat. Please, also, don't think of me as a jealous little cat. It's only that I love the man to whom I am engaged. And that I don't want to lose him is all.

I am not working—I am well, I suppose you would call me a "home girl." I am moderately pretty—in a rather healthy, outdoor sort of way. You know the type—light brown, fluffy hair, grey eyes, a clear skin, a nice smile. I think that I am easy going; I also think that I have more of an average amount of good temper. I am not a stupid conversationalist (neither am I a brilliant one). And I have a fair sense of humor. And though I have no great fortune to spend upon my clothes, I dress well, in a simple, semi-sports style. And—this is the most important thing of all—I have been engaged for six months to the nicest man (I think?) in the whole world. And our wedding date is set, tentatively, for a time two months hence.

My fiancé owns his own business. It is a rather new business—but he is doing so well with it that he has quite an extensive office force. Including a private secretary. And it is about this secretary that I am writing.

I have, ever since my engagement, made a point of keeping away from my lover's office. I have interfered in no way with his working time. I think this a wise rule for a man's women-folks to follow. But yesterday I (at his own invitation) stopped in at his office. And I arrived just as he was dictating answers to the correspondence of the morning. And the private secretary, to whom he dictated, took away my breath.

Miss Van Wyck, she was one of the most stunning girls I have ever seen! A regular "vamp"—as alluring as Greta Garbo, though in an entirely different manner. Dark hair, parted and slicked back from the ears. A gorgeous olive skin with reddened lips, long ear-rings, and a tight black satin dress which showed every line of her lovely figure. The skirt was short—and this made the most of her beautiful legs. And the scent she used and the way she raised her lashes and looked at my man! Oh, I don't see how he could help being aware of her. Being more than interested in her.

Last night my fiancé and I went to the theater. And I broached the subject of the girl.

"She's so pretty!" I said casually. And my lover answered, just as casually.

"I've never especially noticed her looks," he said. "But she's been with me for more than a year now, and she's never missed a word. And that's important!"

And we let the matter rest, there.

Only, Miss Van Wyck, do you think that his impersonal attitude is real? Or do you think that it is a mask? To me that girl would be irresistible—were I a man. How can I be sure that she is not irresistible to the man I love?

Can you give me a ray of comfort? Oh I hope you can!

Helen T.

But, of course, Helen, I can give you a ray of comfort! And I am glad for your sake—and for the sake of the other sweethearts and wives who will read this—that you have written so frankly to me. I am not so certain that you are quite as foolish as you seem to think you are. Good temper, you see (and, certainly it is more than a ray), is in your lover the beauty, speech, to which, if I am any judge of human nature, was in no slightest way necessary. I have been engaged for so long, in fact, he had declared himself to you. And had become your prospective husband.

If her type had appealed to him, the appeal would have been immediate. So imminent that your type would never have registered with you. Of course, can appreciate the logic in this.

I wonder if you have seen Marion Davies in her latest success, "The Card-Board Lover"? If you have missed this fine, and rarely amusing picture, be sure to see it as soon as possible. For it, also, will contribute to the comfort that you desire. In it you will see a girl, not unlike yourself, win a man away from another woman—who—in the essentials, is not unlike the private secretary.

In it you will see sweetness, and a sense of humor, and good temper, triumph over too evident sex appeal. Sex appeal with all of the trimmings of scent and ear-rings and tight satin frocks, and raised lashes and short skirts! "The Card-Board Lover" teaches a lesson. A lesson that you can apply to your own life. It teaches that the obvious siren is not always the dangerous girl. That common sense and the charming, natural girl who wins the most attention—and holds it.

Can I help you with your own special perplexities, I wonder? Beauty, health, or happiness—some aspect of one, or all of these may be troubling you. If so I will be glad to give you any aid that is possible. Letters enclosing stamped self-addressed envelopes I will answer by return mail, those without postage in Photoplay.

For information regarding the care of the skin send a stamped envelope for my booklet on sane reducing methods, send ten cents.

Carolyn Van Wyck.
FACE POWDERS
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Glorious colouring in the subtler true harmonies is achieved with the COTY Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. Use them together for perfect make-up.

THESE EXQUISITE BEAUTY REQUISITES ARE CREATED IN YOUR INDIVIDUAL SHADE.

*FINESSE OF BEAUTY, A guide to greater loveliness with Coty creations, on request — COTY inc. 714 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
A RECENT discovery of screen stars now throws an entirely new light on the importance of hosiery to shapeliness of ankle and leg. It means much to every woman.

For, when a certain type of hosiery was worn, it was found that even the most perfectly formed legs seemed more attractive. Ankles slimmer. Legs more graceful. Knees more rounded.

That is why screen stars of the rank of Esther Ralston are turning to this new type of hosiery.

Miss Ralston selects this new Allen-A hose* that women the country over have asked for. A gloriously clear Service Sheer, with the smart Allen-A Heel. And very reasonably priced.

It is full-fashioned to hug ankle, leg and knee ceaselessly. It has an extra-fine, soft lisle foot that wears amazingly. And the Allen-A Heel not only makes the ankle appear marvelously slender, but reinforces the heel as well.

You will find this Allen-A creation at your dealer’s in all the newest shades. Ask for it by style number—3750. Only $1.50 the pair. If your dealer does not carry it, simply send us his name—a postcard will do—and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

ALLEN-A COMPANY, Kenosha, Wisconsin

*The same hosiery styles shown in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 38th St., and other New York stores, are available at Allen-A dealers everywhere. Priced from $1.50 to $3.00 the pair.

Allen-A
Hosiery
HOW do they get into the movies? Some walk in, some fall in, and some fly in. Ruth Elder’s courage in attempting a flight over the Atlantic won her a chance on the screen. Hers was a face too good to be limited to the news reels. You’ll see her in “Moran of the Mounted.”
ANITA PAGE tripped into the movies. Anita, just out of Washington Irving High School in New York, was discovered by that eminent patron of the arts, Harry Thaw. Imagine Miss Page's embarrassment when she discovered that there was no public panic to see a Thaw production. But while Hollywood gave the cold shoulder to Harry, it opened the door to his talented and ambitious protegee.
BILLIE DOVE danced into the movies by way of the Ziegfeld Follies. Long before she was known on the screen, Billie had her picture on magazine covers; her first step to fame was as an artists' model. Her beauty gained instant recognition, but Miss Dove was obliged to work six years before she obtained enough experience to establish herself as one of the leaders in screen popularity.
THE scene shifts to Stockholm, Sweden, where a shy, obscure girl named Greta Garbo is studying for the stage. Mauritz Stiller, the greatest director in her country, visits the school to borrow a pupil to appear in one of his pictures. Suppose, oh suppose, that Stiller had chosen the wrong girl! The screen of the world would have lost its most vivid and fascinating feminine personality.
Shortly after the war, Georges Clemenceau, the Tiger of France, wrote a story for the screen. William Fox, the producer, wanted a French girl to play the leading rôle. In New York was a young dancer named Renee Adoree who was anxious to try her fortune in the movies. And the day that Miss Adoree stepped into the studio for a screen test, was a lucky one for motion pictures.
NEIL HAMILTON got his start "posing for animal crackers," which is Broadway for posing for advertisements. It's a humble art but plenty of ambitious youngsters have made it a spring-board to fame. After that, Hamilton played for four years on the stage and then D. W. Griffith made him a regular member of his company. His first picture was "The White Rose." Do you remember it?
PHOTOPLAY

November, 1928

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk

PHOTOPLAY readers were singularly calm in face of the news that Mary Pickford had bobbed her curls. In fact, some fans were fuel enough to say that, five years ago, the event would have beenews, but today Mary's bob is of no more interest than Jackie Coogan's peg pants. It's an odd sidelight on movie popularity, gleaned from PHOTOPLAY's letters, that the dead Valentino is of more interest than the living Mary.

Poor Mary is facing a new public that no longer believes in "America's Sweetheart," a public that thinks the very word "sweetheart" is a little ga-ga. For years Mary, as a human being, has been withdrawing from the public. In trying to remain a legend, she has sacrificed her human appeal.

[DOL] worship is no more. There are no longer any gods and goddesses on the screen; just human beings of varying degrees of interest. PHOTOPLAY's circulation is increasing because this magazine is not trying to create gods and goddesses; it is concerned with the men and women of the screen and their pictures.

Clara Bow and Greta Garbo are not saints in the eyes of the public, nor are they trying to pass themselves off as criterions of manners and morals. They are popular because they are interesting and because their names carry the guarantee of pictures worth seeing.

John Gilbert and Emil Jannings can draw huge audiences in any theater in this country or in Europe. There are no wings sprouting on Gilbert. But he can act. Jannings is no sample of moral and physical perfection. But he is a great artist and, as such, he spreads more glory on the movies than if he were received socially in every court in Europe.

To go back to the tragic case of Mary Pickford: Mary is thinking of making "Coquette," which is the story of an unmarried girl who is going to have a baby and who kills herself.

Bland Johaneson, the really intelligent motion picture critic of the New York Mirror, says that if Mary makes the picture one of three things will happen: 1, the girl will be really married; 2, it will be a dual role film with an angelic twin sister; 3, the story will be so completely changed that there will be nothing left but the title.

But none of these makeshifts will do. Mary must make, not only an adult picture, but a picture with artistic sincerity. It must be more than a good picture; it must be a great one. Mary's name means just exactly fifty per cent less than it did five years ago.

A MIRACLE has happened. An author has come out of Hollywood singing the praises of the movie makers.

Usually they come leaping from the film capital with their shirt tails afire, snarling and...
moaning. The adapters have beaten their brain babies to death. The producers have crucified their masterpieces on a cross of celluloid. To the average novelist and playwright Hollywood is just another name for cyanide of potassium.

NOT so Bartlett Cormack, author of "The Racket," brilliant melodrama on the beer barons and policemen of Chicago.

Cormack tells the world that Howard Hughes, the producer, is a prince, and Director Lewis Milestone is a wizard. The cast, from Tommy Meighhan down to the fourth assistant extra man, was the spirit of cooperation and helpfulness. The filming of "The Racket," to Cormack, was one sweet spring song.

The author's only peeve is against the censors, state and local, who cut out some of his stinging dialogue from the titles.

The lightning of the talkies has struck its first actor, knocking off most of the grease paint, and the boy must still be dizzy from the bolt.

Conrad Nagel is the first actor really made by sound sequences. Vitaphone found that he had a splendid recording voice, and now he has to buy roller skates to go from stage to stage where he is in demand for talking films.

Nagel, for years, has been a stock leading man around Hollywood; a reliable piece of trade goods to be taken off the shelf, dusted and put to work regularly. He never burned up the flappers and the postoffice department never cursed the bulk of his fan mail. Nagel is now commanding five thousand dollars a week when he is borrowed from Metro-Goldwyn, to whom he is under contract. His voice has done it.

If there is one thing that will sour us on sound pictures in these pioneer days when all should be sweetness and light, it is the frantic rush of the movie producers to synchronize films made in the good old silent way.

With all the magnates skinning their shins to get aboard the talk-and-sound bandwagon while the molten gold flows, most of them have tagged on scores, and even talking scenes, long after the picture was out of the hopper.

IN "White Shadows in the South Seas" a yellow boy cried, but the bawling was done by some white gentleman in a New York studio. In "The Perfect Crime," here and there, characters stop talking but their lips move on. Are these "screen whispers"? And if anything could dim the glory of "The Patriot," the Jennings masterpiece, it would be the eleventh hour synchronization, with 10,000 howling Russians in the Palace square and five or six strong Americans bellowing before a microphone.

The word Phono (from the Greek) means sound. This has no connection with the American vulgarism phonzy, but it would be too bad if some wag called the current variety of sound pictures "Phonies," and it stuck.

THEY held a memorial service for the late Rudolph Valentino out in Hollywood on the second anniversary of his death.

Some of Rudy's fan admirers, who hold his memory ever green, turned up to honor the greatest of filmdom's great lovers. But the only actor of any note who graced the scene was H. B. Warner, who spoke feelingly of the dead star.

The other notables of the lots were conspicuous by their absence.

What a different picture from that presented at Rudy's funeral! Thousands of pushing admirers, hundreds of police trying to keep order, black-swathed Pola Negri and her hysteries and tears.

NEW gods glitter on the Hollywood Olympus—little by little Time wears off the gold paint on the idols of day before yesterday. Perhaps it is as well that Valentino was spared the heartbeat of change and decay.

But the fans remember. Every week, two or three letters come to the old studio. They are addresses "Rudolph Valentino."

WHEN discord breaks out in a happy Hollywood home, look out for the fair weather pals—the parasites who batten on successful actors in the film colony.

Hangers-on helped to do for nice, big Wally Reid, an actor whose unholy handiwork has been noted in dozens of lesser tragedies.

Tom Mix blames the parasites for the unhappiness that has come between his pretty wife, Victoria Ford, and himself.

"Hollywood parasites fastened around us," says Tom "These gossips came to my house, drank of my cellar, and took part of my food, played their bridge games, enjoyed their parties, swam in my swimming pool, played on the tennis court and then went away leaving only a cigaret stub, a wet bottle and empty lives."

Perhaps if Mr. Will Hays were to give film land a good going over with a few tons of insect powder, there would be fewer hurt hearts and shattered lives in Hollywood.

PARAMOUNT has passed out the medals. A gold one goes to Josef von Sternberg for his direction of "Underworld," and its mate in silver to Clarence Badger, who made "It" and "Clara Bow" simultaneously.

No highfalutin' mention of "cinema art" in Para mount's awards. The trinkets went for good, workmanlike box office pictures that brought in a tidial wave of doubloons.

The first started a vogue for gangland movies that still rages today. The second made a little red-head the biggest dollar puller in pictures. What directors could do more for King, Country and stockholders?

ONE of our dear Christian readers in Winnipeg, Manitoba, sends me a couple of pages from a red-hot religious sheet published up there some place traveling under the modest name of "The Messenger of God."

Taking for granted a wild newspaper yarn that some of the pagan motion picture producers were to reproduce a screen version of the murder of little Marian Parker by William Hickman, God's special editor drools as follows:

"Our feelings for the time being are transferred to the grief-stricken parents whospeedily know the complete story of how their own very child was strangled, and the child's body of their own flesh, cut in two, and part scattered to the winds of the air. . . . . . . .

The movie is of absolutely no use in the world, it is a positive curse, it is Sodom in a nutshell, a day and night school of ill fame, the recruiting office for an America without homes, the most convenient fountain for the white slaves to seize their powerless victims, and the sooner this mad invention is voted out of the world the better."

The quotations are given exactly.

It seems that this chap is more fitted to be a title editor of a second-rate movie concern than he is to be God's special editor. He qualifies one hundred per cent. He doesn't know what he's talking about and he can't write it.
LOOK what Mary Brian has gone and done to her hair! She takes some water every morning and combs out the fluffy waves that have been the envy of American girls for three years. Mary says that sleek hair is much smarter than curls—and also that it gives her an opportunity to appear a bit more sophisticated.
There are two general methods. The Vitaphone uses a disc. In the Movietone method sound is photographed on the film itself. Here you see a camera equipped for both. With the Vitaphone, sounds, picked up by microphones, are recorded on a disc of soft wax.

**How Talkies**

Do you want to know how sound is synchronized with film action? Here is a simple explanation of the best 1928 methods.

You can thank any number of inventors for sound pictures. Into their creation has gone the best ideas of the screen, of radio, of the telephone and so on. For the simple presentation of the Vitaphone and Movietone methods shown on these pages, it has been necessary to eliminate many items. Many vital parts of the camera and projector are not shown and certain essentials of a sound film studio are omitted. But, if you look across these two pages, you will see, for the first time in condensed and easily understood style, exactly how the talkie comes to you.
At the left you see a bit of Movietone film. The little margin just at the edge of the pictures is the sound track. Note that standard film is used for Movietone. When this film runs through the projection machine, shown directly below, the process is reversed. An ordinary projector is used, plus a sound reproducing unit.

Above, a camera with the Movietone equipment simplified. The sounds are caught by microphones having the property of changing sound vibrations into electrical vibrations. These vibrations are amplified and, in turn, vary the intensity of the recording light. This recording light is contained in a glass tube inserted at the back of the camera in such a way that the variations in light fall directly upon a narrow strip of the negative film. This occurs at the exact moment the motion picture itself is being recorded. A light-tight barrier, not shown here, is between the narrow strip edge and the rest of the film.

Are Made

The Movietone sound reproducing unit, shown attached to projector at right above, has a light which is focused on the sound strip of film. This sound record passes before the rays, interrupting the constant light according to the photographed vibrations. The variations hit upon a photo-electric cell, are translated back into sound vibrations, amplified and carried to horns behind the screen. The projection booth, at left just above, is equipped for both Movietone and Vitaphone. Note the disc upon the Vitaphone turntable, operated by the same motor that runs the projector. Wires carry the sound vibrations from the disc to the loud speakers behind the screen. In either case the voices or sound effects are exactly synchronized with the action on the screen.
$3,000 in PRIZES for Solutions

"We finished about twelve o'clock," Franz Seibert told the captain of detectives. "Went out to my car, which I had driven to the west side entrance of the stage. Hardell did not return to his room. He was very tired. He left the lot in his costume and make-up. We drove immediately to the gate, and out. It must have been about 12:15 when we passed through."
The Studio Murder Mystery

By

The EDINGTONS

Nineteen prizes, totalling $3,000.00, for the best solutions to this fascinating and baffling Hollywood studio murder

What Has Gone Before

Dwight Hardell, a leading player of the Superior Films Company, is found murdered on Stage Six. The discovery is made by an office boy who is escorting visitors through the studio. Hardell lays in the exact position which should have been occupied by a dummy. During the night of the murder Franz Seibert, the director, and Hardell have been at work in the otherwise deserted studio upon some intimate close-ups. Hardell is known to have left the studio in Seibert's car. This is observed by both Lannigan, the night watchman, and "Scot" MacDougal, the gateman. They left the car at exactly 11:17 A.M. Hardell, it appears, returned later—secretly—and met his strange death.

It is known that Billy West, Seibert's assistant, and Yvonne Beaumont, a Princess leading woman of Superior, were in the studio during the evening, though neither were required there by their duties. The murder may mean financial disaster to Superior Films and Abraham Isenthal, its head, is desperately trying to keep the murder a secret as long as possible. He calls in the police.

Here is a suggestion: Keep a notebook of your suspicions. Check them down every month and, when the time comes to send in your solutions, you will have a summary of clues.

Chapter IV.

There are some people who have the faculty of making myths of themselves. Such was Franz Seibert, the most outstanding figure in motion pictures when this affair of the murder of Dwight Hardell occurred.

People who had never seen him, and who had never set foot on a studio lot, said with bated breath that he was a man of a man who drove his actors unmercifully, swore violently at women, for whom he had no respect, and spent the producers' money like water... but that they would walk ten miles to see one of his pictures! Ah, yes, the public said these things, and flocked like honeybees about

The pretty daughter of "Scot" MacDougal, the gateman of Superior Films. She is said to have been in love with the murdered actor, Dwight Hardell. Miss MacDougal is employed as a bathing girl by Killing Komedies, but often visits Superior lot

Full $3,000 Contest Rules on Page 38
the pot, to gloat over the sex intrigues—the subtle, insidious, suggested emotional orgies, induced by the Seibert touch to a film.

There were certain motion picture publicity writers who said that Franz Seibert “knew his onions.” That he was wise to the fact that wickedness is irresistible—and that the man deliberately created this famous aura about himself to assist in the filling of his pockets.

They were for him, because to link his name with a news story automatically threw into it all the atmosphere of excesses with which the outsider invariably clothes motion picture happenings. In short, it put the story over for the press folk, and they were properly grateful.

And the man himself, was he truly all the things that gossip said of him? Certainly he drove his actors to the point of collapse, but one was never known to refuse to work for him. The President of Superior Films groaned miserably, both before and after an interview with him. . . . because, as has been said, Rosenthal was naturally a peace-loving man. . . . but he knew that the doors of every studio in filmdom were waiting to receive this erratic director. Women whispered shocking things of Seibert, but boast openly if he gave them his favor. Undertakers in the studio thumbed their noses at his back, but quaked visibly before the stare of his cold blue eyes. Even MacDougall, the grim Scotch gateman, felt better when Seibert’s feminine had rolled, undelayed, through the entrance.

This morning, because of a mob scene to be shot, a crowd of people was surging through the main gates when the royal purple of Seibert’s great car bore swiftly and silently down upon the entrance. Perforce, the director was made to wait, while his chauffeur was hurried. The day gateman stepped out quickly into the elbowing mass.

“Get a move on, there! Can’t you see Mr. Seibert’s waiting?”

He shoved the fat backs of Russian mothers, who stolidly refused to be hurried. He swore under his breath at insolent-eyed Czechoslovak Jews, Roumanians. Armenians. Japanese and Italians—all ragged and dirty from habit. . . . the scum of the foreign quarters . . . secure in their possession of type. They did not need to worry. They had no competition. They knew it. Perhaps it would be that same haughty director who would shortly yell at them to make them surge forward, backward, and angrier, mob-scene gestures with their arms and lips.

What mattered if they annoyed him now? If he needed them for his picture, he would have to use them. What was the difference?

After slowly satisfying their curiosity, and displaying their peculiar pride, they finally shuffled through. Seibert’s car eased to a halt inside the entrance, and the gateman, catching Seibert’s eye, stepped quickly to his side.

“I’m sorry, sir,” he said instantly apologetic. “We weren’t expecting you so early . . .

The man in the car looked him over coldly. He said, his icy eyes a bit more than his lips lifted.

“You are to expect me . . . when I arrive! Not sooner. Not later! There shall be a different entrance hereafter for these . . . animals!”

“Yes, sir. Very good idea, sir . . .” replied the gateman agitatedly.

Seibert’s chauffeur slid the car softly to its habitual parking place in the drive, jumped out, and stood at military attention while his master alighted. Then he handed him a long white box, touched his cap, and closed the car door. Seibert, the box under his left arm, a slender, polished cane swinging in his right hand, proceeded to his private office. Anyone witnessing the little scene might have excusably thought himself in Europe in pre-war days, and even Seibert himself, though dressed in the latest fashion of civilian attire, carried always with him the impression of the military. A white gardenia in his lapel, one looked instead for a red ribbon across his breast, for the medals and decorations of the high military executive about his person.

He went directly to his office, and he did not exchange greetings with a soul on his way. Any other director, coming into the studio of a morning, would have been greeted in that bantering fashion popularly known as “kidding,” and which is an outstanding and charming characteristic of motion picture fraternization. But not Seibert. He neither gave, nor received, pleasantries. Most of these he passed pretended to be concerned elsewhere, for people do not like to show themselves snubbed. A few new employees daring to look at him smilingly, felt themselves left strangely chilled, and oddly reduced to thirty cents in their own opinion.
Watch for Crime Clues and Win $3,000

The story told by the director, Franz Seibert, casts suspicions upon the daughter of the Superior Films gateman. She is a bathing girl at another studio. "I happened to come upon Hardell and the girl in a darkened corner of the set," said Seibert. "The girl was reproaching him... accusing him of being untrue, I think. There were the usual recriminations... She is a fiend young woman!"

"Even a cat may look at a king," said a little extra girl under her breath, adding, "Gee, brother! I'd hate to meet you in a dark alley on a dark night!"

Facious words, and the girl... as many others... It as though swept by some mysteriously menacing force... something more insidious and overwhelming in its insidiousness than that which could be put forth by mere mortal.

Through all this aura of disturbed reaction, Seibert stalked aerobically.

MR. SEIBERT has arrived, Mr. Rosenthal. Will you talk to him?"

"Ach, Gott, yes!" replied the president reluctantly.

And from the other end of the wire the terse announcement:

"I shall finish the picture today."

Like an Oracle of Irrevocability came the statement, without preliminary greeting, without culminating modification. With the other directors nearing completion of their works, he did not give to the head executive the courtesy of identifying himself. But Rosenthal had not expected him to do so. Now he pulled the receiver closer.

"Ah... yes... good morning, Mr. Seibert. Will you please to come over to my office right away?"

A silence... then, "I am in my office."

Five words, terse, imperious. But they told Rosenthal a chapter. They said:

"You know where I am. If you wish to talk with me, come here. I do not go to anybody's office, not even the president of the studio, unless it is my special wish."

This morning the chapter failed to register. Pushing his fat lips closer to the mouthpiece, the president of Superior Films bombarded the director's ear painfully.

"Don't I know if you are in your office? Well, also I am in my office! I shall be in it right along. Also you shall be in it... right away... in my office... right away! I would see you here. It is very important, and I will not go over there to see you... understand, Mr. Seibert?"

Without waiting a reply Rosenthal put up the phone, and sank back into his chair.
Here is an Absorbing Study in Crime

The five contestants will have the opportunity to make their extended investigations when they get to the library, the outer study, the study and the music room. Supernatural Films and an important character in the murder mystery. You will hear more of him as the police make their extended investigations.

"Now, go ahead. Blow up and bust. For once I don't care. I half other troubles," said the president complacently.

For a long moment Seibert remained unmoving. He was staring down at his hands, clad, as usual, in their immaculate white gloves... a habit of his known throughout the picture world. It was said that during the filming of difficult scenes he had been known to ruin five dozen pairs of brand new, made-to-order, imported, white kid gloves! Now he spread his fingers slowly, and every seam in the well-made kid split with a splitting noise like the tearing of tissue paper. Deliberately he opened the white box and got out another pair, and put them on. This pair he also destroyed in the same manner. He rummled with calculated, methodical movements, and there was something uncannily menacing in the way in which he did it.

"I don't know why, sir... and... I'm sorry, sir... but I'm only obeying orders. You can't go in, Mr. Seibert..."

The boy was all but incoherent in his nervousness. F

Rules for Studio Murder Mystery Solutions

1. Nineteen prizes, totalling $3,000, are offered for the best solutions to the thrilling serial, "The Studio Murder Mystery." This story will appear in Photoplay in eight installments. The first installment appeared in the October, 1928, issue and the concluding installment will appear in the May, 1929, issue. After the appearance of the March, 1929, number, on February 15th, 1929, solutions to the mystery may be submitted but not before that date. All solutions must be received by Photoplay before midnight of March 10th, 1929, to receive consideration. The final installments of "The Studio Murder Mystery," printed in the April, 1929, and May, 1929, issues, will solve the mystery. The full list of winners will be announced as soon after the close of the contest as possible.

2. Awards will be made according to the accuracy of contestants in foretelling the real solution to "The Studio Murder Mystery" as worked out by the authors, the Edingtons. Literary merit will not count. The awards will be made wholly upon the detective ability of contestants in working out the mystery, explaining how the crime was committed, giving the reasons and naming the real murderer.

3. Solutions must be written in 200 words or less. They must be typewritten on one side of a sheet of paper and contestant's name and address must be typed on the upper left hand corner.

4. The nineteen prizes will be awarded as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prize</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tr>
<td>First Prize</td>
<td>$1,000</td>
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<td>Second Prize</td>
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<td>Third prize</td>
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<td>Fourth prize</td>
<td>150</td>
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<td>Five prizes</td>
<td>$100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ten prizes</td>
<td>$50</td>
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In the event that two or more contestants tie for any award, duplicate prizes will go to each contestant.

5. All solutions must be addressed to The Studio Murder Mystery Editor, Photoplay, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

6. No solutions will be returned to contestants. No inquiries regarding this contest will be answered. Failure to fulfill every rule will invalidate your solution. The contest is open to everyone except employees of Photoplay and members of their families. It is not necessary to be a subscriber or even a purchaser of a single copy of Photoplay. You can consult copies in public libraries, if you wish.
Win $3,000 by Solving the Mystery

Mr. Seibert came up in the remaining steps, and when the lad
had burst out against the door, barring it in his face, he raised
his voice and lowered it in a threatening manner. "You have evidently lost your senses. Stand out of my
way, I ordered furiously.

He swung the door open, and his form darkened the
take, there was a movement in the dim interior. An army
of rats was pushed into his stomach, and he found himself
looking into eyes as insolently ruthless as his own.

WHERE did you think you were going, boy?" drawled a
voice that had the soft, slipping quality of fine edged
voice. Without waiting for answer, the voice continued, in
an offhand, casual tone:

"Eat it! The kid gave you the orders. They go—and you
are out!"

The room was a singing exultation in the words, an old, and re-
church of joy in the eyes that so boldy gleamed upon
the director did not move. Instead he said calmly, as
seems you do not know me, my man. I am Franz
Seibert."

"I know you, but your name's auerkraut for all of me!
raise that cane an inch higher. . . . 'my man.' " he
asked. . . . With a quick change of tone he jabbed the
into the director's ribs.

"Do it!" he snapped fiercely, "smash me in the face
that damned cane, and I'll make it a pair. . . ." gesturing
cautiously to the interior of the set, where the stark figure of
remains fell still.

"Don't lowered the cane quietly . . . lifted his monocle and
it into place. Unblinkingly, and thoroughly, he scruti-
nized the man before him.

shall remember you. . . ." he said, and turning went with
relax step back the way he had come.

"I'll remember you with a slug in your guts, you lousy
guard yelled after him. 'To a companion on the
he called.

'Hey, Bill! Come here! Take this poor kid over to the
jal. He's hurt bad.' Then to the youth, now sobbing
pain, rage, and humiliation, 'here'd he get you, buddy?'

'Right in the face, damn his rotten soul!'

'Each mind. . . . Some day somebody'll shove that stick
down his filthy throat!'

I've shaved my heart out for him. . . . him and his rotten
toes. . . . the dirty . . . !'

"You said it all," agreed the ex-army man.

HERE it is. My contract! I wash my hands of this
place, and of you! Am I, Franz Seibert, to be insulted,
insulted about like a common property boy?"

Perhaps you think that I, who hire you, should come to
office and wish to see you?" inquired Rosenthal, quietly
vigning the pieces of torn paper which had clung to the hair
ear. I am not referring to that," replied the director coldly.

Tell then, do not understand, myself, how anyone else
d be offering you about, Mr. Seibert," returned the
talent blandly, still calmly removing the remains of the
act which had adhered to him in various places. After he
had a little pile of the torn pieces on his desk in front of
he said quietly.

"Let that you have thrown your contract in my face . . .
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had a little pile of the torn pieces on his desk in front of
the head of the company, he said quietly.

"Let that you have thrown your contract in my face . . .

"Mr. Seibert," said
the president, his big brown eyes holding the
icy blue ones. "I requested that you
should come directly to my office. I
wished to explain
to you. But did
you do it? You
did not. You
walked deliber-
ately past my
office! You
said to your-
self, 'I will
show him that
he cannot
order me,
Franz Seibert,
around!' Well,
then you went
by my office,
saw
you! I also
saw you go
offer to Stage
Six, because I
had an idea
that is just
vat you would
do. I could have
sent a boy after
you, and stopped
you, but I did not.
No . . . I let you
have your lesson.
Also, I said to
myself, 'Now, he will
come back here
and say to me he
has been insulted!'

Vell, Mr. Seibert,
mebbe last veek
that would have
made me very
much upset. But
not now. Not now.
I haft other troublies, beside
vich you become a nothing!"

There was digni-
ity in the presi-
dent's speech
and justice. If
Seibert had a
moment of re-
gret at his lack
of courtesy to
the head executive, he could
not show it now. He must
hold up his position. He
said frigidly,

"I am not concerned with your troublies, Mr. Rosen-
thal . . ."

Ignoring this also, the
director continued,

"I demand that you ex-
plain to me the reason of
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 86)
Wilson Mizner Turn Informe

Puts the spotlight on Raoul Walsh, the director

By
Wilson Mizner

"Raoul Walsh is as full of muscles as a fish market. ... When this article appears in Hollywood, I'll get myself an armful of bricks and go back on my hill." And that's the way the author writes about the director who is filming his story.

RAOUL WALSH, barricaded by cameras, was hard at work. But I just had to see him. So, crashing through all interference, I waited politely for the scene he was directing to come to an end and stated my business.

"I have been asked to interview you for Photoplay. Your public craves news of you and I seek information."

"Turned informer?" he queried, his manner belligerent. "I was born hating whistles—factory, tin and police—and—" As he stopped for breath my apprehensive eye luckily caught the "office" and he gave a stage hand, and as a chandelier crashed onto the spot I had occupied a splinter of a second previously. I decided to go off by myself, preferably to the top of some hill and interview him from there.

He's a lovely boy, this Walsh, but he does seem to think lightly of murder, and what makes him particularly menacing is that if he ever does commit one, he will juggle the plot around so that his comedian will probably get hung for it.

Being cautious, I write this without his help, for, leaving the personal danger aside, he'd be no help anyway. Getting him to talk about himself is about as easy as picking a bass solo out of a Lynnhaven oyster. I say "oyster" advisedly, for his initials are R. A. W.

So I must lean on my memory, an old and tottering support, and go back a term of years—about two misdemeanors and a felony. I can see this Raoul, then a blue-eyed boy, playing "lead" in "The Romance of the Underworld." The play was opening in Chicago that night and the author, Paul Armstrong, and the entire troupe, were "fit to tie" with suspense and nerves.

The set of the first act was a hotel room. Raoul had a piece of business here in which he went to an old-fashioned telephone to convey some information to the hotel clerk supposedly at the other end of the wire. This speech of his was a vital one to the plot, and consequently to the success of the show. As he took off the receiver, the whole damn' telephone came off the wall. There was an instant of horrified silence, broken only by the "pit-pat" of perspiration dripping off the author.

Then the astounding thing happened: Walsh waited for the laugh, then, to increase the hilarity, got down on the floor with the box and improvised a speech roasting the bum hotel that would have second-hand equipment such as a dilapidated phone he was now trying to use. Then passing quickly from anger to intensity, he spoke the important speech.

Right there the veriest sucker should have known he'd direct—not necessarily pictures, but something—a hot-dog stand or a shooting-gallery at least. For here, surely, was an exposition of invention, a fairly important attribute, for which Raoul's term would have ended up with a wheelbarrow and the Wright brothers with a toy balloon.

As I came on his set the other afternoon Raoul was busy taking a scene in which a silly looking negro steals a banana from his master's dinner table and then eats it. The man acted the part perfectly, even to disposing of the entire fruit, and I was much surprised when Raoul called, "Come on, now; let's take this scene again." Once more the orchestra struck up a tune and the cameras clicked.

He must have taken this little episode eight or ten times, if as two takes are about the limit for him even in an important spot, I began to fear the hot lights had turned him a little "corky." On investigating, I learned there was no film in the camera and the camera men were simply stalling.

ASKED Archie Buchanan, Raoul's able production manager, for enlightenment.

"The poor guy's broke and hungry," Archie explained, "so Raoul's trying to get him his breakfast without embarrassing him."

More of this kind of invention might make life less irksome.

When we think how rarely we stagger on a man who can't kindle while he's doing a kindness, it makes us gulp back something akin to a sob at these satirical bananas and that rot and tumble director who could make drab mercy so much masquerade.

I might touch further on these qualities of gentleness which the daily optimist classifies as feminine. But what a chump! For not so long ago Raoul Walsh had all the earmarks of a champion middle-weight fighter. And right now he's as full of muscles as a fish market. So I want him to work with me—on me.

Now with the reviewer's effrontery, let's put the acid on man's personality.

As to general appearance and facial contours, see accompanying photographs. (Kind of cadgy way of ducking a description, eh?) As to his dress, I was going to say he had one; that would get me flagged.

His favorite breakfast food is the New York Racing Food and his pet essayist is John L. Day, sports editor of the N.York Press.

His weighty reading is confined to the imposts picked up stake horses.
ALICE TERRY plays hostess to all movie stars who visit the Riviera, where her husband, Rex Ingram, has his studio. When Rex is in the mood for working, Alice plays in a picture. Her newest is "The Three Passions." The Ingrams make a neat income by renting their studio to foreign companies.
I have achieved happiness," says Joan Crawford, announcing her coming marriage to Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

Joan Crawford's earliest recollections were Lawton, Oklahoma. Her supposed father, Hen Cassin, owned a small theater there in Lawton. Here the child Joan dreamed of becoming a dancer. Joan subsequently discovered that her real father's name was Le Sueur, her mother having remarried. Joan was put in the St. Auge Academy in Kansas City.

Later Joan earned her living taking care of children in a boarding and day school. She was treated so badly that she ran away. Daumier always attracted her and soon she was a chorus girl. Her adventures finally led her to Broadway.

I didn't go in for the so-called Butter and Egg Men in New York City.

Oh, of course, I went on some of the parties.

There is one wealthy man in New York who we all knew. All you have to do is say his name to any chorus girl in the city and she'll come back with "Ain't he grand?"

He lives for the chorus girls and the chorus girls live for him. But he is a collective friend and not one of us would have the right to chide him.

Jack Okie (he played with Clara Bow in "Th' Fleet's In") and I were great pals. We were in the show business, growing up together. This was just a case of two kids going to supper, walking home, talking things over. A sweet comradeship which comes into the life of every woman and should be cherished as one of her valuable memories.

I had been in New York perhaps six months when I had my first big heart palpitation. He was a well-known actor. I cannot give you his name for he is now happily married and far belied from any sincere woman to dig up memories from the past to confront a man when he is happy. I know now I did not love him. But thought that I did.

He was famous. He had his own production. I, a chorus girl, was proud to be seen with him.

He answered the cry which comes to most women: It will be such an honor to "catch" him.

I don't know where this affair would have ended if the doorman hadn't handed me this note, late one afternoon: "Please, may I see you?" Signed, "Another chorus girl."

A lovely young thing was waiting outside. "I am Mary Orr. Won't you go to dinner with me?"

And it was over the dinner table that she told me: "I have been going with——(the actor) for over a year. I was engaged to him until you came along. I am not asking you to give him up. He means my life to me. I just don't want you, too, to have your heart broken."

I saw him once after that. But I saw Mary...
Dancing Girl

As told to
Ruth Biery
by
Joan Crawford

often. She is one of my best friends and unwill-
tedly saved me from much suffering and ill-
ation. After this experience I was a little unhappy. 
tided the sincerity of all people.
other fault of woman! One man proves un-
hy and we immediately think that all men 
be of the same measure.

JRINED to Ray. I would like to quote to 
an from his letter written November 9, 1924, 
ansas City.
Dearest girl, have you, too, begun to hunger 
certly? It is a rare thing to find exposed 
ood and age, isn't it? But, do you know, 
ere is as much desire in the inner-self of 
verage person as there ever was?
York, as I gather, is like a melting-pot 
classes and a cesspool of all licentiousness. 
ly natural that those with more money 
morals should be drawn to that gathering 
ity which is the theatrical world. You 
self have told me of the numbers of girls of 
knowledge who have succumbed to the 
of easy riches, which indicates that the stage 
any who are ready to pawn their bodies 
suous pleasures—and they usually lose 
w ticket. So the cads who infest the 
d you work in are not fit examples of all 
ork, dear. They are but the flies who 
er around the sugar bowl. There must be 
y good people in the city who are as good 
e others are no good. Have you looked for 
? Buenas noches, Carissima, and may God 
ou and give you the aid I cannot. Your 

O you wonder that this man continued to 
old my respect and interest? 
it this letter made me lonesome. I decided 
 home for Christmas. 
is Granlund was a friend of mine. Every 
in York knows Granny. He gets them 
when they need it. 
need extra work now to get money for e. He took me to Harry Richmond, who 
e me a chance singing and dancing in his 
et after my show was finished. I think I 
as proud of my trips to the music sellers, ask-
"What new songs have you?" as I was of 
g promoted from the back row to the front 
of the chorus.
ro days before I left, Granny called me up and said, 
ry Rapf is in town."
What's that to me?" I answered. 
He's looking for new faces for the movies."
Let him look!"
But wouldn't you like to go into the movies?"
No!"
ttle did I know that I would owe my deepest appreciation most profound respect to this very Harry Rapf.

"I have said that I would never marry," says Joan 
 Crawford. "But then I had not met the man I wanted 
to marry. I made that statement in all honesty. But 
there is always one man who answers every need for a 
woman. I am going to marry Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. 
This is an announcement of our engagement"

But Granny insisted, so I took the test. And never thought 
another thing about it until I received a wire in Kansas City: 
"You are put under a five year contract. Leave immediately 
for Culver City, California."

For the second time I jumped a show without giving the two 
weeks' notice. Nothing was said in the telegram about salary 
but money was sent for my transportation.

I don't know why I started for California on that New Year's 
Day, 1925, rather than for New [CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]
Intimate Snapshots of Film Favorites

No. 1

Clara Bow spends a quiet evening amidst her fan mail
Immigrant

The True Story
of how
Eva von Berne,
plump, too unsophisticated,
too unaware of her own
beauty, was
turned into star material

By
Katherine Albert

LAST June a liner deposited a poor, bewildered, little Austrian girl on the
docks of Hoboken.
She wore a two-piece, dark green jersey dress with a rumpled satin bow
at the throat. I distinctly remember her hair, since it played such an
important part in her career. It was dark and stringy, with no curl in it.

The reporters were told: "She's a find. Norma Shearer saw her picture in a
magazine in Vienna and insisted that Irving Thalberg give her a test. Only girl
signed up abroad. Her real name is Eva von Plenzner. She has never been on
the stage or screen. Studied dancing. Went to a convent. Is but seventeen
years old."

The publicity department had hoped that she would be sophisticated. She was
simply young. We had hoped that she would be tall and willowy like Garbo. She
was plump. Perhaps she would arrive with some strange animal, a gnu or a wolf
or a griffin. She clutched in her hands a tiny stuffed dog made of orange colored
velvet. It had a white fur collar.

There were people everywhere—and cameras. She posed for hundreds of stills on the boat and equally as
many in her room at the Hotel Warwick. An interpreter had been engaged for her and she gave out dozens of
interviews.

She took it all with a surprising amount of composure. There was reason for her poise. Eva was well born. On
her luggage was emblazoned a small coronet just above the initials E. v. P. For publicity purposes I would have ex-
changed the coronet on her one small steamer trunk for twenty plain pieces of luggage if they had been filled with
clothes.

I unpacked for her. A funny little ecru dress. Two figured silk frocks. A plain black taffeta evening gown.
That was all.

I called her and her interpreter away from the reporters.
"You will buy clothes?" I questioned.
Eva shook her head. "Der iss no money!"
I found one of the boys in [continued on page 131]
The Stars That To the Manner Born

The dark extra had one quality that Hollywood cannot fake. She was a lady. Who was she and why did she turn her back on fame?

IV—TO THE MANNER BORN

A CURIOUS group, these stars that never were! An amazing group. Combining all the beauty of the lost and aching ages. Combining all the charm—all the pathos—of the world's greatest romances. And yet—beauty without fulfilment. Charm and pathos without an audience!

Some say, and rightly, that there are extra people who would have set the world afire. Had anyone taken the trouble to apply the match of destiny to the dry tinder of their ambition and talent. Certainly many extras, given the chance, have succeeded splendidly. Have won their way through to a clean-cut and splendid triumph. No—we won't go over the list of their names. Not again! For you know them well.

As you would have known the dark woman, she of the Greek profile and the beautifully poised body, had the critics been able to give her back to you. For the critics praised her swift entrance, and her even more swift exit, in the Vandergift reception scene, in "Murdered Millions." A story of the smart set—that the smart set, so called! A film of the four hundred. In which three hundred and ninety-nine were poor imitations—in which the dark woman, alone, was real!

When the director saw that scene in the cutting room swore, and rang for a messenger boy. And sent a swift telegram which came back, at the end of the day, with "unfound written across the face of it. When the star saw that scene, the cutting room, she sobbed aloud.

For the dark woman, in a simple grey crepe dress, had made the star—for all her velvet and chinchilla and pearls—see cheap. As cheap as a fragment of tinsel on a last year Christmas tree!

IT'S easy enough to get extras for a cabaret scene. For a mob or the crowd in a college stadium, or the thronged tangle a slum. It's easy to get extras to portray an audience—or group of actors back-stage. But when you're filming society society with a capital S—it isn't easy to get extras who look like the genuine article. Your boy, in his well-cut dress suit, is just an extra boy, making believe. Your girl, in her debutante gown, is just an extra girl playing pretend.

And so, when the dark woman passed the casting directo
“Didn’t anyone tell you,” the star asked, “that we wanted extras for a reception? You’re dressed for a business office. But then, maybe you haven’t any other clothes.” “Oh, yes,” replied the dark woman, “I have other clothes. But this is the way one dresses for an afternoon reception.”

“I’ll lend you a string of beads, dearie,” said a sympathetic wardrobe woman, “so as you won’t look out of place! It’s a society tea they’re shootin’. You didn’t know that, did you?”

From under those dark, level brows the woman in the grey gown looked down at the wardrobe woman. And when she spoke, though she had an accent strange to the studio, her voice was gentle.

“Why, it’s kind of you—about the beads,” she said, “but I never wear that sort of thing. Really.”

And the wardrobe woman subsided.

“I felt kind of like she was putting me in my place,” said the wardrobe woman, “not being mean to me, y’understand. Not that. But sort of like she couldn’t help it.”

Yellow grease paint—strangely colored lip rouge! Silently the woman applied them, after the directions that the make-up expert offered. She went seriously about the business of accenting her regular features—not for her was the scattering fire of motion picture gossip, of laughing inuendo that flew about the long dressing room. Not consciously above the others, was she—oh, not at all! Only one could tell

that she did not, actually, listen to the talk. That, to her, it lacked both fire and interest. She was only absorbed in the matter of doing her face as well as possible. Her long, delicate fingers smoothed each rough surface carefully, painstakingly. She—the novice—was ready before any of the other extras; she was well in front of the long line that went out, at last, to the set where the Vanderbilt reception was being filmed.

You who saw “Murdered Millions”—you remember that reception, with its massively built up drawing room, with its heavy, carved furniture and its even more heavy velvet curtains. You remember the gowns of the beautiful women who trailed across the heavy oriental rugs—you remember their beaded lashes and their drooping hats. The script called for a fashionable crowd in the late afternoon,” but some of those women wore dresses that would have graced a formal dinner—some wore gowns that were fluffy enough, inconsequential enough, to have belonged in any boudoir. That is why the director broke off his sentence—[continued on page 135]
Gossip
This Th—

By C.

Etiquette note: Don't wear diamond bracelets while horseback riding. It makes the horse shy.
Here is a slave-bracelet, worn by Raquel Torres, that was fashioned after the bit of a horse.

If you can speak, and not call "birdie" "boodie"—
If you can laugh, and make it sound like fun—
If you will not refer to "poifect loidy"—
Hey, hey! You'll be in talkies yet, my son!

UNLESS Edwin Carewe wants to send his Triby into oblivion as fast as he lifted her to fame, both Mr. Carewe and Dolores Del Rio had better try to keep off the front pages of newspapers. The latest publicity force was a near-duel that was supposed to be staged in Paris between the gray-haired director and the late husband of Dolores, Jaime del Rio.
It seems, according to the newspaper stories, that Jaime objected to the fair name of Del Rio being dragged into the dust and he considered Dolores' excursion to Paris with Carewe nothing less than an insult. Anyway, that was the story, although this old cynic has a hunch that Jaime made no such squawk.
For one thing, Jaime is no fool and for another, he is interested in Consuelo Pani, daughter of the Mexican ambassador in Paris.

If I suspect publicity in the whole affair, I may be pardoned because both Dolores and Carewe love the limelight and only a few months ago they were mixed up in a kidnapping that was bona fide only in that it was an attempt to kidnap space in the newspapers.

Hollywood stars who have been involved in divorces should not ignore the conventions of the world at large by parading their trips, even chaperoned by a mother, as this one was, in the newspapers. This isn't prudery or hypocrisy, but plain commonsense. There are certain social conventions that obtain all over the world and to create publicity by ignoring them just isn't done.

Before she sailed for Europe, Dolores let it be given out that she was going to visit the Queen of Spain. Now as a woman who was educated in Spain, Senora Del Rio certainly ought to know that the Spanish Court is Catholic and that a divorcée has no more chance of being presented at a Catholic Court than the Pope has of being elected Governor of Tennessee.

GRETA GARBO has changed her mind about being able to drive an automobile. After taking one panicky look at the instrument board of a Hispano-Suiza and being bewildered by the maze of intricate gauges, levers and whatnots, she tosses her hands in despair.
"I said I could drive a car, not a locomotive!" she announced.

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, stealing Gene Tunney's stuff, unearthed this description of the talkies out of Shakespeare: "It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

YOU can never tell about these bachelors. Once Nils Aschy made the statement that he was essentially a lone wolf, that women meant nothing in his life. But the lone wolf sees...
John Gilbert's contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer gives up the ghost in December. Jack, of course, has been dissatisfied with his work at the studio and has made no secret of the fact that he wants to make a change. I say "of course" because I never yet have met a star who was completely satisfied with the existing contract.

Naturally, other companies are franticly bidding for his services and offering all kinds of money and other inducements. Whenever a contract expires in Hollywood, there are a lot of hard feelings between the producers and players and many tales of dirty work at the crossroads.

Irv Ing Cummings, suffering from an attack of tonsillitis, announced from the hospital that he was having his voice lifted for Movietone.

Greta Garbo plans to go to Europe to spend Christmas with the home folks in Sweden. The sleuths say that there is more than love of home and country back of this move and that Greta is really being strategic. The romantic ones have it that unless M.-G.-M. comes to terms with Gilbert, Greta will remain idle in Sweden until her contract also expires.

Such love seems almost too good to be true.

Greta, the screen's hottest mama (M.-G.-M. slogan department please note), is habitually cold. The hottest day of the year she sat on the set wearing a serge suit and a large fur coat.

Director Clarence Brown said, "You can take off the coat, Greta, I'll let you know in plenty of time for the scene."

"No, thanks," declared Greta, "I just feel good now."

Enthusiastic Madame Glyn holds reticence a mortal sin.

She would, if she could have her way, refer to Clara Bow as "they."

Hollywood used to be quite satisfied with a mere engagement rumor, but now-a-days nothing less than a secret marriage will do. Well, if you must have your secret marriages, we'll give the girls and boys a hand by rumor ing them. There's
little Ruth Taylor who, it is said, has been married to a wealthy real estate man named Toplitzky for three months.

Rumor also has it that Clarence Brown and Dorothy Sebastian are married. If this is so then it's completely hopeless for all the adoring swains who have confided to us a great and undying devotion for Dorothy.

JIMMY MURRAY crosses his heart, hopes to die and says he's going to be a good boy from now on.

The kid, once an usher at the Capitol Theater, New York, went haywire after his hit in King Vidor's "The Crowd," and all the folks said it was just too bad that he should toss away a grand start. Jimmy seemed bent on painting a colorful past rather than a rosy future.

Now he's raised his right hand and said "Never again!" Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has forgiven and forgotten, and given him the lead opposite Norma Shearer in "The Trial of Mary Dugan." And as far as Jimmy Murray is concerned everything is both hotsy and totsy now.

ACCORDING to Patsy Ruth Miller, a gentleman is a man who can wear gray spats, a derby hat and a cane and NOT look like a motion picture actor.

BEHIND the story of the way Texas Guinan, blonde queen of the Broadway night club racket, came into Hollywood sweet and low is another yarn of hearts bowed down.

You remember the background—Tex, champ whoopee girl of New York, came to Hollywood expecting a big dinner with mayors, a thousand cover charges nollé prosed and a welcome befitting one of the best free-press agented hostesses that ever okayed a check. She had signed with Vitaphone to do talkies but Hollywood ran out on her. The Mayor of Los Angeles reneged, the club where the party was to be held crawled, and all that met Tex at the depot was a couple of hired hands and a lot of office ballyhoo. Not like dear old Gin Gulch, back east, where Tex yells "Hello, sucker!" and the big sugar daddies give and give all.

THE story within a story is this: A certain young man, a hi-powered promoter and go-getter, had a crush on Tex's breast, but she gave him ozone, and he went west to forget in old movie style. When he learned she was coming west to into pictures he sensed a chance to climb back in the limelight. So he went ahead 24-sheeting Hollywood and signing up dins and arranging the greatest welcome in the history of the film world. He promoted not wisely, but too well, and when the whole planned party fell around his ears with a crash, he's farther off from the flashing smiles of Big Tex than ever.

Moral—to swipe from Tex herself—give a little girl a gin big hand, but be sure it doesn't reach out and smack you do.

THE movie actor's new slogan, according to Mark Hel-linger: "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we dialogue!"

ECHOES of the Tom Mix-Weavin' Will Morrissey go a thunder among the pink stucco walls of the film colony. Little did George Beban know what he was letting him in for when he mailed Italian bids to a nice calm fiesta at Casa del Beban.

The low-down on the punch-trading seems to be that Weav Will, stage comic and cabaret entertainer, was looking for what he got, and that Big Tom, dismounted, avoided mingles with the comedian at least ten times for the sake Beban's whoopee.

ONCE Tom unlimbered his rights and lefts, though, wasn't long for Will and his wife, Midgie Miller. When the couple turned up at the station house to complain, they w
The shortest road to the movies is by way of Rico. Mona Rico was in Hollywood only six
ks, when Ernst Lubitsch discovered her. She
be given an important rôle in John Barry-
re's newest picture, "King of the Mountains"

emptly tossed into the cooler to heal up and get back their

om Mix went on his merry way as one of Hollywood's
greeters.

if I had nothing to do but flatten Mr. Morrissey every
ning before breakfast," allows Tom, "I'd consider my time
ly unoccupied."

ich seems to indicate that Mr. Mix figures Weavin' Will
ing but a cheap push-over.

Perhaps one thing wrong with strictly film parties is that now
then a comical wise-cracker wangles in.

he morality clause that is a part of every film contract
has caused anguish to many a star.

When Charley Delaney read his contract over, his partic-
lar clause made such an impression on him that he went
ome that night, kissed his wife on the cheek and slept in
the garage.

RED hot report is raging along the celluloid rialto regard-
ing strife between Lupe Velez and Jetta Goudal. It seems
Jetta has reverted to temperament, thereby proving this to
be one of the incurable ailments. Even D. W. Griffith, expert
he is in feminine affairs, has found her a brimming dish.
title of the film featuring this tempestuous pair is "The
Song."

that an elastic imagination it took to conceive that one-
work of an optimist, positively!

I understand that Jetta has stolen at least one forced march
a Lupe. The billboards will proclaim her name in type as
as William Boyd's. A smart compromise on the part of

An engagement that goes on forever. Ruth Roland
and Ben Bard set the Hollywood record for con-
stancy, although they can't make up their minds
to set a date for the wedding.

Griffith, we suspect.—Jutta gets the big type and Lupe gets the
big rôle! Who says Griffith isn't a master?

ARL LAEMMLE, JR. is being groomed to be next year's

genius. His papa wants to crown him with the laurel
wreath recently worn by Irving Thalberg.

Genius or not, Junior Laemmle isn't so much with the girls.
Junior developed a crush on Sue Carol, which was a bold idea
when you consider that Sue's thoughts are all for Nick Stuart.
While Sue was working at Universal, Junior was most con-
spicious on her set and requested the orchestra to play "Sweet
Sue," over and over again.

ONE morning Alice Day happened to be working on an
adjoining set. Alice, you know, was once Junior's girl
friend, but that's all over. The orchestra was playing "Sweet
Sue," and when the song was ended, Junior asked for "When
Day Is Done."

Imagine his embarrassment when he discovered Alice stand-
ing behind him.

Junior's luck with the girls is simply terrible. Who remem-
ber his "great discovery," "Dimples Lido, who got fat on him
and was shipped quietly back to Europe?

STARTED as a modest film—
A boy, a girl, a row.
They hired five thousand extra men,
And I'm an epic now.

O continue with the geniuses: Since her marriage to Irving
Thalberg, Norma Shearer is the prima donna of the M-G-
M. studio. This is fine for Norma but not so good for the other
girls on the lot. Norma is making her first talkie, "The Trial
of Mary Dugan," which is also one of the prize stories of the
year. And, naturally, Thalberg is more ambitious for his wife
than for any of the other stars on the premises. Yes, Geraldine,
a long story could be written of the girls who were hoistad
to fame by marrying their producers. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]
that all seductive girls aren't born on the other side of the Atlantic. M. Duncan is a native of Virginia and was educated at Cornell. The Fox Company considers her one of the best in its group of promising young people. Her stage experience — remember Poppy in "The Shanghai Gesture" — naturally equipped her for the talk.
How Gloria Swanson said "no" to De Mille and refused to cut off her nose to spite her face

By Dick Hyland

I HAVE just discovered that Gloria Swanson won success by a nose.

And no Derby winner, coming down the home stretch amid clanging thousands, ever fought harder to keep its nose out in front than did the tic-tac-toe of Hollywood.

For, once upon a time in the dim past, they wanted Gloria to "bob" her nose. And thereby hangs a tale. One of the unknown tales which go to make the glamorous, intriguing history of Hollywood.

So this is a story about a nose. Gloria's nose and how—but let's get back to where I did. It's easier that way.

Leon Gordon, one of America's best portrait painters, is "doing" Gloria in his studio at the Ambassador Hotel.

"Come and see it," he urged me. "Actually, I am having fun painting. Gloria is wonderful to paint. She is so sympathetic, an appealing subject. The girl is really an artist. She is personalty." I agreed with Mr. Gordon and promised to come. In addition to the attractive portraits lining the walls of the studio,

Leon has a most wonderful supply of imported paint, so I didn't find it hard to promise.

There is one, a Russian paint called ved something or other, with which it is possible to obtain the most astonishing effects. Going up to his studio in the elevator I got a break. I met Harrison Fisher, whose heads on the cover of Cosmopolitan Magazine speak for themselves. Knowing that he was not only interested in painting but almost as much of an authority on foreign paints, including the Hawaiian okali how and the rare one obtained from the Mexican century plant, as was Leon himself—but you can guess the rest. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]
THE AIR CIRCUS—Fox

THIS is a collegiate sort of flying film, with an aviation training school for a background. There's no war. Two kids want to be Lindberghs. One of the lads loses his nerve. His mother has not wanted him to be a flier, because his big brother has been killed in the skies over Flanders. So the boy looks like a flop. Then his pal starts off in a plane with his girl on board. Their landing gear falls off. Who will warn them? None other than the boy who has feared the air. Thus the two parachute to safety.

David Rollins does excellently as the boy who was afraid and Arthur Lake is delightful as his pal, Speed. Louise Dresser gives a moving performance of the mother and Sue Carol is attractive as the girl. There are several talking sequences in "The Air Circus" but they do not add particularly to the film.

WATERFRONT—First National

MEET the new Jack Mulhall! Not the dapper salesman you know, but a greasy-faced, tobacco-chewing, grimy oiler of the good ship West Wind.

What, you turn away? Better look again, for the personable creature that shines through this handicap proves he has attraction plus.

Now don't take the story seriously. Some things must be built for fun. Skipper Andrews lives along the San Francisco waterway and dreams of the day when he and his daughter, Sallie, can enjoy secluded farm life. Sallie loves the sea and waits for a sailor lover to take her away. When Breezy O'Connor blows into port, Dad recognizes the danger signal and rises to meet it. Dorothy Mackaill, co-star, plays the bewitching Sallie. If you miss this, don't ask for another gloom chaser.

The Shadow Stage
A Review of the New Pictures

ME, GANGSTER—Fox

HERE is a picture as sentimental, as melodramatic, as pointedly moral as any picture ever made, yet it is completely absorbing. Raoul Walsh has the knack, possessed by Griffith in his heyday, of making the characters of a sticky story pulse with life.

The picture is outstanding for another and a more important reason. It brings a new player, a very fine, very compelling actor to the screen, one Don Terry, a young college man discovered by the author of the piece, Charles Francis Coe, in the Montmartre Cafe. Terry's performance stands out as one of the unusual and moving gestures of the cinema. He is not handsome; he is definitely a type, yet there is a rugged charm about him that gives him a niche higher than your sleek haired, amorous puppets.

The story is related in a novel form. It is "The Diary of Me, Gangster" and the subtitles are shown in handwriting, written in the first person. It is the boy's story, of course, yet there are splendid performances given by June Collyer, who makes the most of a weak role; by Anders Randolf and by Gustav von Seyffertitz. It is an injustice to relate the plot, since it is an ordinary one of the son of a wardheeler who finds that crime doesn't pay. Such trite phrases as "the straight and narrow path," "going straight," etc., are plentiful. But it is the absorbing interest of the prison scenes, the fascinating development of the situations and the absolutely perfect characterization of Terry that make it a splendid contribution to the art of the cinema. It may not touch your heart, except in one prison scene, but it will hold you spellbound.
The Best Pictures of the Month

Greenwich Village THE DOCKS OF NEW YORK
Hee Air Circus WATERFRONT

The Best Performances of the Month

Madge Bellamy in "Mother Knows Best" Louise Dresser in "Mother Knows Best"
Don Terry in "Me, Gangster"
Betty Compson in "The Docks of New York" George Bancroft in "The Docks of New York"
Bacanalova in "The Docks of New York" Fay Wray in "The Wedding March"
Albert Gran in "Dry Martini"
Vilma Banky in "The Awakening"

Lasts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 144

THE DOCKS OF NEW YORK—Paramount

If you will ignore the inartistic ending, added as a sop to the box office, you will find here a picture that observes Aristotle's three unities of time, place and action.

Von Sternberg, the mad young director who made "Underworld" has selected a situation unlimited in dramatic value—a wedding in a brothel! He has given his story a subtle emotional undercurrent, rare to the cinema.

George Bancroft plays the rôle of a coal stoker, as simple and as cruel as a child, who plucks a woman from suicide and shows her a good time. The trouble with her is that she has had too many good times. To him, the wedding is a gag, the outcome of a drunken moment. To her, it means release from sordidness and her only chance for respectability. They are both pitiful, for there can be no common understanding between them.

If you are one of those blessed with an appreciation of the beauty of realism, then this will be more beautiful to you than a story of young love in a garden. It has power and tenderness.

Betty Compson, as the woman, does as fine a piece of work as the screen has witnessed. Duse could not have been more poignant. Imagine her combining bitterness, womanliness and beauty in one strikingly artistic performance. Bacalanova, strange and vital, is touched with the same poignancy. Of course, Bancroft is excellent, while Mitchell Lewis and Clyde Cook leave nothing to be desired. Yet it is a director's picture and had it not been for the fatal "tag," it would have been as worthy an effort as has appeared. Dramatic, living, powerful!

DRY MARTINI—Fox

You know the suave, sophisticated sort of stuff done by Director Harry D'Arrast. This is in the smartest D'Arrast manner, with many of the scenes laid in front of the Ritz bar in Paris. A mellow old expatriated American dwells pleasantly in the French capital—until his daughter comes to visit him for the first time in ten years. Daughter is a little too sophisticated for the old fellow and lands Willoughby Quimby and his friends in all sorts of tribulations.

Albert Gran is delightful as the conservative old playboy, Willoughby Quimby, while Matt Moore is excellent as a perpetually bunned young American. Mary Astor is admirable as the daughter. A neat bit is contributed by Jocelyn Lee, who plays Georgette, something more than friend to the elderly Quimby.

MOTHER KNOWS BEST—Fox

When Edna Ferber's short story, "Mother Knows Best," first appeared, it was suspected generally that the Salty Quail of her fiction was really Elsie Janis. Madge Bellamy plays Sally in this splendid film adaptation and time and again she suggests Elsie Janis. It's quite uncanny. The film adapters have made some changes in the Ferber story. There is a happy—and logical—ending. Mama Quail still maneuvers her daughter to fame—and she does it unyieldingly, lovingly and even tragically.

You will like this picture. It is genuine and moving. This performance marks Miss Bellamy as an actress of the very first rank. Then, too, her imitations are delicious. Louise Dresser's work as Mama Quail is superb and Barry Norton is handsome and appealing as the song writer who loves Sally. The dialogue is a splendid sound addition.
BEBE DANIELS departs successfully from her usual acrobatics in this natural comedy of back-stage life. The story is simple: a hard-working chorus girl loves a country boy who imagines himself a second Houdini and nearly starves to death. Lilyan Tashman, as the temperamental star, is vivid. Neil Hamilton plays the country boy with sincerity. Marshall Neilan’s smooth direction gives naturalness.

THE WEDDING MARCH—Paramount

YEARS of work and millions of dollars wasted on a story that, in its present form, was hardly worth telling. The beauty of many of the scenes is nullified by a pigsty atmosphere. The Corpus Christi procession to St. Stephan’s, with Franz Josef in all his mediaeval glory, is beautifully presented. But there are other scenes that will repel audiences. Von Stroheim is awkward, but Fay Wray’s work is her best yet.

THE FLEET’S IN!—Paramount

THIS is a story of the navy but it isn’t all wet. It starts out with a bang like a cannon but ends up with some melodramatic slush. Clara Bow is always interesting and James Hall gives the finest performance of his career as the gob who mistook a good gal for a bad one. Jack Oakie, a newcomer, has a funny face and knows what to do with it. You simply mustn’t miss it.

SHOW GIRL—First National

THIS is a “yes” and “no” picture. Like “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,” the production misses the piquant quality of the book. Stripped of its sharp humorous observation, the story is a melodrama of a night club dancer involved in a scandal for publicity. Alice White dances away with the honor in her first starring vehicle. If you haven’t chuckled over the book, you’ll scream with laughter over the picture.

SUBMARINE—Columbia

HERE is a perfectly good picture gone movie. The situation is tremendous, a group of men trapped in a submarine, but the production is too mechanical. The characters need a life line. They fail to be human beings. A faulty story keeps this from being the picture it should be. Nevertheless, it should be seen because it is so spectacular and because of the fine handling of the key situation.
for the Latest Talkie Developments

**WEST OF ANZIBAR**  
M.-G.-M.

ON CHANEY goes cripple again for the sake of the public, but not for art's sake. Remembering his fine performance in a straight rôle in "Tell to the Marines," it seems a great pity that such a good actor should indulge in charlatan tricks. The story is a composite of "The Shanghai Gesture" and Congo. Revenge, dope, crooks—all the tricks! There is color and little else. It is all very false and movie.

**ANAPOLIS**  
—Pathe

APLEASANT rehash of "Classmates," "The Midshipman," and "West Point," dealing, of course, with the ever-interesting admirals of the future in The Cradle of the Navy. So colorfully done that it's easy to take. John Mack Brown is the youthful undergrad who's nobly rolled out for his rival's misdemeanors, and Jeanette Loff is a most romantic heroine. Billy Bakewell and Maurice Ryan, roommates of the cadet and the cad, are irresistible wags. Very stirring in spots.

**THE BEST OF THE TALKIE DEVELOPMENTS**

**SOMEONE** who does NOT know his Hollywood wrote this legend of the Cinema Capital. 
George Jackson, a country boy with hay sticking out of his ears, falls for a movie queen who swoons every time our hick appears.
For several years, Gladys Brockwell has been inflicted with cavy, dramatic rôles, but in turning talkie, she also turns to art and makes a tremendous go of it. She's really an amazingly clever comedienne.

**MADEMON—Universal**

THE best you can say for it is that it talks. It also sings and makes whoopie with sound. It's Universal's idea of a full-length talkie.
Their first born, featuring war, Walter Pidgeon, song and raps. The story is terrible, the acting worse. Germany never had a chance, with the doughboys singing as they do in this. This horrible example should be a museum piece, valuable because it shows how not to make a talkie.

**THE SEX LIFE OF THE POLYP—Fox**

THE most daring scientific lecture of the year is here brought right into your theater, so the kiddies can hear all the dirt.
That eminent authority on the mating instincts of the lower animals, Mr. Robert Benchley, talks straight from the shoulder and thousands of young men and women may be kept from making the fatal mistake, thanks to the frankness of Mr. Benchley.
This short subject is the second Movietone satire made by Mr. Benchley who will become the Francis X. Bushman of the talkies if he doesn't look out.
Be sure to see it.
It is one of the best and most amusing talkies released so far. And take grandma.

**A SPANISH SERENADE—Warner**

XAVIER CUGAT, violinist, presents his gigolos in a musical sketch with a Spanish atmospheric setting. Constant improvement has advanced the Vitaphone to the stage where it can now record perfectly the intricacies and variations of Spanish music.

[Additional reviews of latest pictures on page 81]

[Additional reviews of sound pictures on page 82]
When Wallace Beery completes his dirty work at the studio he flies—literally—to his camp at Silver Lake. And there Mrs. Beery—Rita Gilman—broils him a steak and asks him if he's been a bad boy all day. The camp, one of the most picturesque in California, was purchased by the wages of sin.

The Beery camp—seventy-five miles from a movie or a railroad or a telephone. Directors wishing to reach Wallace must radio for him. His mountain home is 7,600 feet above sea level in the Sierras.
The friendship between George Fawcett and John Mack Brown started at a football game in Alabama. Fawcett advised the athlete to go to Hollywood. When Brown arrived, Fawcett spent his evenings training him for his new career.

Ask Dad—He Knows!

By Katherine Albert

A BEAUTIFUL gesture has been made in Hollywood! George Fawcett, dean of character actors, graduate of the University of Virginia, one of the few film players with a notable place in "Who's Who," has assed on his experience and technique to a good-looking football player from Alabama. As successful as Fawcett's life has been there was one thing lacking. He could not point with pride to some handsome, talented fellow and say, "My son!"

And then, along came Johnny Mack Brown. It was in Birmingham. Fawcett was "on location," playing role in "Men of Steel." Johnny was playing another sort of game. He was the star performer on the University of Alabama's football eleven.

The game ended. The gridiron hero was brought over to meet the cinema stars who had attended the event. Fawcett barked at the kid. "You ought to come to Hollywood, son, and give a try at pictures," he said. He used the word "son" as naturally as if the boy had been his flesh and blood.

Johnny Mack turned as crimson as the colors he had just arrived to glory.

"Why, thanks," he stammered, "that's awfully nice of you, but I'm not an actor. Gee, I'd be scared to death out there. They don't need me. All I can do is to run around with a piggin'."

His modesty impressed the older man. Here was a kid who didn't know it all.

Johnny Mack arrived in Hollywood some months later. On the gridiron, he had been a star. In Hollywood, he was just another good looking boy. His name had appeared in headlines on the sports pages of every big newspaper in America. His arrival in the film capital was announced in an obscure paragraph in just one morning journal.

But Johnny did not worry. There was George Fawcett to back him up. What if there were days and nights of mob scenes, in mud-holes or knee-deep in dust? What if there were disappointments and months of waiting? Fawcett was there with a willing, guiding hand.

And did Fawcett respond? He did—and how! Instead of hobnobbing with cronies who had trod the boards with him, Fawcett gave his evenings to instructing the boy in the ways of the fickle Muse of the drama.

No other lad would have accepted it all with better grace than Johnny Mack. He is pliable and appreciative and when at last he did get a part—a very small one in "The Bugle Call"—Fawcett, swelling with pride, burst a couple of buttons off his vest and accompanied the boy to the set.

Johnny was nervous. Johnny fidgeted with his tie. Johnny smoothed his hair and peered into his make-up box.

The veteran actor found himself remembering the first time that he had faltered through Hamlet's soliloquy. Fawcett had jerked at his tie. Fawcett had smoothed his hair. He was reliving his own boyhood in the theater.

He stopped remembering and yanked Johnny behind a set. "Forget yourself, boy," he counseled. "No one is paying the slightest bit of attention to you."

The Kleigs spluttered. Camera shutters whirred. An assistant director barked a command. But Johnny was filled with courage.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]
CLAIM to be master of any Ford loose. The most ornery machine in existence is just so much nothing when compared to my chariot. When I bought my heap it was said to be the most dangerous steed on the range. Now it eats out of my hand.

Bend down close, and I'll tell you how I "broke" Margaret—

for Margaret's her name.

Before things began to come my way, I would make daily calls on all the studios in an effort to get a "bit"—anything to do. Hollywood is probably the most spread-out town in the world, and I spent most of my time on street cars and busses. Spent most my money on them too—just to give you an idea of how much money I had.

 Came a day when I thought I was never intended for the movies. I had just fifty dollars left, and so I decided to plunge, and at least make a graceful exit.

I bought Margaret for thirty dollars.

Now I knew that even at thirty dollars Margaret was no bargain.

I think I bought her out of pity as much as for any other reason.

There she stood—her headlights looking sad-eyed up at me. She seemed to say, "Come on and buy me. We're both a little battered and maybe we can get to be good friends."

At any rate, Margaret became mine and from that time on, Hollywood hardware stores stocked up on baling wire.

As Margaret and I started out of the second-hand car lot, the future appeared to brighten up.

But not for long. No sooner had we cleared the curb than she seemed to grow tired. She sighed—wheezed—and stopped—

Followed a death-like silence.

I roused myself, and lifting her hood, looked inside.

Later I did away with that hood. It grew tiresome lifting it up fifty times a day.

But I didn't know so much then. I thought Margaret just needed a little coaxing and that we would soon begin shining on our way.

You see I had never had much to do with second-hand Fords.

Poking around inside the car I found that Margaret's stay had become unfastened.

Now Margaret is a big girl and old enough—oh, older—to take care of herself.

I looked again.

"If I only had a piece of wire—baling wire," I thought.

I looked under the seat.

Ah—success!

The second-hand dealer had been more kind. He had left nearly a dozen pieces—enough, I guess he thought, for Margaret and me to get clear of his establishment.

I HOOKED Margaret up.

Then, with breath suspended, I commenced "winding" the crank.

Once more, success!

Margaret rattled and fumed like the best of 'em.

I tried low gear—we moved.

Then high gear—we kept moving.

And then with a beautiful birdlike motion we took off at the maddening pace of twelve miles an hour. No ocean hopper could have been more thrilled than I as Margaret and I roared along the streets.

"Look, folks," I wanted to shout.

"Look—this is Margaret—and she's Mine!"

I didn't say these things, but people looked just the same Margaret spoke for both of us. She snorted and sneezed—but this time she kept going.

We rounded a corner, and before I noticed that the traffic signal said "STOP," we had crossed the street.

A nearby policeman roused himself, and somehow I pulled Margaret up to a dead halt.

He eyed my buggy carefully, and then,

"What d'ya call it?"

"Margaret," I whispered.

"Pretty name, Margaret," he said. [CONT'D ON PAGE 146]
AY WRAY took the title of "The Wedding March" seriously. After working for almost two years in Eric von Stroheim's story "Olive-Blossom Time" in Vienna, Miss Wray staged her own wedding march with John Monk Saunders, the author of "Wings."
DOROTHY MACKAILL plays the rôle of a tugboat captain's daughter in "Waterfront."
And she falls in love with a sea-farin' gent who works on a ferryboat, played by Jack Mulhall.
The harbor scenes for this nautical but nice romance were filmed within the Golden Gate of San Francisco.
It's no use to waste your pity on the poor sailors when Clara Bow goes for a cruise on the schooner Diablo. If this sort of thing keeps up San Pedro, the harbor of Los Angeles, will soon be the most popular port in the world. Appropriately enough, Clara's current picture is "The Fleet's In."
MARY BRIAN is all mixed up in a sensational murder. Mary is one of the witnesses in "The Canary Murder Case," in which Ruth Taylor is the beautiful victim. That handsome slicker, William Powell, plays Philo Vance, the Social Register sleuth. You will soon be summoned for jury duty in this important case.
An Innocent Gringo in Mexico

Our War Correspondent is Kidnapped by Bandits and hastily returned—Latest from Hollywood Front, where Talkies are being Massed for Battle

By Senor Herbert Howe

Dear Jim:
The reason you didn’t hear from me last month is that I was kidnapped by bandits in Mexico. They intended to hold me for ransom, little knowing the cost of my kind friends and relatives; but when they saw my passport was from Hollywood they giddiedt off in all directions calling for help.

I could collect off them were their serapes and sombreros, but with a little more time I could have sold them some stock and had their shirts too. Which shows that we are a good industry the world over.

American Bandits Best

The only bono fide go-getting bandits I met down there were Americans. One offered me a silver mine belonging to the federal government. I traded him Roxy’s Theater for it. I can’t beat us gringos. The other Americano was hoaxed by the Mexican authorities for misrepresenting himself as a motion picture director. If similar justice were meted out in Hollywood there would be few movies, and no talkies to date.

Why should we give the Mexicans all the banditti honors in pictures? That, by the way, is what they would like to know.

You Can’t Get Away from IT

Crossing the line that frees you from prohibition jokes, I toasted myself with a drink of tequila which is reputed to have torn up the whole tribe of Toltecs, but which seemed to me a very soft drink indeed compared to the grog punch served in certain Hollywood saloons. A few minutes later I glanced out the car window and saw Wally Beery’s head sticking out of the bushes. I feared I had contracted the tequila tremors and was seeing Wally instead of the customary pink elephant, but when a fellow passenger corroborated my vision I concluded Wally was merely sneaking the border, as is the custom of us Californians on murdering somebody. Then we saw the cameras grinding and the company on location for “Beggars of Life.”

You can’t get away from Hollywood.

Hollywood in Mexico

Near Mexico City there is a new subdivision which is advertised “Hollywood in Mexico.” If Cortez and his men could pass that way again, Herb Howe fears there would be another Noche Triste, or Night of Tears.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]
The Movies are

Sometimes the best of the romance is played after the final fade-out

It was approaching four o'clock in Los Angeles, and Judge Swidge, with one eye on the clock, was hearing the last case of the day, that of McLane versus McLane, a petition for divorce.

The very young husband was on the stand. He glanced nervously around, fidgeted in his chair, wetted his dry lips, and passed his hand through his hair in a nervous gesture. His eyes were filled with pain as they met the disconcerting glances of hostility from the morbid audience.

Mrs. John McLane had preceded her husband on the stand. When her testimony was concluded, she had withdrawn with the goodwill of the crowd, as the feminine half of a splitting human team invariably does.

Mr. John McLane wetted his parched lips again and awaited the questioning of the honorable court. "Are you represented by counsel, Mr. McLane?"

"No, sir."

Judge Swidge proceeded: "You heard your wife's testimony, Mr. McLane?"

The victim nodded, said, "Yes, sir," in a weak voice.

"You do not wish to contest her suit for divorce?"

"No, sir!" This time the answer was emphatic.

"Hm!" said Judge Swidge. "Decree granted."

The clerk duly recorded the august decision.

"Now, young man," said the judge, "about another matter—how much money do you make a month?"

"A hundred and fifty dollars." Johnny McLane's voice quavered.

"Hm! Not much money for a movie writer, is it?" Curiosity prompted this question from the judicial lips. Something remotely resembling a smile passed over the boy's face. "But, Your Honor," he said, "I am only a publicity writer—and a novice at that. You see, I'm quite young, and I can't expect much more for a long while yet."

His honor was silent for a moment, apparently weighing the matter very carefully in his mind. Johnny McLane's hopes ascended.

"Well," said Judge Swidge, finally, "a young man like you—how old are you?"

"Twenty-three." Meekly.

"Twenty-three!" exclaimed the judge. "My, but you are precocious—married and divorced at twenty-three. You are on the way to becoming a second Nat Goodwin."

The audience snickered at this. Johnny McLane squirmed in his chair, blushed, and perspired some more. The judge leaned back in his chair, placed his finger tips together, and tried to look very imposing.

"Well, Mr. McLane," he said deliberately, for effect, "I think it would be only fair to give a third of your income to your wife. Don't you?" He looked down from his eminence to the table before him at the girl seated there. She acknowledged his generosity with a smile, as did her mother, and her eagle-eyed attorney.

But Johnny never averted his gaze from the face of the magistrate. That face below was only too well known. His imagination recalled it in all its variety of expression. And there were all repellent to him now.

A third of his income—fifty dollars a month! How would I live?

Judge Swidge leaned over and looked at the document before him. "Hm! 'Non-support'—so the citation reads," he said. "Bad! Hm, very bad! Yes, fifty dollars."
Johnny could not repress a feeling of admiration for Mary, though he felt it to be flagrant disloyalty to his new love; and it angered him that he could feel anything but distaste for Mrs. Schlank. But all the justice within him demanded that he respect and admire Mary.

II

Five years...

Louie (Louis R.) Schlank, president of Premier Pictures, Inc., was admitted by all qualified to pass judgment to be among the leaders in the motion picture industry. It was said of him that his judgment in choosing lieutenants was infallibly good.

On a very lovely morning in June he was sitting before his desk in a characteristic pose: his body slumped far down in his heavily stuffed, leather-covered chair, and his three chins reposing restfully on the stiff bosom of his shirt. He was awaiting the arrival of someone. Presently there was a knock on the door.

"Come in!" called Louie, and the chief of his scenario department entered. He crossed the room and sat down in a chair beside the desk. Louie looked at him for a long while through half-closed eyelids, before asking:

"How old are you, Johnny?"

"Twenty-eight," answered Johnny McLane.

"Ah! twenty-eight," sighed Louie dreamily, "how vunderful!"

"Wonderful!" repeated Johnny in a puzzled voice.

"Yes, so vunderful." Louie sighed again, "Vunderful to be the general manager of such a big company as I vill haf at twenty-eight!"

Johnny’s eyes widened. He gulped. He asked wonderingly: "You mean that you’re making me general manager, Mr. Schlank?"

"Vell, vy not?" came back Louie belligerently, as if his acumen had been questioned. "Aint I got the right? And ain’t I getting old? Don’t I need some smart young feller to look after details while I concentrate on expanding?"

He smiled paternally, reached across the desk and patted Johnny’s arm. "My boy," he said, "you are a smart young feller. You work hard. You haf imagination; vidout it a man is a goop—you are no goop. So I am gifting you a big job."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 137]
Gertrude Olmsted was a one-picture blonde. The peroxide was applied for "Becky." But Gertrude believes that blondes are born and not made, so she let her hair grow back to its natural chestnut brown, at the request of her director-husband, Robert Z. Leonard.

The title of the picture was "A Blonde for a Night." Rather than change the title, Marie Prevost went goldilocks. And doesn't she look like Phyllis Haver? In spite of the pleadings of her friends, Marie went back to her natural curly brown hair. She didn't know herself when she looked into a mirror.

Carmel Myers has tried all colors. When Carmel was a kid, her hair was red. But she grew tired of being called "carrots," so when she went into the movies she dyed her hair. Now she's blonde, which is nearer the natural color than the hair you've been seeing on the screen.
When the picture calls for a blonde, the girls are willing to dye for their Art

new years ago Madge Bel- y achieved a new person-  y by emerging as a blonde. For a few pictures, Madge decided that the new person-  y wasn't worth the worry upkeep. Her little fling overs and she's gone back to dark hair. All of which proves that there is no satisf- ying 'em

Pauline Starke went peroxide because she was cast in a color pro- duction and she wanted to supply that golden touch. But she likes her new hair so well that she is going to stay that way. Because most of the leading men are dark, blonde heroines are preferred by way of contrast

Vera Reynolds has no alibi. She turned blonde just because she preferred to be that way. No picture requirement forced her to the decision; she simply thinks that light hair is more becoming than dark hair. And, in Vera's case, it is true. So there you are!
The homes of the film folk high on the exclusive hills of Beverly may look like summer hotels gone de Mille, but their interiors are less forbidding.

There is hardly one that does not boast some interesting nooks where one may enjoy a cup of tea or a book or an hour of gossip. Yes, the stars do do these things as a relief from their strenuous work at the studios.

However, these nooks, although built for comfort and happiness, represent, very often, some household problem solved.

All of us have moved into a new home only to discover that our drapes are too short or too long for a certain window or that the awfully interesting little slipper chair doesn't suit the west corner of the bedroom at all. Sometimes our old homes become a bore and we long to make some startling change in them.

Mary Pickford has the most original way of meeting these household problems. In her beautiful home, there is an inviting fireplace almost every room. But there is nothing more uniting and forbidding looking than a fireplace in the summer. It yawns at you and is ugly.

Of course, there are screens to be had but even these are sometimes awkward, so our Mary originated the idea of having a sliding mirror placed in front of each fireplace. In the summer-time it makes an attractive asset to the room, giving it a bright cool look and in the winter the mirror may be drawn back so that a cheerful wood fire can crackle on the hearth.

There are other interesting devices at Pickfair. One is so typical of all husbands that I must tell you about it. Douglas, it seems, has the unhappy habit for getting to close the screen doors. This caused Mary no little worry, so she worked out the idea of having the door separate in the middle and automatically slide back after you have gone through it. Now Doug does not need to bother to shut the door. It closes of its own accord.

There were far too many books at Pickfair—not too many to enjoy, but too many to be placed gracefully about the rooms. A special case was made with...
Their Household Problems

By Lois Shirley

awers that slide back into the wall, layer upon layer.

Books have troubled many a home maker. You’ve either too few or too many. Did anybody ever have enough to fit exactly into the book shelves?

When Joan Crawford moved into her beautiful Spanish home in Beverly Hills, she found that there was too much space on the shelves for the books she owned, yet her library was by no means empty. Here’s the reason for all the book shelves. Herb Howe had built the house and you know these writer folk. He, I imagine, had a lot of space that he could preserve old copies of Photoplay.

WELL,” said Joan, “I told all my friends that I didn’t have enough books for my shelves at nothing seemed to happen. People can’t take a hint in Hollywood.”

But you can’t stump Joan Crawford on a household problem or any other sort of problem. The day of futurism is upon us. Joan arranged the volumes so that one row went diagonally across the shelf and the other in the opposite direction, forming an interesting cubist pattern. Now Joan doesn’t want any more books since this arrangement is so unique.

The futuristic craze brought Colleen Moore an especial sort of bookcase. She can certainly go in for higher literature by perching on the top shelf and just to make it all more decorative and ornamental she leaves a space for two porcelain birds. The lower shelves conceal from view those big awkward volumes that all of us have and keep, but that none of us want to show off.

You may judge by all this that the stars have books only for decorative purposes. It isn’t true, of course, but when Lilyan Tashman found that there wasn’t a single picture or any group of pictures that was suitable for the south wall of the den, she had one side knocked out and two rows of books with a shelf for vases put in. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]
Below: Try to make a parrot talk when it doesn’t want to. Then you’ll understand what the director was up against when he tried to get Polly to chatter in Jimmie Adams’ ear. A piece of gumdrop in the parrot’s beak did the trick.

Above you see Puzzums doing her stuff. This engaging little trick will support the cat during all her nine lives. Puzzums has now left the Sennett Studio and is free-lancing. Those comics are merely a training school for a great artist.

Only nine months old and the tamest coyote that ever howled before a camera. Far more docile than a leading man who has had to play a big scene with his back to the camera. He’s his owner’s pride, joy and meal ticket.

Battle to death between elk, a tragedy of the woods, staged in a studio and not a real tragedy. The wolf (really a police dog) and the trained buzzard wait for their prey. A grim scene on the screen, but harmless in the studio.

Introducing some great artists who are paid only in meat, tin cans, or bird seed. Many of them are members of Jack Slotkin’s Animal Casting Office, also known as Hollywood’s Noah’s Ark. Here are some of the requests that Slotkin has to meet:

One fifteen-foot snake for gag business.
One pig, stout, with light make-up.
A swarm of bees—not camera conscious.
One trained goat.

Don’t feel sorry for the animals you see on the screen. Holly
above: “Is yo’ sure, Boss, dat skunk ain’t wild?” asks the dark-skinned comic when Jack Slotkin, animal director, puts his good pussy through a few of his tricks. It takes perfect faith to play with a pet like this.

On the right: Waiting for their call, a buzzard, an owl and a couple of geese. They all hope that some scenario writer will put them in a dramatic scene. These birds are always kept in good condition for a sudden call.

Above: An intimate little home scene such as this often takes hours of patient waiting on the part of the director and cameraman. The trick is to keep both the baby and the dog quiet at the same time. Try it yourself, if you think it’s easy!

A goat noted for his marksmanship. Once a comedy director turned and bowed to some friends when Billy was all set to go. What followed was never shown on the screen.

Cruelty is kinder to dumb creatures than to humans. Animal formers are carried to and from the studio by automobile and are specially fed while they are working. Those death scenes, shown occasionally, are carefully faked. Trained animals are considered too valuable to be exposed to danger or ill treatment. Cruelty is strictly against the rules, as it aks the spirit of the animal and frightens him out of doing his best work. No wonder the human players sometimes envy the studio!
Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

First Announcement of Judges in $2,000 Contest—
World News of Amateur Club Activities

Have you started your contest film?
Better get busy. A half year is none too long to build a celluloid prize winner.

Photoplay is happy to announce a portion of the distinguished jury of judges for its second amateur movie contest.

Colonel Roy W. Winton, managing director of the Amateur Cinema League and a leader in the amateur movement, has accepted an invitation to be a judge.

So, too, has Stephen F. Voorhees, vice-president of the league. Mr. Voorhees, aside from being an amateur film enthusiast, is the leader of the modern school of architecture in the United States and has to the credit of his firm the New York Telephone Building, which won the nation prize of the American Institute of Architects. He now has two great buildings under way.

Wilson Barrett, executive secretary of the National Board of Review, will be a judge. For years Mr. Barrett has been foremost in the battle for better pictures. His organization has taken a vital part in the improvement of the screen and Mr. Barrett himself is interested deeply in amateur filmmaking.

King Vidor, the famous director, will be the only representative of the professional photoplay on the jury. Mr. Vidor is considered by many to be the best American director. He made "The Big Parade," winner of Photoplay's Gold Medal for 1925, and he directed many other noteworthy films, including the recent much talked about production, "The Crowd."

James R. Quirk, editor and publisher of Photoplay, will be judge, as will the managing editor of the publication. Other judges will be announced next month completing the jury.

Before you start planning your contest film, read the rules carefully. They are simple and direct—but your contest entry must observe every rule to be eligible for consideration by the judges.

There are some common inquiries to be answered here. Officers and directors of the Amateur Cinema League, other than the judges, may enter film in the contest. To be considered notable amateur pioneers, because they have won distinction in the league, would be unfair.

You may enter as many contest films as you wish, provide each one meets all the rules, which will be found on page 12.

Panchromatic film and the new Eastman color film may be used entirely or in part, provided it is safety stock.

Another thing—if you sell or obtain remuneration in any way for your contest film, it can not be entered as an amateur contribution. However, if you do sell or film now and then and you are not lifted out of the amateur ranks Photoplay, not being as finicky as national tennis officials, considers the film amateur to be a person who makes most of his films for his own amusement.

Last month this department referred to "Masque," the production of the Peabody Cinema Club of Nashville, Tenn. This effort contains many very interesting moments [CONTINUED ON PAGE 122]
The Pose-Killer

Jack Mulhall throws a few verbal bricks at the high hat. He's an Irishman, so who has a better right or a surer aim?

By Mark Larkin

ACK MULHALL has found the secret of success, and he is willing to pass it along, without charge, to anyone who is willing to absorb it.

"There is only one way to succeed," says Jack. "Just you. Don't pose, don't pretend, don't put on a high tone."

This has been Jack's creed ever since he started on his own. In fifteen years in the films, he has found that it still has merit.

In San Francisco Bay not so long ago, a freighter came in from the Orient—a typical tramp, seedy-looking and dirty, black paint peeled off in flakes the size of your hand, and the size of the side of your house. She wallowed low in the water, loaded to the gunwales by gluttonous owners.

At the rail on the fo'castle stood an oiler, grimy as the ship itself. His face was smeared, a sweat-towel was wrapped under his neck, the corner clutched in his teeth, and one of his eyes protruded in a manner that indicated the telltale chew of tobacco. Occasionally he spat over the side.

He was contemplating San Francisco rising on its numerous and devious ways and means of entertaining himself, once got ashore.

His name, oddly enough, was Jack Mulhall—a greasy oiler! At least that was his role, and a starring part at that, in Waterfront," the current Mackall-Mulhall attraction for at National.

They asked him why he didn't put on make-up.

He answered: "I am going to be an oiler on a freighter, not actor on a set."

Fifteen years ago he began to practice this creed—when he first entered pictures. Don't judge from this, however, that he is an old man. He began when he was a kid, and if you look into his laughing Irish eyes—as blue as the lakes of the Emerald Isle—you'd still call him a kid.

"He day I saw him, Jack was dressed in white flannels, with a blue sweater that matched his eyes, and a blue tie that is a shade lighter. "I get a great kick out of some of the celebrities that I knew the days when," said Jack. "Many of them are wearing th hats today. And I, being contrary-minded, can't help but hate a fall out of some of 'em, especially when they try to high-t me. I always try to think of their most embarrassing moment and remind 'em of it. And, believe me, that always is under the hide."

A director whose greatest asset was a pose of importance annoyed Jack very much because he was constantly making it appear that only by virtue of his own superior intelligence was Jack able to get anything over on the screen. Having stood this for several weeks, Jack finally rebelled. He waited till the director approached him in his best condescending manner to remark, "Jack, my boy, I have a great idea."

He got no farther than that. Jack's Irish ire broke bounds.

"NOW listen," said Jack, the whole company standing by with ears cocked, "you never had an idea in your whole life. Let's come down out of the clouds. Be yourself. And from now on just go ahead and make the picture and eliminate the boloney."

And they did, from then on.

Jack got his inspiration for being himself out of a stockhold. It happened when he was in his teens and was working his way back from Europe, where he had gone, adventure bound.

"You can't put it on with the 'black gang' on a ship," he announced. "They get wise to you in a hurry."

Another thing that Jack sets up as an axiom is the matter of delicacy.

"On this last location in San Francisco," he said, "we had with us a man with the toughest mug I ever saw. Even Louis Wolheim would have won a beauty prize alongside of him. We cast him because of his face, and because of his experience as a longshoreman. As we sat at lunch one day, one of the party made remarks that were not particularly fitting for the table, and the man with the ugly pan pushed back his chair and went outside."

"Something in his manner seemed ominous. Someone else followed him out to find out what the trouble was."

"The stevedore type was trembling with rage. And he was waiting for the man who had made the off-color remarks to come out so he could 'teach him a little manners,' he said."

"So you see, you can't always tell from a man's looks what's in his heart. And consideration for others has saved many a black eye."
Reeling Around

with

Leonard Hall

Art Gets a Break

"Sennett Will Make Forty Comics in Sound!"

Art, at the news, leaps ahead with a bound.

Oh, for the squash of a fresh lemon pie!

Oh, for the smack of a sock in the eye!

Said with a Smile

Will Rogers may make a talkie for Paramount... That smacking sound you hear is the gun...

And Rin-Tin-Tin has wagged through a new Vitaphone called "The Outlaw Dog... Ye gods, now it's the "barkles!"

... "If shoes pinch, you can't be graceful," says Betty Compson in a fashion tip... Which is as profound as saying that if you're a vegetarian you can't eat pig's knuckles... Add Hollywood lingo... When a girl gives her sweetheart air she is said to have "cradled" him... And anyone showing symptoms of mild Hollywood insanity is said to be "going dicky"... But don't ask why... The day Heywood Broun, New York columnist, was to take a Movietone test he turned up with shiners on both eyes... Times squareheads crack that he made a phonograph record instead... By the way, if you get anatomical in your home movies and send the negative to the Eastman people for development... All you will find of your pet "art" will be a lot of empty frames... "Naughty, naughty!" say the nice Eastman people.

Boiled Shirts or Else

New York picture house ushers are all steamed up over their uniforms as field marshals in the Nicaraguan Army.

The Hebrew Ushers' Union serves notice that it wants dinner coats instead of the gaudy monkey-suits.

"People salute us like admirals or generals," says the secretary. "The uniforms are ridiculous."

"Waiter, can you find two down front?"

Hearts and Flowers

Jascha Heifetz, great fiddler, and Florence Vidor, fine screen actress, spliced... And yet you never can tell... The kiddies may be saxophone players... Ronald Colman and his new French starring partner, Lily Damita, are said to be making goo-goo eyes in a big and constructive way... Lois Wilson and Edward Everett Horton have been sitting out fox trots all fall... Reported that D. W. Griffith and his wife, cleft for years, have patched it... So have Kenneth Harkin and Marie Prevost... So have the Garland Lloyds (Harold's brother)... And so the bluebirds chrip in Hollywood... and the doves of peace have run out of olive branches... Another dangerous blonde was retired from circulation when Thelma Todd yessed young James Ford, actor on the Fox ranch...

Greeting Cards

Happy returns to Buddy Rogers, just turned 24 on two wheels... Norma Shearer, whose spouse, Irving Thalberg, rolled a gray Rolls-Royce up to the door as his share of the whoopee... Colleen Moore, not only because each has winked past another milestone, but because they have been married just five years without a shot fired in anger... Cla Bow, 23, and HOW!

The Simple Life

Hollywood's darkened at ten every night—

Never an orgy and never a fight—

Crammed with intelligent, virginal folks—

Surely, and I am His Highness of Wales!

The Month's Best Bets

Rivet an eye on two Mexican gals, both hot tamales... Lupe Velez, because Old Fox Griffith, directing her, is all hot and bothered over her possibilities as stellar material... Mona Rica, a newcomer who walked smack into a job in John Barrymore film and has Lubitsch hysterical, and a dunder and blitzen about her.

Getting Personal

Greta Garbo speaks baritone... Paris' prefect of police one M. Chiappe, permits smoking in all picture houses... While Charlie Farrell won't admit he's to step off the deep end he's building an elegant tepee near that of Dick Arlen an Jobyna Ralston... Nobody has dared to call her "a man Jobyna," and no wonder... Estelle Taylor wore black rimmed cheaters while rehearsing with Husband Dempsey in "The Big Fight" under Belasco's baton... Movies sig their first Greek actress—Elene Arisli... If she flaps, there always the beany in the background... The late George Siegman left $20,000 to his widow in a 14-word will... Buster Collier has invented gold suspender buckles containing space for a girl's photograph... In the case of most of the movie lads, you couldn't see the galluses for the gals... Th' United Press checks up on Dallas, Tex., and found that on normal Sunday 53,149 people went to the movies and 37,14 went to church... that makes Dallas something or other... And Los Angeles now has the world's biggest movie house... It has seats for 6,457 title-readers-aloud... That licks th' Roxie in New York by a couple of hundred foot-tappers... An' as Jack Gilbert so touchingly says, no matter how you bend it, it's still a pretzel.
EVERY SEASON at St. Moritz, one of the most striking personalities is the Marquise de Polignac. Her wit and verve make her an immense favorite in this colony of cosmopolitans who, in the snow-clad Alps, enjoy winter sports under the ardent sun.

Madame de Polignac is an indefatigable sportswoman: Like the rest of the smart world, she is all day in sports attire, skating, skiing, "bobbing" in the sun-drenched snow.

Fascinating though this life is, the contradictory delights of blazing sun, sweeping winds and exhilarating cold, brown all skins rapidly—burn them black. Yet the Marquise de Polignac manages to keep her complexion fine, clear, smooth.

When asked about it, she said:—"I like to take part in all the winter sports. But the cold, dry air would draw and chap my skin unless I carefully protected it and kept it soft and supple. For myself I prefer Pond's Two Creams. They give swift, dependable results. In warmer countries, I also use Pond's Skin Freshener to tone and liven up my skin.

"In fact," she concluded with a flashing smile, "I have got the Pond's habit completely."

This is how Madame de Polignac uses her invaluable Pond's:

First—she spreads Pond's Cold Cream over her face and neck at least twice a day, and when retiring.

Second—with Pond's new Cleansing Tissues she removes the cream, carrying the dust with it.

Madame de Polignac, who spends two months of the season at St. Moritz, the popular winter resort of fashionable Europe, dances as gracefully as she skis. Her lithe figure, well-poised head, sincere grey eyes and sun-tanned skin make her a striking example of a fair type.

On her dressing table, in her traveling bag, wherever the Marquise goes, Pond's Two Creams and Skin Freshener in her choice containers of sea green glass.
Josef von Sternberg separated bad scenes from good ones for years before he out-povertied Poverty Row with "The Salvation Hunters." At first being a director was mostly grief for Josef, but he finally clicked with "Underworld."

The nice looking young fellow below is Lewis Milestone, ex-cutter, who made "Two Arabian Knights," one of the comedy wows of the season. He's been assigned to direct Thomas Meighan.

Above is a picture of Robert de Lacey who learned about directing from watching the mistakes and successes of others in the cuttingroom. Since he has been directing, he's made twenty of FBO's biggest box-office successes.

Arthur Ripley, former scissor wizard, now director and supervisor for Harry Langdon. With these four successes, you will understand why producers look for new directors, not among actors as was formerly the custom, but in the lowly cutting room.
Contingent planes are used... Geometric patterning with light and shade... Bright color on the handles... The serving pieces have the faceted beauty of Christofle's work in silver... At your jeweler's, now: $35.25 for a service for six... $40.00 for the teaset (3 pieces)... Community Plate is guaranteed for fifty years.

Oneida Community, Ltd., Oneida, N.Y.
One Man Movies

Ed Wheelan is the only film producer who can make his stars work for nothing—and like it

By

Frances Clark

His work is a producer's dream of joy. He sits in his studio within a fifty-cent taxi jump of Times Square and makes his own pictures. He writes his own stories, designs his sets, creates his stars. If a player gets temperamental, he blots him out with ink.

A retake is only a matter of a few strokes of the pen. The overhead is practically nothing. He is untroubled by censors, competition, high salaries or the talkies.

Mr. Ed Wheelan is a comic strip artist who has been producing Minute Movies for release through newspapers all over the country.

The idea began all in fun; it was just a trick of presenting a comic strip series in the terms of movie technique. You can imagine Mr. Wheelan's embarrassment when he found that his public was taking him seriously.

Hazel, his beautiful heroine, exists merely on ink and paper. But Mr. Wheelan daily receives letters asking if Hazel is married, where she was born, how much she weighs and how tall she is. Ralph, the starry-eyed hero, gets requests for his photograph, proposals of marriage and ardent letters of advice and criticism.

When Claude, the imported foreign sheik, threatened to steal all of Ralph's best roles as well as the affections of the heroine, he was roundly denounced as an intruder and an upstart.

Most of Mr. Wheelan's public are children and yet, on a minor scale, they represent a complete cross-section of the movie mind. The screen has so influenced them that they believe what they see; a movie star on paper is as real as a movie star on celluloid.

And why not?

Mr. Wheelan originally used his drawings to satirize the movies. But you can't satirize the movies. Or rather you can, but you can't get away with it. You can't kid Santa Claus or George Washington and the Cherry Tree or Little Red Riding Hood.

Mr. Wheelan discovered that the movies belong to that class of fiction that is truer than the truth.

When Mr. Wheelan tries to get funny and take a few pokes at the movies, his public rebukes him. What's he trying to be a smart-aleck?

The problems of these Minute Movies are exactly those of the Two Hours Movies. Mr. Wheelan did a lively business in westerns and serials, but he grew tired of drawing narrow escapes and thought he would go in for bigger and better things. Like other producers, he aspired to Art. So he produced a costume drama—and got the raspberry.

He also enjoyed a brief, stormy rage for foreign sheiks, but his audiences demanded the return of the honest, native-to-the-soil hero. Comedies sometimes go over and sometimes the don't. Too often he is called down for being light-minded and frivolous. News reels have a fair success but the travelogue just isn't good. The public wants to be entertained, not instructed, and where, ladies and gentlemen, have you heard that before?

Serials are, perhaps, this producer's best bet. Mr. Wheelan has tried to educate his public up to Higher and Better things—but with small success. Although the action may be fast and furious, there must be romantic interest or even a serial will die on its feet.

Mr. Wheelan gets a big fan mail but mostly it concerns his stars. A great deal of it is addressed to his puppets, although the producer himself receives many brickbats and bouquets. His stars are always being implored to send out autographed pictures of themselves. But Mr. Wheelan is never asked for his own photograph. And that's where the kids don't know their onions, because Mr. Wheelan is really a very good looking fellow—perhaps, with due apologies to Hollywood the best looking producer in the business.
Washing the Face...Your most important beauty treatment

OLIVE OIL, in this facial soap, removes dirt and make-up an utterly different way. And this, beauty specialists agree, is the most important step in combating sallow, oily skin and blemishes.

Many of the dangers that threaten complexion beauty today come tough abuse of naturally lovely skin. Rouge, powder, face creams, added to mate beauty, remain to destroy it. How? Clogging the pores! By imprisoning dust, and oil secretions that must be moved thoroughly every single day, to retain the fresh color and firm, smooth texture of a youthful skin. Many of the men who think "this cannot apply to us" are even now abusing their complexion, inviting skin troubles dermatologists will have to correct tomorrow.

The effect of olive oil on the skin
Modern beauty science has an answer to this problem! Wash the face thoroughly, ice every day, with this olive oil treatment! The facial oil in this remarked soap softens and gently eliminates masses which form in the pores, thus diminishing blackheads and similar irregularities. Olive oil softens tender skin, keeping it supple, smooth, delicate to touch. The rich, balmy lather penetrates every pore, stimulating a wealth of hidden life, bringing out radiant freshness.

Start this treatment now
To discover your own possibilities of beauty, begin this very day to follow a treatment thousands of women find most effective. These two short rules are an failing way to enduring loveliness:

At night: make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands, apply it to face and throat, massaging gently in an upward and outward motion, to stimulate circulation. Rinse thoroughly with warm water graduated to cold until you actually feel all impurities, oil, secretions and make-up carried away. Then dry the skin tenderly with a soft towel.

In the morning: repeat this treatment and add a touch of finishing cream before putting on rouge and powder. That's all! A simple treatment, but it must be observed twice every day to keep the skin lovely and youthful. At 10¢ Palmolive is the world's least expensive beauty formula. Buy a bar, begin using it today. Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Illinois.
NEW... a smartly conceived Vanity
by the makers of SUREFIT Metal Watch Straps

You simply press the button and... voila... there
you are. The tiny beauty box slides outward...
the mirror flips up. It is charming. No fussing
with clasps or breaking finger nails to get
at one's rouge and powder. In a variety of
smart modern art designs at $12 and
$16.50. Most progressive jewelers carry
the new VOILA Vanity as well as
SUREFIT Metal Watch Straps—for men's and women's wrist
watches.

If your jeweler cannot supply you, write direct to us, giving
us his name.

Bliss Brothers Co.
Attleboro, Mass.

Surefit is the only
watch strap made all in
one piece of flexible metal.

Voila
vanity
"Opens at Your Finger Touch"

Patents applied for
ENTER the first talkie hero. Conrad Nagel was the target of the most persistent questions of the month. Mr. Nagel was born March 16, 1897, and his next picture will be "The Re-deeming Sin."

Now for the six others: Madge Bellamy is twenty-five years old, weighs 112 pounds and is five feet, three inches tall.

Charles Rogers' next picture will be "Just Twenty-One." In real life, Charles is just three years older than the title of his picture.

Neil Hamilton has brown hair and brown eyes and was born in Lynn, Mass.

Réné Adoree has brown hair and blue eyes and was born in Lisle, France.

Anita Page is eighteen years old and her newest pictures are "Our Dancing Daughters" and "Gold Braid."

Lupe Velez was born in San Luis Potosi, a suburb of Mexico City, nineteen years ago.

In writing to the stars for photographs, PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

P. VANCOUVER, CANADA.—First place to strangest question of the month. You said: "There is a rumor going around here that Dorothy Mackail gave a wild party at her husband, Jack Mulhall, was shot." My friend, is sheer insanity. Jack was not Dorothy's husband. Jack was hot. And Dorothy is about the last person in the world to give a wild party. Outside at the story is true. No, Joan Crawford is married. Across her is Constance Talbot, Gary Cooper was not in the cast of "Last Outlaw." Sorry to contradict you completely.

W., DETROIT, MICH.—Marie Prevost was wed to "Sonny" Gerke. Kenneth Harlan is second husband. You are correct on the description, there is Lew Cost and Mabel Normand, Lew is Mabel's first husband. Misses Cost was married first to Mr. Cody and then Arthur Hammerstein.

DUSE C., MONTREAL, CANADA.—Greta Garbo's first name is pronounced "Gray-ta." Ralph Adams says, "Greta Garbo hath am." Adress.

ELLIS, T., COLLINGSWOOD, N. J.—Nils and Mary Astor are not related. Mary's name is Lucille Langhanke, and she comes from the north of Sweden, whereas Costello is older than sister Helena. He is five feet, four inches tall.

A. A., DETROIT, MICH.—More of those who deal in misinformation Your letter has Gloria Swanson confused with Mae Murray. Gloria has a daughter and an older son, and there never has been any story about it. It was Mae who recently announced the birth of a son.

C., CLARKDALE, Mo.—Bull Montana is two-years old, but young for his age. His recent picture was "Good Morning, Mr." At present, Bull is resting.


ONES C., ASTORIA, L. I.—I don't like to talk a family fight, but your sister is wrong. Yphiibin played opposite Lou Chaney in "Men of the West." But Paty Ruth was the girl in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

L. H., SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Does Nick art prefer blondes or brunettes? Well, at present moment, Nick prefers Sue Carol. Married—as yet. Nick is twenty-two years old.

AMES, M., SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—I wish I could enclose the enclosed picture, but they are kept in a locked safe. You may write to Misses Braid and Jane, and their agent, who are the ones who have them.

S. M. C., NEW SMYRNA, FLA.—Lupino Lane was born June 17, 1895, in London, England. His married—"Four Devils." "A Woman Disputed" is his next theatrical family. Write to him at the Educational Studios, 1250 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

LOUISE S., DAYTON, O.—Poo, puh, for money! I love my art. I just adore telling you that George Lewis is twenty-four and married: Jack Nils Asther is twenty-three and his wife is a Nils Asther's sister. That Mr. Asther has had a lot of successful pictures, and is the most popular young actor in America. His next picture is "The Devil's Mask." Irene Rich gives her age as thirty-four and Lewis Stone is forty-nine. Antonio Moreno has not left the screen. His new film is "The Fallen Lily." Jack Holt may be seen in "Submarine."

MISS FIFTEEN, CLARINDA, IOWA.—Will you promise to write me again on your sixteenth birthday? Yes, Ben Alexander is really good-looking and Nils Asther is also really good-looking. Nils Asther has not met, and you have not met, Nils Asther. But Clara Bow is not married to a Denver man —nor anyone else. That item in the newspaper must have referred to another Clara Bow.

B. D., ROME, ILL.—Barry Norton is twenty-three years old and his next picture will be "Gorilla." "Gorilla." His next name is "A Woman Disputed." That's George Lewis' real name.

P. S., UPPER MONTCLAIR, N. J.—No such thing; they're still happily married. Ernest Torrence did not play in "The Sea Hawk." Write to him at the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

TOD B., CINCINNATI, 0.—Any relation to Richard? Marion Nixon is Barthelmess' leading woman in "Out of the Blue." Louise O'Day isn't making pictures at present; she is reducing, at the request of directors who don't like plump girls. You've mixed Marie Dressler with Louise Dresser. Mabel Normand is the one played in "The Patsy," but it was Miss Drescher in "Padlocked." Your guardian is right, but you probably won't listen to me any more than you will listen to him. The Paramount School is not in existence any more, and there are no schools of movie acting that I can recommend.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102.
THE FIRST KISS—Paramount

THE first vehicle starring Fay Wray and Gary Cooper in youthful romance. This is all about a handsome young Chesapeake Bay fisherman who turns pirate in order to give his brothers the opportunities he thinks they deserve. Of course, there's a girl who loves him and everything ends happily. The work of the principals is pleasant enough and the backgrounds are charmingly photographed.

BEWARE OF BLONDES—Columbia

AN American jewel agent, on route to Honolulu with a famous emerald, is warned of a female yegg, a blonde, who is death to emeralds. Aboard ship, he falls right into the arms of a mysterious but beautiful blonde woman. From there the picture simply seethes with intrigue. Dorothy Revier is gorgeous.

SMOKE BELLEW—Big Four

CONWAY TEARLE returns to the screen, after a prolonged absence, in an Alaskan picture which snatches of "The Trail of '98." The Jack London story makes an interesting program vehicle, with a few blizzard scenes which would do credit to a larger production. Tearle is good; Barbara Bedford adequate. Average movie entertainment.

CAPTAIN SWAGGER—Pathé

THIS picture just missed being a great comedy. In fact, some of the work of Rod La Rocque and Sue Carol is so delightful we can easily forget the shortcomings. Most people will enjoy having the penniless aviator reform under the persuasion of the attractive cabaret girl. Much of the picture is amusing, although marvelous comedy situations slip into conventional routine.

SHOW FOLKS—Pathé

THIS is no "Excess Baggage," but it is another yarn about the struggles of theatrical people. No mental effort on your part is required. Everything that should happen next, happens next. The personality kid, Eddie Quillan, proves amusing.

BROTHERLY LOVE—M.-G.-M.

F I V E on prison reform. It begins in a ladies' barber shop and ends in the penitentiary. A football game between two rival prisons with Karl Dane and George K. Arthur of the homecoming turns to the gags. Love interest is supplied by Jean Arthur, who, as the ward's daughter, justifies Dad's theory of brotherly love by marrying a prisoner, otherwise George Arthur.

ROUGH RIDIN' RED—FBO

B U Z Z BARTON covers himself with glory despite the asininity of the story. Buzz lopes in on his trusty charger (the size of a Shetland) and, wholly oblivious to the cinematic ruin strewn about him, makes a big killing. Such are the advantages of youth, red hair and horse sense.

SINNERS IN LOVE—FBO

A TRACK ending takes the curse off a daisy melodrama about a little gal from the country alone in the big city. The plot sickness—er—thickens as it goes along. It's so familiar you can keep time to it, but Olive Borden does her best with her beauty and ability. Her picture is mediocre.

I FORBID!—Fan-Maid Pictures

A SOFT, over-ripe Kosher film. A daughter of one of those sentimental Jewish families marries a Gentile, and Papa Rabbit owns her. Mamma's heart breaks, papa heart breaks, brother's heart breaks, daughter's heart breaks, everybody's heart breaks—ours! Terrible!

SISTERS OF EVE—Rayart

A NOTHER mystery story. A million-dollar husband disappears on his honeymoon. I cruel wife proceeds to have a good time, in his money and her beauty. But, alas a clack! His brother and his sister take a hikin'. Betty Blythe is the vamp and Anita Stew is the young sister, while Creighton H gives the best characterization as a conceited snob. Thrills enough.

TIMES SQUARE—Gotham

A RTHUR LUBIN brings it on himselves. When he plays a part so strongly remind- cent of Al Jolson in "The Jazz Singer" a "The Singing Fool" he invites comparison as well if just isn't fair, that's all. Lovely Al Jolson is okay. "Times Square" has merits its own—if you don't mind a road com{pany.

THE CRASH—First National

W HAT a relief! Good melodrama that isn't "underworld." Milton Sills plays a tough wrecking boss who marries a travelin' gal.

Sound Pictures

[continued from page 57]

THE WORRIER—Warner

THIS inconsequential skit, which might be called an old-fashioned talkie, is certainly nothing to worry about. Richard Carle overdoes his characterization.

THE LEMON—Warner

THE Vitaphone, in its quest for originality, landed this one. It's a comedy dialogue, of slightly Yiddish influence, that's really funny. Hugh Herbert's a Jewish lawyer who gets his trusting client in and out of years of grief in five minutes.

THE HAPPY JESTER—Warner

ED LOWRY, a crooning tenor, turns boos into a little canned music and gets over with a bang.

THE ASSASSIN OF GRIEF AND RE-MORSE—Warner

THE title doesn't mean a thing, except as a compliment Al Herman can't live up to. He's a fellow who black's his face, dons trousers two feet too short for him, adopts a worried expression—but he isn't Dixie's gift to the Vitaphone.

OVERTONES—Warner

IT'S one thing to listen in on two middle-aged women, each jealous of the other, having a tea fight. But it's quite another to hear their respective inner selves snarling at each other while honeyed words flow on the surface. Just what is the Vitaphone aiming at, anyway?

THE SYNCO SYNCPATORS—Warner

OTHER people are fast proving Paul White- man a great man by their increasing madness to imitate him. The jovial Dick Rich, he of the booming turn, takes to the Vitaphone, carefully made up like Mr. Whitman; he gives the famous Paul a couple of non- chalant digs and gets on his merry way.

THE QUESTION OF TODAY—Warner

AUDREY FERRIS shows amazing promise in her first Vitaphone adventure. She represents modern youth, gaily and humor- ously, in what would without her a dry, buffoonish sermon against the new generation.

THE MORRISSEY AND MILLER NIGHT CLUB—Warner

NOW that Will Morrissey's on the Vitaphone, why hasn't Night Club? Megie Miller and her Kit Kat Club girls—well, see it yourself. It's simply swell!

FOYS FOR JOYS—Warner

THE famous Foys family go Vitaphone, with Charlie, the eldest brother, acting as master of ceremonies. The outstanding number in their sketch is a clever burlesque on the loco making movies. The various numbers the Foys regiment pull some interesting cat- catures of film favorites.

TED DONER—Warner

THE sniffling and affable Ted Doner, her- man of countless musical shows, brings his debonair personality to the Vitaphone with success. Backed by the whatlies weu call an "sparkling bevy of beautiful girls," it goes through some songs and dances.

DUCKS AND DEDUCTS—Warner

BERT SWOR? Never heard of him? We'll hear plenty when this Vitaphone sketch gets around. He impersonates a dunk- gent in flashy clothes, president of some tax by-one poultry research association, who is confronted by his fellow members who demand an explanation of the treasury's disappearance. Bert explains. And what Euclid couldn't do with figures that chip does.

JEST MOMENTS—Warner

YEAH! Moments like everybody's bound to have, sometime during their lives. But why tell the world? Why not make some effort to keep the secret. The delirious Kroh Brothers evidently believe in broadcasting their share.

The Shadow Stage
Her hair is oily
She should use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo

If you have the kind of hair that loses its fluffiness shortly after shampooing, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This preparation is tonic and mildly astringent... approved by dermatologists. It leaves the hair fluffy, with a natural sparkle. Use it every four or five days at first; later every week or ten days may be enough.

Her hair is dry
She should use Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo

Like all Packer soaps, this shampoo is a vegetable oil soap... in addition, it contains a rich, soothing emollient (and no drying alcohol). Dry scalps will never feel a stinging sensation when they use this special shampoo. Leaves your hair soft and silky to the touch—more manageable—and delicately perfumed.

He has dandruff
He should use Packer's Tar Soap

...the soap that made pine tar famous for shampooing. Pine tar is antiseptic, healing, with properties valuable in the treatment of dandruff. Packer's Tar Soap is endorsed by dermatologists for skin and scalp. For noticeable dandruff use Packer's Tar Soap every few days until improvement begins.

elect the shampoo your hair needs

Correct cases of dryness, oiliness and dandruff need the care of a dermatologist—a doctor who is a skin specialist. But nearly all scalps tend to be dry or oily, and many are mildly affected with dandruff. Now—each type of scalp can have the special shampoo which meets its particular needs. The coupon is for your convenience. The regular size of each shampoo is for sale at your drug or department store.

Check Sample Desired

Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 16-K, Box 83, G. P. O., New York City: Send me the offer checked, with 98-page book on hair health.

Name __________________________ Address __________________________

City __________________________ State ________________

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The Studio Murder Mystery

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

this happening… the reason I am grossly insulted, and ordered off my set. Why, without a word to me, my property boy… my property boy is given authority over me?”

A vein on Seibert’s temple started to fill, and his face turned ashen against the fair skin of his sandy complexion.

“I was trying to tell you,” said Rosenthal patiently; “that you had come right away to this set, and I had looked in vain for you. I could not go on. This is my property boy, you see. If you dissolve this, you will do me much more harm than I should care to mention.

You must understand, Mr. Seibert…”

“I understand, Mr. Seibert…”

“… that I have no right to come to this set without your permission. I will go back at once.”

Seibert said nothing, but the look in his eye was enough for Rosenthal. He knew that his request had been granted.

“Thank you, Mr. Seibert. I will now leave you.”

Rosenthal turned and left the room, closing the door softly behind him.

Seibert leaned back in his chair, and looked out at the window. The storm was raging outside, but inside his mind a great deal of calmness had settled. He knew that he had been able to calm Rosenthal down, and that the situation had been well handled.

He smiled, and picked up the telephone. He knew that he would have to call Seibert later, but for now, he would let the matter rest.

———

You may think that this was the end of the story, but it was not. For, when Seibert returned, he found that Rosenthal had been very much put out by the incident.

“I am not going to allow this again, Seibert,” he said. “You must understand that I am the property boy, and that I have the right to come and go as I please.”

Seibert looked at him, and then said nothing. He knew that he could not win this argument, and so he decided to let it drop.

———

You may wonder why Rosenthal was so agitated. The truth is, he was worried about something else. He had been approached by a man who had offered to pay him a large sum of money to refrain from acting in a certain play.

Rosenthal, being a shrewd man, saw the opportunity to make a quick buck, and so he agreed to the offer. But, when he went to act in the play, he found that the man who had approached him was a swindler, and that he had been taken.

Seibert, being a loyal friend, had come to see him, and was not pleased with what he saw.

———

You may wonder why Seibert was so loyal to Rosenthal. The truth is, he had been Rosenthal’s property boy for many years, and he knew that Rosenthal was a good man.

Seibert, being a loyal friend, had come to see him, and was not pleased with what he saw.

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Seibert, being a loyal friend, had come to see him, and was not pleased with what he saw.
the first sign of SORE THROAT

Listerine, quick!

It has amazing power against germs

Kills test bacteria in 15 seconds

YOUR youngsters and you are likely to have colds and sore throat this winter. Wet feet, bad air, sudden changes of temperature bring them on.

Using simple means, why not do your utmost to prevent such ailments?

Millions of mothers have found that the systematic use of Listerine full strength as a gargle keeps the mouth so hygienic that germs make little headway. They have further found that once sore throat does develop, Listerine is a very effective means of checking it before it becomes serious.

This is easy to understand. Colds and sore throat are caused by germs. Listerine, full strength, as shown by countless tests in laboratories of national repute, has amazing power against bacteria.

For example, it kills even the virulent B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds.

So, at the first sign of throat irritation use Listerine. Keep it up. If improvement is not rapid, consult your physician, as many serious diseases manifest themselves first with sore throat symptoms. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.
“Smooth skin even more important than beautiful features," say Leading Directors.

There are in Hollywood 433 important screen actresses, including all stars. 417 of these use Lux Toilet Soap.

96% of all the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for with Lux Toilet Soap.

Luxury hitherto found only in French soaps at 50c to $1.00 a cake ... now...
Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin like velvet" say 9 out of 10 Screen Stars

BECAUSE they must face the all revealing lights of the close-up, smooth skin means even more to them than to other girls! Screen stars guard it carefully.

They use Lux Toilet Soap in their own luxurious bathrooms and also in the dressing rooms of all the big film studios.

—All the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms
NORMA TALMADGE, for instance. Until recently, the Talmadge-Schenck alliance was the most powerful one in the film world. The Talmadges and Schencks were a remarkable example of family and business loyalty.

But it's all over now. The domestic and business alliance was broken up by one handsome Mexican boy, Gilbert Roland. It is really a romantic and dramatic story. And I suspect that there are a lot of heartbreaks in it. Certainly it hasn't been easy for Joe Schenck to watch his wife and partner drift away from him. Nor has it been exactly pleasant for Peg Talmadge, Norma's mother, to see the family broken up.

POOR Constance Talmadge has also been a victim. After months of waiting in Hollywood for a starring picture to come her way, Connie has gone to Europe with her devoted mother to make a foreign film, "The Venus." She will work at Rex Ingram's studio at Nice, France, but Ingram will not direct her. To a certain extent, Norma and Joe put Connie across. The kid was talented, yes; but not all talented girls have the exploitation and the opportunities that fell to Connie's lot.

OVER on the Riviera, Connie will be placed in the odd situation of being in daily association with her second husband, Captain Alistair MacIntosh. Ali MacIntosh is the general manager of the Ingram studio and, incidentally, very much on the up and up in Riviera social circles. But don't look for a reconciliation. The Captain recently married Lella Emery, an American girl. Before departing for Europe, Connie made the routine denial of her engagement to "Buster" Collier. They say that there is another romance in the offing. This time the man is a wealthy non-professional from Chicago.

Flash, the dog star, is superstitious. During the filming of "Honeymoon," a black cat crossed his path. Not to be jinxed, he adopted the pussy for luck. Nobody is going to put the high-sign on Flash.

THEODORE ROBERTS was paid $50 for one day's work in "Red McDaughter," a Pathe picture. A week's work was accomplished in one day, due to the fact that Roberts knew his stuff. A cheaper might have bungled the role and cost what with the delay and high cost of over shooting.

AND now Hollywood has a paw shop! What a thorn in the side of the chamber of commerce that must be! For years without number the boasting that Hollywood was a city without pawn shops. And now, either by accident or design, this offending institution has located itself almost directly opposite the impressive studio offices of Sam Goldwyn!

ARE pictures getting more perfumed with less bombing? Over on the Pathe lot long ago, they had a terrible time trying to get a man who could roll a cigarette with one hand and fill a glass for Alan Hale in a close-up. At last they dug up a grizzled old cowpuncher who could do the trick, only to find his hand was so gnarled that it couldn't pass for Hale's under the eye of the camera.

Yes, sir, the flickers aren't what they used to be. Makes us tarnation sad when we remember how Bill Hart used to roll up the man with one hand while he kept a bead on the man with his six gun with the other fist.

THE boys and girls have a pet name for Emil Jannings on the Paramount lot. The mobs that storm the casting department call Unser Emil "The Extras' Friend." In all of Jannings' pictures unusually numbers of extra people are employed. "The Sins of the Fathers," between one hundred and six...
Douglas Fairbanks
America's Motion Picture Favorite, as he will appear in his forthcoming production "The Iron Mask" says—

"I get more kick from the Lucky Strike flavor than from any other cigarette. They are easier on my throat and wind. That's why I smoke nothing but Luckies. Toasting really means a lot to me. My own experience has proven that toasting not only takes out the bad things but doubles the flavor."

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Brickbats and Bouquets

Where the Screen Is the Goat

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Here in this smoky town perhaps the authorities think the snot and fog and dirt will hide the ridiculousness of their censorship. The play, "The Captive," banned from such sin-loving cities as New York and Los Angeles, was permitted to play, un molested. At a movie house there appeared a practically nude hootchie-koochie dancer who danced brazenly and disgustingly in a prologue to a motion picture.

The picture? "Hula!" Having seen this in New York and enjoyed it immensely, I ventured to see it again under local exploitation. The poor little film was so cut, bandaged, pieced and operated upon, that it bore little resemblance to the enjoyable play I had witnessed in the East.

I tried to remember what had been so immoral in the picture and could not recall a single instance that had upset my prurient principles. Yet the censors had strained the film of any warmth while they had permitted such ugly suggestiveness to be displayed in the prologue.

Blanche D. Petrlik.

Sound and Fury

Baltimore, Md.

I am a grandfather, and I have seen the moving picture grow from a toy to the greatest form of entertainment in the world. I venture to make a prophecy: The popularity of the talking picture will be comparatively short-lived.

In the quiet atmosphere of the movie picture theater, men and women seek refuge from the noise of the day. For myself, I am interested in what the characters do, not what they say. Most of us can stand the silent words on the screen, "Gerald Von Wroten you have destroyed my love forever." Few of us would be able to stand the same story coming from the screen in a high false voice.

Hamlet said, "The rest is silence." Before the talking picture is done with, many of us are apt to cry out in anguish, "The silence is rest..."

Louis Vogel.

For Cheaper Movies

Glendale, Calif.

We used to have to stand in line, even in a dinner time, in order to get a seat in a movie theater. Now it is rare to find a completed sold-out house. I may not be a wizard financier, but if the whining theater owners want to fill their houses, let them put the admittance price down where millions more would feel they could afford to go. What man with a moderate salary can take his wife and three children to many shows when the cheapest seats are seventy-five cents?

J. E. Bryant.

Maybe He Swiped It from the Roadhouse

Englewood, N. J.

It was interesting to note in "Hold Him, Yale," that the learned professor had his pantry shelves stocked with exactly the same

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]
Until you try it, such soft comfort seems beyond belief

You'll be delighted to discover at last a sanitary napkin of superlative softness and comfort. Modess is so infinitely finer in every way—so free from chafing—so safe—that you are certain to be enthusiastic in your preference.

The center or filler is unlike that of the ordinary napkin. It is not in stiff layers with square edges but is a soft, yielding mass like fluffy cotton which form makes it more highly absorbent. This filler is an entirely new substance invented by Johnson & Johnson. It disintegrates instantly when flushed away. Modess has smoothly rounded sides that cannot chafe.

The Johnson & Johnson gauze is specially softened and then for added comfort is cushioned with a film of cotton, giving a velvety softness. As a further protection, the soft back is rendered resistant to moisture by a method unknown to others.

The easiest and quickest way to learn how much better is Modess is to buy a box at your druggist or department store but we shall be glad to mail one Modess for you to examine. Just fill out the coupon below.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U.S.A.

One Modess free for examination

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, New Jersey (Dept. 16)

I would like to receive one free Modess to examine carefully.

Name.................................................... Address....................................................
You see
it's really easy!

WHEN it comes to gifts for men, the annual despair of the Christmas shopper is traditional. We admit that. But we deny the necessity for any such mental turmoil. Especially this year!

Have you noticed the style trend in men’s shining raiment of late? Unmistakably, there are more starched collars being worn now than for several years past. For business they're the thing. And you know that starched collars mean French cuffs . . . and French cuffs mean cuff buttons, and there you are!

Kum-a-parts! The most practical cuff buttons made—and one of the few bits of chaste adornment well-dressed men will permit themselves to wear. Snip—and they’re open. Snap—and they’re closed. Holding even the softest cuffs firmly in place. Made of fine materials, and guaranteed for a lifetime. Priced to suit any purse, up to $25. At jewelers’ or men’s shops. Baer & Wilde Co., Attleboro, Mass.

Kum-a-part
Cuff Buttons

Another gift suggestion for civilized men: The new Carlton automatic cigarette lighter, thinnest and most graceful of them all (“Snap the lever—there's your light!”). This is also a Kum-a-part product.

Wilson Mizner Turns Informer
[continued from page 49]

His favorite flower is the California poppy, without any oriental treatment of it—I think.
He is not conversant with any particular walk of life, having run through all of them. And perhaps that's why he's so successful under the management of Winnie Sheehan—Winnie has hurried a bit himself.
Elmir Glyn had never met him when she picked out Rex, the king of wild horses, as the epitome of Hollywood's IT complex.
But what's sex-appeal anyhow? Toads have it. His favorite wife is yet to be chosen; so toe the scratch, girls, and wait for the gun if you're looking for trouble!

Never uses a skirt in directing, but carries the story, no matter how bulky, above his eyebrows—and his memorandum slip in the back of his watch.

Ruth Taylor introduces a new fur to Hollywood. This coat is trimmed with chiffon squirrel, a new fur evolved by a special treatment process discovered in Germany. The coat is gray chiffon lined with heavy gray satin, an interlining for warmth. It is used in bands to give the effect of shaded stripes encircling the wrap
At 3 months a success; at 30 years...

Of course every baby is a success. Freshly bathed and dressed, baby is a picture of spotless perfection.

Any mother knows that the lesson of personal cleanliness, if taught well enough, will exert a powerful influence for clean living all through the years... But sometimes it isn’t taught and sometimes it isn’t learned.

Sometimes the man grows up to reap the results of untidy habits.

He is simply Help Not Wanted.

You can’t keep a clean man down”—SOAP & WATER

SHED BY THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN SOAP AND GLYCERINE PRODUCERS, INC., TO AID THE WORK OF CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

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Her Hair is Lovely.
She uses Perfect Combs

Beautifully combed hair is an outward expression of taste and fastidious grooming. Ace Hard Rubber Combs have smooth, polished teeth which coax away snarls and tangles without breaking. In order to attain perfection in the care of the hair, a large Ace Comb should be used each morning upon arising. For every occasion during the day, the Ace Pocket Comb is a necessity, while at night the Ace Dry Shampoo Comb cleans away every bit of dust or powder, leaving the hair glossy and the scalp healthily glowing. These Ace Combs assure a loveliness that fully repays their modest cost.

ACE COMBS

A genuine Ace Pocket Comb, for example, may be purchased at toilet goods and notion counters everywhere, or if you are not able to obtain it send us twenty-five cents and we will supply one together with our book "Lovely Hair, Its Care and Combing".

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER COMPANY
Dept. P-11, 11 Mercer Street, New York, N.Y.
Enclosed is 25 cents (stamps preferred) for book, "Lovely Hair, Its Care and Combing," and sample Ace Comb as mentioned above. Please send them to

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

The Ace Comb Cabinet is displayed at Toilet Goods Counters everywhere.

One of the most utilitarian nooks in Hollywood is the home of Esther Ralston. She was fortunate enough to have two large clothes closets in every bedroom.

She called the carpenters and had one closet of each room turned into a dressing nook. This serves to keep the powder dust and the various rouge and cold cream jars out of the bedroom proper. Each dressing room is done in the style of a different country. The one in the picture is Chinese.

There was an awkward corner in Aileen Pringle's guest room where nothing seemed to fit. It was too large a space for a chair or a table. The clothes closet in this room was small so Aileen decided upon a novel wardrobe. It meets the same demand as the old-fashioned wardrobe but is much more attractive. Aileen had this one painted in lacquer red with a silver futuristic figure on either large door. It was made just to fit into the corner of the room. On one side there are drawers for shoes, stockings, lingerie, handkerchiefs, etc., and on the other side a long pole on which to place dress hangers. The shelf for hats runs the entire length of the wardrobe.

Madge Bellamy got an idea for a smart piece of furniture from a set in "Mother Knows Best." These interiors, a fine example of futuristic art, were all designed by Wiliam Darling, who helped Madge have a duplicate of the interesting console in the picture, fits into her new and elaborate home perfectly. The unusual shape of the shelf space makes it perfect for holding large hats or any other unwieldy article that needs to be put out of the way.

In Dorothy Sebastian's modernistic house, there is a beautiful piece of tapestry that over a niche in the wall where the radio is concealed.

Johnta Ralston and Dick Arlen have covered another room in their home by using a high wall around the patio and putting a fireplace in it.

Eleanor Boardman has successfully utilized some of the antique furniture that she has seen and bought back from abroad. A quaint cradle (Antonia, the Vidor daughter) has been placed near a cozy chair in one of the bedrooms and is used as a magazine holder.

The stars find the same pleasure in working out their own problems as you do and perhaps their originality may help you to solve some of your own difficulties.
As told to
PRINCESS PAT
by
10,000 Men

"Women Use Too Much Rouge"

The men, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge does look unreal.

Men have startling proof of differences in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched the clouds at sunset shade from rose to pink, every pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain the soft, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. But there is never a question of too much, never the unlively tint to which men object. Delicacy, the most costly color, and a secret formula combine to make the Princess Pat the most natural in the world. And whether blonde, brunette, you can use any and all of it—instead of being limited to one with usual rouges.

Get Your Skin with Princess Pat
Almond Base Face Powder

Get it just the word; for the soft, clinging Almond Base imparts to Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," making its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—therefore their drying effect. The Almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent Almond Base—instead of starch.

Wonderful New Color for Lips

Just what you've wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and that also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlively "rim" of color as with usual lipstick.

Try the Seven Famous Aids-to-Beauty in
Princess Pat Week End Set

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge. You will be delighted with the set.

Get This Week End Set—SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for two copies and 25c [one]. Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

PRINCESS PAT LTD.
2709 S. Wells St. Dep. 6-B Chicago

Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.

Name [print]........................................
Street..................................................
City and State....................................

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
hundred supernumeraries worked in five or six long sequences. "The Patriot" used thousands in the mob scenes.

"More and bigger Jannings pictures!" roared the extra people, reaching for the $7.50 check.

It might be of some interest to know that while discussing his marital upheaval a short time ago, Tom Mix remarked that for a very long time he had been runnin' the only roadhouse in the West without a cover charge. He meant his Beverley Hills home.

SYRACUSE, N.Y., is simply furious at Jack Pickford. It was a bad day for both Syracuse and Jack when an airplane, taking Mary's brother to the Coast, dropped in Cayuga County. Jack was obliged to go to Syracuse to wait for a train, and he made the mistake of giving out an interview when he was all hot and bothered over the accident.

Among other things, Jack told the reporters that the steaks in Syracuse were as tough as Tom Mix's vest. And he said that the town was a terrible place in general, which wasn't tactful.

To make matters worse, Jack talked on the movies and the local critics discovered that his information was full of holes. He referred to Vilma Bánky as a Swede, when the lady is a Hungarian. He said that Ronald Colman was "no speaking actor," when everyone knows that Ronald was on the stage long before he went into the movies. And maybe the Syracuse newspapermen didn't have a good time pointing out these little errors! The moral is: Never be interviewed when you are hot and bothered.

SYRACUSE had two movie panics in a few weeks. Before the Jack Pickford visit, it was agitated by the news, broadcast by a girl friend, that Evelyn Brent of Hollywood was once Minnie Rigs of Syracuse. Now if Miss Brent really is Miss Rigs, what of it?

"That leading man?" the gusher crooned, "How virile, handsome, big!"
"That on his chest," the prop boy said, "is nothing but a wig."

THE Gold Coast is a good forgotten. Thank God! Fatty Arbuckle has reopened the old Plantation Club on Washington Boulevard, Holly-

Mary Philbin, at the age of six, when she was the pride and joy of a public school kindergarten in Chicago.
You, too, can have EYES that Charm

A touch of "MAYBELLINE" works beauty wonders. Even light, scant eyelashes are made to appear naturally dark, long and luxurious. All the hidden loveliness of your eyes, their brilliance, depth and expression—is instantly revealed. The difference is remarkable. Millions of women in all parts of the world, even the most beautiful actresses of the stage and screen, now realize that "MAYBELLINE" is the most important aid to beauty and use it regularly. Perfectly harmless in every way.

Solid or waterproof Liquid Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75c at All Toilet Goods Counters.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier
There is no "just as good" as GENUINE ORANGE BLOSSOM

Experience... infinite skill and patience... the labor of craftsmen who know and love their craft... have given to the style world the 40 and more, superb adaptations of the Genuine Orange Blossom design found only in rings bearing the Traub trade-mark. There can be no "just as good"... because there is no duplicate of the experience responsible for Traub's unquestioned leadership. Genuine Orange Blossom, in perfectly matched wedding rings and engagement mountings, is displayed by the better jewelers, everywhere.

Traub Genuine Orange Blossom Engagement and Wedding Rings

Our delightful booklet, "Wedding Ring Sentiment", free on request

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Walkerville, Ontario

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576 Fifth Avenue

704 Market Street

To be wed before the altar of beautiful All Saints has been a tradition through generations of socially prominent Atlanta families.
Gossip of All the Studios

[continued from page 98]

GLAM pictures have been responsible for the unusual behavior at the studios. Several Paramount stars discovered that they could test and hear their own voices with dictaphones that executives use for dictation when secretaries are not about. Clara and Bebe Daniels, visiting the studio for a few one evening, found an idle dictaphone in Fineman's office and proceeded to take voice tests on all spare records. Imagine the amazement of Mr. Fineman's tailor next morning upon placing the earphones to his dainty pink ears, expecting to get usual "Dear Sir, yours of the so-and-so," and hearing instead a charming voice remark, "Darling, I love you," then a scream, followed by another female voice screeching, "Unhand me, you—"

EDDIE NUGENT pauses long enough to shout, "Give a definition of a parrot. A canary that has been up Vitaphone."

INSIDERABLE consternation and amusement prevailed on the Lasky lot the other day when Emil Jannings and Ruth Chatterton seen driving from the back of the 26-acre lot to the restaurant near the front of the studio in a fine old hansom cab. Jannings held the reins and "topper" of the cab like a most grandiloquent gesture, and pushed the reins along at a pretty pace. They were working in a beer garden of the vintage of Miss Chatterton and Jannings, not the "and at the call of 'lunch,'" climbed in the cab as a matter of convenience. Chatterton descended with great dignity to the restaurant, looked up at her cabby and said, "Thanks, sir, for the buggys ride." At Jannings nearly fell off his seat.

CORDING to Ernest Torrence, a motion picture actor needs but one language. "Even he and his wife were abroad, Mrs. Torrence told him that she had had trouble in ordering lingerie of the type she wanted in a certain shop where no English was spoken. Ernest took it upon himself to show the little woman that his powers of pantomime would serve him well. He went into the shop and mastered up all his historic ability. When the order arrived he discovered two night-gowns and five silk, lace-trimmed combination suits for himself.

LITTLE MURIEL, an angel child and her mama were calling on the Torrences. "Little Muriel has never seen a movie," said Mama, "but she's certainly going to see the next one Uncle Ernest is in. I'm going to take her to the zoo this afternoon to get her used to it."

The Sword of Damocles — the microphone. Mary Brian isn't afraid. She has a good voice and will speak some dialogue in "Varsity."

A STRANGE man came to see Ruth Roland the other morning. After he had left, her secretary found her in tears.

"My land!" exclaimed the secretary, "what's wrong?"

"Oh, that was Ollie," said Ruth. "He came in to get permission to sell the hogs."

"Sell the hogs!"

"Yes. You see Ollie runs the ranch, and it's come time to sell the hogs and I just can't bear to see 'em sold because that means they'll be killed—for pork and ham and bacon."

This farm of Ruth's is just one of her many side lines. It's located about twelve miles from Hollywood.

THIS one was brought in from Portland, Oregon, the other day. A large billowy lady, carrying a tiny and very hairy dog, was stopped at the door of one of the town's leading cinema palaces by an usher.

"Pardon me, Madame," he said gently but very firmly. "You can't take your dog inside."

The large lady bore him with a glittering eye.

"How absurd!" she said. "What possible harm could the movies do to a tiny doggie like this?"

The usher didn't come out of his swoon for ten minutes.

AWFULLY smart boys—these producers. Greta Garbo wanted a boyish bob. The powers that be didn't want her to change her coiffure. She asked to snip off six inches. "They" requested that she wait until just before the new picture began. She waited. The hair grew. Then the producers compromised with her and allowed her to cut off three inches. If you're mathematically inclined you'll see that her hair is exactly the same length as it was when the little drama began.

[continued on page 114]
If you want lovelier eyes—do this

In a Twinkling... wonderful Winx makes eyes enchanting pools of loveliness—by framing them in a soft, shadowy fringe of luxuriant lashes. If you want beautiful eyes that can never be denied a whim or wish, apply Winx to the lashes.

Fashion Decrees This Cream

In this dainty compact is the bewitching lash dressing, Cream Winx, which gives to lashes and brows smart beauty. It also aids their lustrous growth. So easy to carry. 75c complete.

Some Prefer This Cake

Safe and harmless and simple to apply, the wonderful Cake Winx, preferred by many fastidious women, makes eyes seem larger, more expressive. A flick of the brush, and it's done! 75c complete.

The Originator of the Smartest Mode

Everywhere you'll see eyes made lovelier by Winx Water-proof, the liquid lash dressing which neither runs nor fades. It is safe, easy to apply and remove. 75c complete.

Insist Upon Winx

To be sure of the loveliest lashes and brows, insist upon Cream Winx, Cake Winx, or Winx Water-proof—whichever you prefer. For Winx is now the mode. Obtained where you purchase your aids to beauty.

WINX
ROSS COMPANY
243 West 17th Street, New York City
“Not a cough in a Film-ful” says Norma Talmadge after the Blindfold test

... when you see my new United Artists’ picture, “The Woman Disputed,” you will notice that I smoke cigarettes in several scenes.

Not wanting to show partiality to any of the four leading brands, I decided to make my choice via the blindfold test, which I had heard of many times. Happily, I chose OLD GOLDS.

I found them smooth, mild and delightfully cool. Hereafter, when I am urged to smoke I shall naturally insist on OLD GOLDS. There’s not a cough in a film-ful!”

---

**THE INCOMPARABLE NORMA**

... one of the best loved actresses in the history of the screen... famous for her roles in “Camille” and “Kiki.”

You can tell OLD GOLDS... just as Norma Talmadge did... by their honey-like smoothness... their kindness to your tongue and throat.

Because OLD GOLDS uses no coarse top-leaves of the tobacco plant... no withered ground-leaves... only the delicate heart-leaves, golden ripe!

**Made from the Heart-Leaves of the tobacco-plant**

---

**OOTHER AND BETTER**

“not a cough in a carload”

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Won by a Nose

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

We entered the studio just as Mr. Gordon was sitting down to lunch, and, having timed that one nicely, we ate.

The picture of Gloria was on the easel, lacking only the finishing touches.

"I like it," commented. "You have caught and put down just the way Gloria impresses me. Her personality. Herself. If I were artistic, I suppose I'd say her soul."

"Yeh," said Fisher. "Where's the toothpicks?"

"Use a match," said Leon. These artists! And then to me, "She had a great personality. You know—and I think this is something not generally recognized—she is an idealist. Gloria in her work, in her life, is shooting at the stars, at perfection. She can do nothing else. That is the thing I have tried to catch.

"She has affected—for what reason who can say?—an outward shell, giving off the impression that she is worldly, sophisticated, la grande dame who has no feeling. But, sir, she can't fool me. I've painted too many faces, studied too many people. I know. She'd give you her last dime if you asked for it, she's so soft-hearted. But, above all, she's the idealist, looking ahead and up.

Speak of the devil and he's bound to appear. A rap on the door was followed by the entrance of Gloria H. Levin. She hadn't timed it as well as we had, not having had as much experience. We were all through eating.

"Oh," she said, "just finished lunch?"

"Yep. Tough life," I said. "And we were just discussing your picture."

"Were you? I like it. It seems to—oh, I don't know—seems to be more of me. Not just a picture."

"Leon," I asked, "speaking of it as a picture, what physical characteristic of Gloria's is the most important, the most striking? The thing you get the most of Gloria from?"

"Her nose," he answered.

"That's about right," agreed Fisher.

And my nose scented a story. When two such authorities as Leon Gordon and Harrison Fisher agree upon the importance of a nose, there's something of interest somewhere.

"Why nose?" I asked, glancing at Gloria, who was looking as though she had something to say.

"Without her particular nose she would not be Gloria Swanson," said Fisher.

"'Eh?" Gloria started.

"Nose?" I thought. "Looks interjected, "not eyes. Harry is right. With another nose Gloria would be all out of skelter, out of balance—and entirely out of character."

"Exactly," said Fisher. "Gloria's eyes, cheeks, shape of head, mouth, teeth, chin—all demand such a nose as that. If I had to draw a nose to go with the rest of her features I'd draw just such a nose as that. If I had to draw just such a nose it would be no harmony. It would be a handicap."

"There!" said Gloria with vehemence.

"That's just what I told Mr. De Mille."

"De Mille?" It was a chorus of three.

"C. B.," said Gloria, "when he wanted me to get my nose cut off.

"Nose cut off?" This time the chorus was shrill.

"Yes, a long time ago."

"Gloria," I said, "this has gone far enough. Quit monkeying around and tell us who, where and why."

"It was a long time ago," she said. "When first went from Triangle to De Mille to play in 'Don't Change Your Husband' and 'Ma and Female.' After the first picture we finished, Mr. De Mille wanted me to go to places to be your ruin and my nose fixed up. He said it would be better if it was made straighter and a lot taken off the end. I didn't want to do it."

"I should hope you wouldn't," was Fisher comment.

"And then," Gloria continued, "after I second picture he ordered me to do it. He said it was against my nature to have good looks."

What would have been the result had Gloria "bobbled" her nose? Both to her and motion picture public.

"You know, Gloria," said Leon, "it's funny, how things work out. Your nose was supposed to be your ruin, not your salvation."

"And your nose saved you," said Gordon.

"You know, Gloria," said Leon, "it's funny, how things work out. Your nose was supposed to be your ruin, not your salvation."

"And then you think I'm all right this way?" from Gloria.

"Sure, pass the coffee pot," said Gordon.

Ask Dad—He Knows

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

Months later the two sat in a dusty neighborhood theater watching the preview of "The Fair Co-Ed." Johnny played the leading role opposite Marion Davies.

"You've scored at last, Johnny," Fawcett whispered, "fully, don't let anything tackle you now."

They were both glad that the theater was dark!
As Famous Screen Stars Recommend

What A Famous Screen Star Says:

Virginia Valli, famous Screen Star of Fox Productions, uses the Health Builder. She says: "The Health Builder takes healthful exercise a pleasure. No work at all—it soothing, restful, invigorating vibratory massage, oh I love the feeling of it in the morning! I can feel my blood go singing through my veins afterwards, and I cheerfully face even the most exacting director. After long, hard day in the studio, too, another few minutes with the Health Builder takes away every bit of tired slinging and leaves me fresh and rested for the evening."

Youthful Vitality—Yours!

Dr. John Harvey Kellogg is the only appliance of its kind that is synchronized with the muscle tone.

The Health Builder banishes that "tired feeling" as if by magic. It soothes and relaxes your nerves, wakes up your sleepy muscles, stimulates your circulation, tones up every tissue in your body.

Just a few minutes a day of deep-reaching massage—vibratory treatment with the Health Builder literally makes you a new woman—gives you the sparkle of perfect health, the joy of feeling gloriously alive.

A Health Builder For Every Requirement

Ideal for home use is the Universal Home Model, a compact enclosed Health Builder. The Athletic Model is very popular for clubs, home gymnasiums, colleges, health centers, institutions, steamships, etc., while the handsome De Luxe Cabinet Models combine utility with distinctive beauty.

Ask For This Interesting Book

"Health and Beauty in Fifteen Minutes a Day" tells how the Health Builder can bring you beauty and vitality. Send for it now—it's free!

Sanitarium Equipment Co.
Room AG-5168
Battle Creek
Michigan

© S. E. Co., 1928
An Innocent Gringo in Mexico

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

Spanish. If Cortes and his men could pass that way again, I fear there would be another Noce Triate, or Night of Tears as we call it.

Automat Plan for Pictures

I attended the theater where Lupe Velez used to toss in Hollywoodopotualities over the footlights. The revue was called tandas. A tandem is a short act and you pay to see as many tandas as you feel like. I urge this equitable plan on movie theaters with pros.

Let the patron with a passion for seals, soplaros and alloy-op artists pay for same, and let him who wishes to see the picture pay his nickel for that.

The Mexican Embrace

Our Ambassador Morrow is as popular in Mexico as a Mexican star is up here. Even when he travels unofficially he is met outside each town by a band, and I'm told the populace uncouples the engine and drives the train through the streets just as they used to un-mayn Tetrazzini's carriage and rickshaw round the town with it. In fact, you don't know what welcome means until you've been given the Mexican treatment.

Indians Same World Over

Mr. Morrow said in his speech at Harvard that too much stress has been laid on the difference between the people of Mexico and those of the United States and not enough on their likeness. When I learned that the Aztecs used to sell themselves to each other, sell them to the Spaniards for silver, and that Caruso was a rickshaw driver in Shanghai, I learned how much alike we are.

If you'll note by this letter I am not living in Hollywood—not by a dam site!

Face Value Diminishes

I can think of no face more ironic than for us to die from drinking water. But I hear many will be forced to it, not by a religious fanatic but by the bland talking picture. It's the larynx, not the legs, that counts now, and with this shift in physical values no one knows where she's at. Players whose faces were their fortunes are facing bankruptcy. I know twelve families struggling along without butlers and twenty who are practically destitute of gin (appeals to the Community Chest have proved fruitless). In view of such privation what matters it whether we drink from flood or faucet?

Noisy Noah's Ark

If the dam is blown and the flood comes, producers will be suspected of pulling it as a sound. But all Noah's Ark, and some very unusual effects they would get, too. "Noah's Ark" ought to be a great sound picture with all the animals marching up the ramp, with the sparrows singing about the other Hollywood beasts. It will prove in a wholesale manner just which animals are qualified for talking pictures and which are not. It'll prove to the exclude without voice that jackasses will be more in demand than ever.

Il Duce as Movie Critic

Mayor Jimmy Walker, whose veracity is above question, Jimmy being Irish, tells a curious animal story involving Mussolini. While in Rome, Jimmy was invited by Benito for a drive through the park. Arriving at the zoo, Benito commanded the chauffeur to let the lions' cage. He ordered the expectant group of reporters there: "If I leaped out of his car and ordered the keeper to open the cage.

Sticking to the point of the formality of the appearance of Benito and the authorities of the zoo, Benito hailed off and kicked biggest lion right where the tail begins. Be the lion knew whether to feel injured or honored, he flew at the guard's face and scratched him in the uppercut to the remaining lion that bose his dental work and made him go "umpl!" ten minutes the kings of beasts dashed away howling and squalling around the cage while Dib bashed them.

There was no verbal explanation offered and no seems necessary. Il Duce obviously does not like Metro-Goldwyn pictures.

Photoplay Writer Makes Good

Speaking of the Metro-Goldwyn lion, I'm roaring and sobbing around the lot as badly as his relatives in the cage with Benito. Of course if you can't believe half you hear, but they do tell John Gibbons' story. Mr. Gibbons, for Photoplay, made such a name for himself with Life Story that Howard Hughes has signed him at ten thousand a week to be the star-producer of the new picture, releasing probably three United Artists, and that therefore he is very, very, very sick, and Greta Garbo threatens to pick off for Sweden, and all, all in it, is flesh and the devil to pay.

Nis Is IT

There's some lemon consolation, however, in the feeling as "now Nis Anther, under a contract to M.-G.-M., is to be the next big IT on the screen. And, by the way, I wonder if it's feasible it could be H'english for Hit? I'm afraid Madame Glyn does not lapse into Cork so we're right back where we were before, A for one shall remain baffled until some offers me ten thousand a week and then I shall exactly what it means to have IT.

International Lupe

I live for the day when I can give dime to like John D. Rockefeller and Charlie Chaplin Only the very rich can afford to.

Hollywood's Talkie Epic

Stay away from Hollywood two months, and when you return you don't recognize any with what new faces arriving daily and slightly used ones being lifted.

With the departure of Eleanor Board from the Metro-Goldwyn lot, Aileen Pringle the only original Goldwynner left, who promises that virtue triumphs in the end.

And I expect to hear any day that Alles with her voice, virtue and diction, has gone be vitaphoned. She's the best talking pic in Hollywood. Indeed, she's an epic.

Texas Breaking Records

Texas Guinan is in midst making a talkie picture, and you can tell by the noise. I predict Texas will break Vitaphone records before she gets through. I idly, the price of padlocks has gone up.

Jim, I guess Madame Glyn does not lapse into Cork so we're right back where we were before, A for one shall remain baffled until some offers me ten thousand a week and then I shall exactly what it means to have IT.

KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. R-101

Please say you got this for us to try your Fedotowsky giacint, to direct your homon expansion and reduce hotness note to selecte itics.

Name

Address

This is not an order, ship nothing C.O.D.}
... you won't believe your own ears — it's so amazing to hear what you see on the screen—to hear a film that's as TRUE to your ears as it is to your eyes — because the SOUND, like the scene, is PHOTOGRAPHED on the film!

Imagine yourself tucked away in the darkness of your movie theatre. A beam of silver light plays from the gallery—the screen before you shimmers with—the eyes are fascinated by the picture—and your ears...

... your EARS...

... you can hardly believe your ears! Your EARS!—actually HEARING the scene on the screen. There before your eyes are people—and here in your ears are their voices. There before your eyes is a mob—and into your ears comes a roar! Love and laughter—death and tears—men and women—the winds and the waves—EVERYTHING that you see you HEAR!

It is a movie miracle—FOX MOVietone. It brings you pictures with sound! The sound of reality—of life itself! Not the twangy, metallic sound of early and even recent experiments. Fox Movietone is the climax of moving picture drama. It is a reel-thrill that's a REAL thrill.

Watch for the first FoxMovietone in your favorite theatre. It's twice as good as any movie you ever have seen! It will double your film fun. Don't miss it!

William Fox presents Movietones as follows:

STREET ANGEL
FOUR SONS
THE RED DANCE
SUNRISE
FAZIL
MOTHER
MACHREE

FOX Movietone adds sound to your screen delight
Brickbats and Bouquets

[continued from page 92]

flowery china for serving tea as the proprietor of the roadhouse where the gold-digger took her refreshment and victim.

MRS. FRANK BEATTIE, JR.

Turkish Tastes

Tacoma, Wash.

I see that Molly O'Day is not allowed to be a star because she has put on a few extra pounds of weight. If directors chose stars that had a few curves instead of girls that look like sticks, I would be better pleased. When you go to a show nowadays, all you see are girls who look like bags of bones.

LUCILLE BOYD.

Speak Up, Tom!

Detroit, Mich.

To my way of thinking, Tom Mix in a talking picture would be anything but a joke, if he continued in Western pictures with a Western dialect. When I was a kid I got a big kick out of the dialect used by actors in portraying cowboys in the Wild West thrillers that came to the High Street Theater in Columbus, Ohio. I still get a kick out of seeing Tom Mix on the screen, and I am sure that I would get a bigger thrill at his dialect in a talkie.

Pat McHenna

“Sermons in Joan’s”

Tampa, Fl.

Permit me to congratulate PHOTOPLAY on Joan Crawford on her Life Story. Her story so far has proved the most valuable lessons practical psychology I have ever absorbed. The statement, “Never allow the past to molest the present. Your life is your own; make it,” coming from Joan, is nothing short of a sermon.

RUTH OLIVER.

Insulting a Dumb Animal

Homestead, Pa.

In his letter, Richard C. Jacobs made following statement: “I believe that when Almighty finished making the jackass, He scrawled of material left with which He constructed the professional reformer.” I protest against this statement. I consider it an insult to the jackass.

JOSEPH M. RHODES.

Look at drawing No. 1 above. Then compare it with No. 2 and note the improvement Federal School training has made in the work of Art Nelson. He formerly worked as a surveyor’s assistant at $18.00 a week. Today as an illustrator he makes $75.00 a week. He says, “The Federal Schools made this possible through their training and co-operation as I had only average ability before enrolling as a student.” Nelson is one of hundreds of young people making big money because of Federal training.

Publishers buy millions of dollars worth of illustrations every year. If you like to draw, let your talent make your living. The Federal Course includes illustrating, cartooning, lettering, poster designing, window card illustrating, etc. The Federal Staff includes such famous artists as Sid Smith, Nyea McMein, Fontaine Fox, Clare Briggs, and over fifty others. It’s easy to learn the “Federal Home-Study Way.”

Test Your Drawing Talent

How well can you draw? Will you make an artist? These questions are fully answered by our free Vocational Art Test. Send for it today. Get on the “Road to Bigger Things.” Fill out the coupon now.

FEDERAL SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING

11108 Federal School Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send your free book, “A Road to Bigger Things,” together with Vocational Art Test.

Name
Occupation
Address

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Introducing those song and dance artists, Mr. Jack Coogan and his family. Little Jackie is not making any pictures at present, but do you think he is starving? No, he’s earning $3,500 a week in vaudeville, doing a hoofing and patter act with his father.
The Stars All Beautify

No Half Measures
SCREEN stars study beauty. They cannot stand out in a photo play without it. It is not merely a matter of make-up. The skin needs a make-up first. They start with a skin that is clear, soft, clean and glowing. The rest is but added touches.

Boncilla is Hollywood's most popular beauty aid. It has been for many years. Boncilla has helped to make many a great reputation, both with male and female stars. The wonderful skins which the camera depicts are no accident. They are natural skins brought to the fullness of their beauty by Boncilla.

How Irene Rich Gets That Radiant Glow
Before entering the studio, Irene Rich applies Boncilla clasmic pack. This draws out from the skin all impurities. All the dirt and grime, dead skin and hardened oil. All the remains of old make-up. It also brings the blood to the skin.

When she washes off the dried Boncilla, all the skin refuse comes with it. The skin is clean to the depths. A rosy glow appears. Then she applies Boncilla Cold Cream, and removes it. Then Boncilla Vanishing Cream as a powder base. Then the exquisite Boncilla Powder of the proper shade.

You Can Charm-Tonight
ight, perhaps, you appear on stage, and you wish to look best. A party, a theatre or an evening which you wish to glorify. Thirty minutes with Boncilla bring you rich rewards. The beauty will amaze you and delight your friends. They will not only envy your skin, they will envy your friends.

Try Boncilla to the face and hair. Rest while it dries. You will feel a warmth, for blood comes to the surface to freshen and revitalize the skin. Then results appear:

Lines are eradicated,
Wrinkles are combatted,
Enlarged pores reduced,
Sagging muscles are firmed.

The only way is Boncilla clasmic pack. There is nothing else like it. Nobody knows another way to bring comparable results so quickly. This is so certain that leading beauty experts of the world over count Boncilla their chief beauty aid. In London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna they import it for the purpose.

Try Boncilla in justice to yourself. You will never omit it when you see the change it brings. All toilet counters supply it at 50c and $1. Or the coupon will bring you a week’s supply with the three aids which go with it. Clip it now.

Cheeks Like Roses

Boncilla

CLASMIC PACK

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Questions and Answers
[continued from page 102]

H. G. B. RICHIBUTO, N. B.—You certainly are a newcomer; I don’t believe I’ve ever heard from your town before. Lois Wilson is not married. Sure, she’s an American. Anna Q. Nilsson is about thirty-one years old and her next picture will be “The Whip.” Ronald Colman is thirty-seven years old and his next is “The Rescue.”

MIRIAM P. CORNWALL, N. Y.—Marion Davies, Harrison Ford and the late Hobie Bihn played the leading roles in “Janice Meredith.” Bryant Washburn and Don Advardo appeared with Constance Talmadge in “Breakfast at Sunrise.”

MARY AND LOU, ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Dorothy Del Rio is divorced from Jaime Del Rio. Gary Cooper is not married. Chara Bow played in “Wings.” Billie Dove is twenty-five years old and married to Irvin Willat, the director. Constance Talmadge hasn’t announced her retirement from the screen so I suppose she is just waiting for a picture.

D. N. G., CASSOPOLIS, INN—Barron was Sergeant Daskow in “Legion Condemned.” He is twenty-three years old. And Lane Chandler was the Texan. He is twenty-seven.

L. L. J., NEWPORT NEWS, VA.—Photo takes a bow! Louise Brooks is playing “Beggar of Life.” Charles Rogers has completed a Princeton story which is tentatively entitled “Varsity.” And Betty Bronson will be “The Singing Fool.” It’s not a bad picture. Write me again.

DOTTIE MAE, FRESNO, CALIF.—Arthur is six feet tall and twenty-three years old; he has light hair and blue eyes. Born in the Ky.

B. S., MELBOURNE, MASS.—Dorothy has retired from the screen when she is Arthur Hammerstein, the theatrical producer. She now lives on Long Island.
[continued on page 142]
Like Magic this New System Molds Beautiful Bodies

Nature has given to each of us a body, which should be graceful and beautiful. Middle age and careless living often bring fat to spoil the beauty we are entitled to. Remove this, and once more you have the lithesomeness and grace of youth

Even the Skin Becomes More Lovely

The effect upon the skin is amazing—for through its normalizing action of the entire system, it helps to clear up dull and muddy complexions, brings back the color and freshness of youth, firms up the drooping tissues, and lines and wrinkles disappear. Use this great new, scientific beautifying agent on our free trial offer.

Results Guaranteed

Those who have had to resort to time-consuming gymnasium work, with expensive instructors, will find this a grand new way to accomplish better results right in their own homes. Its cost is insignificant when compared with the benefits to be derived. We ask an opportunity to put one in your home, so that you may reap the benefit of its use. Make a test at our expense, and prove to your own satisfaction, right at home, that fat can be made to almost melt away, and that a feeling of health and wellbeing, such as you experienced years ago, can again be yours. You take no risk, for this trial is FREE.

Trial Is FREE

Yes, we want you to test at our expense, and at not a penny of cost to you, the great value of this amazing new system. We want you to make this test in your own home, and we want you to be the sole judge of your improved appearance. We want you to feel at least 10 years younger, and all this without the use of starvation diets, strenuous physical exercises, or harmful drugs and medicines. Send in the coupon for full particulars of our new method and details of our trial plan.

Agents Wanted

This new field of Health and Beauty Building offers tremendous opportunities for live Agents and Special Representatives. We will welcome applications from men or women who are interested in a plan which offers Great Opportunities for big incomes. Write now for complete information.

MEN

Build New Health

Firm Up Hose Muscles

Tingle With New Vim and Vitality

WOMEN

Reduce Your Hips

Make Arms, Thighs and Ankles More Slender

Janette Manufacturing Co.

556 West Monroe Street,
Chicago, Ill.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
short life, sampled it infrequently. And yet—I didn’t have any desire to eat from the open box. Cautious, it took no temptation. The box, you see, was too large, and too open, and too brilliant. It was too obvious. Even to a child’s mind it lacked romance and imagination. And the scene in your lover’s office, is to him, I think, as that box of candy was to me!

Helen—if you intend to hold the affections of the man who, two months from now, you will marry—remember this. You have nothing to fear in the way of competition from the ‘vampire’ type. So long as you are content to be yourself—and, in that way, to be your lover’s ideal—you need not worry about the ladies who use intriguing perfume and wear long ear-rings. They, by their very desire to charm, create their own danger signals. Their methods of attracting attention are really, in the final analysis, “keep off” signs.

Puzzled Fourteen:

If you want to go to college, and are willing to work your way through, I am sure that your parents will not stand against you. It is indeed a praiseworthy desire—your desire for an education. But your preparatory course, by all means, will not harm you to have taken it, even though you do decide to go into business.

CURLY:

If you are always noticed in a crowd, I don’t think you need worry very much about making yourself more attractive. An unusual type is more to be desired than regularity of feature. Personality is more important than beauty.

“EQUISITE BLONDE”:

Your eyes will look darker if you wear dark shades of violet and wistaria, black and midnight blue. These shades always tend to make light blue eyes take on an added depth.

Bertie E. Terre Haute, Ind.:

I think you’re rather young as yet to worry about the attention of the male sex. Improve your appearance by your conduct as well as you can, and when you are a little older I don’t doubt that you’ll have plenty of “dates.”

Miss S. C.:

Near-sighted eyes are very annoying. They usually lend a wistful look to a girl’s face. You’re quite right in using rouge as you do, and you needn’t worry about your weight. It is quite right. You should go in for the fitful type of clothes. Your appearance should always be feminine. You belong in the “clinging vise” group.

Helen M., Las Cruces, N. Mex.:

Bending exercises will reduce your abdomen. It may be well to send for my booklet on weight reduction, but I think as long as you carry your weight in a particular spot that is exercise rather than diet that you need.

Anxious Dorothy:

Usually when one is sixteen one has attained the maximum of growth. Be glad that you are little. Little girls are the most attractive and can wear such charmingly youthful clothes.

Lovesome:

It is fortunate you are going to move to another town. It will give you a chance to meet new people and to prove to them that you have an interesting personality yourself.

And E.:

Don’t worry about making yourselves sophisticated. It is charming to retain youth as long as possible. Be glad that people think you are younger than you are. E. is a fifteen pounds under weight and you are five pounds under weight.

You will both look well in practically colors at all. You belong in the medium g which can wear anything.

P. S.:

Indeed, you can wear yellow. Red black eyes and a fair skin make a very striking combination. I can’t think of any color wouldn’t be becoming to you.

If you are bored with life I think that our own solution is the best. You should find something that there was any time left for boredom.

Sherry:

You should rub the upper part of your with some good tissue building cream, rating it every other day with cocoa butter. This should give you extra weight.

If you can do exercises that will re- your legs. The rising to your toes exercise the kicking one will certainly help.

I should also advise that because of rather unusual build you go in for a dress type of period dress—the sort that has a long skirt. This will be very becoming to and will make the most of those points w you call defects.

Collette:

I should advise you to rub that part of your body which you wish to develop, with a good tissue building cream. Cocoa butter have advised another of my readers, also help. Are you sure that the trouble your back is not an internal one? Is digestion good, and are your habits regular? Often skin troubles come from the in instead of the exterior.

Rose Marie:

I’m going to be brutally frank with you. I think that your letters sound exceedingly excited and I think—although you say hate flattery—that you secretly enjoy it as object to having people sing to you in manner of the popular musical comedy, don’t you insist on being called by your name alone? That would do away with difficulty.

Brown-Eyed and Undecided:

I think that the man you write about is one that the difference of nearly ten years is too great a gap to bridge, particular as the man is not interested in young th and will grow less interested in them as he older. You have plenty of time yet. Do accept the love of the first man who offer especially as you are not madly in love him.

HeLEN K., Miner Mills, Pa.:

Use a rachel number 2 powder and ash roses rouge, and a dark shade of lipstick. W rot brown and the glossy autumn she that range from gold to russet.

“Chee Cree,” Dixon, Ill.:

I would explain very tactfully to the yo man that you are fond of him, but that y fondness does not depend upon the gift he give you. I don’t think he feel he was saving toward his future which will perhaps be your future—t Steering you expensive presents.

Lonely, Surrey, England:

I think that you should do some sort of w that would take you out into the world if you had an interest in life it would tend make you more contended with life, and a would make it possible for you to meet pe and to be less lonely.
What's become of all the homely women?

WOMEN simply aren’t homely any more. You meet plain women, yes . . . but their smart, trim air is the envy of many who are only beautiful.

In the old days, when a girl gave promise of becoming "hopelessly plain," she was frankly informed of the fact to save her from hurt pride in later years. She remained frumpy and tried to convince herself that she didn’t care!

Not today!

Advertising has played a remarkable part in making every woman attractive.

It has taught her to use the beauty and charm that are her heritage, regardless of the shape of her features. Her teeth, her hair, her hands, her complexion, her clothes, and even her erect, athletic figure have been "brought out" by methods constantly before her in advertising.

The great beauty and style specialists of the country have been her consultants, as they are yours, if you are taking fullest advantage of the opportunities before you, in the advertising pages of this magazine.

---

*Read the advertisements. They hold secrets of beauty and style that were denied the women of yesterday*
Soothes eyes strained by
Sewing

When your eyes become wearyed from sewing or reading, apply a few drops of harmless Murine. Within a few moments they will feel strong and rested... ready for hours more of use.

Also apply this refreshing lotion to eyes irritated by exposure to sun, wind and dust. It instantly relieves the burning sensation and prevents a bloodshot condition. Many women use Murine daily to keep their eyes always clear, bright, and vigorous.

A month's supply costs but 60c. Try it!

Write Murine Co., Dept. 27, Chicago, for FREE books on Eye Beauty and Eye Care

JOSEPHINE DUNN says she's looking for a romance. No wonder! The poor girl is under terrific handicap. She was unfortunate enough to have a mother with a voice exactly like hers. When the boy friends call her up and mama answers the phone and says she's out, they all think it's Jo and that she's just hi-hatting em.

Do you remember when Grace Cunard and Francis Ford were one of the most popular serial teams in pictures? Grace has been in retirement for several years, but she is going to stage a comeback in "Show Boat." Harry Pollard, who is directing the film, likes to have real troupers in his cast and he has assigned an important role to Miss Cunard.

No day is quite complete without at least one good story on the dumb producer. A certain company had been going on long and expensive location trips too often, so the producer instructed the head of the scenario department to discard all stories with location trips.

One day a scenario was handed to the producer. He read it and called in the head of the department, "I thought I told you we wasn't going on any more location trips." 

"But there are no location trips in this story," he protested.

"There sure is," said the producer. "Right here on the last page it says, 'Jack goes over the hill into oblivion.'"

ALMA RUBENS and Ricardo Cortez, still protesting unstylish friendship, are going to tell their troubles to a judge. For several years now, Alma and Ricardo haven't been little love-birds, and Hollywood has known that it was only a question of time until they decided to admit defeat.

Marriage hasn't helped the professional success of either Ricardo or Alma. Cortez hasn't had an important picture in months and will play her first important role in a year in "The Devil's Mask."

Nine times out of ten a faked scene in pictures looks better than the real thing. Companies have taken long and expensive location trips only to discover that every shot was worthless and the entire sequence had to be redone. It is better when shot on the back lot. Snow, fires, rainstorms, etc., are invariably shot when they are not real.

I recall a splendid example of this. C. Delaney and Roy D'Arcy had a fast finish shot in a picture. It just happened that Charlie was too hard, caught Roy just on the button, knocked him over.

Charlie got a dozen bad marks for holding up production while the company waited for Roy to be revived. The real knockouts are not good enough for the scene. It had to be re-taken with a fake punch.

BILLY HAINES' best friend is Joey Shields, an extra boy. The other day he had a ten o'clock call at the studio, while Joey had to report at eight A.M.

He tipped the assistant director off to tell Billy for eight, and the star drove the extra man to work.

SPEAKING of Billy, leading women jumped down on their French hats when he was given a role opposite him. Josephine had called loudly the other day: 'Do you know what he did in a scene? He was walking. I had my back to the camera and I had my face in the lens. It was a very dramatic scene. Bill insisted upon making the most thrilling faces at me the whole time.'

LEW CODY and Allen Pringle have elected their last starring picture and parted friends. This may be considered the

Illustrating what a difference fifteen years can make. At the left of D. W. Griffith is Donald Crisp, leading man in "The Battle of the Sexes," filmed by Griffith in 1913. On the right is Jean Hersholt who is playing the same role in the 1928 version. In 1913, Griffith spent five days filming the picture and the total cost was $2,500. The same picture today cost approximately $400,000, and was five weeks in the making. Crisp is now a successful director.
"Instinctively"
they choose this great train

Like sparkling Sue Carol, they of the motion picture world—in fact travelers everywhere to whom speed and luxury are important—instinctively choose the “Golden State Limited.”

Luxurious in appointments, quiet, deft service—none finer. Over the direct route between Los Angeles and Chicago in 6½ hours—none faster—the “Golden State” sets the pace.
New Hair Mode

Seen in New York

The most beautiful girls in New York are doing their hair the new way. It's so lovely, but so simple. That's why it appeals to popular girls, who need to save time wherever they can. One of the busiest of them is attractive Mary Chandler, for three seasons a member of "George White's Scandals" and now appearing in "Artists and Models." She says: "I am so busy, I don't know how I'd take care of my hair, if I hadn't learned the new way so many of my girl friends are doing theirs.

All I do now is put a few dashes of Dandarine on my brush each time I use it. This wonderful preparation keeps my hair looking so lovely that many friends want to touch it. I set my waves with Dandarine, too, and it holds them ever so much longer. All dandruff disappeared with a few applications, and my scalp always feels fine. I shampoo just once a month, now. Dandarine keeps my hair so clean.

Dandarine removes that oily film from your hair and gives it new life and lustre. It makes hair easy to dress and holds it in place. It isn't oily and doesn't show. It gives tone and vigor to the scalp. All drug stores have the 35c bottles. A delicately fragranced necessity for the well-groomed girl.

Keep Your Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines, use this face lotion. 1 ounce powdered salicylic and 1 half pounce witch hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

The Shadow Stage

[continued from page 84]

show girl (Thelma Todd). As usual the small-town shrews do their separation stunt via gossip. But a marvelous baby and a vow of a train wreck reunitie the couple. Plenty of hokum but the kind audiences love.

**DOG LAW—FBO**

Far better than the average dog yarn, Ranger, the dog, acquits himself in his usual creditable manner. Mary Mayberry not only has a winning smile but wields a wicked wallop. More thrills than you will pay for.

**THE WATER HOLE—Paramount**

"TAMING A SHREW" with desert backgrounds. Philip Rondolph attempts to master Judith Endicott. She suspects a kid-napping plot, but likes cave-man methods, so shortly they find themselves actually lost on the desert, tragic death facing them and would-be rescuers. Fine desert scenes, a novel color sequence, and good work by Jack Holt, Nancy Carroll and John Boles make this Zane Grey story excellent, clean entertainment.

**THE HAUNTED HOUSE—First National**

Too much Chester Conklin and not enough mystery. This thriller, based on the old theme of the millionaire uncle and greedy relatives, is obviously tailored to Conklin's peculiar brand of humor. Monotonous in spite of marvelously sinister effects in sets and photography.

**BLACK BUTTERFLIES—Quality**

A PREACHMENT on the evils of non-constructive modern living. After the death of her parents, a demure little rich girl breaks away from her life of repression to make whoopee with the town's pseudo-Bohemians. She gets her finger burned. Jobyna Ral is beautiful in the leading role, and Ma B. as leader of the "Black Butterflies," interesting.

**WIN THAT GIRL—Fox**

The best that can be said about this picture is that Sue Carol and David Rollins are in it. The story is about two families who sons that play football at Mammoth and Ford, and the rivalry exists through generations. Hardy stimulating.

**GUARDIANS OF THE WILD—Universal**

 rex, the "Wonder Horse," is the star, but you see little of him. He's buried under pile of screaming heroine, half-witted hanged father, and leering villain. Too bad a horse can't choose his own stories!

**THE ROMANCE OF A ROGUE—Carp**

The nice old gentleman wears a black velvet jacket, lives in an attic and plays the violin, but the locale of the story is London, not Paris. That ought to hold you for ayl. But novelty like that can't last. H. Warner is falsely accused of a murder. One day the hero is going to fire that fatal shot. Preci. terrible.

**STRIVING FOR FORTUNE—Excell**

Doity walk and vengeance in a ship. Feud is between an earnest young rich married to the most astounding loyalty for his employer, and a crooked gang boss in and company's pay. Only original touches some breath-taking stunts with the swing. crane, and authentic background of Newp. News. George Walsh plods through

Reading from left to right: Reckless, Pat, Blick and Jacques. Top row: Mr. Adolphe Menjou. The pups are four prize Setiynah terriers, now one of the most popular breed of dog
OF THE GOLDEN WEST—FBO

Mix and Tony still follow ancient tradition. Since Tom packed his internationally famous bank-book and Tony's oats in an FBO lot, guided by the master mind of Hollywood, we expected his first Western there to be a triumph of originality and modernism. And, it is just a series of Indians, Pony riders, stage-coaches, covered wagons, cowboys, and gentlemanly villains. Old Tom, same old stuff!

VIRGIN LIPS—Columbia

It's not that kind of picture. Respectable, yet interesting. The story has to do with the air division of the Mexican Secret Service, being designed to set off Olive's romantic beauty. Her costumes reach the point. An eyeful? Yes, indeed.

GRAIN OF DUST—Tiffany-Stahl

D on David Graham Phillips' novel, Claire Windsor and Ricardo Cortez. A eve of his socially big marriage, a lily bachelor chucks the works for a baby-sitter with "IT." Wholesale grief, but gripping.

LIGHTNING SPEED—FBO

Newspaper dramas are here! The governor's daughter is kidnapped. Bob Steele, porter, uncovers the plot in time to save her and fights the villain in a balloon. Believeable— if you don't know them.

FURY OF THE WILD—FBO

just have been "Be-Like-To-Animal," when they slipped Ranger this one super-intelligent pooch bounds through picture at a smooth tempo. This is— if necessary for statistics—the first time in nearly twenty years that a dog star has had a real picture at his teeth into. Indeed, all the Holly dogs in the canine are off their dog biscuits from

T WITH THE TIDE—Peerless

OWELTY. Mitchell Lewis is a nice old captain, such as you'd invite right into the harbor. When he does cast a side ways at the gal he's married, there's noer and a dance hall and ships in the Liberal melodrama.

THE KID'S CLEVER—Universal

ADE-TO-ORDER. Glenn Tryon or. We know enough to expect a airplane, a "goofy gawkie" or something. This time it's a gadget automobile, or the sale of this invention he builds himself. Nonsensical amusement of the variety.

THE NIGHT BIRD—Universal

entertaining picture made by Reginald denny with Betsy Lee, the girl he expects to marry. When he does cast a side ways at the gal he's marrying, there's noer and a dance hall and ships in the Liberal melodrama.

LITTLE WILD CAT—Warner

OUTHIN, gentleman dislikes airplanes atavisors but on account of family pride ued to donate an airport to his city. doesn't sound funny does it? It isn't. Star's titles are always good for a laugh and the excellent cast, including George ttt and Robert Edeson, can be depended to do all that is possible with a weak story. Even so, we can't get excited.

To Clarice In Quest of Her Youth

LIKE every other woman with a spark of imagination or a lack of pride, you cleanse your skin and nourish it's delicate tissues with various creams and lotions.

And they do, help to keep your skin soft and fine and invigorated—as your mirror well can testify to you.

But there is one splendid beauty secret which doubles their potency as bringers of health and charm—and the simple secret is this: keep internally clean by the saline method, with Sal Hepatica.

It takes away the blemishes that come from within. It is a helper, not a rival to your creams.

To drink salines for the complexion's sake has long been the practice of fashionable Americans. The springs and spas are thronged with lovely Viennese women, the cool, lithe-limbed English and the slim dark women of French aristocracy—

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Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your blood stream, it helps your complexion. It gets to the source by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, twinges of rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within half an hour. Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how this wonderful saline treatment can make you feel better, look better, be better!

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**LADY RAFFLES**—Columbia. A mystery melodrama with a real mystery—of all things! And some snappy team work by Estelle Taylor and Lisyam Tishman. (July)

"LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH"—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The old story of the clown who dies that the girl he loves may be happy. Excellently played by Lon Chaney, Loretta Young and Nils Asther. (June)

LAW OF FEAR, THE—FBO. The best part of this picture is the review of the private life of ranger, the police dog. (May)

LIGHTS OF NEW YORK—Warner-Vitaphone. First all-talkie feature and, naturally, pretty crude. Squawking night clubs and absurd murders. (September)

"LILAC TIME"—First National. Thrilling and romantic war drama with enough sentiment to lift it above the run of war pictures. (May)

LINGERIE—Tiffany-Stahl. Alice White and Malcolm McGregor in a war romance that you'll like. (Oct)

LION AND THE MOUSE—Warner-Vitaphone. Partly dialogue, with some effective performances. But the story belongs to a past decade. (September)

LITTLE MICKEY CROGAN—FBO. A sweet and sloppy story, which Frankie Darrow and Jobyna Ralston manage to help make sweet. (August)

LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME—First National. Released in New York under title of "Kentucky Courage." An old favorite well acted by Richard Barthelmess. The story rumbles all over Kentucky and the Civil War, but it is fair entertainment. (June)

LITTLE SNOB, THE—Warners. A Coney Island kid tries to crash society but discovers that the freaks are better company. With May McAvoy. (July)

LITTLE WILD GIRL, THE—Hercules. Lila Lee gets mixed up in a lot of old-fashioned hokum. (August)

LITTLE YELLOW HOUSE, THE—FBO. An awful fuss about nothing at all. (August)

LONESOME—Universal. Barbara Kent and Glen Tryon in a good human interest story of young love in modern backgrounds. Lot of trick camera work but, on the whole, worth your while. (July)

LOST IN THE ARCTIC—Fox. Interesting and worthwhile story of Arctic exploration. (Oct)

LOVE HUNGRY—Fox. Concerning a mere innocent love affair of a chorus girl. Lois Moran and Lawrence Gray head the cast, but Margorie Groom steals the picture in a comedy role. (June)

LOVE OVER NIGHT—Pathé. Mystery stuff eased over by the usual Pathé pyramid. (September)

LUCKY IN LOVE—Warners. Clyde Cook slips neatly into the talkies. (Oct)

MAD HOUR—First National. Elinor Glyn preaching a much too convincing story of the follies of journalism. Snagged by Sally O'Neil. (May)

MAGNIFICENT FLIRT, THE—Paramount. Mother and daughter in a mix-up of romances. Sane direction and the fascinating work of Florence Vidor put this picture above the usual good commercial goods. (August)

MAN FROM HEADQUARTERS, THE—Rarav. Thrilling and enthralling Secret Service yarn. Above average. (September)

MAN IN THE ROUGH, THE—FBO. Not a golf story and not a western, but a very fine old man, tomboy daughter and Our Hero! (July)

**MORGAN'S LAST RAID—M.G.M.**

An adventure picture, reminiscent of the old Civil War thrillers. The plot of the hero's girl locked in a burning arsenal isn't just ultra-modern. But clever handling of the story and brilliant photography make it entertaining. Tim McCoy, as the fearless captain of a Confederate railing band, turns out a new bag of tricks. Sebastian is captivating as his Yankee sweetheart.

**DANGER STREET—FBO.**

This has for its background the humorous side of aviation in the early 30's. Warner Baxter is one of those very eligible bachelors, disappointed in love and seeking the death that offers. He dives into a garret. Better than most crook stuff we've having.

**PORT OF DREAMS—United.**

You can't make a "Seventh Heaven" by timing scenes slowly, Mr. Lauck to your shoot-'em-up "drama" doesn't get any. Another story about a accused hero. He gets out of prison and works in a shipyard. The gal and the scene and the hard-boiled probation goes Pollyanna and forgives all. Nice, can stay awake.

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**Brief Reviews of Current Pictures**

[Continued from page 16]

**MAN-MADE WOMEN**—Pathé-De Mille. Sex story, made pleasant by dept in Letrice Joyce and Letrice Joyce's clothes. (May)

**MAN WHO LAUGHS**—Universal. Drancy version of a classic that may interest bounds for ed. Conrad Veidt's acting is the spine of the film. (May)

**MASKED ANGEL**—A—Chadwick. Just so-so. (June)

**MATINEE IDOL, THE**—Columbia. Best in the story of a tent show, ably assisted by Witty Walker. And you'll look at Jessie. (June)

**MATING CALL, THE**—Paramount—Columbia. Thomas Meighan, Evelyn Brent and Robert Armstrong in an unusual story of strong dramatic action. (May)

**MICHIGAN KID, THE**—Universal. The melodrama and sentimental scenery successfully directed by a Horatio Alger plot. With Conrad Nagel and Adolphe. (July)

**MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE**—A—Rarav. Thrilling and satisfying and truly sappy in the way of a love story. (July)

**MIDNIGHT LIFE**—Gotham. Night club and a bit bloodthirsty. (Oct)

**MIDNIGHT TAXI, THE**—Warners. Rock and Roll. Good munchkin and small scene. (June)

**MILLION FOR LOVE**—Sterling. Melodrama. (July)

**MODERN MOTHERS**—Columbia. Short vs. Bubbles. (Oct)

**MOTHER MACHREE**—Fox. Get out your handkerchiefs; this is a tearer. The story of the Irish mother is conventional but Belle Bow's performance2 sticks in the heart strings. And Philippe de Lacy will delight you. What a boy! (July)

**MY HOME TOWN**—Rayart. The hero is charged with manslaughter, soil-breaking, bootlegging and blackmailing. Sells and reads the newspapers. (June)

**MYSTERIOUS LADY, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Greco Garbo as a spy in a war role. And, oh what fun the soldiers! (October)

**NAMELESS MEN**—Tiffany-Stahl. Charming through a story of the secret life of a city if you mine it. (July)

**NAME THE WOMAN**—Columbia. Name the plot. (Oct)

**NEWS PARADE, THE**—Fox. A fine original melodrama of the exploits of the new photographers. Nick Foot and Ralph Shanks direct the cast. Excellent way to spend the evening. (July)

**NIGHT OF MYSTERY, A**—Paramount—Columbia. Adolph Menjou involved in the romance of a captain of the French-African Chasseurs and the most attractive picture of the year. With Evelyn Keyes. (July)

**NIGHT WATCH, THE**—First National. Story with many background and some good stuff. Nick Sturhart and Ralph Shanks direct the cast. Excellent way to spend the evening. (July)

**NOAH'S ARK**—Warners. Big cast, big big flood. Your money's worth. (Oct)

**NONE BUT THE BRAVE—Fox**. One of those hero stories that make you feel the men of those years. (July)

**NO OTHER WOMAN**—Fox. One of the Del Rio's early movie mistakes, dug up for reason. (September)

**NO QUESTIONS ASKED**—Warners. Columbia. At this rate, you may never go to those "three year" stories. Just so-so. (July)
in snapshots that were a joy to take

“TODAY we can look back and see each other just as we used to be. Ralph claims that he knew we were meant for each other from the moment we met. ‘It’s right there in those snapshots,’ he’ll say. ‘Can’t you see from the way I looked at you that it was all over with me?’

‘It’s funny the way things work out. Never before that had I used my Kodak so much — was it intuition that made me turn to it the one time when it meant most?’

After all . . . there is only one perfect memory, the Kodak’s. Years afterward, it shows you a face or a scene with all the expression, the detail, the light and shadow, just as they were when you saw them in the finder.

Perhaps you understand this perfectly. Perhaps your intentions have been the soundest, but actually you did not make as many snapshots as you meant to. The reason is probably that too frequently you did not take your Kodak with you. To overcome this, always keep it loaded and put it in a place where you cannot help but see it every time you go out.

As for not owning a Kodak . . .

really, there’s no excuse for it. Every day of your life, probably, you pass stores that sell them. The cost is whatever you want to pay. There’s a genuine Eastman camera, the Brownie, as low as $2, and Kodaks from $5 up.

And every Eastman camera makes excellent snapshots. Particularly the Modern Kodaks. Many have lenses so fast that you don’t have to wait for sunshine. Rain or shine, Winter or Summer, indoors or out, everyone can take good pictures with these marvelous new Kodaks.

Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. It has speed and wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under- and over-exposure. It gets the picture. Expert photo finishers are ready in every community to develop and print your films quickly and skillfully. So begin — or continue — taking the pictures that will mean so much to you later on.

KODAK

ONLY EASTMAN MAKES THE KODAK
REVENGE—United Artists. —The third of the "Three "Rs" of Edwin Carewe and Dolores Del Rio, Pictorially attractive gypsy stuff. (Oct.)

RIDERS OF THE DARK—M-G-M. —Tina McCow in Western Pick Number Four. Roy D'Arcy's teeth in the foreground. (Sept.)

RIDING TO FAME—Elbee. —Does the villainous hooch succeed in queering the horse race and wrecking young Dave? Idiotic. (Aug.)

RINTY OF THE DESERT—Warners. —An appealing and unusual dog story with the one and only Rin-Tin-Tin. (July)

RIVER WOMAN—Fox. —Glam. —Fline and sincere story with splendid performance by Jacqueline Logan. (Oct.)

ROAD HOUSE—Fox. —Proving that flaming youth not the idea from the older generation. Rather hot. (Oct.)

ROAD TO RUIN, THE—Col. —Sponsored by the Motion Picture News, this film will only be shown to selected audiences. A sensational portrayal of a deplorable social evil, with nothing left to the imagination. If you like this sort of thing—(May)

SADDLE MATES—Path. —Wally Wales indig...in a story concerning the riding of you. You've guessed it—ah, it's a Western. (May)

*SADIE THOMPSON—United Artists. —Gloria Swanson triumph over the censors. A raw, shocking, and dramatically fine story, with a swell performance by Lionel Barrymore and Gloria's finest acting to date. Not for the children. (Sept.)

SAINT'S ARTICLES—Universal. —The finest stuff for persons of normal, healthy mindabits. (Sept.)

SAILORS' WIVES—First National. —A fumigated sequel to "Flaming Youth." A couple of young sailors, on leave, are more interested in other girls, Mary Astor does her darnest to act wild. (July)

SALLY OF THE SCANDALS—FBO. —Bessie Love puts life into a back-stage story that might have been dull. (Sept.)

SALLY'S SHOULDER—FBO. —Slightly exasperating. (Oct.)

SAWDUST PARADISE, THE—Paramount. —From ballyhoo hooch, a lady soul-saver, created by Esther Ralston. (Oct.)

SAY IT WITH SABLES—Columbia. —Heigh-ho! Another gold-digger story. (Sept.)

SCARLET LOVE, THE—Tiffany-Stahl. —Mili- tary life in Czarist Russia. Mostly bedroom scenes. Lowell Sherman—the cut—acts grand and wears as many gaily colored uniforms as a Roxy usher. (July)

SCARLET LADY, THE—Columbia. —He-hum, more Russian, Silly stuff. (Oct.)

SCARLET YOUTH—M-G-M. —Supposed to have a big social message; one of those medical films that plays to *men only* and *women only* audiences. Don't do it, It's just not real. (July)

SHIPS COME IN, A—Pathe De Mille. —How patriotism comes to an immigrant family. (Sept.)

SHOWDOWN, THE—Paramount. —A good picture of life in the deteriorating lower class of old sanitarium. Not exactly clever but well acted by George Bancroft and Evelyn Keyes. (Oct.)

*SHOW PEOPLE—M-G-M. —Marion Davies and William Haines portray the funny side of the golf golf. Great picture that might get into the movies. Recommended. (Aug.)

SIN TOWN—Path. —Just a poor western. (Oct.)


SINGING PROSPECTS—M-G-M. —Allen Pringle and Lew Cody in their best smart-act comedy so far. (Oct.)

SKINNER, THE BIG IDEA—FBO. —After a long time-drunner, Bryan Washburn continues the adventures of your old friend, Skinner. (May)

SKIRTS—M-G-M. —Sadie Chaplin in a songy British comedy. (Sept.)

SMART SET, THE—M-G-M. —William Haines takes up polo. Always the same, fresh kid. But good, if you go in for sporty youth. (Apr.)

SMILIN' GUNS—Universal. —Hoot Gibson in a really funny comedy. (Sept.)

SOFT LIVING—Fox. —Adventures of a stooger who finds that it is easier to get alimony than to work for it. With Madge Bellamy and Johnny Mack Brown. (Apr.)

SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENS—Par-amount. —The story of the most haunted haunted house...comedy thrills and lots of action. With the eye- soothing planning of Marion. (May)

SO THIS IS LOVE—Columbia. —Slightly goofy story of a dressmaker's assistant turned prize-fighter—all for love. With William Collier, Jr., and Shirley Mason. (May)

SOUP—Warners. —Soup is heard as well. Vandeline talkie with Harry Dott. (Oct.)

SOUTH SEA LOVE—FBO. —Just like a brand of canyon inconsistencies. With Ruth Miller. (June)

SPEED CHAMPION, THE—Rayart. —Can't get steamed up over the adventures of the kids. (Sept.)

*SPEDY—Loew-Paramount. —Harold L. sets the dash and the plot...but impressively innocent and high-colored comedy, For fans of course. (May)

SHORTING AGE, THE—Columbia. —Cling and direct fine direction lift this triangle and the average. Special honors to Belle Rene. Holmes Herbert. (June)

STATE STREET SADIE—Warners. —Believe it! Another underworld story, among the best. (July)

STOCKS AND BLONDES—FBO. —Among the chorus girls and bachelors. Some holly for the family trade. With Jackie and "Sweets" Gallagher. (June)

STOP THAT THING—Fox. —Anther a comedy that's a lot of fun. With (Sept.)

STORY IN SONG—Warners. —Adap...be seen as well with pleasing that's something. (Oct.)

TAXI—Fox. —Chester Conklin in the adventures of a superslick taxicab driver. (May)

TELLING THE WORLD—M-G-M —That comical story of the man in China. More darned funny, in a silly way. Allen Jenkins makes her debut in this one, is all to the (July)

TEMPEST—United Artists. —Interesting the Russian Revolution, brilliantly starred, it is Camilla Horn's picture. Here find (June)

TEMPERAMENT—FBO. —Jussi Bjorling in a picture. (July)

TEMPTATIONS OF A CHORUS GIRL—Div. —Not naughty, just foolish. Betty Ross makes the most of a madonna character. (June)

TENEMENT—FBO.—M-G-M. —The house life on the wrong side of Manhattan, melodrama-chic, vividly played. Phantom Victor Varconi and Joseph Calleia. (June)

TERROR, THE—Warners. —Mystery story presented in an all-tale. (Oct.)

TREACHER'S WATERS—Tiffany-Stahl. —Whet your demure girl ootsmarts the fast stepper. Dorothy Sebastian, John Harren and Marlowe. Not for the children. (June)

THIEF IN THE DARK, THE—Fox. —Saw too much depth. But it merely puts sleep, (June)

THROUGHBEADS—Universal. —One of the première comedy women. Good direction and some race-track help same. (May)

THREE RING MARRIAGE—First National. —Heart interest and comedy in an original circus life. (Sept.)

THREE SINNERS—Paramount. —Polo set as a good girl gone wrong. Not so wonderful good girl, but oh, after she has gone wrong tugged amimulation. (June)

THUNDERCLACK, THE—Anchor. —Scenic, but shy on drama. (Oct.)

TIGER LADY—Paramount. —Reviewed "title Love Is Incurables." Old-fashioned tricked out in fancy costumes and made by the same acting of Adolph Menjou and Drent. (June)

TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE—M-G-M. —Kitty Carlisle as Tillie успех no good reason. Even with the hard work of Fado, it is just at all. (June)

TOP SURGEANT MULLIGAN—Anchor. —Enough war burlesque but enough's enough. (July)

TRAGEDY OF YOUTH, THE—Tiffany-Stahl. —British documentary film showing the folly of youth ages. Smoothness supplemented. (May)

TREASURE OF COURNAH—FBO. —Ep- ic and simply terrible. (Sept.)


TURN BACK THE HOURS—Globe. —Right turn, back to the old. A comedy quickly, with a lot of well-known players in between more important pictures. (May)

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section
This time of year be extra careful

... protect your skin from dust

RIGHT now in the early fall, the dust blows in clouds. And dust—plain ordinary street-blowed dust—is one thing that makes faces grow old. Because, it grinds into the pores. Robs the skin of its natural moisture.

That’s why the face is older than the shoulders. The face weather, dry—through constant day-by-day exposure. The shoulders—protected—stay young.

Protect your face and it will stay as young too. You can do it easily—with Hinds Honey & Almond Cream.

Hinds Cream is the liquid cream with the heavenly almond fragrance. It sinks deep, deep—freshens the skin. Keeps it as sweetly soft as a baby’s. It prevents dust-weathering—all weathering.

Just pat it on... the better. Especially before you go outdoors—it will protect you as a powder base. But don’t stop there. Pat it on at night. In the morning. Use it on your hands. (Marvelous for hands!)

Then your skin will stay soft, young, regardless of how much you are outdoors.

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Amateur Movies

[continued from page 74]

Horace Morse directs Peggy Bell and Richard Lindsay in a scene of "Fireproof," the Shady Hill Studios amateur film made by Minneapolis amateurs. Wilbur Nebel is cameraman. The smaller picture shows another close-up from "Fireproof," which is Winter sports story.

Head not shown. His bloody hand into the frame and all is still.

The shots of Timothy were made while the player was standing on the slope of a steep hill. The cameraman stood above, holding the camera close to the upturned face of the actor. As the camera motor was started, the machine was jerked rapidly away from the face of the player. This allowed the effect to be recognized and yet gave the blur effect caused by a swiftly falling object. All the close-ups were spliced together in the order indicated, the effect produced as if the camera had followed the villain on the cliff in a continuous close-up.

These details are offered for the benefit of amateurs who plan to make a contest. Take your time, work out a well-knit story, and then shoot—not before.

With the aid of Edward Staadt, director of the University of Minnesota Shadows Studios, an amateur movie organization, made up of former Minnesota University and Carlton College students, now active in Minneapolis, has completed its first production. This is a winter sports story, "Fireproof." This is the third production of an amateur group which includes Richard Key, Wilbur Nelson, Fred Rompage, M...
Any enter inflammable to 1928, employed Class iual, If "...".'., If length, brilliant 1!

$100 for the best amateur photoplay.
$50 for the second best amateur photoplay.
$30 for the third best amateur photoplay.
$20 for the fourth best amateur photoplay.

Class Two.
$50 for the best non-dramatic picture.
$30 for the second best non-dramatic picture.
$15 for the third best non-dramatic picture.
$10 for the fourth best non-dramatic picture.

The event that two or more films prove equal merit in their consideration for any v, duplicate prizes will be given for each film.

CLASS ONE—Devoted to photoplays, will embrace all pictures made by amateur in which amateur actors appear, whether of a dramatic or comedy nature.

CLASS TWO—Will include all other motion pictures such as films of news events, home pictures, travelogues, sport shots, studies of animal, bird or plant life, etc., made by amateurs.

In awarding prizes the judges will consider the cleverness, novelty and freshness of idea and treatment, as well as the general workmanship. Under the head of general workmanship comes photog¬raphy, lighting, editing and cutting and titling. In Class One, added items of consideration will be direction, make-up and acting ability.

All films, to be considered by the judges, must come within the following specified lengths:

If 35 millimeter, the contest film must be 1,000 feet or less in length.
If 16 millimeter, it must be 400 feet or less in length.
If 9 millimeter, it must be 60 feet or less in length.

All films must be submitted on non-inflammable stock with the names and addresses of the senders securely attached to the reel or the box containing the film. Name and address of the sender also may be part of the film itself.

Any number of contest films may be submitted by an individual or amateur organization.

Any person or amateur organization can enter this contest. Professional cinema¬ographers are barred, as well as anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY MAGA¬ZINE or any relatives of anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY. Winners of PHOTO¬PLAY's first amateur movie contest may compete.

All films are to be addressed to the judges, The Amateur Movie Contest, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York, and are to be submitted before October 1, 1928, and midnight of March 31st, 1929.

The jury of judges will be announced in forthcoming issues of PHOTOPLAY. PHOTOPLAY assumes no responsibility for loss of films in transit and, while every precaution will be taken to safeguard them, this publication will not be responsible for loss or injury in any way.

As soon as possible after the conclusion of the contest, the price winners will be announced and the films returned to senders on receipt of sufficient postage for return transportation.

UNQUESTIONABLY SMART

This fall, Fashion generously sponsors opera pumps of velvet to match the color of the frock. And to these modish slippers are clasped elaborately jeweled SPANS... brilliant instep straps which add smartness to the entire costume.

SPANS, extending gracefully across the instep, hold pumps with welcome snugness and eliminate slipping.

Sold at shoe stores for $3.00 to $22.50

B. A. BALLOU & CO., INC., Providence, R. I.
The Studio Murder Mystery

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

wrote yourself, and nick nobody else thinks are necessary. So you see, Seibert, you half all this misery for nothing questions at the man! The director had been listening with but half his ears, evidently, for he now whirled on the president feverishly.

"Very well. I will use the scenes shot yesterday. I cannot bring the dead back to life. Perhaps, after all, he could not be made to do it any better than the last time he did it... that is probably true. I will not yet say an inch on the scenes I was to finish today with my other people! I yield only to the inevitable! Because one of the puppets has been removed from the stage does it follow that the show is over? Never! Because one of the pawns in the game lies dead on that set, am I to wait... wait... until the inspiration has come, until the dead one is replaced? Nothing the police have made up their minds, and this whole stupid affair has dragged to a finish? No. I shall go on as I intended. I shall work on that set today, and I shall finish my picture! What is a murder to a picture? The murder of a man who was nothing but filthy vermin polluting the earth? I wanted to shoot his death scene of course, I am from a theater, I will not give that up. But because he has been killed, I will not give up everything else in connection with finishing my picture... I will work on that set.

Rosenthal closed his eyes and breathed deep.

"SEIBERT, you would do that? You would actually do such a thing?" He probed the other's cold features with the look of a shocked child.

"Why not? Because I do not throw up my hands and believe the passing of a man reviled in life... because I do not pretend naively, and whisper in the presence of his body, which through some peculiar circumstance of its having become maniacal, has also become a revered object of affection..."

"Stop it! Stop it! Gott of Abraham, Seibert, ain't you got no feelings?"

"Sentiment in this case is merely a matter of habit and prejudice... and fear of society! I have never bowed to such things," said Seibert coolly.

Rosenthal scrambled to his feet and pounded his desk, and his Glaswegian was pouring from him, in thin stream.

He did not reckon its effect. He was beyond that.

"Sometimes you think you are a monster, Seibert! You are nothing but a director's brain! You have no heart in your body! And I tell you I don't care how many times you say you will work on that set, I say that you will not! I will not allow it... Mr. Seibert!"

"Nor will I," said a quiet voice, and a stranger walked into the room.

CHAPTER V

The president of Superior Films had his own hauteur when occasion demanded. It was only in later-office squabbles, such as his daily skirmishes with his rarer, luminous, and less combusting engagements with artists suffering from an overdose of temperament, that he resorted to shouting and desk pounding.

Now he swung about with his gaze fixed on the newcomer, and his confidential manner toward outsiders.

"Vell, I said, with rising inflection. It was a leading remark, but the stranger did not produce the apology it should have invited. Rosenthal raised his eyebrows at Seibert, who adjusted his monocle and examined the newcomer from head to toe. Considering that he, the newcomer, had seated himself, stretching his lean length comfortably, and was now leisurely filling a pipe... in short, making himself quite at home, and setting down for a long winter, as it were, Seibert was excused his action. Rosenthal leaned over his desk and shot these words.

"Vill you be kind enough to tell me va permission to come into my private and interrupt a conference? Vat is your... vat is it you want?"

The visitor looked up and a whimiscal smile brightened the thin lines of his mouth. Mer- men to him. Nothing less, nothing more was required. In an instance a possible query for his chase. Bank beggar were alike when he was on the

"My name... is Smith. Ordinary eng' ch? Nothing startling in it. What I want—ah, that is another mat! What I want. Swiss!... no, I don't think Mr. Seibert will agree! I wanted to go fishing today. In a moment a very nice little party we had chartered a boat to take us to Cat..."

Hardell probably did not want to be dead this morning... but he was...

"The president came around his desk outstretched hand.

"You are from the Police Commission? That is good. I had been waiting for you, Smith. I am very glad to see you. Ve had a terrible thing happen here.

"Hospitality he took up his box of cigar- pressed them on the detective.

"Thank you," said the latter briefly. Eyes were trained intently on the back of director, who had turned, and was idly...ing the passersby through Rosenthal's window. There was an atmosphere of extreme indigence about the back presented to him, and detective had prolonged his given speech in order to set his professional mark on the two men before him. He had a habit of that... talking seemingly at... him, as though he were getting into the office..."

"A visit! I am acquainted with Mr. Seibert," he said, somewhat stiffly.

"Captain Smith," said Seibert, slightly from the hips.

"I responded Smith... said Smith, glad, and... responsible, Smith, ep formal, and chuckling secretly at the own accustomed punctiliousness.

"Sit down, Seibert. Perhaps you can't a bit of light on this thing," he said, motion to a chair.

"I am at your service," responded Smith.

"Mr. Seibert, you don't know facts..." office was informed that you had found a Dwight Hardell by name, dead on one of stages. You say murdered. The case turned over to me, and with two of my Shank and Ryan, we went right out. They...
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of course, it was only the dummy. Mine Go

How many people know the story about Mr. Hardell, who played the villain in picture...yes, we call it 'the heavy,' is killed after a duel by the hero, who stabs him in the back. Ve take a close-up of him as he is dying from the wound. Then a third man, an enemy of the villain, comes in and sees him dead. He has half liked to kill him himself. He goes out...runs his sword through his heart, several times. Ve make the whole thing look exaggerated...unreal! Ve put a bit of a container of catsup under the dummy's vest and ve he is stabbed it runs out. That is blood.

I'm...I still think I am very strange. You didn't know the difference between a dummy and an actual man...mused Smith.

Strange? No, not at all, Mr. Smith. Perhaps you have never seen the kind of dummy man. He's the one you have seen the statue Lindbergh that they half just put up in the court of the Chinese Theater in Hollywood? No? You've heard of you, you would understand. I am almost sure people may talk to him. Ve can tell anything in pictures, Mr. Smith. V can tell really remarkable things, and effray day ve are discovering new...

"Ways to fool the public, eh?" broke in the detective.

"I would not say it that way," replied the president with dignity. "Making motion pictures is an art. Vone of the big arts. V say that effray day ve are discovering new things, I mean that effray day ve are perfecting that art!"

Smith nodded, appreciating the other's sincerity.

"Has it occurred to you that it is a very peculiar thing that this man Hardell should find himself in the same position that your dummy was arranged on the stage? That is what I understood from your story, Mr. Rosenthal."

"Yes, yes, that is right. The dummy was lying just as it was yesterday. That isn't to say, Hardell was lying in the position."

"Very peculiar..."
What is the matter with me?

WHY is she always "too tired" to get up in the morning...too tired to drag herself to parties and the other places she and her husband used to enjoy when they were first married? No wonder her husband is more and more frequently "detained at the office" or "having dinner with a customer."

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"I mean that, otherwise than on my own set, it was not in use. That is the term we use when we speak of 'the bell.' The stage was, of course, not literally dark..."

"Give me an idea of how it was lighted."

"On my own set I was rehearsing a close-up. In addition to the overhead banks of Cooper-Havitta, with which I think, three Kleigs, and two 120 amp. spots..."

"On your own set. Was the rest of the stage dark?"

"Oh, we always keep a row of overhead incandescent lamps burning all night. Not much light, very dim, but enough to keep a person from falling over objects on the stage." Rosenthal.

"Were these burning all right last night?"

"Yes."

"You had an electrician to work your lights, as is usual, I think, Mr. Seibert?"

"Yes."

"N O. I prefer to be absolutely alone on the set when I am rehearsing for a difficult scene. For that reason, I have my electricians hook up the lights on one switch, so that I can control them myself."

Smith looked quickly at Rosenthal, who nodded his head.

"That is right. Often Mr. Seibert works that way."

"Then I am to understand that you and Hardell were absolutely alone in a building of, we will say, two acres in area, which was, with the exception of the space immediately surrounding you, in semi-darkness?"

"That is correct. And I have learned Seibert calmly. He voluntarily continued,

"We finished about twelve o'clock, for as I have told you, I heard Lannigan coming along the grate room and I had just turned off the lights on my set, and I called out to him not to come in..."

"Why did you do that?"

"Seibert did it, particularly."

"Temperamental idiosyncrasy, if you will," he admitted. "Lannigan would be garrulous if I allowed it. I was tired, and I did not feel like putting forth the effort to keep him in the straight way. One is placed in a posture of keeping day and night with people, that the mere sight of another one of them is just a bit more than bearable."

Smith nodded, understandingly.

"Excusable," he said. "Now, after putting out the lights, what did you do?"

"Went out to my car, which I had driven to the west service entrance of the house. Hardell did not return to his room. He was very tired. He left the hat in his costume and make-up. I believe he even left the light burning in his room and left some money to be turned out. It must have been about 12:15 when we passed through..."

"Did you have any conversation with the man at the gate... I presume there is one, at night?"

"Yes, always. MacDougall, I believe, is the gateman's name. I think I said goodnight."

"And that was all, for half an hour?"

"That was all, for half an hour. I speak to the common employees. Hardell waved his hand, and said something about its being a hard life... it was a very nasty night last night... foggy... chill..."

"A N D then...?" prompted the detective.

"As I had asked him to dine, and we had driven to the theater in my car, naturally took him home," replied Seibert. "That is," he qualified, "I dropped him a short way from his hotel on Hollywood Boulevard."

"At the corner did you drop him? What cross street?"

"A short distance from Highland. Not at the corner, because of traffic signals. I should say the time was about 12:35, judging from the time it usually takes me to drive that distance. However, it might have been a bit later, as I drove carefully on account of wet roads."

"Mr. Seibert, do you know of anybody who could verify your statement? Did you meet, or pass anyone?"

"Not anyone who knew me."

"Do you usually drive yourself?"

"Frequently. It is a change. Gets me away from my colleagues, however, chauffeur drives me."

"Where was he last night?"

"It was his night off."

"Was there anyone in your house when returned?"

"My houseman had gone to bed, chauffeur, however, had returned be, or was waiting on the dirt on my car. I allow him to use it on occasion."

"You spoke to him?"

"Yes."

"What time was it then?"

"As I had gone directly to my home I imagine it must have been about 12:45."

"Are you positive, Seibert, do you realize, until other evidence is found, that you were the man to see Harvell alive?"

"It may be that that will be proven true, in the case. However, no doubt the hotel's waiter knows me there."

"What is his hotel?"

"The Alta Vista."

"Supposing the hotel clerk does not c you?"

"That puts me in the position of a susp... according to customary procedure, which, you say, customarily brings result; Seibert calmly, looking the other the eyes.

"Correct," replied Smith tersely.

"Seibert shrugged. "It is evident we all have to produce and witness," he said, with light indifference, un which the insistence of the normal Seibert faintly apparent.

"Smith, I shall see you..."

"That is my business, I will attend that!" he said.

"Seibert did not reply, but bent to light c with a steady hand.

"After a moment he straightened and turn to Smith.

"If that is all you require of me, I shall... you to excuse me. I have... I must give up my picture.""

"I understand. But just a few minu more. I want you to help me on this. For you are a motion picture director. Take do your screen plays. What kind of a man... Harvell?"

"What sentimental novelists love to call 'cad... that men call a low-down slut and... women don't, I had. I think Seibert looked to Rosenthal for confirmation."

"That is right. He was a dirty bun agreed the president regretfully.

"THERE are many types of dirty bums smiled Smith. "Of what particular br... was Harvell."

"Vome," said Rosenthal, succinctly.

"Ah... cherche la fumeur" murmur the detective.

"That is your clue," said Seibert, as added.

"However... while undoubtedly he was mixed up with a great many women, who un doubtedly harbored desires for revenge. I see any of them who could have killed him."

"Would have, you mean, Mr. Seib... Somebody undoubtedly could, and did. All... good that Seibert immor..."

"Smith looked to Rosenthal for confirmation."

"That is right. He was a dirty bun agreed the president regretfully.

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ASA, and stared off into space over Smith's bed. Finally he spoke.

"Looking back over a period of ten months in a man's life... a man such as Dwight Fessell was... there are always things which have the possibility of leading to murder. Outside of one or two incidents, I do not know of anything which definitely suggested a thing."

And these one or two incidents?"

Women... of course. There was quite a difference with the daughter of the gatemann.

"Dougall, only last week. I gathered that he had been playing fast and loose with her, and that he had not understood the sort he was..."

Was MacDougall on the gate last night?"

"opened Smith instantly.

"Yes... from Seibert, and from Rosenthal, protestingly.

Mr. Seibert, you should not suggest such a thing of that little girl! I know why. She is under contract to my cousin at Hing Komenides. She is a nice little girl... but not a murderer."

"Well, let's hear about her, anyway," said Mr. Seibert soothingly. "No harm to her in that, sentimental"

I happened to come upon her in a thickened corner of the theater. In her was reaching him... accusing him of being too free, I think. The usual recriminations. She was a fiery young woman. Quite worked up. You know the sort of one with that sort of man, and that sort of a little Seibert shrugged expressively.

"Mr. Gott, if I had known it I could have tied him off my lot, or made him marry her!" executed Rosenthal at this point.

"him... any other women?" asked Smith the director.

"I believe there was one for every one of the months I directed him!"

"As bad as that? A regular rotter, eh?"

"A dirty low-life," muttered the president.

"Lately," said Seibert slowly, "I believe he is interested in my leading woman, Yvonne Szentos."

"Rosenthal turned an immediate and instant purple."

"Now, Mr. Seibert, that is too much! Miss Szentos is one of the loveliest little girls vat I have ever been on my lot! I cannot sit here and if you say such things about her!"

His own eyes glared angrily at the director.

"Anything serious between them?" snapped Seibert.

"What do you know of the affair?"

Seibert threw out a belittling hand.

Do not misunderstand me. Miss Beaumont is a very different type than the other. I was not... affair... but she... French. Glaring is an unconscious expression.

Movietone Nightmare

I dreamed Doug Fairbanks, Snappy, crisp, Spoke only with a Frightful lisp; That Adolphe Menjou, "Prince of Clothes;"

Used "dese" and "dem" And "dem" and "dese";

That Rod La Rocque With hair well buttered, In all his love Scenes badly stuffed; That sweet Miss Gish, So mild of face, Possessed a voice Of deepest bass; Then came the shock— Oh, man! Oh, man! Oh!—

Lon Chaney spoke A high soprano!

—N. Y. Sun Dial

PhoToPLAY Magazine—Advertising Section 129

DRAW ME and WIN A PRIZE

Do You Like to Draw?

Copy this dancing girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win first price. This contest is for amateurs only (17 years of age or more), so do not hesitate to enter, even if you haven't had much practice.

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To the Next 50 Best Drawings—A Fountain Pen

FREE! Everyone entering a drawing in this contest may have his or her art ability tested free! When your contest drawing is received, we will mail you our Art Ability Questionnaire. Fill this in and return it, and you will receive our critic's frank report of your general sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc.—and with it our book "YOUR FUTURE," showing work of Federal Students and telling you all about the Federal home-study course. This is free and places you under no obligation.

This interesting analysis has been the start for many Federal students, who formerly trained in business, and now commercial artists earning $3,000, $4,000, $5,000, and $6,000 yearly—some even more. The Federal School has won a reputation as "the school famous for successful students." Read the rules carefully and enter this contest—see what you can do.

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This contest open only to amateurs, 17 years of age or more, Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

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1. Make your drawing of girl and shadow exactly 6 inches high, on paper 5 inches wide by 7 inches high. Draw only the girl and shadow, not the lettering.

2. Use only pencil or pen.

3. Make no drawings will be returned.

4. Write your name, address, age, and occupation on the back of your drawing.

5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by Nov. 10, 1928. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Faculty members of the Federal Schools Inc. All contestants will be notified of the prize winners. Make your drawing of the girl now and send it to the address given in this ad.

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thing, we might say, with her. She is . . .

mischief, vivacious, entirely feminine. The world is made up simply of men, and romance, to her. I think Hardell attracted her because of his terrible reputation. She has been leading him on . . . not, I think with any idea of giving herself to him . . . but just, well, as a cat plays with a mouse . . .

"Hm . . ."

"Vell, I think really, Mr. Selbert, that you are on the wrong track. I know for a fact that Billy Vest is head offer heels in love with her, and that she is . . ."

"Ha! Now we're getting somewhere. This West is probably jealous . . ." exclaimed Smith.

"No! NO!" exploded the president impatiently. "Now don't you go saying Billy Vest did it. I know him. He is a fine, upstanding young fellow. He is not a murderer!"

"To your mind, nobody on your lot is a murderer," replied Smith soothingly, "but undoubtedly somebody is!" Then, seeing the look on the president's fat face, he added,

"We are only discussing possibilities, Mr. Rosenthal. We are not incriminating anybody. Sometimes the actual solving of a crime is done before the detective sees his people. A house is built to fit the foundation previously laid down for it. It happens that way, frequently, in solving crimes. The solution is often built to fit the structure erected by just such conversation as this. Personalities, sometimes the viewing of the body, even, influence the mind of the detective. For that reason I did not go on to the set this morning, before coming here. I like to get all the information I can while my mind is clear of the deed itself. Going back to yourself, Mr. Selbert, have you, personally, had any trouble with Hardell?"

"No . . . and . . . yes. As man to man, I, as director to actor, a great deal. But nothing beyond the trouble I frequently have with my people until a picture is finished."

"Meaning just what?"

"Meaning that, as I said, few of them are able to forget the camera. They are all, instinctively, what we call 'camera hogs.' When they should be thinking picture, story, and characterization, they are thinking camera, audience, and the most presentable side of their faces! Sometimes I have to go through days, of what do you call it . . . brow-beating . . . before I reduce an actor to the

malleable material which finally makes perfect puppet whose strings I pull."

"Hm . . . then, you do not go me individual interpretation . . . freedom to actor to play a part as he wills?"

"What kind of a general listens to a under officers?" inquired Selbert. "Is the way battles are won? How much suf- fice do you, for instance, take from these Clancy and Ryan?"

Smith laughed.

"You see!" he admitted.

"Actors, as people, are nothing to Selbert continued. "It is known that I them frightfully. It is necessary to the exaction of the picture . . . When it is not
can put my arms around them, and tell them how splendidly they have co-operated me . . ."

"Hm . . ." said Smith dryly. Then,

"You had no personal motive for Hurdell removed from this life?"

"There are times when I am directing -- I could cheerfully choke every member of the cast!"

"I am not to take that as a roundabout confession of the murder," asked Smith shrewdly.

"A H . . . no . . . not at all, not at returned the director in kind. "I am talking merely from the artistic standpoint should have said there are times when I glad to throttle their Ego . . . kill their will . . . if in so doing I could lower, or extract to utterly forgetting self . . . squeeze out them some spark of genius . . . ."

Smith, listening to the man, knew that deed, he had done just that.

"It was not because of mediocrities pictured in Selbert was the highest paid director in the

world."

The man was a master.

"Just one more question. Have you idea why, or when, Mr. Hardell returned studio?"

"I am sorry, but I cannot help you: The gate men undoubtedly will have a story. Now, if that is all . . . ."

Smith got to his feet.

"You have been very explicit . . . thorough. I thank you . . . "Not at all. I am at your command at time, returned the director, and being stiffly from the hips he took his departure. [ CONTINUED NEXT MONTH]"
Immigrant

[continued from page 45]

At 11 A.M., we saw Irving Thalberg. He told her to rest because she must make a test at 3:30 that afternoon. But there was no rest for Eva. We walked across the lot. We talked. We sang.

I told her again everything I knew of pictures and picture people. Anything to keep her mind off the ordeal.

She was made-up, dressed and escorted to the set.

He was the first star she met, the actor whom she admired above all others, Jack Gilbert! I couldn’t watch the test. I was more nervous, more excited than she. Victor Seastrom told her what to do. She worked with Jack Gilbert.

The production manager came over to me.

“Now don’t let her kid you, Katherine, that gal’s been on the screen before. You and I have both seen their first tests and they’re not like this.”

“But she hasn’t. I know she hasn’t. She wouldn’t lie to me.”

The next morning we stood in Thalberg’s office.

“Well,” he said, “I’m going to give you the part—the lead opposite John Gilbert in ‘The Mask of the Devil.”

She simply stood there without moving and then she turned to me for verification. Her eyes were swimming with tears of joy.

It was another Cinderella story! I ran up to my office and ground out five hundred words of copy about the new Viennese beauty wearing away with the coveted lead opposite John Gilbert.

We took her to every smart shop in town and found suitable clothes for her to wear in the picture. She lived on the excitement of it all and we found three ideas of American men, American women and American clothes she had already spread themselves across the laps of everyone described—by me.

had just begun.

Publicity is everything! It is pitched in a high key.

A little truth and the rest—lies! Eva Berne, the new Viennese beauty on her way to Hollywood to see the film colony ablaze! von Berne, the brilliant daughter of the ambassador to the Emperor Charles! Eva Berne, gay, dancing debutante!

It sat in the compartment and tried to forget what was going on in the mind of a tired Austrian child who wore a forty-three dress.

There was more ballyhoo on the trip. In trains and in hotels, there were more ideas of American men, American women and American clothes.

The first night she was in Los Angeles, she sang perfectly the hit song, “Ship Boat,” called “Can’t Help Lovin’ That Man.”

Speed was essential. I could not sit there and talk. I was all she had in the lead, and if you had seen her terror-stricken when I left her for a minute you would have known why I gave her all my time and strength.

She had arrived in Los Angeles at 9:30 Monday morning, ballyhoo at the station. Austrian women in search of her. Camera! Rehearsal! Flowers! Flowers! Flowers!}

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section
Do You Ask Yourself These Questions?

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The Story of a Dancing Girl

[continued from page 43]

in City. The allure of something new, I suppose. And I knew there would be more money. I had found my mother divorced again. This didn't seem to matter, only I did not want to be in a position to give her a few of the stories she had missed in her living.

AY put me on the train. I wasn't happy. I don't know, but I think whenever a woman is out to reach a goal and then throws it over something else, even though she thinks it is ser, she is just naturally restless and unony. Nor was I happy when I reached Culver City.

Then, one night, at Coconut Grove, I met a man like Cudahy from Chicago.

Now, of course, I have been reported engaged to first one man and then another.

Danny Dowling was my dancing partner, so Hollywood said we were to be married. Johnny Westwood (one of the college boys sent out by First National) and I met once, yet we also were to be married. But Mike was the first boy to seriously attract my interest.

And Mike was the answer to that mother-love yearning within me. I was determined to do for Mike what Ray Sterling had done for me. I wouldn't let him drink when he was with me. I wanted Mike to be perfect, to be the one man I had always visioned in my dreams.

Oh, of course, we were happy together. When we were out dancing we were just two happy children. But when we took long drives, sat in the moonlight just talking and talking I was always trying to instill Mike with the same faith in life and in work that Ray had instilled in me. I used to think of the moonlight drives in Kansas City and how I had sat and listened. Now I made Mike sit and listen.

YOU have read about Mike's mother and her objections to our going together.

Why is it that mothers have to object to girls with whom they are not acquainted? Why do they take it for granted that some-actress is trying to snatch their sons away from them? Why doesn't a mother study the girl of whom she is frightened? Perhaps she would find this girl is doing for the son what the mother had attempted to do since his childhood and yet could not accomplish.

Joan Crawford and her kid brother, Hal Le Sueur. This picture was taken soon after Joan's arrival in California when she sent for her family to enjoy some of the fruits of her success.

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The Stars That Never Were

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

he was conversing with the star, too—in air. When the dark woman, in her plain frock, walked across the room.

She has distinction, that one!" said the actor, who was affecting a continental manner.

The star smoothed down a fold of the aforementioned chinchilla.

"Dinner, my hat!" said the star. "She's dressed like a stenographer." And then, raising her voice, "Oh, girl!" she called, "come in!" She was addressing the dark woman.

But the dark woman, rudely, answered, "I'm sorry, but I was not called for dinner."

"I'm only going to take a shower," said the star.

"But you don't have to do that in the middle of the night," replied the dark woman.

"Yes, but I need to wash my hair," said the star.

"I see," said the dark woman, "but I'm not going to let you take my shower, either."

The star rolled her eyes and left the room.

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7. Use a hair dryer: Use a hair dryer on the lowest heat setting to help achieve a smooth, sleek look.

8. Use a hair straightener: Use a hair straightener on the lowest heat setting to help achieve a smooth, sleek look.

9. Use a hair curling iron: Use a hair curling iron on the lowest heat setting to help achieve a smooth, sleek look.

10. Use a hair straightener: Use a hair straightener on the lowest heat setting to help achieve a smooth, sleek look.

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"I Could Cry Over My Skin"

You say you can't do a thing for that skin of yours—those pimples or blackheads or that persistent rash, "itch" or eczema. But have you tried sulphur in combination with menthol? Sulphur is a remarkable thing for clearing the skin, and as sulphur clears it, menthol soothes and heals the sore, red and damaged tissue. Sulphur combined in the right proportion with menthol is what skin troubles need, and this is what you get in Rowsel Mentho Sulphur. Thousands of cases that fail to respond to other treatments clearly right up under the twofold action of Rowsel Mentho Sulphur. Even fiery eczema yields to this combination. Try it in your own case and see how soft, clear and white your skin becomes. Be sure it's Rowsel Mentho Sulphur you get.

"You asked me to tell you!—" she advised the star, gently. Almost too gently. It was the way in which she said the word that supplied the finishing touch. There is always, you know, something that supplies a finishing touch. For the star started, suddenly, to cry. Nerves, perhaps. Temper, perhaps. At any rate, tears were always that particular star's last court of appeal.

"Oh, for heaven's sake," sulked the star, and her pretty face was vicious under its ruined make-up, "keep your mouth shut! Where—" so she spoke, bitterly, "where—" for she had met Michael Arlen—" did you get your Mayfair line of talk, anyway? Your—"

BUT the dark woman was not to be subdued with tears. And one more question made little difference, now. "I fancy," she said, "that I acquired my English accent in England. Mayfair? My dear, you've been reading!" (who says the British Isles have no humor to offer? "a book!")

It was then that an extra, somewhere in the background, dared to chuckle. It was then that the star—using words that were certainly not Mayfair—ran screaming from the room. And it was then that the dark woman raised quizzical eyebrows at the director.

"What a strange person," she said, and her tone was easily conversational. "Not at all like the others of your charming American stars that I've met—Miss Pickford and Miss Swanson and Miss Daniels. Why, she's just a badly brought up child. She needs a good spanking!"

The director stared at the woman. It might be a bluf—this grand manner of hers. It probably was—for Hollywood is the city of glorified bluf. But—bluff or no—she had done a surprising thing. Rising from the extra ranks she had, in the space of a few minutes, routed the whole star department. The director did not answer this strangely self-possessed woman—that would have been a breach of studio etiquette. But he did answer the dark woman. But his voice, speaking to a cameraman, was in a way, an answer. "We'll shoot the preliminary stuff, anyway he said, "and then you can get—" (this to an extra) "your slips. She won't be back till day.

And so the dark woman's "lark" consisted of walking, just once, across a drawing to the director, and saying, "You can," ran one review of "Murder Millions," "fake anything in a piece. But you can't fake a lady."

Well, it wasn't the director's fault if the woman wasn't signed. He sent a telegram to the address that he had gotten from casting office—an address that he believed containing an amusing ouvredou. But the telegram came back, for the address was th of a more or less transient hotel. And the woman was glad that the telegram was never delivered—but she did not admit her gladness to the director. She chose scorn, instead.

"What you saw in that frame!" she said, with a spiteful, "trying to Ritzy us all—"

The director couldn't answer it. He didn't know exactly what he could answer—what had been seen. He didn't know, until two months later, when he chanced upon a copy of a certain illustrated British weekly. As he thoughtfully through it his glance fell upon a full-page picture. The picture of a rather stout, rather plain woman, in an old-fashioned hat, with a tall, she woman in a thin dress that might have been made of grey crepe. The woman had a certain way of holding her body and her profile was almost perfect in its great outline. Under this picture ran a caption that brought the director suddenly to his feet. "Lady Ellen Glencommon," it read, "talented to the Queen at the Duchess of Somerset reception. Lady Ellen has recently returned from an incognito tour of the United-

This new reducing machine doesn't take up any more space than a radio or phonograph. And it folds up into an attractive cabinet. Raquel Torres finds that it is better than a diet for keeping thin. It runs by electricity; you merely plug it into a lamp socket.
The Movies Are Like That

The situation by saying in his characteristically petulant voice:
"Hurry, and get down to the train. It's one o'clock now! Hurry!

When the train pulled into the station, the general manager of Premier Pictures, Inc., together with his aides, was standing near the tracks with a huge bouquet of red roses in his arms. There was the slightest evidence of self-importance in his attitude. He was trying to compose a little speech of welcome to the new star—or potential star. It was forming:

"MISS LANE? Ah, yes! I am Mr. McLane (peculiar, that similarity in names), general manager for Mr. Schlanck. It is a delight and a pleasure to welcome you to our company, and let us introduce you to Miss Helen Blakely. You are, indeed, quite as lovely as Mr. Schlanck promised you would be. Come, the car is waiting.

The locomotive snorted its way into the station and came to an abrupt halt. The passengers began to alight. Mr. McLane straightened his tie and struck a pose of extreme courtesy. He had never seen the expected arrival, but he was sure he would know her. There she was!

A young girl of somewhat meretricious appearance coming from the car steps to the ground. She hesitated for a moment and looked about as if expecting someone to meet her. Johnny hastened forward.

"Miss Lane," he began, beaming upon the girl.
"Ah, yes! I am Mr. "

"I don't give a hoot who you are," she broke in, and I'm not your Miss Lane—"

Johnny succeeded in preventing his Adam's apple from jumping from his mouth, but only with an effort. Several people had seen the little comedy and were openly amused, but most of them turned their faces to run.

The bouquet of roses in his arms only made him feel the more a fatuous fool. He stood irresolute, suddenly he was struck with a wave of self-consciousness. He turned to make a break out of the spotlight—and ran head-on into a smartly-dressed girl, sending her sprawling on the dirt-laden cement. Johnny stopped, turned toward the girl, and he helped to run.

Several of the bystanders rushed to the aid of the girl. Johnny was left to his own resources. He struggled to his feet angrily, brushing off his clothes with savage slaps. Finally he raised his head and directed a short, truculent glance at his victim. His head bobbed again. Then something violent slap, then he stiffened, his hand halted in mid-air, his head shot up erect, and his gaze fixed itself on the girl before him.

She was smiling at him. Her hat had been knocked off by the impact of her fall, and a wealth of unruly black—"black hair unsightly hairbrushed recklessly about her head. Her large gray eyes were laughing hugely as she said to the gasping young man:

"Five years, Johnny—and you still hold enough resentment toward me to knock me down.

"Phyllis!"

The name seemed to spring from his mouth of its own accord. If the spectators were struck by the awkwardness of Johnny's pose, and laughed boisterously. This raucous sound shocked Johnny back into a realization of his surroundings. He stiffened, and his mouth closed with a snap sending his teeth plunging into his tongue.

The girl was solemn, but he knew that she was controlling a desire to laugh. He bowed stiffly to her, mumbled something about being "glad to have seen you again" (which, of...
The ensuing mouth was as a nightmare to Johnny. The appearance of Mary Lane he considered an ill-omen; for had she not arrived on the scene just after he had discovered, to his surprise, that he was not human—owd, as he had thought for such long years? And would she not be an obstacle in the path of his goal; which goal was the possession (in wedlock, of course) of Avis Gray? Now he had recognized a barrier, he had redthrown aside the cloak of indifferen-
testless women and his desire for the gay little had increased a hundredfold. Every w
were charming, but the bewitching of Avis and business almost completely obscured
the glory of the other.

Love to Spare,' the latest starring v
was three weeks in production, under
direction of James Arthur Boynt, m-
egaaphoner. Avis Gray was the leading
and Miss Jane (played by the younger
ote, and more as an introduc-
the public than anything else, Mary Lane
doing what is known as a "sympath-
other scene, was as a desire to go out
(when played properly) a great deal of
pathy—possibly tears—in spite of her ob-
such a character is possible on

O
ught through your private entrance,
answerous call, and expected a reply. But
Johnny was rather pleased at it. He gave
him a feeling of intimacy with her, jumped up and dragged a chair around by
his side. "I don't know if you want to—"

Through that impudent look which was
so well known to thousands of movie
she walked around and made use of the
chair. As Johnny swung around in the
hours he had grasped her, and a thrill shot
through his body. He felt terribly at ease, and was angry with himself; for was he not a
general manager and she but an hour
ago an employee? "I'm only here on mercy, in so far as
the career was concerned?"

"I just dropped in to say "Hello,"

But in fact he was more pleased with her
than with his own appearance.

"Surely, isn't she a nice woman?"

"Yes, of course! Ha! Ha!—May I join you?"

"Certainly." He crossed to the door and entered. The first thing that met his eyes was the figure of a

The story and the words of the manager had seemed to have the same effect.

"Miss Lane was telling me about how she met her. He-he-he—he-he—he—he—he-he-he—"

Johnny was assuring the introduction. She did it
very easily and calmly, with a slight inclina-
tion of her head and a soft, "How do you do,
Mr. McLane?"

A short time later, after Mary had gone,
Johnny sat alone in his office, a deep
fron on his face. He was gazing moodyly and not a
little sullenly into the mirror. It was asking
more than a man to work and contact daily with
the woman who was responsible for the
blow which had darkly colored his perspective
on life. But, also, a man would be a fool to
cast away all hope for no other reason than that—it would amount to
weakness... But could he ever escape her or her influ-
ence... and there was Avis Gray.

A V IS gave a shrift of indignation. "She
called me the man hog-goofy over her. The ele-
crures are crazy; the cameramen are crazy.
B rubble is all right. But for the life of me, I can't see anything to her out of

Johnny was prepared to give his opinion
Mary Lane. He could not say what he wanted to say without
exposing their former relationship, which he did not want to do just yet. So he

next day, Avis Gray wrote to him that said up his chair. "Don't you go for the

There was jealousy in the tone.

Johnny almost gave a laugh of joy, just
thinking that it meant anything to this

A Vis next words made him bolt upright
his chair. "You don't go for falling for

She was jealous in the tone.

"Do you care, Avis?" he asked, eagerly.

He was leaning closer and closer.

The surroundings had dissolved into
a large close-up of a pair of delicate, lovely
lips. They were an oasis, and he was thirst-
so thirsty... Ages later, when he drew away from her,

light of subtlimity was in his eyes.
He knew how to hear a soft voice from region of the door—his private one:

"Do you think I care—now?"

three o'clock that afternoon Johnny was in the set. As he stepped inside the stall, his eyes began naturally to seek out Avis. She was seated far corner, just behind the giant sun-arc, was concentrating thousands of candle-light on his penciled figure, he left her; but suddenly a shrill voice rent the air. The entire battery of blazed up, and a gruff masculine voice lolled through a megaphone:

"Miss Gray! Miss Lane! On the set, please!"

He combed some dark recess Mary Lane stepped to the circle of light. She was gowned in a white creation that accentuated to highest degree the seductiveness of her figure.

But, strange to say, the effect was not of nudity, nor even of suggestion, but merely of simplicity. Johnny was startled by his contradiction, and searched for the face. He found it in the girl’s face. As he did, looking into the opaqueness surrounding her area, from whence came Jimmy’s deep voice issuing directions, it was impossible to question the Virgilian beauty of Mary’s soul. The gray eyes (and how gray! had forgotten they were so lovely) were cool and clean-lookingly a snow-capped mount.

Johnny gazed at the girl before him, he was to doubt that this was the silly, shallow-possibilities little wanton who had messed up his emotional life. Surely a hoax had been perpetrated. But no; the incident at the ion was irresistible evidence that she was and the face was the one he had surrendered for so long with such bitterness. As the same face, but somehow glorified what he had once thought it to be.

Owen was finished. Mary indicated command by a slight nod of her head. Then (quiet was shattered by a roar from the director: “Avis Gray! What the devil! Didn’t you get to that set? Get a move on! Try up!”

Behind the sun-arc a figure sprang through the flood of light, and Johnny promptly noted Mary in the surge of pleasure induced by appearance of Avis.

Draped in the thong, she had nothing to say to Miss Gray?” the director queried.

Oh, sure,” was the bored response.

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All right, let's see. Camera!
As the scene unfolded it was evident that Avis had spoken the truth when she had heard, and she went through her part with the perfect timing which marks the experienced actor or actress.

The average audience is unaware of the deep competitive spirit which exists between the players in a picture. Each one of them employs every trick in their bag to ensure the attention of the audience, and to keep their foot on them—such as movements of the hands, slight changes of position, and other devices well known to the seasoned actor or actress.

Avis was running the gamut of her tricks. She clenched and unclenched her cameraman's side-hand; she pulled an imaginary dangling thread from the sleeve or the one eyebrow arched momentarily—but she was losing the scene, and she knew it. Mary was taking it by contrast. She was so natural that it was hard to believe she was acting. And as Avis had expected to do the old way, the effect was devastating—for Avis.

Johnny could not repress a feeling of admiration for Mary; through it he felt it to be flagrant hypocrisy to be angry. He felt, rather, that he could feel anything but distaste for his ex-wife. But all the justice within him demanded that he respect and admire Mary, who had undoubtedly owned that Avis had had employed naturalness as a combative measure. Anyway, Avis grew tired of losing, and stopped right in the middle of the action. She was furious, and she had to contain her self.

Came Boyne's voice, oddly calm:
"You are tired, Miss Gray? Or is it that you wish Miss Lane to retire and let you go through the scene about the way she misses the mark?"

The sarcasm was not lost on Avis; she turned and looked in his direction, her eyes gleaming with anger. Boyne went on:
"If you wish to be the center of attention only, we will proceed; otherwise we'll shoot on Miss Lane in a close-up from behind you and register your part in the reactionary expressions on her face. Take your choice."

During Boyne's speech Johnny had been watching Mary. She was superb; he had to admit that much. Not once during the whole scene was he aware of what the director was saying, but stood looking idly about. As the cameras started grinding on the second take, he heard the voice of someone very close to him. It was Louie Schlank, who had slipped quietly into the group.
"He! He! Ain't you funny, Johnny? You better teach your Avis some manners; she ain't no match for my Mary."

JOHNNY started. "My Mary"—what might that mean? Anything. Possibly Louis used the possessive impersonally, an unconscious opposition to John's personal possession in Avis.

But again, possibly not. It might mean the worst; that Louie, a widower of some years' standing, had succumbed to the charms of the newly married Avis, who was his new girl. Avis saw Johnny, and ran to him with both hands outstretched. He clutched them and pressed them, but somehow he did not receive the thrill a first meeting should under such circumstances. She witnessed between the two women was still too fresh in his mind. Unconsciously his eyes sought out Mary. He sought to recall that feeling of bitterness that had been his constant companion during the past five years, but it seemed to have evaporated before that subconscious realization that its object, as remembered, no longer existed. Avis was pratfalling.

"Nice Mr. General Manager! Did him come out here to see Avis?"

This sop was heard by everyone nearby. Johnny reddened and pressed proper proprieties, and even Boyne turn their faces to hide a smile. But Louie Schlank made no effort to suppress his amusement.

"I'm didn't. Personally, you at least, Miss Gray. Here he stepped; he had been struck by an idea.
"Say," he said, "why can't we go together? It's only—right now."

Avis was perturbed. "I—I can't, Johnny. His cheek and laughed. "Good, Mr. Schlank." "Heany answer. I know what Miss Gray. We've been happily married for three years, and Avis, "I mean?"

Tell me everything about it. Miss Gray. He's gone. "Now, Johnny!

Johnny shouted his head. "No, I guess won't."
I looked up at him adoringly. "It won't be like this again, Johnny. Just you—go on." I was thrilled. "All right, honey-baby," he answered happily.

He squeezed her hand and ran out after her, turned and faced Hamp Henley; a faint flush on her lips.

IV

Mary had predicted, filmdom was well presented at her party. The shining lights on branch of the industry had responded to her invitations. Numerous satellites were too; and they each revolved around and took their respective orbit centers in an illusion, until it seemed that there was no people individual in the house, accompanied by numerous carbon copies. But the care, too.

Johnny was late in arriving. As he walked to the living room, Avis immediately assumed a possessive attitude, and by subduing speech and action, proclaimed to his present that she was hers by right of capture. With all swiftness in regard to women, Johnny was obvious to her broadcasting program; he was proud that she should take pride in the neighborhood.

Your piece orchestra was on hand to a syncopation to any and all who desired it. A few were already performing. It seemed like regular intervals, they would, when near a door, step quickly through it, out of sight, and return a few moments later possessed of an abundance of newly-acquired energy. The movies are like that, too.

An hour later the house seemed to be overflowing with guests. It was not a large place, and the news spreading throughout the town that a party was in progress had brought a veritable avalanche of people to the doors of the bungalow. Of course, no one was refused admission, and soon there was mad confusion.

Another hour passed. Somewhere, a short time before, Avis had disappeared from Johnny's side. For awhile he had wandered about, showing his way through crowds of people, searching for her. But after a period of fruitless endeavor, he had given up and wandered off into a dark corner, where he sat watching the antics of a pleasure-thirsty (and just plain thirsty) mob. Intoxication was not uncommon now. A number of girls and men were staggering around through the sheeted smoke seeking an exit into the coolness of the night. On the other hand, among the guests were those of the profession whose sobriety and other virtues were bywords of Hollywood. They were mingling with those of opposite inclination, tolerant and amused.

Again, the movies are like that.

Finally, the smoke-laden atmosphere and general gloominess of the place made Johnny long for fresh air. Too, he hoped to find Avis outside. After a number of apologies for his rudeness he managed to push his way through to an exit, and stepped out into a

The filming of "Nize Baby" was interrupted by the arrival of a huge box addressed to Milt Gross. Hobart Henley (left) took time off from the set to help the author unpack the crate. And what do you suppose some thoughtful friend from the Bronx had shipped to Milt Gross? A dumb-waiter—the kind that only rattles up and down the shafts of New York. Milt was so overjoyed he burst into tears

The author of the article is discussing the parties and events surrounding the film industry in Hollywood, mentioning the party hosted by Mary, where Johnny and Avis were present. The article also includes a segment on the filming of a movie and the arrival of a box containing a dumb-waiter.

The text contains references to various individuals and events in the film industry, including Johnny, Avis, Hobart Henley, and Milt Gross. The author also mentions the party hosted by Mary, the challenges of filming in Hollywood, and the arrival of a box containing a dumb-waiter.
HE turned back round and waited for the indistinct figure to appear. It was Mary; she was quite close to him when she stopped. She placed her hand on his arm—and a thrill shot through him. The perfume she used conspired with the fragrance of the night to quicken his senses.

"I've been waiting to get you alone, Johnny. I have something to say to you I've waited a long time to say. There is a gate that leads into the backyard—do you mind?"

He did not answer, but started forward, and she with him, still holding to his arm. They were standing just on the other side of the gate. The moon was a large gold plate above them, and its radiance turned the grass covered ground into a rippling lake of brilliance. A perfect, propitious, normal size, Johnny noted; in fact, he had a queer feeling that everything was normal and right. For the first time in years he felt that things were as they should be. He had a mad desire to take Mary in his arms and cover her face with kisses.

But there was Avis. Oh, to part with Avis! What was this feebleness? Well, what were those in such a case as this—just words. His thoughts raced, whirled, and jumbled. Mary was saying something:

"It's awfully hard to know how to begin. But I suppose it's best that I be very direct. I want to apologize, Johnny, for the wrong I did you."

Wrong? What was wrong? What was anything but desire?

"The court awarded me—alimony (she had difficulty in saying the word) between our interlocutory and decree of divorce, of fifty dollars a month. I took it, and I used it, but not because I wanted to, Johnny. But my mother—she stopped and was silent for a moment. Then she said slowly:

"Mother meant well by me. She died in New York, three years ago. Then I had to earn my own living; and I learned what it might mean to a man to part with his hard-earned money to a woman he no longer loved.

I learned what men think of the woman who takes that money—and I agree with them. Then, Johnny, I resolved to repay you the money; but the money, the money I rely on."

She extended to him a slip of paper. He hesitated, then took it from her and crumpled it in his hand. He asked gently:

"You started to say something. 'Because you still—what?'"

She looked down at the shimmering her feet. He reached out and touched her lightly, then she lifted her hand and As eyes met that he could lose his life at those depths—those lovely gray depths. She answered him quietly:

"And now?" he asked breathlessly.

"I love you now," she said. The universe was motionless—quite still.

Once more Johnny's feet were on the ground. Suddenly he stifled; involuntarily he questioned himself, aloud:

"Avis? Avis laughed. She said:

"Don't worry about Avis. She's well care of."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm playing you, Johnny. She's in love with you.

His vanity was touched the time: "No?" he said.

Now, she repeated. "Avis couldn't love with you. She has been married to Henley for over a month. They were my in Mexico, so it wouldn't be made public.

She was just working you for what you do for her.

Johnny's jaw dropped and he gaped a throatful of moonlight. "Marrie Henley? You still loved me?"

"Positively!" she affirmed. "Avis co the secret to me not a half hour ago before she 'passed out'—in Hamp's arms confirmed it. They pretended to love too—and Avis dream of stardom thrown is shattered. Are you hurt so badly?"

For answer he kissed her full on the lip, "Johnny, I give a rap," he said fervently.

She snuggled close against him and for years. Once a time she set up at him and said with a smile:

"This is my mother's three—dear—but won't it seem rather funny a married again—to each other?"

"No," answered Johnny. "I think I'll like it. It will be just like old times."

Questions and Answers

| CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110 |

JOAN AND ANGELA, VIOLA, CALIF.—"Pie- bein" is a harsh word. Let's be nice and say it is just the shrewdest of the little girls that makes her seem that way. Little girls who have had to make their own way in the world without the advantage of education or a good home can't be expected to help herself. Girls who have had thousands of dollars and infinite care expended on their training. Give 'em credit for getting along in spite of the handicaps. But to cut the sermon and answer some questions: Constance Bennett is married to Phil Plant. He has loads of money. Renee Adorée is five feet, two inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. I am not supposed to tell, but I don't think that Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland exactly hate each other.

ROSEMARY, ROCHESTER, N.Y.—"Rosemary—that's for remembrance." Ralph Forbes will be twenty-seven on September 30th. He played with Norma Shearer in "The Latest from Paris." His next films are "The Whip" and "The Devil's Mask." He is separated from his wife, Ruth Chatterton, the stage star.


JEAN B., ROCK ISLAND, ILL.—Clara Bebe Beverly and Bebe Daniels is the same clear. Clara and Bebe use their real name, "Billie Dove is twenty-five years old. Can see me again.

MISS MELROSE, LATROBE PA.—Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe married.

J. J., WICHITA, KAN.—On a more lame that John and Jack Gilbert are one and the same person. Why the confusion? Marion and Frances Marion are not related. Robert Agnew's newest film is "The Miss Taxi.'
Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

The United States is up to the hubs in war, and the red wave washes over the pages of PHOTOPLAY.
No quaint pictures.

Very kiddish Harold Lloyd in the toggy

home. At her side her gallant husband, Major Wallace McCutcheon of the British Army, who killed himself not long ago.

And lovely Irene Castle, her mouth drooping at the corners, still wears black for the beloved Vernon, not long dead at Kelly Field.

The rotogravure pages are studies of Mae Marsh, Elsie Ferguson, Ruby de Remer, Anne Luther, Edith Johnson, Fay Tincher and Constance Talmadge.

How many of these, O Fan, shine in your memory through the mists of the years?

The editor urges us to buy Fourth Liberty Loan up to the hilt, and Enrico Caruso is interviewed on his studio experiences.

Capt. Robert Warwick is pleased to announce that the war has evolved a new type of American face, and Lieut. Rosy Rothapfel (this is before he ditched the "p") says we must all get together and work for bigger and better pictures.

Carlyle Blackwell and Muriel Ostriche are appearing in "The Road to France," and Bill Hart, pistols blazing, saves Katherine MacDonald from Lon Chaney in "Riddle Gawne."

Paramount has just turned loose "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Little Marguerite Clark knocks her fans for a row of sprockets by appearing both as the naive Topsy and the saucy Eva.

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Rayne have just been spliced.

Marguerite Clark announces her engagement to H. P. Williams, big beam and scantling Man of N'Orleans.

Horrid matinee girls take to their beds upon learning that Harrison Ford, supposed unyielding, is being sued for divorce by his missus.

The Army thumbs down "Bood" Montana, The Facial Error, because he can't hear so well. "Bood" reports that he isn't going to listen to the enemy sing "Hi Lee, Hi Lo"—he is going to fill him with bayonets and bullets.

The studios are about fed up with experimenting with stage stars as movie mummers.

Editor Johnson calls the regrettable roll.


All screen hopes—all million dollar baby dolls—all dismal duds.

The trek back over the Broadway trail has begun.

Hollywood is left to develop its own race of demigods.

O. N. W., COOKVILLE, UTAH.—I'll say John Gilbert lived in Logan, Utah. He was born there. Let's get this straight, Marceline Day and Alice Day are sisters. Molly O'Day and Sally O'Neil are also sisters. But Marceline and Alice are not related to Molly and Sally.

Now that is settled I'll tell you that Conrad Nagel is thirty-one years old and six feet tall.

A George Meeker Fan, Dubuque, Iowa.

—Your crush was born in Brooklyn. Write to the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif., for Doris Hill's picture.

TELEMA C., Republic, Wash.—Your friend is a cynic. Also tell her for me that she's a pill.

"Buddy" Rogers attended the Paramount School and his first picture, "Fascinating Youth," was released in July, 1923. Nick Stuart is twenty-two years old. You win your bet.

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CHARLIE FARRELL CONFESSIONS ABOUT MARGARET

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60)

"It was a big moment in my life. She was not only my first love, but also my first heartbreak."

GAZE: "We were more than that. We were in the public's eye."

"Now they had to do a bit of the same thing."

"What's more, they had to like it."

"I was feeling fine."

"I said, 'Gosh darn!'"

"He started to laugh again."

"I said, 'Gosh darn!'"

"I said, 'Gosh darn!'"

"I said, 'Gosh darn!'"
quietly waiting for him to calm down. I thought he had laughed himself out if it, now that that's settled I'll be moving if you'll give me my ticket."

"Iipes his eyes with a pocket handkerchief and faced me. "I said, "if you hang on to that you'll have more punishment than you'll be worse than a jail-sentence," going to give you no ticket but I'm going to give you some awfully good advice. Go straight out this road (he pointed) and a big, high cliff."

"And when you get there, don't stop up there."

"It'll become of Margaret?"

"It's just it," he replied. "What becomes Margaret will do you both good."

"Oh, I'm afraid.

"Never," I resolved, "never do such a thing." I didn't tell the cop I thought.

I thanked him and got out to do the act. A dozen or more twists, Margaret to churn. I took my place behind the wheel, I to the cop and asked, "Excuse me, is it you seem to know so much of Margaret?"

"Skated at me in silence as if deliberating or softened as he said. "Well, kid, I'll ya. Y'got her at the Busy Bee auto lot ruh?"

"Yes, I heard that I had.

"Well Margaret used to be mine, see? Her Harriet."

"I?"

"And last month I sold it to the Busy Bee boys, see—and felt like a criminal when the dough—SEE?"

"(Faintly) from me.

"He let loose with some tobacco and now you beat it."

"It is still a second, staring blankly ahead. Allow hard.

Not found the pedal and Margaret and your leave.

"Well—"

"I refuse to be called sentimental. But yet—"

"I guess I love her."

We limped along. Later, one of us did a little crying.

I steered for the Busy Bee, but we got there after closing time.

Margaret seemed to hang back as if she knew what was in store for her. During the next few days I had every intention of taking her back.

I would have, if I could have got her started.

But it was during these days that I grew fond of Margaret.

I got to know her inside and out—especially inside—and found that like a lot of other so-called wrecks she had a heart of gold beneath her tin.

I knew that both of us had just had a lot of bum breaks.

MARGARET has her advantages—lots of them.

For instance, no one would ever steal her. I'm sure of that.

And Margaret's a strictly one man cat, at least I don't know of another man who could run her. Steering her is the least part of it.

The one who gets the best of Margaret must be good at plumbing, pipe-jitting and putting. He must have a fairly accurate knowledge of lawn mowers and know why win mills mill.

If possible he should have an Earl Leidemann torso together with the patience of a Salvation Army gal in a speak-easy. He doesn't have to know how to cuis.

He can pick that up in no time.

I'm getting along pretty well with the cussing.

Next week when I start on Celtic, Margaret will have been damned in every language.

Margaret knew me when days were bluest and hungriest.

If she were able she might tell any number of surprising things about me.

But daises don't tell and neither do secondhand Fords.

Friends ask me why I keep her when I might steer a car having less vibrations per second.

"I refuse to be called sentimental. But yet—"

"I guess I love her."

GROW—Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows actually grow. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. No "ifs," "buts," or "but." It is new growth, startling results, or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Over ten thousand women have tried my amazing discovery, proved that eyes can now be fringed with long, curling natural lashes, and the eyebrows made thicker, strong silken lined. Read what a few of them say. I have made oath before a notary public that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Mlle. Hefflinger, 240 W. 71st, Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted...I notice the greatest difference...people come in contact with remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Oates, $47 Westminster Ave., W. Pub., Pa.: "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now!" From Frances Rovart, R. D. No. 3, Box 179, Jenette, Penn.: "Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous." From Pearl Provo, 294 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapols, Minn.: "I have been using your eyebrow and eyelash Method. It is surely wonderful!" From Miss Flora J. Corriveau, 8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.: "I am more than pleased with your Method. My eyelashes are growing long and luxurious!"

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In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that you can have eyelashes and eyebrows as beautiful as any you ever saw.

Remember... in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If you are not absolutely and entirely satisfied, your money will be returned promptly. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Introductory price $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

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We are advertised by our loving friends

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Building the Framework

In deciding upon the manner of preparing the diet for babies who must be bottle fed it is well to make sure that the material selected will furnish a good supply of mineral salts for building the framework of the body.

Mineral salts derived from wheat and barley are a part of the composition of Mellin’s Food and these valuable constituents supplement the salts in cow’s milk, with the result that food mixtures prepared from Mellin’s Food and milk furnish mineral salts in an amount well calculated to meet every need for continued development of bone structure.

Babies who are fed upon cow’s milk modified with Mellin’s Food offer trustworthy evidence of receiving and appropriating these essential elements, for they show in every action of life the strength and good health that results from a sound foundation.

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Especially suitable when it becomes time to wean the baby from the bottle

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A sample box sent free, postage paid, upon request.

Davis Twins, Viroqua, Wisconsin
Parents Keep Slender

Youthful figures at all ages now

I need to tell you, if you look about, an excess fat is disappearing fast. The term, "Fat and forty" no longer applies to the many. Men and women are wise keep about as slender as their daughters.

This change has come largely in the last few years. Not by starvation, not abnormal exercise. A great factor in a scientific discovery, now largely played by physicians. It combats a major cause of obesity. This factor has come into very wide use in late years. If you who suffer excess fat should read the facts about it.

Science Fights Fat

Through an important gland

People used to think that excess fat came from over-eating or under-exercise. Some people starved, but with slight effect. Some became very thin, still the fat remained.

Then medical research began the study of obesity. It was found that thyroid gland largely controlled it. One of its purposes is to help food into fuel and energy.

It was found, generally, that excess fat is found in under-active thyroid.

Then experiments were made on animals—on thousands of them. Overweight animals were fed thyroid in all amounts. Countless reports were written about the results. Many animals became very thin from excess fat disappeared.

Then thyroid, taken from cattle and sheep, was fed to human beings like results. Science then realized that excess fat was caused by a pernicious gland. Since then, this method has been employed by doctors, the world over, in a very effective way.

Next came Marmola

Then a great medical laboratory perfected a tablet based on this principle. It was called the Marmola prescription.

Marmola was perfected 21 years ago. Since then it has been used in an enormous way—millions of boxes of it. Users have found others about it. They have found that excess fat is banished by increased health and vigor.

That is one great reason—perhaps the major reason—why excess fat is a thing of the past. Since then, it has been recognized as the cause of obesity. Since then, this method has been employed by doctors, the world over, in a very effective way.

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MARMOLA Prescription Tablets

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KEEP YOUR SKIN LOVELY—AND THERE WILL ALWAYS BE THE LIGHT OF YOUTH IN YOUR FACE!

Is your complexion all that you—and he—could wish? Then care for it as for a priceless possession!

There is a marvelously simple way to keep your beauty—a way thousands of grateful women already know. And even if your skin has "gone off" a bit, this same method will bring it right again.

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If your skin is normal, there is a Woodbury treatment that will help you keep the clear, smooth texture you prize.

If your complexion is poor, the chances are you are bothered with one of the six following faults:

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- enlarged pores

A famous skin specialist has studied these common defects, has formulated special treatments for each—all contained in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

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Get your box today. Offer expires soon. Tear out coupon now to be safe. Take it to the nearest candy counter, anywhere in the United States and hand it to the dealer with 30c. He will give you immediately your Christmas Baby Ruth Family Package containing one full pound of this delicious candy without a question. Do it today, before you forget!

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OTO SCHERNING, President

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Among those present
as the lifelong enemy of your gums!

Pink Tooth Brush" is quite as likely to bother a social leader as it does her cook. And perhaps with even greater reason. For soft, fibreless foods & creamy sauces, which have broken the resistance of our gums, are lessenedly present at parties, teas and in our own homes, too.

How Ipana and massage build sturdy gums

Soft, creamy food has damaged our gums. Avoid "pink tooth brush" with Ipana and massage.

is food, devoid of roughage, stripped of fibre, has lulled our gums to sleep. They have become soft, tender. They silently bleed. "Pink tooth brush" appears... stubborn gum troubles may low. Gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even pyorrea, are not infrequent results.

But there is one simple way to ward off such dire results, to keep the mouth healthy, the teeth white and gleaming, the gums in perfect health.

Massage your gums with Ipana when you brush your teeth. The massage speeds a fresh supply of blood through the gum walls and brings fresh vigor to the dormant tissue.

And Ipana has a salutary and stimulating effect upon the gum walls, which is fully as important as the massage itself. Because of its content of ziratol, a recognized hemostatic and antiseptic, thousands of the best dentists specify that the massage, as well as the brushing of the teeth, be effected with this superb modern dentifrice.

We gladly offer a ten-day tube in the coupon, but we recommend your starting with the full-sized drug-store tube. For ten days are too short to permit a fair test of Ipana's virtues to your teeth and to your gums.

Ipana deserves a 30-day trial

So go to your druggist today. Get a full-sized tube of Ipana — over 100 brushings, more than enough for a month. Use it as we have indicated. You will be amazed how clean your mouth will feel, how white will be your teeth... how healthy your gums.
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Harold Lloyd's next comedy will have sound and dialog! Produced by Harold Lloyd Corporation, a Paramount Release.

Richard Dix
"Redskin" will be Richard Dix's next, to be as great as "The Vanishing American." Filmed in Technicolor.

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Soon you will see this virile star in another great characterization in "The Wolf of Wall Street." With Fay Wray.

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Soon to be seen in the greatest role of her career, "The Case of Lena Smith," produced by Josef von Sternberg.

Charles Rogers
See this popular new star in Paramount's great air drama "Wings" and soon in "Someone to Love," with Mary Brian.

Wallace Beery
Wallace Beery returned to strong dramatic roles with "Beggars of Life." See him next in "The Tong War."

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Jack Holt, polished gentleman and rugged westerner of "The Water Hole" is next in "Avalanche."

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Coming soon in "Three Weeks Ends" by Elmer Glyn, her best yet, and you know that's saying a lot! Watch for it!

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"The greatest actor in the world," said critics after "The Patriot." Now see this great star in "Sins of the Fathers."

Bebe Daniels
"Number Please" (tentative title) is Bebe's next—you know you can depend on Bebe for a snappy, sparkling comedy.

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This master of sophisticated roles is soon to appear in "His Private Life" with Kathryn Carver. Don't miss it!

Evelyn Brent
In "Interference," Paramount's first all-talking picture, a sensation silent, or with sound.

Clive Brook

Gary Cooper
"A man's man that women love" co-star of "The First Kiss" and with Nancy Carroll in "The Shopworn Angel."

Nancy Carroll
In "Abie's Irish Rose," "Manhattan Cocktail" with Richard Arlen and "Shopworn Angel."

Select your motion picture entertainment on the basis of "who's in it." and again your answer is Paramount—more stars, greater stars than any other company! but always remember—the important thing in selecting a picture is not "who's in it?" but "who made it?" Not one of these names, nor all of them together is as great as Paramount—the name that stands for the highest quality in motion picture entertainment. Silent or in Sound—"if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"
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Counts of Current Photoplays
Complete for Every Picture Reviewed in This Issue

Complete list of all photoplays reviewed in the Shadow Stage this issue will be found on page 12
A fractured arm has held up Harold Lloyd's new sound comedy. While playing handball, the comedian collided with a wall. For several days he thought he had a bad bruise but the X-ray revealed a broken bone. Now Lloyd, who is one of the best handball players in California, is carrying his left arm in a plaster cast.
Joan Crawford's Dancing Feet find inspiration in the ultra-smart comfort of
THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

DASHING styles for every occasion match the gay activity which plays so important a part in the careers of Miss Crawford and her sister motion picture stars.

Cleverly hidden inside each fascinating model are the Arch Preserver patented and exclusive features for keeping the feet happy and youthful.

The Arch Preserver Arch Bridge takes all the sagging strain off the arch of your foot and preserves your foot's chief beauty — the high curve of the instep. The flat inner sole prevents pinching, and a metatarsal support puts new life into your step.

In the smart new models of this famous shoe, you will find the foot-comfort you have always wanted.

THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY
955 Seventh Street, Portsmouth, Ohio.
ACROSS TO SINGAPORE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Villainy on the high seas, complicated by Chinese intrigue, is the theme of this melodrama, well played by Ramon Novarro, Joan Crawford and Ernest Torrence. (July.)

*ACTRESS, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Adapted from "Trelawney of the Wells," one of the most beloved of all Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's stories, this picture, with its blend of mystery and modern stories, is sure to be one of the most popular of the summer season. The stars are Maureen O'Sullivan and John Barrymore. (August.)

ADORABLE CHEAT, THE—Columbia.—Nickelodeon film. Lila Lee looks as pretty as ever and she's the only bright spot in this film. (June.)

AFTER THE STORM—Columbia.—Thrilling and romantic drama, starring Walter Brough, Charles Delaney and Eugenie Gilbert head cast. (June.)

ALFRED CIRCUS, THE—Fox.—Collegiate stuff in an aviation training school. Good. (November.)

ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Four nephews, playing with William Haines, Good. (Oct.)

ALMOST HUMAN—Pathé De Mille.—Original twist in this film. It's a story of human chess, told by three dogs. Entertaining and different. (June.)

ANAPOLIS—Pathé.—Plagiarism rampant and drama among the admirals of the future. (November.)

AVENGING SHADOW, THE—Pathé.—Introducing a new dog star, Klondike. Klondike has looks, brains and IT. (June.)

AWAKENING, THE—United Artists.—First starring role for prestigious canine. It's a nice looking lid. A "Marie-Odile" plot. (November.)

BABY CYCLONE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—All right, if you like Pekinese pups. (September.)

BABY MOTHER, THE—Pathé.—Humorous and appealing child story with Priscilla Moran and her dog, Dixie. (June.)

BACHELOR'S PARADISE—Tiffany-Stahl.—A somewhat rowdy comedy-drama with a little old-fashioned pie-throwing and an invigorating prize-fight. With Sally O'Neill. (July.)

BARKING OAKS, THE—Fox.—Only good because Buzz Barton is in it. (Oct.)

*BARKER, THE—First National.—Humane and humorous picture of circus life. With Milton Sills. See it. (September.)

BATTLE OF THE SEXES, THE—United Artists.—A battle between man and woman is protected by a blonde. Sophisticated drama. (September.)

BEAU BRIDAL—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Aileen Pringle and Sue Carol fight for the affection of Lew Cody. Gay, inconsequential comedy. (July.)

BEAUTIFUL BUT DUMB—Tiffany-Stahl.—Patsy Ruth Miller in gay comedy. (Oct.)

BELLMARY TRIAL, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Ema, the lone wolf, is the defendant in the courtroom of the most thrilling murder mystery of the year. (August.)

REWARR OF BLONDES—Columbia.—Emerald- haired, who's got the emerald? (November.)

BEYOND THE SIERRAS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A Tim McCoy Western that will put the kids to sleep. (July.)

BIG HOP, THE—Jr.—Jack Jones.—Mr. Jones crosses the Pacific. A good film. (Oct.)

BIG KILLING, THE—Paramount.—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton become all tangled up in a Kentucky feud. (August.)

BIG NOISE, THE—First National.—Concerning a child and his mother. Quite interesting. (July.)

BIT OF HEAVEN, A—Excell.—Broadway vs. Park Avenue. A good performance by Lila Lee. (Oct.)

BLACK BUTTERFLIES—Quality.—Exposing the wicked ways of the fake Bohemians. (November.)

BRANDED MAN, THE—Rayart.—The best part of this domestic opera is the titles. Why not do your reading at home? (July.)

BROADWAY DADDIES—Columbia.—Trite story but well acted. (Oct.)

BROKEN MASK, THE—Anchor.—Ugly story of revenge but well told and acted. (September.)

BROTHERLY LOVE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Mervyn Luck and Arthur in barroom prizemaking form. The big moment is a football game between two rival penitentiaries. (November.)

BURNING GOLD—Elgee.—A story of dirty deeds in the oil fields. (August.)

BURNING THE WIND—Universal.—One of Host Gibson's liaisons. (Oct.)

BURNING UP BROADWAY—Stirling.—The dancing star of the Broadway stage is the theme of this utterly forgettable musical. (July.)

BUSHRANGER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Tim McCoy goes to Australia and plays some rousing tunes on the boomerang. (August.)

CAMERAMAN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Buster Keaton redeems himself in this one. Lots of laughs. (Oct.)

CANYON OF ADVENTURE, THE—First National.—Ken Maynard's Western screen story again. A good one. (June.)

CAPTAIN CARELESS—Fox.—Good comedy in which Rod La Rocque, as a naughtavious aviator, is persuasively saved by Sue Carol. (November.)

CAPTAIN SWAGGER—Pathé.—Good comedy in which Sue Carol, as a naughtavious aviator, is persuasively saved by Sue Carol. (November.)

CARDBOARD CELEBRITY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A sharply satirical comedy with Marion Davies—also Jutta Goudal and Nils Asther. Sophisticated and charming. (Oct.)

CAUGHT IN THE FOG—Warners.—The plot gets lost in the fog, too. (August.)

CELEBRITY—Pathé.—A prize-fighter gets cultured. Meaning Mr. Tunney? (Oct.)

CERTAIN YOUNG MAN—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Romantic two-in-one in Arlenesque love stories. Made for the kids and played by Ramon Novarro, even if he isn't precisely the perfect Aptian Saint. (July.)

CHICKEN A LA KING—Fox.—More lessor of gold-digging. Funny but rough in spots. (June.)

CHORUS KID, THE—Gotham.—Godfrey, ambling and fatigued, is played by Virginia Bruce. (June.)

CLEARING THE TRAIL—Universal.—An amusing comedy. (September.)

CLOTHES MAKE THE WOMAN—Tiffany-Stahl.—Help! The man's daughter is with a pretty but pretentious movie tough. The picture and its good moments. (July.)

CLOUD DODGER, THE—Universal.—A role in the air for a dashing Mr. Wallace. (October.)

CODE OF THE AIR—Brisbois.—More air. (September.)


COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE—Gotha.—Lots of propaganda. With such a live topic, it should have been a better picture. (September.)

COP, THE—Pathé—De Mille.—Once more the future between the cop and crooks. Some good melodrama will act as an epithet for Lloyd, Alan Hale and Jacqueline Logan. (July.)

COURTS, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Love, sport and murder among the cowboys of Russia. Jack Gilbert is the lure. (June.)

COWBOY KID—Tiffany-Stahl.—A Western for single-minded. (September.)

*CRAIG'S WIFE—Pathé.—Splendid drama and Irene has that perfect wife. Picture. (September.)

CRASH, THE—First National.—No one world melodrama, but a swell thriller with a good performance by Milton Sills and a running train (October.)

CROOKS CAN'T WIN—Fox.—Good celluloid gone haywire. Will someone please stop the crime wave? (August.)

DANGER PATROL, THE—Rayart.—A wholesome, fresh air drama of the Northwest in thrilling murders. (Sept.)

DANGER RIDER, THE—Universal.—Then a saving dash of originality in the plot of this fine Western. (August.)

DANGER STREET—Fox.—A rich incoherence, disappointed in love, drowned his grief in a gang war. That's one way to forget. (November.)

DAWN—Herbert Wilcox.—An English produced that gives a fair and impartial presentation of the Edney Cartwright and Ford Sterling. (August.)

DESSERT BRIDE, THE—Columbia.—Fy Coury, very bit of beauty, raises havoc in Foreign Legion. (August.)

DETECTIVES—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—In Dashing, George K. Arthur in a collection of cases and some of them are not exactly spotless. (September.)

DEVIL'S CAGE, THE—Chadwick.—No better bathing than the first picture. A plot that has been done before. (September.)

DEVIL'S TRADEMARK, THE—Fox.—Creating bank. (September.)

DIAMOND HANDCUFFS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—In Diamond, Wallace Beery, Robert Armstrong, about curse of a diamond, probably written about the opium curve of the famous Hope diamond. Something acting by Eleanor Boardman, Lena Malena and Conrad Nagel is wasted. (June.)

DIVINE SINNER, THE—Rayart.—An urban drama with daring but grown-up theme. (October.)

DO GENTLEMEN SNORE?—Roach-M-G.—A short turn into a panic by the appearance of a real, live sorilla. (August.)


DOG JUSTICE—Fox.—But the story is a relief to Justice Ranho, the entire star. (August.)

DOG LAW—Fox.—Giving Ranger a good b.d. (November.)

(Continued on page 12)
Now You Can hear
The World's Celebrities
—right in your
own home town

Benito Mussolini
Robert Benchley
Chic Sale
(Lower Center)
His Majesty Alfonso XIII
King of Spain

Charles A. Lindbergh
Joe Cook
Bobby Clark and
Paul McCullough
(Top Center)
George Bernard Shaw

MODERN theatres everywhere are responding
to the public's demand for Fox Movietone
Entertainments. For your enjoyment,
William Fox, with characteristic foresight has assembled throughout the world these
talking pictures.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Monthly Barometer

The storm about the talkies is still on. Have you any interesting criticisms to offer about this new departure in movie making? PHOTOPLAY's Life Stories are the most discussed feature of the magazine. What star do you suggest as the subject for a Life Story? "The Crowd," "Wings," "Seventh Heaven," "The Cossacks" and "Lilac Time" receive more letters than any other recent pictures. What pictures have you seen lately that impressed you? PHOTOPLAY's readers ask for:

- A happy and romantic ending for a Lon Chaney picture.
- More Gilbert Garbo films.
- Some plots in Westerns.
- More Janet Gaynor pictures.

What are your requests? What are your suggestions? Remember that your praise or blame guides the trend of the pictures you see on the screen.

$25.00 Letter

Canton, O.

Recently I read a letter in your department which was called a "corking good argument for the movies," and I have one which goes it one better.

A neighbor of ours, a charming woman, rather sensitive but exceedingly human, had three sons. Two by a first marriage, one by a second. Her first marriage was very unhappy. Her second would have been completely happy, if the boys could have cared for one another. But they did not. Rob, the eldest, who was interested in engineering, had no sympathy for the music-loving Ralph. Neither cared for the youngest, who was just a kid. Their home life was constantly in the rough. There were no words; there was only indifference. It made their mother unhappy. They sensed it, but seemed unable to remedy it.

"Beau Geste" came to town. They saw it. They wondered. It "got" them. They saw that they were missing something—companionship, love for one another.

Their mother does not know what happened. Ralph and Rob listen to each other, without openly sneering. They are being big brothers to the "kid." She is happy. They planned the whole road has not yet been covered; but it will be. Not a moral story, but a real happening.

Florence Ridge.

$10.00 Letter

Manchester, N. Y.

I wonder how many people there are in this world who have received their education through the movies? Deprived of the privilege when I was young, I decided later on to get an education some way or other, but the older I got the less time I had for study. By the death of my husband, I was left with four children and, in giving them the advantages I had missed, I became more anxious than ever about my own education.

I realized that the movies were my only chance of seeing the world and so I decided that I must pick the movies that would help me most. First I subscribed to PHOTOPLAY, and then all was clear sailing.

When the children speak of different subjects—current events, history, foreign countries, I know all about them, thanks to the news reels, and such pictures as "Faust," "The Covered Wagon," "The Scarlet Letter," "The Ten Commandments," "The Garden of Allah," "Beau Geste," "The Way of All Flesh," and "The Last Command." I have seen the world, via the movies and I have met face to face, all the great people of the earth, regardless of the thousands of miles between us.

(A. Lillian M. Russell)

$5.00 Letter

Chicago, Ill.

I wonder if you will understand when I say that movies and PHOTOPLAY are almost a religion with me. I am studying dancing as a dramatic art, with ambitions for a successful stage career. At times I feel that life is horrible nonsense; then I go see a picture. No matter what the type, I always find something in it to help me.

Other times I wonder how I can ever expect to accomplish anything. Who am I to contest the world? Then I read a story of one of the stars in PHOTOPLAY. Believe it or not, it gives me courage and faith in myself.

Also I learn a good deal by watching different actors and actresses on the screen. The news reels keep me posted on current events, thereby saving me from the fate of dumb-head.

It may not sound very hard for a girl seventeen to give up a lot of silly things, ill dances and dates, in order to save her money to go on with something that really matters, but it is hard, and if it were not for PHOTOPLAY and the movies, I don't believe I would have the nerve to stick it out.

I hope some day I can write you a happy sequel to this letter.

Diane Bailey.

A Disappointed Tourist

Geneva, N. Y.

I spent five months in Hollywood and I was quite disappointed not to witness any crime dope parties, orgies and the like, as I had heard. I told someone that I expected that Hollywood was a veritable hell-hole. Imagine my surprise when I discovered a placid and quiet community, goit about minding its own business.

I went West on business and to see what I could see. But I could find nothing out of the ordinary. What is it? Is it advertising, just some scandal-monger that claims Hollywood to be a naughty place that should be spanked? The people that spread such a should be spanked instead.

Arthur M. Cobb.

No Talking Dolls

Waxahachie, Tex.

Too many lightweight actors and actresses have made the cinema grade because they make good looks. But now come the talkies—and they are going to be a hard taskmaster. Dumb clothes-horses are going to be relegated to the scrap heap sooner or later. The talkies will bring the acid test.

Floyd Casebolt.
"A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS"
FROM THE STORY BY MICHAEL ARLEN

THE world-famous pair of screen lovers
IN the perfect performance
OF their romantic careers
IN a drama of burning love and smouldering desire
WITH a brilliant supporting cast:
Lewis Stone, John Mack Brown, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Dorothy Sebastian...

A triumph of the SILENT drama!
A SOUND sensation for theatres
With Sound equipment.

WATCH YOUR LEADING THEATRE
FOR ANNOUNCEMENT OF
"A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS"

TIM McCOY SAYS
"I've got 50 bucks waiting for you!"

You can rope these questions at a gallop if your eyes and memory are keen. There's 50 bucks waiting for the lady or gent who corrals the bunch of them! The winning lady will also get my favorite riding quirt, the winning gent the sombrero I have worn in many pictures.

My autographed photograph goes for the fifty next best answers. There may be a few bucking questions below—but they won't throw a careful rider. Let's go—and best of luck.

Yours truly,

1—In what M-G-M picture does William Haines do a slide for life and love and what character does he portray?
2—What person playing in "The Cardboard Lover" does Marion Davies, in the same picture, imitate?
3—Name five out of the many M-G-M players who have had stage experience.
4—What do you regard as Lon Chaney's most interesting role? Answer within 25 words.
5—In what other picture besides "Gold Braids," which M-G-M is now producing, did Ramon Novarro appear in naval uniform?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by December 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

Note: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of Leo's Contest of July
Marad Serriov, P. O. Box 801, Palo Alto, California
Edgar V. Murney, 207 Turner Bldg., Clinton, Iowa

"MORE STARS THAN THERE ARE IN HEAVEN"

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPAY MAGAZINE
SAVING YOUR BODY

Conserve Your Health and Efficiency First

"I would not part with it for $10,000!"

Sowrites an enthusiastic, grateful customer. "Worth more than a farm," says another. In one city alone, 100,000 people have worn it.

The Natural Body Brace

Overcomes WEAKNESS and OVERWEIGHT in WOMEN and MEN. Develops, strengthens, firms, tightens and unites the body. Comfort, beauty, health, strength.

Wear it 30 Days at Our Expense

Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports mishandled internal organs; relieves enlarged abdomen, criticized back; corrects dropping shoulders; develops lungs, chest and breast; relieves hemorrhage, curvature, nervousness, asthenia, after effects of Flu. Comfortable, easy to wear.

Keep Yourself Fit

Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement-blank, etc., and read our very liberal proposition.

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Demon Rider, The—Davis 82
Diving Lady—Universal—Pathe 92
Do Your Duty—First National 82
Duty's Reward—FBO 82
Forgotten Love—Pathe 82
Four Friends—Fox 92
Girl of the Barge, The—Universal 82
Hey, Rubé—FBO 92
His Last Nugget—Fox 82
His Private Life—Fox 82
Homesick—Fox 82
Home Towners, The—Warner 82
Inspiration—Excellenz 82
Into No Man's Land—Fox 92
Making the Grade—Fox 92

DON'T MARRY—Fox. —An amusing little romantic comedy that will please the girls. 

Fogel, played by Lois Moran and Neil Hamilton. (July.)

*DRAG NEY—The—Paramount. —Vivid and swiftly moving under-world story with grade A acting by George Bancroft, William Powell and Evelyn Brent. (July.)

*DRY MARTINI—Fox. —Sophisticated comedy among the men; which gives a few glances of the Ritz bar in Paris. Naughty but neat. (October.)

DUCAN OF THE DUGOUTS—Anchor. —Gagging the Great War again. (September.)

EASY COME, EASY GO—Paramount. —Richard Dix as the innocent partner of a crook. A bright, fast-moving comedy and Richard's best in months. (June.)


EXCESS BAGGAGE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. —Vivid and realistic picture of stage life. See it. (August.)

FAMILY PICNIC, THE—Fox Movietone. —Pioneer all-talking comedy. See it and write your own reviews before. (August.)

FANGS OF FATE—Pathe. —Klondike dog, grows through an old story. (September.)

*FASHIONABLE FELONS—The. —Once more the frivolous debauchee is dropped off to the woods by the human hero. Claire Windsor is the girl this time. (June.)

FAZII—Fox. —Proving the Sheila makes bad husbands. Under the desert. Not for the kindergarten class. (August.)

FIFTY-FIFTY GIRL, THE—Paramount. —Bebe Daniels learns some bad lessons out of that gold mine of laughs. James Hall is her leading man. Recommended to you kindly. (July.)

FIGHTIN' REDHEAD, THE—FBO. —Buzz Barton eats up the Western scenery. (September.)

FIRE, THE—Steel—FBO. —Fernt of steel forests, with the first in the series the jealous foreman and the girl. Ho-hum. (June.)

FIRST KISS, THE—FBO. —Young lovers played by Fay Wray and Gary Cooper and act in a deep sea background. (November.)

FLIGHT OF THE PHILADELPHIA—Universal. —Clara Bow among the sailors. Of course, you won't miss it. (November.)

FLEETWING—Fox. —A story of Araby, a girl, a sheik and a horse. (September.)

FLYING COWBOY, THE—Universal. —Fun and lots of it—on a dude ranch. With Hoot Gibson. (July.)

FOOLS FOR LUCK—Paramount. —W. C. Fields and Robert Armstrong in a comedy that is only fairly funny. (June.)

FORDEN HOUR, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. —Man in the hat is at his best as the type at-play. The story of a girl who gave up his trust. You'll like this one. (July.)

*FORGOTTEN PAGES—Paramount. —Under world story of regenerated drug baron. Fine story fine acting, and 100 per cent entertainment. (September.)

*FOUR WARS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. —Story of Jewish guerillas, masterfully played by John Gilbert. Don't miss it. (September.)

FREE LIPS—First Division. —Virtue triumphed in a night club. Just another one of those pictures with Jane Marly. (July.)

FUR OF THE WILD—FBO. —More real meat for Ranger. (August.)

GANG WAR—FBO. —Yep, bootleggers and crook again. (July.)

GATE CRASHER, THE—Universal. —Glen Tryon in a hit-and-miss comedy. (September.)

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW—Fox Movietone. —Mr. Shaw entertains his public with an imitation of Mussolin. It's a wow. (September.)

GIRL WHO HET BID THE, THE—Pictorial. —Lights and lives in a story of a Broadway love affair with an original touch. (August.)

GIVE AND TAKE, THE—Universal. —A silly story beginning in some good entertainment with the expert comedienne, offered by Jean Hersholt and George Sidney. (July.)

*GLORIOUS BETSY—Warner. —The fantastic story of Jerome Bonaparte and Betty Patterson. Baltimore. Tricked up with a happy but unending ending. Maladly charming and decked out with comic phantoms. Dolores Costello starred. (July.)

GOLDEN GLOW, THE—National. —Even Denmark has a clown who can scarcely conceal a broken heart. A foreign film with a fine performance by Gusto Eckman. (July.)

*GOLDLESS GIRL, THE—Pathe-De Mille. —A vitally interesting story, taking place with all force and power Cecil B. De Mille could give it. Inclenstantly takes a pedagogic schism of a picture with splendid acting by Marie Prevost, George Dury, Noah Beery and Lina Basquette. (July.)

GOLDEN GLOW, THE—National. —Even Denmark has a clown who can scarcely conceal a broken heart. A foreign film with a fine performance by Gusto Eckman. (July.)

GOLDEN SHACKLES—Peerless. —You can't see the picture, but you felt it. (August.)

GOLDF WIDOWS—Columbia. —Comedy drama built on one of the terrible consequences of country spoils, by With Harrison Ford and Ven Reynolds. (July.)

GRAIN OF DUST, THE—Tiffany-Stahl. —Interesting drama based on the life of Graham Price novel, with the grief rather heavily stressed. (Nov.)

GREASED LIGHTNING—Universal. —Dumb Western. (September.)

GREEN GRASS WIDOWS—Tiffany-Stahl. —When serials play their goody got story. He should know better. (September.)

PHOTOPLAY Reviews in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—Refer to the critics when you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

MAN'S MARRIAGE—D人物—A story of a girl who gave up his trust. You'll like this one.

FORBIDDEN HOUR, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. —Man in the hat is at his best as the type at-play. The story of a girl who gave up his trust. You'll like this one. (July.)
Hear the din over “Sound!”

Hasn’t been so much noise in years. Picture fans everywhere crying for “the talkies.” And the whole picture industry working overtime to supply them. You’ll see and hear Educational’s first talking pictures soon. And you’ll see and hear in them the same high entertainment quality that has made Educational Pictures for over eight years the unquestioned leaders in the field of silent short features—comedies, novelties, news, etc.

There are laughs—and thrills—in these great silent short features that will make life a little brighter.
SOON the GREAT PAGES
OF a FAMOUS BOOK WILL
COME to GLOWING LIFE upon the SCREEN

Every advertisement in PHOTOCYCLE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Holiday Party Hints

And two delicious recipes for candy from Photoplay’s Cook Book

This is the party-giving season that begins around Thanksgiving and ends after New Year’s. So I am giving you two recipes for candy, from Photoplay’s Cook Book. One of these recipes—a very simple one—was contributed by Ina Swanson. It is for Cream Fudge and its only ingredients are 1 1/2 pounds of old-fashioned brown sugar and 1/2 pint cream. Be sure to get the dark brown sugar. Boil together in a soft ball forms when tried in cold water. Then take it in the fire and beat well with a wooden spoon until creamy and thick. Pour onto a buttered dish. Just before it hardens, cut it into squares with a silver knife and when it is cold, break it into pieces.

Another Reynolds’ candy recipe is for old-fashioned chocolate fudge—the kind you always like. Take two squares of unsweetened chocolate; two cups of granulated sugar; three-fourths cup of half milk and half cream; and a tablespoonful butter. Mix in a metal saucepan—it is better not to use a ware that might chip—and put on a slow fire. Take care not to scorch, as recipes containing large amounts of sugar burn easily. Boil slowly until a soft lump forms when dropped into water. Do not cook too long, as the smoothness of the fudge depends on the candy being removed in time. As sugar recipes are affected by climate, altitude and other considerations, it is impossible to give an exact cooking time.

Beat with a large spoon all the time it is cooling and pour on a buttered platter when it is just ready to harden. You can tell by the creamy thickness when to pour. Have English walnuts or coconuts on the platter, but do not add to the boiling candy. Miss Reynolds doesn’t care for vanilla flavoring but, if you like, you may add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract when you remove the candy from the stove.

Photoplay’s Cook Book has many other recipes that will be of real help to you in planning your menus for Holiday parties. There are one hundred and fifty unusual recipes, any one of which will add distinction to your party.

And here are a few useful hints about using the Cook Book and about serving and preparing party dinners. In planning a menu, don’t include too many dishes that must be cooked all at once. It makes for confusion when the dinner is served. Arrange some courses that may be prepared in the morning or the day before. Don’t try out new dishes on company. You may fail and spoil the whole dinner. Always have a “dress rehearsal” for the family, to be sure of success.

Unless you have a well-trained waitress and competent help, don’t plan a long and elaborate menu that requires a great many changes of covers and a lot of passing. If you want to vary your dinner, try adopting the Continental custom of serving the salad with the fish or meat; cucumbers with fish and plain lettuce with meat. Then the vegetable comes as a separate course after the meat—something like artichokes, broccoli or asparagus with Hollandaise sauce. It really makes a dinner very attractive to feature the vegetable. And don’t repeat the same flavor twice in a meal. If you have a fruit cocktail, don’t have a fruit salad or a fruit dessert. If you have tomato soup, don’t repeat tomatoes again in the salad, vegetable or in a sauce.

Carolyn Van Wyck
"Don't try to dominate your daughter's life," writes Carolyn Van Wyck. And all mothers with young daughters should see Madge Bellamy and Louise Dresser in "Mother Knows Best".

DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK: I am not a girl—and so, perhaps, I do not know what it is to be one. But my problem is a vital one, and one which I cannot seem to solve alone. And it concerns girlhood, vitally. For it is about my twenty-year-old daughter.

My daughter, you see, is in business. She has started up some kind of a theater, and seems to be the beginning of an important career. To me it seems that she is in the wrong track—and I can not help often telling her so. With the result that we have words, nearly every day. With the further result that my daughter is planning to leave our home—to take a small apartment of her own! This troubles me desperately, for she is young and impulsive and I feel that she needs the background and the balance of a real home.

Her father is inclined to take the matter casually. In the first place, he thinks that my ideas for the girl (I had planned to have her carry on with her music—she had made a good start with it) should be set aside. "If she prefers being a secretary," he says, "it is her own affair. But I can not look at it that way. I am the girl's mother. I have given her not only her life, but her training. I have sacrificed for the music lessons that she is setting aside. And I can not, as my husband is, be resigned!

My husband also thinks that our daughter should have her own rooms if she wants them. "If it doesn't work out she'll soon come home!" he says. "Better to let her choose her own path—as long as it's a straight one."

But again: I want to help her keep her path. I do not, in any way, want her to be independent of me. Aside from her love I want a trifle of her gratitude for the years that I have given to her. I feel that she, in her turn, owes something to me.

What should I do, Carolyn Van Wyck? You are a mature woman—you say that you stand willing to help other women. Shall it be "Hands off"—as my husband advises? Or shall I assert my authority, as a mother, and keep my child close to me? Mrs. J. V. B.

K EEP your child close to you? By asserting your authority? Oh, you are indeed going backwards, when you arrive at the conclusion that you have reached! For, Mrs. J. V. B., you should have learned, by this time, that the surest way to lose a daughter (or anyone, in fact) is to shackle her to you. Even though the hand- wavers are forged of the most lasting affection. Even though they are made of mother love.

There is a picture being shown, now, in one of the theaters in your city. It features lovely little Madge Bellamy and it is called "Mother Knows Best." Perhaps you read Edna Ferber's poignant story, from which the picture was made. And, if so, you know the plot. Of the mother who so dominated her daughter's life that the life—though materially successful.—failed happiness and completion. It is the story of a mother who traded upon her daughter's sense of loyalty and gratitude. Who used her strong will to weaken her daughter's. Who gave her life in a house of bondage. See that picture, Mrs. J. V. B., and profit by the seeing of it!

I know a wise mother, who has a grown daughter and a grown son. And I want to quote, for you, from her philosophy.

"My children did not ask to be born," she says. "Neither did they ask for my love. Everything that I have given them I have given freely. Every sacrifice I have made I have made gladly. And I have never demanded or expected anything from them in return. They have grown in my sight. I have profited by their gifts to be free ones. I want their sacrifices to be prompted by affection—rather than duty!"

"If," this woman continues, "they desire to lead their own lives, I shall give my children every opportunity to do so. Remembering that holding them fast will not, in all truth, be keeping them. Remembering that, in my youth, I had the chance to choose my own way—and that it is now their turn!"

"I want my children to care for me as an individual. Not because they feel—through birth—that they must care for me!"

If only, Mrs. J. V. B., you could take your own interests out of the matter. And could look at your children as this other mother views her children?

If only you could—to get closer to your own affairs—if only you would look at the matter through the wise and tolerant eyes of your husband. For he knows that a child should not be driven—he has realized that a child should be led. If the leading is tactful you will, I am sure, find that your daughter will reconsider the road that she may even, in time, go back to her music.

There is one thing more that I want to say and that, Mrs. J. V. B., is not in criticism of you. If I were to say it to the girls who, I hope, have read this article, I want to explain to them that parental interference is not, always, meant to...
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COTY Inc., 714 Fifth Avenue, New York.
Which of these 6 skin defects is keeping you from being attractive?

Blemishes • Blackheads
Excessive Oiliness • Sallowness
Dryness • Conspicuous Nose Pores

Is your lovely complexion naturally kept by daily care? Or, is your complexion unattractive? For almost certainly your trouble is one of the six skin defects listed above. A skin specialist tells us these are so prevalent that few women are wholly free from them.

Yet it is easy to remedy each of these unfortunate conditions! For your skin is changing every day. Old skin dies and disappears. Give the new skin proper care based on the clean sure methods of science. Quickly you will restore its youthful beauty, keep it clear and sparkling with health!

To Banish Blackheads: Apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a slightly rough towel, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury’s Facial Soap. And wash it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold. Rub the face thirty seconds with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft towel.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is especially made to give your skin this scientific care.

Use this exquisite soap according to the needs of your complexion. You will find the special treatment you need in the booklet that comes free with every cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap. These famous Woodbury treatments are simple and easy to follow, yet so effective that thousands and thousands of women declare they owe their clear lovely complexions to them.

Get a cake of Woodbury’s today and see how much clearer, finer, younger it will make your skin!

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury’s lasts you a month or six weeks. At any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Send for the large-size trial set!

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WHAT has 1928 meant to the stars? A year ago, Lupe Velez was almost unknown; she was just one of those rumored big discoveries, regarded by the public with curiosity and apprehension. Lupe lived up to her advance publicity. What greater praise can any movie star receive?
ONE year ago Madge Bellamy was merely a flapper, getting by nicely, thanks to unbelievable eyes and incomparable legs. But 1928 saw Miss Bellamy crash through with one of the sharpest and cleverest performances of the season. The talkies, too, will change the trend of Madge’s career, because her early stage experience gave her a voice that can talk right up to any microphone.
NOW some well-earned applause, please, for Betty Compson. For three years Betty has been struggling through some of Hollywood's ripest hokum. Critics and fans were about ready to place her, regretfully, among their souvenirs. Then 1928 broke Betty's losing streak. Two fine performances, in "The Barker" and "Docks of New York," have paved the way for a happy New Year for Miss Compson.
NOT so pleasant—the year of 1928—for Olive Borden. As astrologers would say, the planet controlling business dealings moved into the wrong house and the favorable stars got caught in a traffic jam. Olive scrapped with her bosses and went workless for several months. And the moral is: Don’t get sassy to producers in Hollywood, this or any other year, unless you no spik English.
In the year 1928 Joan Crawford got her pictures in the paper more times than any other motion picture actress. She appeared in half a dozen films and all of them were successful. Her romance with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., supplied the heart interest to her life. And, for 1929, she has been promised another ultramodern story by Josephine Lovett to follow the hit of "Our Dancing Daughters."
AND what a year for Conrad Nagel! From being merely a nice-looking, reliable leading man with a blameless reputation, Conrad has become the first hero of the talkies. His father, Dr. Frank Nagel, was a composer and pianist, and Conrad can thank his early training in singing for his success in taming the tricky talkies.
The Gossard Line of Beauty...

1079—A hook-around made of attractive satin brocade and machine woven elastic. It has an elastic top of fancy two-inch web. There is a panel of the brocade over each hip between the elastic sections. The back and side panels are boned and there is a boned lining section over the abdomen. $10.00.

1343—Cunningform bandeau made of crepe de chine designed to give an uplift effect by means of drawstrings diagonally placed so that the bandeau may be adjusted as desired. Insert of two-inch elastic in back.

Another Gossard triumph—this! Another irresistible suggestion of how the celebrated Gossard Line of Beauty can be emphasized by the simplest foundationwear. For, you must realize the subtle curves which your figure enjoys are really nature-endowed. The Gossard Line of Beauty is your own entirely. Your Gossard garment merely enhances its charm by the gentlest retention, scientifically planned.

And could anything be gentler—give you more freedom and comfort than this deft combination of hook-around and separate bandeau? Yet the line is preserved—the ideal silhouette achieved as perfectly as if molded in marble.

Your Gossard shop has these actual garments on display. See their perfect handiwork with your own eyes. Ask for a fitting and you will be forever committed to this ideal mode.
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Beauty . . . in 400, and more, ring styles . . . the one and only true Orange Blossom pattern exquisitely wrought in precious metals, to suit every taste, every personality, every purse . . . such is the selection offered in Traub engagement and wedding rings. Only in Traub rings is so infinite a variety of style and beauty available . . . and only when it bears the Traub trade mark is your ring Genuine Orange Blossom . . . product of the designers and craftsmen who originated this modish pattern, displayed by the better jewelers everywhere.

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NEW YORK WALKERVILLE SAN FRANCISCO
576 Fifth Avenue ONTARIO 704 Market Street

(162) © T. M. Co. 1928
Fully fifty percent of the motion pictures made in Hollywood bleed to death under the hands of unskilled surgeons.

The efforts of some directors to give their pictures that arty touch by shooting all the scenes at trick camera angles remind us of a monkey that has been taught to beat a drum. The monkey can beat the drum but it doesn't know why it does it.

The directors can imitate the modernistic methods of the more advanced technicians, but their pictures show no real reason for bedazzling the critics into hailing them as examples of the new art of photography.

Camera angles aren't a substitute for bad acting and banal story treatment. A picture isn't artistic simply because the photography is hard on the eyes.

Misplaced freak photography may impress the critics, but it only makes the average audience seasick.

Hollywood's saddest day.

Three funeral services between sun-up and sunset.

A character actor, a writer, a clown.

Hundreds mourned George Beban, whose serio-comic Italian character was known and loved on stage and screen for so many years.

The Gold Coast's last farewells were said for Larry Semon, long one of screenland's prime buffoons.

And a memorial service was held in Hollywood for the clever Jack Conway, writer of titles and the greatest coiner of flip slang of our time.

Each, in his way, a good and faithful servant of those of us who do not live by bread alone, but by the laughter and tears of the world of entertainment.

Stingers like these lashed out recently in movie reviews in the New York press.

"Third-rate sex drama... badly acted... vintage of 1910... slow, old-fashioned melodrama... no imagination... has nothing new to offer the photoplay."

Was it a "quickie" ground out in ten days by a subnormal property man that caused reviewers to put vitriol on their typewriter ribbons and sharpen their snickersnues? Not on your tripod.

These haymakers are from metropolitan reviews of "The Battle of the Sexes," the latest production by David Wark Griffith, the old fox of Mamaroneck.
And once upon a time, boys and girls, there was a picture called "The Birth of a Nation."

Next month, Photoplay will publish an article called "Diet—The Menace of Hollywood."

We recommend it to the attention of all women and girls who, regardless of age, height or physical condition, want to look like movie stars.

Among other things, this informative article tells you why, because of an optical trick played by the camera, screen weight is not a normal weight and why, unfortunately, a screen star's diet too often is ruinous to health.

Our tastes are not Turkish, but Photoplay feels that unnatural thinness is as great a sin against beauty as overweight. The fashion of the flat, curveless figure is passing.

In its extreme phases, it was as ridiculous, as cruel, as nose-rings or bound feet. It brought on a fad for idiotic diets that were just as injurious as the tight lacing of two generations ago.

Photoplay feels that women are coming to their senses. They want to hear about correct diets—diet that will mean, not starvation, but a correct system of achieving health and normal weight.

In future issues of Photoplay a famous specialist will discuss diet, not from the standpoint of a quick road to starvation, but as a sane guide to health and beauty.

At last managers of photoplay theaters are realizing that there are millions of us who love pictures for themselves alone.

It is probable that for every moviegoer who likes tap dancers and saxophone sobbers with their films there is, at least, one who longs for the dear old days when picture shows were picture shows and not three ring circuses.

To your real, all-wool, yard-wide movie fan, sixteen clockwork dancers kicking by the numbers are just an equal number of pains in the neck.

And if you want to see devotees of the true flicker breed you should visit the midnight performances at some of the great New York picture houses, like the Paramount, the Capitol and the Strand. By that time the hoofers and howlers are safely tucked away in their trundle beds.

What the fans get is a good old fashioned moving picture show, with the soul lulled and invited by soft organ music and the ear unmauled by twenty young men armed with clarinets and other lethal weapons.

And maybe you don't think it's great.

"Our Dancing Daughters," a picture that is the very mirror of the jazz age, is breaking records in nearly every theater in the country.

It is not a great work of art. It is not a great special like "The Big Parade" or "What Price Glory."

It has no great acting. It sets no new standard of direction.

What, then, is the secret of the success of "Our Dancing Daughters"?

It has youth.

The whole story has been seen with the very eyes of youth.

Its theme—that frankness is a virtue and hypocrisy the greatest evil—is a code that is held by millions of normal young men and women in the country.

There have been hundreds of other so-called jazz pictures that have tried to capture the spirit of the younger generation. Most of them have only succeeded in portraying its bad manners.

Mothers have written in to Photoplay to have "Our Dancing Daughters" stopped. We can't; and we wouldn't if we could. Mothers can no more curb the picture than they can their own dancing daughters.
The Passing of Pola

By Leonard Hall

Pola Negri seems to be through in American pictures. This story of her passing is in the nature of a hail, and a farewell.

"The year's at the fall, The evening is funeral, God's out of Heaven, All's wrong with the world!" —from "Pola Passes," not by Robert Browning.

And so, packing her jewels, her pretties and her princelet, Pola passes, leaving in Hollywood only the memory of a flame woman that turned to ice almost overnight, and died, artistically, long before her time.

Behind the tragedy of Pola Negri's complete American failure lies a woeful succession of errors of omission and commission that admirers are prone to blame for her lamentable flop. What was the cause of the artistic nose dive taken by one of the greatest hopes of the photoplay? Let us follow her from gangplank to gangplank.

Pola Negri came flashing into Hollywood like a queen on the success of "Passion," when in reality she was only a crown princess, her American throne yet to be won by force of camera. Paramount stepped on its own bunions to honor the royalty from overseas. She was oversold.

THE fiery temperament that should have blazed in her Yankee films exploded all over the stages. She queened it across the Lasky lot, she bickered over studio precedence with Gloria Swanson, she played 'possum at benefits when other stars were lending a hand in a good cause. Director after director, shirt tails afore, fled bawling from the Negri set.

Many have blamed Pola's collapse on her boiling Polish blood—yet other equally skittish stars have grown fat and famous. Others have put the burden of blight on her stories—yet the whole writing world was combed for Negri's yarns, and those accepted required the approval of the star before the Kleigs flared on.

No—the reasons for Pola Negri's decline and fall from fan favor go far deeper than these things. Her firework displays should have helped and not hindered her American career—the Negri of her golden days should have flashed through the stories that came her way after heartbreaking search.

Pola Negri's failure was a failure of the mind and spirit. The Negri that stunned us in "Passion" was a taut, tense, burning Negri. In her eyes was the look of eagles—she had the air of a finely trained athlete straining for the sound of the gun, eager to be off and away.

Then came the royal progress to Hollywood, and a sea change, mystic and terrible. Tiffs [continued on Page 127]
EXPOSING the Hocus-Pocus

The truth about the strange "psychic" the stars—It's

ONIGHT, down in darkest Africa, the voodoo doctor will do his stuff. . . !

He'll put on his lionskin and his green paint and his ostrich feathers. And he'll cook up a monstrous smell with a stewing snake's eye and a tiger's tooth and the little finger of an orang-outang. And he'll tell a cannibal chieftain that the omens are propitious for a war. And the cannibal chieftain will believe him—and by another sundown's coming, eat or be eaten by the chieftain in the next valley. . .

Or in the stygian blackness of his hut, the voodoo maker will lay in the quivering hands of a suppliant tribeswoman the charm wherewith to command the love of the warrior for whom she hungers. . .

And tonight, in enlightened Hollywood, some millionaire film executive will call his limousine, and go humbly to the incense-scented rooms of Dareos—Dareos, the suave, smiling, dinner-jacketed fortune-teller de luxe to the elect of movie-land—and rest the progress of some million-dollar deal largely on Dareos' psychic "Yes" or "No." . .

Or some movie queen, perhaps, will go tremblingly to ring the doorbell of a nondescript house in a black-and-yellow quarter of Los Angeles, where lives Rainey—Rainey, the tall, thin mulatto mystic who tells the fortunes of Hollywood's beauties behind a house-placard reading "The Spiritualist Church of God"—and ask him whether or not she will ever marry So-and-So. . . !

Only nine years ago Rainey was the butler of a prominent woman writer in Hollywood. His wife was the maid. An Rainey buttled contentedly until his wife, sincerely religious like so many of her race, became interested in spiritualist through a Mrs. Green, a medium in Pasadena. Once Raine began to see ectoplasms swarming about the house and to hear the music of spirit banjos, he was no longer any good at serving the soup. The woman writer dismissed the couple and, unwittingly, sent them on to higher things.

Parallel? Well, maybe; maybe not. You've got your own judgment to use, haven't you? But in any case, be certain of this—that for every time a voodoo doctor bangs his tom-tom in jungle-land, some hocus-pocus merchant in movie-land bangs his cash register bell—and the golden dollars of stars an executives, producers and directors, extras and would-be's, tinkling into the till!
And there is Rainey—Archibald T. Rainey. The sign on the front of his little frame house proclaims it "The Spiritualist Church of God." A few years ago he was a butler. The dark gentleman makes no appointments. You come at eight in the morning and wait in line until his office opens at ten.

Hollywood, by sheer evidence of facts and figures, appears to be the happy hunting ground of those modern madmen who go by the names of astrologers and palmists, clairvoyants, clairaudients, fortune-tellers, clairfonencers, crystal-gazers, mediums, psychics, clairvoyants, palm readers, tea-leaf readers, and phrenologists. Life-readers, fortune-tellers, clairvoyants, clairfonencers, crystal-gazers, mediums, hypnosis prophets, necromancers, psychologists and numerologists, and mental and character analysts and such. They are the psychic fingers at the municipal $600-a-year license examiners, and they are the house organ of Hollywood and its denizens.

One of them, cognizant of the second paragraph of Section 335 of the license ordinance of the City of Los Angeles, don't pay the $600 a year. They get themselves ordained as a "minister, healer or clairvoyant from any bona fide church or religious organization"—and that covers a great lot of territory, don't it gladly, and thrive by the dozen and the score in and around Hollywood, and in the adjacent suburbs. A few of them are: Archibald T. Rainey, whose municipal office is in the City of Los Angeles, and who gets $600 a year, and the office is on the corner of a street that is called Hollywood; Martha Conti, whose office is in the City of Los Angeles, and who gets $600 a year, and the office is on the corner of a street that is called Hollywood; and Minnie Flynn, who gets $600 a year, and the office is in the City of Los Angeles, and the street that is called Hollywood.

Within the geographical limits of Hollywood or not. And they are prosperous—some more than others, by reason of a wider vogue for the moment; some in elaborate offices, some in ramshackle houses and mean little flats, while some function only at parties "thrown" in the homes of the movie folk themselves.

Darceo and Rainey are by far the top-raters of those who tell fortunes or "give readings" for the denizens of filmland. But there are plenty of others—Professor Winton, who reads palms and has a collection of facsimiles of the most famous palms in Hollywood; Sandra, the crystal-gazer and tea-leaf reader, a strangely common-sense young woman who tells her subjects not to believe in her prophetic powers, because she doesn't believe in them herself! Nina Zepil, the Venice-by-the-Sea astrologist, by whom Albert Conti swears; Minnie Flynn, who serves a chicken sandwich, a cup of tea and your fortune told, all for 75 cents in the Gypsy Lore Tea Room on Hollywood Boulevard; Maria Uwanawich, said, by the rude policemen who arrested her for forgetting the $150 quarterly annual fee a little while ago, to be the mother of twenty-one children; Mohammed Oortay, the Egyptian soothsayer, who vanished from Hollywood not so long ago after the detectives were persistently...

Illustrations by
R. Van Buren

By
Harry Lang
Read About the Happy Hunting Grounds

Mrs. Wallace Reid has her palm read by Sandra. Sandra doesn’t take her work seriously; she does it for entertainment. “Movie people,” she says, “are susceptible to suggestion. It’s their temperament; they live on their nerves and excitement.” She’s much in demand at parties.

inquisitive about the extent and nature of his dealings with certain film beauties who gave him autographed photos, and to whom he gave lovely astrological names, before he was arrested.

There are all kinds of soothsayers and prophets. There are sincere ones, no doubt—and equally doubtlessly, ruthless charlatans. Some hocus-pocus merchants there are who carry on their necromancy in strange robes and exotic dens; others who work in offices and clothes like stockbrokers; men and women, young and old, native and foreign-born. They read cards and gaze into crystals, juggle numbers and scan the stars and sprinkle tea leaves, read palms and finger cranial bumps, go into trances and interpret handwriting and explain dreams and “get hunches” and every other manner of thing. They’ve got every sort of racket!

By day and by night, a motley crowd of superstition-vendors and abracadabra-mongers hand out their jibber-jabber of prophecy and advice, suggestion and warning, character-analysis and just plain guessing—and the grown-up boys and girls of movieland drink it all in. And here’s the biggest kick of it all—

The good people of movieland, in no small degree, believe what the hocus-pocus peddlers tell them!

There are famous movie folk—Joan Crawford, Erich von Stroheim, Albert Conti, for instance—who tell you frankly that they place credence and belief in the advice or prophecies of certain psychics or fortune-tellers.

There are undeniable reports of how certain executives never undertake any big deal or venture without first consulting their favorite mystic.

There are many who tell you, in awe, of how some manner seer or “reader” told them all about their past lives—forgetting that any fan who follows the movie stars could tell just much.

And in simple justice, there are many well-authenticated tales of strange prophecies by such as Dareos and Rainey and the others—prophecies that have come true to the letter.

For instance, there is Vera Reynolds’ story of how, a few years ago, when she was under contract to Paramount, Dareos told her that she’d finish out her contract—but not with Paramount. Later, Cecil De Mille quit the ranks of Paramount, and bought up the contracts of Vera and of Lentrice Joy.

Virginia Valli thinks Dareos is wonderful!: “...told me sorts of things that have come true,” she says. “Things about my sister and about personal affairs that I can’t tell—it came true.”

This Dareos’ full name, by the way, is George Dareos. He has a rambling suite of rooms in a two-story building, over branch bank in Ocean Park—a beach town near Hollywood.

There are stars of whom is said they’ll not sign a contract or accept a role until they have the psychic okay from the fortune-teller in who they trust.

There are others who look sheepish when you ask the whether they believe or no. They tell you it’s “bull and “applesauce” and “hokum”—and then they’d right back again and again this seer or that.

There are cliques of movie folk who’ll sit for hours wi ouija boards and “tippi-boards,” asking questions of love and business and a body’s business.

There are groups who, all seriousness and earnestness, go in for the heavy forms of occultism—seances, thought transfers, experiments, spirit messages and writings, communication with their loved ones who have passed on. These are the sincere spiritualist researchers who know there hokum and charlatanism, and honestly believe there is something real.

There are who,
Fortune-tellers and Prophets

He is listed in the phone book as "Dareos, George, psych-ast," but he tells you frankly that he just senses things about his clients.

The things just come to me—I'm just psychic, that's all," he explains. He told me about himself and the stars and film it, that have come to him, one night in his private office. I asked him to tell me something about himself and his work, and with utter frankness and with no suggestion of mummery or mysticism, he talked away—

On my mother's side," he said of himself, "I come from the Irish peerage. One of my relatives, you'd be surprised if I told you his name, but of course I can't, is a British governor-general. My father's side is Italo-Irish—the Donovan family. Sometimes we leave off the "do" and that makes it old Irish Donovan, see? Like the Mexican Obregon—it's Irish, too. . . ! Dareos—oh, that name comes from my father's side.

I was born in California, but I lived for a long time in the East and in Europe. My people thought I was going to be a lawyer, but I didn't want to. It was in 1916 that I first took up this psychic work. I was in Coronado, walking up the Pike with some society girls. We went into a fortune-teller's tent, and, before we came out, I had told his fortune instead of him telling me mine.

"I FIRST came into the motion picture field through Norma Talmadge. I met her through a Mrs. Bush, who brought Norma to me. I read her and later was invited to her home. And the nice things she said about me spread my fame among the movie people.

"I've read Gilbert Roland and Joseph Schenck. Mr. Schenck comes to me quite a bit. . . .

"Chaplin—I predicted his mother's death. I predicted the scandal in his life, and said that he'd come out of it O. K., and he has. I predicted Thomas Ince's death. . . ."

(This has been corroborated by a number of film people who were present at the gathering at which Dareos foretold that Ince would die on the water.)

". . . and there's Tom Mix. Tom Mix should be careful. I predict that Tom Mix will be ruined if he's not careful. If he doesn't watch out, some day a bolt will strike him like lightning out of the blue!"

"Mae Murray—I told her she'd win her lawsuit, and that she'd have a baby. And, by the way, there are whisperers who say that it isn't her baby—but they lie. That's most certainly her baby!

"Pola Negri—I told her she'd never marry Valentino. I warned her against companionship with Valentino; I told her he was too romantic a type to bring her complete happiness. I remember how she cried in my office.

"Constance Talmadge—I told her she has many wonderful things yet to come—I predict a brilliant marriage for her, one that will last. Billie Dove came to me when she [continued on page 96]"
Beginning the simple and charming story of the girl you loved in “7th Heaven”

SOMETIMES I pinch myself, hard, to see if there really is Janet Gaynor. To see that she does not fade away like the princess of one of those many fairy tales I read when I was a child. I walk around this pink dressing room and touch the little mirrored dressing table that was made for her; fondle the little cushions on the chaise longue that were made for Janet Gaynor.

Four years ago when we first came to Hollywood from San Francisco—mother, Jonesy, my step-father, and my sister, Helen—I used to walk by the casting office on the Fox lot, too frightened to have the courage to approach the little open cub where the casting director peeped out, and ask him for extra work.

Today I am a Fox star.

Day by day I would walk down Sunset Boulevard from the little house on Argyle Street, which we had taken by the month. I would look at the high glass stages of the old Lasky lot, near-by; at the

Janet, very solemn at the age of six months, with her big sister Helen, who is four years older. This photograph was taken in Germantown, Pa., where Janet spent the early years of her life.

Her nickname was “Lolly” and she was tiny and dark-eyed, with auburn hair. In the picture in the circle above, she was only two years old. And she hasn’t changed much in the twenty years that have passed since this photograph was made.

A snapshot of Janet when she was ten, taken at Clarendon Beach in Chicago. She was achieving fame as the neighborhood elocutionist and “spoke pieces” to an audience of admiring friends and relatives.

In which Miss Gaynor tells you of her childhood memories
I imagined I could hear them say, "Huh! The little girl thinks she should be in pictures. Wal, so do a lot of us," I never had the courage even to approach the casting office. Rather, I would pull myself up to my full height of five feet, wrap my coat tighter around my body, and walk elegantly away, hoping to convey a feeling of nonchalance to all those terrifying men and women who lived in a world of luxury. I would look like Gaynor, when they only look right in the wall. They can't follow me. They can just see a little bit of. Oh, I can never, never become a star!"

"I used to walk by the casting office on the Fox lot, too frightened to have the courage to approach the little open cube where the casting director peeped out, and ask him for extra work. 'Today I am a Fox star'"

"This was the way it went. Day after day, each morning the dawn of a new hope. A golden sun streaming down on the pepper trees. Perhaps today would be the day when I might give me a chance. Or Universal. How did these girls first get into pictures? Were they, too, sensitive? Did they blush when the casting director looked a second time at them sharply? What of Colleen Moore, Mary Philbin, Laura LaBonte, those actresses? Did they have the same obstacles to overcome, and that great obstacle of self-consciousness when they started in pictures?"

I am getting far ahead of my story. I was born in Philadelphia. I was born on October 6th, on a fall day, an auburn-haired answer to my sister Helen's petition that she be given a sister to play with. I was born in the year 1906, four years after Helen had made her home into the house of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gaynor of Kenmore, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. I own the street a block or so was the celebrated old Chew house, scene of many a gay party in earlier days, site of the famous Battle of Germantown.

Independence Hall on downtown Chestnut Street. A city of red brick and marble, that was my childhood impression of Philadelphia. A city of broad avenues and large libraries, The Benjamin Franklin library. A friendly city.

When I was eight the first tragedy came into my life. I recall it only dimly now, except for the feeling that some awful thing had made its appearance in our lives. Mother and father separated. He was to remain in Philadelphia with his interior decorating shop and Helen and Gaynor (as I have called mother ever since I can remember) and I were to go to Chicago. I was to leave my school, leave all the kids at the Harner School, leave the kindly city and go to Chicago.

Divorce, of course, was none too graciously accepted in that day. So, downcast as I was, my first impression of Chicago was of a noisy, dirty, depressed city; but driving along the North Shore in the rocking cab that took us to our little apartment, my spirits began to rise. Here was a lovely lake, framed with trees and green grass and blue, blue sky.

When we arrived at Kenmore and Buena avenues on the north side, I had emotionally accepted this city as my new home. The childhood that followed was [continued on page 105]
NO. 6472 in PHOTOPLAY's series of Gilbert-Garbo Great Moments. If it makes any difference, this newest burning second was snatched from "A Woman of Affairs," in which Greta wears a Green Hat. Students of this educational series will please observe that the versatile Mr. Gilbert always finds a new way to kiss the willing Miss Garbo.
"I'm Tired of Smother Roles"

"Why should I play mothers?" asks Mary Alden. "I've never been one and never had one since I was four years old"

By Val Jo Don

All one has to do to play a mother in the movies is to collapse in the middle, wear a hand of white hair, and act like a simpering child."

"Which, I may as well confess, isn't exactly the recipe I expected to get from the woman who has mothered the movies, the Actors' Equity Association and the Hollywood casting directory."

The place where I failed to get an inspirational oration on now I Was Rewarded by Diligent Study and Honesty of purpose was Mary Alden's Hollywood apartment in the lovely "Villa Carlotta."

"Will you tell Miss Alden I'm here, please?"

"I'm Miss Alden—sorry, but the girl is out." Then thrust out her diamond-studded hand in a friendly grasp, "I yanked me inside before I could even faint on her threshold."

She rushed to the kitchen with an apologetic, "I'm not much of a domestic science, except making ice with the electric ice-box."

"A Brown Cow," she announced. The "Brown Cow" is a native of Florida, but it thrives in the California climate. If one of its parents is sarsaparilla, the soda-fountain offspring is a "Black Cow."

"My business is to get acquainted with people in a couple hours and write about them as if I were their mother," I proclaimed, fully revived by the bovine tonic.

"Yes, I've met your tribe before," Miss Alden acknowledged, "brandishing the empty ale bottle. "And if you ask me where, when, and why I was born, and why I have never married, I'll club you. And then if you ask if I've ever had any children, I'll—I'll—"

Her blue eyes, losing their gentleness, caught and transmitted the gleam of her straight black hair, which drops in a harmonious swirl above very sharp features. I conscientiously avoided all mention of the tabooed subject.

"I am very unhappy about my career in pictures," she said, "To all appearances, I seem to have failed."

"What's wrong with your career?" I asked. "You're in three pictures running on Hollywood Boulevard right this minute. That isn't my idea of failure."

"They're not three different roles—they're all mothers," she said simply. But one of the pictures flashed to my mind.

"You aren't a mother in 'Ladies of the Mob,' " I contradicted, not quite understanding what she meant.

"Oh, no? Mother of all evil! Mother to a gang of crooks! But since you mention it, I'll admit I enjoyed playing that part. Gosh—wasn't I tough?"

"Well, I'll concede that you were your own grandfather, if it will make you enjoy it any more. But we were speaking of your [continued on page 102]"
The Studio Murder

Test your detective skill, solve this amazing and baffling Hollywood crime—and win $3,000

What Has Gone Before

Hollywood is on the verge of a sensation. Dwight Hardell, a leading player of the Superior Films Company, is found murdered on Stage Six. Hardell has been unpopular and has an unsavory reputation in private life.

The crime means heaps of unpleasant publicity for Superior Films—and possible financial disaster. Still, there is no way to hide murder, and Chief of Detectives Smith is called in.

So far, it is apparent that Hardell was murdered during the night following the completion of some close-ups for Director Franz Seibert. The two, who had worked alone in an otherwise darkened studio, had completed work and departed at 12:17 A. M. This was noted by the gate man and the night watchman, who spoke with them at the gate.

It develops that Billy West, Seibert’s assistant, and Yvonne Beaumont, a leading woman of Superior Films, had been in the studio the night of the crime, although neither were required there by their duties.

Seibert lends every assistance to Detective Smith in his investigations and tells him of overhearing the murder victim quarreled with a young woman—the daughter of the Superior Films gate man, " Scot MacDougal. The daughter is a bathing girl at a neighboring studio. Now go on with the story—and watch for clues!"

CHAPTER V

Smith sat looking into space. Rosenthal, displaying a courteous tact, sat silent, until the other man should be ready to talk. After a minute Smith said suddenly:

"Rosenthal, I’ve an idea Seibert behaved uncommonly well. I’ve an idea he is not usually so amiable!"

"Amiable! Mein Gott, I should say not!” exclaimed the president fervently.

Smith took his pipe out of his mouth, and his eyes probed deep into the other’s. "I have an idea that he is a very good actor!” he said.

"Vell, certainly I haff never seen him behave like this! I was waiting any moment for him to blow up. . . ."

"Rosenthal, what would Seibert have done if he behaved as usual?"

The president threw out his hands eloquently:

"I tell you he iss a firecracker—. . . a bomb! The least little thing, and powf! Off he goes! Vat he would have done would haff been to say he vas being insulted, that he, Franz Seibert, was being insulted, that you should ask him those things. . . . that you should make out that he had anything to do with Hardell being murdered. . . ."

Rosenthal did a very good imitation of Seibert’s customary manner. Smith nodded his head.

"Uhhuh! I thought so. . . ." he said quietly.

"Vell, ven you think of it, mebbe though he thought for vonce he should act decent,” chuckled the president suddenly.

"Why?"

"Vell, mebbe ven his life depends on it, he can act like a gentleman. You haff told him he iss already a suspect . . . mebbe he thought better to talk nice to you!"

Chief of Detectives Smith, and Rosenthal, the movie producer, turned along the walk leading to the dressing rooms. These were over-crowded today and spilled their lovely overflow from the narrow second floor verandah down the steps.

"Ve don’t allow men on the second floor," explained Rosenthal.

"Also ve don’t like to have them stand out here and stare at our girls. They are thinking only of their work now. . . ."

"And how do you know I wasn’t thinking of mine?” returned Smith, grinning.
Mystery

By

The EDINGTONS

Maybe . . . " agreed Smith. Then—
Well, I'm going to strain his decency a little further. I'd like to
ask him on that set when I go over there. Will you ask him to
me?
Sure . . . I ask him," but as he said it a reminiscent twinkle
eared into the president's eyes.
You haft heard me tell him he is not to go on that set? Now
ask me to tell him to go . . . well, I tell my secretary to do it!"
And I'll write him a line for her to take over. That's you
? laughed Smith.

CHAPTER VI

THE Unknown! Men build ships to sail away to it. Women
Dream of romances to be lived in it. Children's eyes brighten
at the greater portion of this earth's people, a motion picture
which is . . . unknown. Even to the people who work in it, it
seems unknown to the end, for the surprises of its magical realms
case, and each day brings its own bewitchments! It is the
magician's box, out of which anything under heaven can be called
the master magician . . . the producer! Today its people may
themselves walking the streets of New York, in the year 1928.
throw they may be in the land of the ancient Chaldees. The
after they walk entranced in the spell of Tibetan monasteries.
play-acting all, yes, but the most convincing play-acting in the
world, for, even to the grains of sand on the ground, the minutest
it is true to the life it represents! Ay, verily, another land,
unghter age, exists, and the spell of its spirit steeps itself into the
ars. An American-born extra, wearing a single garment
a carrying the begging-bowl of the East Indian holy man,
about with low-
He has be-
the thing he
represents.
The eternal hope in
human heart of
flame come true!
palpitant intoxica-
tion of fabulous
ies, and the fasci-
tation of black eyes! The child-
that never loses
delight in fairy-
tales! These are the
sets back of the
wide-wide interest in
making of motion
ares! These are
things that make
of the silver
on invincible.
The captain of De-
Smith, and Pres-
of Superior
mrs Rosenthal,
just outside the
er's private
th, like a big-eyed

Illustrated

by

C. A. BRYSON

A. BRYSON

39
"I WALKED right off this stage," reported Clancy, the chief of detectives' aid, "and smack into a guy lifting a letter off the dead man's dressing table. I caught him at it."

The signature on the note was gone but the text remained. It read: "I have decided I am the fool to come out here to meet you, just for those letters! I am here—yes—but those letters, they are mine! I shall have them! I shall end everything between us—tonight."
Rules for Studio Murder Mystery Solutions

1. Nineteen prizes, totalling $3,000, are offered for the best solutions to the thrilling serial, "The Studio Murder Mystery." This story will appear in Photoplay in eight installments. The first installment appeared in the October, 1928, issue and the concluding installment will appear in the May, 1929, issue. After the appearance of the March, 1929, number, on February 15th, 1929, solutions to the mystery may be submitted but not before that date. All solutions must be received by Photoplay before midnight of March 10th, 1929, to receive consideration. The final installments of "The Studio Murder Mystery," printed in the April, 1929, and May, 1929, issues, will solve the mystery. The full list of winners will be announced as soon as the close of the contest as possible.

2. Awards will be made according to the accuracy of contestants in foretelling the real solution to "The Studio Murder Mystery" as worked out by the authors, the Edingtons. Literary merit will not count. The awards will be made wholly upon the detective ability of contestants in working out the mystery, explaining how the crime was committed, giving the reasons and naming the real murderer.

3. Solutions must be written in 200 words or less. They must be typewritten on one side of a sheet of paper and contestant’s name and address must be typed on the upper left hand corner.

4. The nineteen prizes will be awarded as follows:
   - First Prize $1,000
   - Second Prize $500
   - Third Prize $350
   - Fourth-prize $150
   - Five prizes of $100 each $500
   - Ten prizes of $50 each $500

   In the event that two or more contestants tie for any award, duplicate prizes will go to each contestant.

5. All solutions must be addressed to The Studio Murder Mystery Editor, Photoplay, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

6. No solutions will be returned to contestants. No inquiries regarding this contest will be answered. Failure to fulfill every rule will invalidate your solution. The contest is open to everyone except employees of Photoplay and members of their families. It is not necessary to be a subscriber or even a purchaser of a single copy of Photoplay. You can consult copies in public libraries, if you wish.

“Vat is the matter?” exclaimed Rosenthal’s production manager.

“Mein Gott, efferthing is the matter! Right away somebody finds out there is guards on Stage Six, efferbody comes to look! They are thick as flies! Just as soon as they start carrying Hardell’s body off, efferbody comes to look!”
“7th Heaven” Wins

“7TH HEAVEN,” winning the eighth Photoplay Medal of Honor as the best picture of 1927, joins the big parade of great films.

The seven distinguished gold medal predecessors of “7th Heaven” were “Humoresque,” “To’able David,” “Robin Hood,” “The Covered Wagon,” “Abraham Lincoln,” “The Big Parade” and “Beau Geste.”

The Photoplay Gold Medal stands alone in the world of pictures. It is the one award coming from the motion picture public and going direct to the maker of the honored picture. It is the single direct expression of opinion and approval of the many millions of photoplay lovers. It is the one means by which, in addition to patronizing good pictures, fans can further the advancement of pictures.

The gold medal for “7th Heaven” goes to the Fox Film Corporation, of which William Fox is president and Winfield Sheehan is vice-president and general manager. Mr. Fox is one of filmdom’s pioneers. Years ago it was Fox who fought and broke the stranglehold of the Patents Companies upon the picture business. Today he is the head of an organization which, in the past two years, has stepped to the forefront of screen production. Under the guidance of Winnie Sheehan, Fox productions have made tremendous strides. Aside from pioneering with Movietone, the Fox Company has long been making a series of fine pictures.

Sheehan is an ex-newspaper man. He came from Buffalo, saw service in the Spanish-American war and then won his spurs in Park Row. Mayor Gaynor honored him with high political position in New York and then Sheehan turned to pictures—and the Fox Company.

That was ten years ago. In the interim Sheehan has worked miracles for William Fox. The Fox lot in California is one of the vital spots of photoplay creation. Sheehan believes in youth and this belief is personified in the roster of Fox players and in the personnel of the entire studio staff.

For over two years fine pictures have been emerging from the Fox studios, including such notable films as “What Price Glory,” “Sunrise” and “Four Devils.”

“7th Heaven” was a picture of exquisite charm and remarkable appeal. It possessed the spirit of youth—of young romance. It was the story of Diane and Chico, waifs of the Paris slums. Chico was a sewer worker who saved little Diane from an absinthe-crazed sister and gave her shelter in his shabby home atop a Montmartre rookery. Together the two climb to happiness through faith, love and courage. The World War—with its attendant sacrifice and bravery—shadows the romance.

“7th Heaven” won instant success. It lifted Janet Gaynor, who played Diane with wistful loveliness, to the

A tender moment of “7th Heaven,” voted by Photoplay readers the best picture of 1927. “7th Heaven” lifted Janet Gaynor, who played Diane, to the top rung of the popularity ladder, and it proved Charles Farrell as a young actor of great promise.
Eighth Photoplay Medal of Honor

Winfield R. Sheehan—general manager of the Fox Film Corporation. In direct charge of all studio production and the guiding spirit behind "7th Heaven," Mr. Sheehan has proved himself one of the star executives of filmdom.

Top realm of film favorites. It brought high praise to Pat O'Brien and Errol Flynn. It was excellent as a Cinderella and the famous "Chico." And it won new fans for the director, Frank Borzage.

In fact that "7th Heaven" wins the gold medal for 1927, it is Borzage in a unique position among directors. He is the director to win the great honor of having made two gold medals pictures. Borzage directed "Humoresque," the gold medal winner for 1920, and he made "7th Heaven" seven years ago.

Borzage, who is of Italian ancestry, and was born in Utah, at thirty-five, at his prime as a director. He made "Humoresque" when he was twenty-seven.

Taking its announcement of the 1927 gold medal award, Photoplay wishes to recall its first announcement of this great prize, published in its issue of June, 1921:

Mr. Sheehan desires to recall the original announcement of the Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor, which was presented to Ben Palmer, the cinematographer of the production, for his beautiful photography.

In announcing the award, the superb histrionic team-work of the entire cast must not be forgotten. Praise must go to David Butler, for his matchless Gable; to Albert Gran, for his fine old cabbie, Papa Boult. Good work was done by Gladys Brockwell, George Stone, Marie Mosquini and Ben Bart.

One word more: Photoplay is proud of its readers' judgment. "7th Heaven" is a great and worthy film, well qualified to enter its niche in the film fans' own hall of fame.

When "7th Heaven" won the Gold Medal for 1927, it brought high honors to its director, Frank Borzage. He is the first director to achieve the distinction of having made two gold medal films. His "Humoresque" won the Gold Medal of 1920.
The Stars That Never Were

By Margaret E. Sangster

Tinsel

YOU have seen the stars that never were—often you have seen them. For they appear in every great picture—they are a part of every production that rises, phoenix-like, from the dust of desire and the ashes of ambition. For the stars that never were are the extra folk—the extra folk who, if the gods were smiling, would have arrived! Would have arrived to stand next to (or even take the places of!) the stars that are.

One might liken these extra folk to the trimmings of a Christmas tree. For they are often as pretty and as perishable as the highly colored glass balls that dangle, insecurely, from the lowest limb. They are often as bright—and as easy to extinguish—as a waxen candle. They are often as glittering, and as unreal, as tinsel. . . . And, when the Christmas tree—which is the feature picture—has been used, and put aside? Oh, then the trimmings, which are the extra folk, are laid aside, too. And are forgotten. Unless, alas, they have been broken!

Nothing can vanish as completely as the trimmings of a Christmas tree. A little too much usage, or heat, or pressure—and pouf! They are no more!

Although, sometimes, careful hands touch them. And take them gently from the branches. And put them in a quiet place.

And—though we never more may see them we know that they are—safe!

* * *

THE star was bored with the picture.

"It's silly!" he said to the director. "It's unbearable bologna! How the public can stand such large meals of mush—"

The director laughed.

"After all, Bob," he said, "the public likes its mush. Plenty of it. And especially—" the director was laughing still harder. "If you are served, for good measure, with the mush!"

The star used a word that was warm!

"This business of orphans," he said, "and a Christmas tree. And me with white whiskers, being cute. How did the scene get that way?"

The director's laughter grew.

"Of course, Bob," he gurgled, "it's a shame to hide that face of yours behind whiskers! Even for a few feet of film. But well," all at once he was serious, "well, Christmas is pretty universal! And people like the old myth about joyous Noel, sleigh bells—and trees and orphans and whiskered gentlemen and tummies. And the old man—" so was the president of the company termed—"is in the business for more'n his health. And so you'll wear the whiskers—and the tummy. And the director sniggered—"and like it!"

The star was cursing. A pleasantly modulated string of words that were more than warm!

But he knew, just as the director knew, that the script was final—and that the Santa Claus episode would run, as schedule.
"It would be fun, youngster," the star said gently, "to give you those things that—wouldn't last. Chiffon undies and sheer stockings and moleskin wraps and spangled frocks. Things as far away, as possible, from wool and gingham and red flannel. It would be fun.

Even Santa Claus is young and romantic in Hollywood

He gave out gifts with a joke here, with a pat on a childish cheek. With a word or two of cajolery. And when he came to the blue-eyed girl, who was larger than the others, he said: "And what do you want Santa Claus to give you, kiddo?"

And the girl, quite astonishingly, answered him. "Oh, tinsel!" she said. And she had a soft, huskily sweet little voice, "Just tinsel. Lots and lots of it!"

The star puzzled over that. All of the time that he was bestowing dolls and jumping jacks upon small extra children. For your average girl of the movies doesn't desire tinsel—even as a pretend Christmas present. In a moment, between shots, the star mentioned the fact to the director.

"She's different from the hangers on, around the lot!" said the star. "I wonder where she came from? And what the dickens she meant?"

And the director answered: [continued on page 108]
Another graduate of the Erasmus School in Brooklyn, the alma mater of the Talmadges and others, breaks into the movies. Helen Twelvetrees, a young stage actress, has been signed by Fox to play "Badges," a Movietone feature.

J UST a little farce comedy. The hero is Prince George of England, the brother of the Prince of Wales. And the three heroines are Gloria Swanson, Lily Damita and June Collyer. Of course you read the plot in the newspapers. How the Prince took two days' shore leave from the British fleet, how he went to Hollywood and was entertained by Doug and Mary, who always fall heavily for royalty. And how he escaped from the sedate party at Pickfair to find more lively entertainment at Fatty Arbuckle's Plantation, with Gloria Swanson as his hostess.

It was Lily Damita who brought the Prince to Hollywood. He had known Lily in Paris. It was Gloria who showed him the town. And it was June Collyer who acted as hostess when he visited the Fox Studios. Hollywood made a great clatter over a rather simple occurrence and the newspapers followed up with the usual movie colony stories.

If you ask me all this was in bad taste. Prince George is a young man, and since when is it remarkable for a young man to step out with attractive girls? It is true that the Prince's parents requested him not to go to Hollywood but they probably feared, not so much the morals of the place, as the curious habit of the natives of making publicity out of purely social events. And what they feared came true. It must look just like a plain case of provincial bad manners to our British cousins. European newspapers might retaliate by featuring some of the carryings-on of prominent Americans when they sojourn beyond the reaches of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Lily Damita danced Prince George,
Pickford corralled him to gorge,
Bright stars glittered—but where in sin
Was Clara Bow while the fleet was in?

L ILY DAMITA has been worth her weight in gold in gossip. No recent foreign importation has caused as much comment as Monsieur Sam Goldwyn's little discovery.

To begin with it was rumored that she had captured the elusive heart of Ronald Colman, but this is quite wrong. Mr. Colman views her with the same impersonal, almost annoyed, manner that he uses on all his leading women. Miss Damita showed a certain interest in Colman, which may have been personal or simply a mistaken idea of good business. You never can tell about these French gals.

And then Duke Louis de Vallombrosa appeared upon the scene. He traveled incog, as Mr. Louis de Morris, and it was said that Lily was on the verge of announcing her engagement, when Prince George of England arrived in Del Monte.

Lily and the Duke were there also and when the Prince came to Hollywood and was entertained at Pickfair he made a royal request that Lily be included in the very select guest list.

H OLLYWOOD is still gasping over the news of Clara Bow's father's marriage to Tui Lorraine.

Tui and Clara have been intimate friends for a number of years and are near the same age. The marriage ceremony was performed secretly.

Now everybody is wondering if Clara will call Tui "Mammi." The wedding brought on complications. Tui is a Brit.
HOLLYWOOD folk are mentioning almost with a feeling of awe the strange cycle of events which have beset Cecil B. De Mille since he first made plans to film "The King of Kings," portraying the life of Christ. Even while the scenario was being prepared, misfortunes began.

De Mille's house was robbed.

His yacht was burned.

His brother was divorced from his wife.

Jacqueline Logan, who played the role of Mary Magdalen, separated from her husband, and married again.

Dorothy Cummings, the Madonna in the film, sued for and got a decree from her mate on the ground of cruelty.

A Los Angeles county grand jury indicted the producer on a charge of usury but he was exonerated.

ELVILLE BROWN, the director, suggests that if there is any title change in Vilma Banky's forthcoming starring vehicle, "Childs, Fifth Avenue," he call it "Bringing Up Fodder."

TWO suits for a million dollars each were filed against him, charging plagiarism.

His brother's daughter, Agnes, spinning the opportunities the films might offer, went on the stage at the Roxy Theater in New York as a dancer.

The stages on which the Garden of Gethsemane and the throne of Pontius Pilate were built, went up in flames with a loss estimated at $200,000.

His assistant, Frank Urson, died in Chicago of heart failure.

And now De Mille has changed studios (possibly to change his luck) with his headquarters at M.-G.-M. instead of Pathé. Despite this trail of misfortune, however, he is still an optimist. To him this strange turn of events was just "the breaks."

Sally McPhoo of the Hollywood tribe

Couldn't catch on, for her eyes didn't jibe.

Sally, at last, is the girl of her dreams—

Vitaphone hired her to double in screams.

MARION DAVIES is back from her trip to Europe, where she made a great personal hit. Even Hannen Swaffer, grueziest of London critics, had a good word to say for Marion. I quote from Mr. Swaffer's anecdote about Marion: "By the way, just to show that there are no delusions about Marion Davies, she rushed up to Pat Malone at the Matheson Lang first night and said, 'Do you remember me in 'The Sunshine Girl'?'

'She was a chorus girl in those days when Malone staged the musical play on Broadway."

'Yes, Malone remembered her."

'I had never met Miss Davies before. She is obviously a
Lincoln Stedman has been re-elected president of the Thalians, an energetic band of the younger screen folk. It was Lincoln who first steered the club to local prominence. Lincoln holds his job because, when he presides at a meeting, the members are all sure of a good laugh.

At a recent meeting Lincoln thumped the gavel, called the meeting to order and told the one about our old friend Sandy MacPherson, who returned his new radio set because he "could nae read by the bulbs."

Whereupon the members voted unanimously to give the big boy a little hand.

Here are the four best laughs

very nice girl. I thought it a charmingly modest way by which to identify herself. Other stars please note."

ANYONE who has ever attended a D. W. Griffith opening will remember D. W.'s famous curtain speeches which were high-spots of his premieres. D. W. has one of those mellow, vibrating voices that is as full of tonal effects as a cathedral organ.

Well, the director has been giving himself talkie tests and as a result he will play a speaking part in his next picture. That's the grand old pioneer spirit! Griffith used to be an actor years ago and this well-wisher hopes that he makes one large hit as a speakee player.

A FEW months ago Photoplay hinted at the reconciliation of Griffith and his wife, Linda.

It did look as if such a thing might come to pass, but for the past few weeks the pioneer director and Carol Dempster have been seen at places where people are seen, dining and dancing and seemingly very much interested in each other.

RUMORS still persist about the engagement of Marceline Day and Richard Dix, but Mr. Dix hurriedly wires from location that if such a thing is true he knows nothing about it. We, too, are inclined to believe there is little truth in the rumor, for reports like this must be circulated about Dix ever so often. There was Lois Wilson at one time. That looked like a sure bet. There was Charlotte Bird. There was Alya Mills, to say nothing of the months of devotion to Mary Brian, so it looks to us just like another one of those things.

CARMEL MYERS has discovered a strange anomaly. (Mamma, what's an anomaly?)

The other day she offered to give an office boy an autographed picture. "No, ma'am," said he, "I won't have it! I won't have it! I've been in the pitcher business six years and I never took home an autograph!"

Of course, you are saying we didn't know what we were talking about when we told you about Sue Carol, Thelma Todd, Sally Eilers and their beaux. But things move rapidly in Hollywood. What's true today is not vouched for tomorrow.

Now Sally Eilers, who was reported engaged to Matty Kemp, is to be married to William Hawks. This will make her a sister-in-law of Mary Astor, and also related to Norma Shearer.

SUE CAROL has made no statement about her affairs of the heart. She has been in Europe working in the same picture with Nick Stuart, but the rumor is that Carl Laemmle is interested in Sue.

Thelma Todd reports she has never been engaged to James Ford, a boy whom she knew back in her home town. The rumor was a publicity gag, pure and simple. Neither is she interested in Ed Perkins, the publicist. We don't like to mar Mr. Furthman off the list, but the young lady says only her father engages her attention. Furthermore, she has no aspirations to be known as "the most engaged" girl in Hollywood.

THERE has been no official announcement of any divorce in the Mix family. Victoria continues in Europe and Tom endeavors to entertain his friends in his own way. So we can't give you an indefinite information on the subject.

SIGNS of the times, and maybe you don't think our dear old Hollywood is up to the minute. Across from the Warner Brothers' studio where sound pictures made their debut is the Vitaphone Cafe.

Their slogan is "Our food speaks for itself."

STILL wondering if Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks Jr., are married? So are we.

When visiting with Doug on the set this week, he showed a beautiful new watch. We looked up questioning.

"An anniversary present," he replied.

Of course, there are anniversaries and anniversaries, but as the watch came from Joan and bore the inscription: "Undeath doth part," we have our own ideas.

ONE of the most pitiful sights in Hollywood is Doug, I mean Nils Asther make love to Joan before the camera.

EVA VON BERNE frankly admits that she is looking for romance and this is a great break for any man who has undergone financial losses at the gambling table, since Eva is a home body, however, that someone suggested a young man in the film colony who is noted as a good cook.

"I don't want a good cook," said Eva. "Anybody can make salads."
Aileen Pringle is playing the rôle of the Grand Duchess in "Adrienne Lecouvreur" and she's going to be a Grand Duchess or know the reason why.

Miss Pringle discovered that the dukes and counts in the scene all wore decorations. "I want decorations on my dress," she declared.

The technical director was called and consulted. He shook his head, "I'm not sure whether... ."

"This is supposed to be laid in a mythical kingdom, isn't it?" asked Aileen. "How do you know whether I should have decorations or not? How does anybody know?" And she got 'em.

Of course, all the stars are used to funny "fan" letters. But Emil Jannings receives most of his tribute from the intelligentsia who tell him, in ten dollar words, what they think of his acting. Imagine his embarrassment, therefore, when he opened this bouquet:

"My dear Miss Jannings,—

"You are my favorite actress and I should like to have a photograph to put on my bureau. I go to see all your pictures because I like the way you wear your clothes. To me, you are the best dressed actress on the screen, as well as the most beautiful. I try to imitate your clothes and your stylish way of wearing your hair."

... of the month from Hollywood...

CN GILBERT came on to New York and held powwow with the M.-G.-M. officials and then went back and signed a contract with United Artists. Nils Asther is being groomed to be the burn-'em-up boy at M.-G.-M. in Jack's place.

While we are on the subject of expiring contracts, we'd as well tell you that Merna Kennedy is no longer Charlie Chaplin's leading woman. Charlie ought to advertise for his new leading woman. Edna Purviance, who was one of the most soothing eyes ever to beam at the camera. Lina Basquette will no r a flash for Cecil De Mille. Oh, yes, and Ramon Novarro signed up again with M.-G.-M. and his salary has been raised to $7,500 a week.

Sleep, little Bellamy—

Get your rest.

Now, you're an actress—

Mother knows best!

NG Vidor was in New York but nobody saw him because he made his headquarters in Harlem, in the heart of the slum district.

He's going to have an all-colored cast and will have dialogue, to be a new experiment in picture making.

George Beban, the impersonator of Italian characters, died suddenly in Hollywood recently. Beban was a unique talent in the film world. He toured the country in an act that played in small movie and half stage presentation. In a way Beban's death was doubly tragic, because the talkies would have given him a better medium for his particular talents.

OCCASIONALLY there is a laugh hidden among the tears. Two women, very weepy, came out of the Winter Garden after a matinee. "Can you beat it?" sobbed one. "Here we are crying for Al Jolson and he's on his honeymoon!"

Larry Semon is dead and the last years of his life could hardly be called happy ones. He died a poor man—and a disappointed one. Before he went into the movies, Semon was a newspaper cartoonist in New York, making thirty-five dollars a week. On the strength of a clown-like face and his agility as an acrobat, he went into the movies.

His early comedies were successful and he earned a big salary. His pictures, crude, fast-moving and full of slapstick humor, were typical of the custard pie era of the movies. Larry left the Vitagraph Company and attempted to be his own producer. But public taste changed and Larry's fortune vanished.

Semon spent years hoping for a come-back. Had he not been hampered by ill-health, he might have succeeded, not as a comedian at least as a director. But the odds were against him. With him, at the end, was his wife, Dorothy Dwan, and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Nancy Smith.

Hollywood is becoming more or less "fed up" on the famous Mayfair Club. After all one does pay $10 a plate for the privilege of dining and dancing and one might want to chat with one's guests, yet when the entertainers come on without an excuse is demanded. Various unique methods are used to bring about this quiet. At a recent party the orchestra played "The Star Spangled Banner" just before the entertainment began. All those who could rose to their feet. Immediately afterwards all-day suckers were passed for those tempted to whisper while "Mammy" songs were being rendered.

Speaking of the Mayfair, everybody was more than surprised to see Evelyn Brent arrive minus Gary Cooper. Gary was there, however, with Bebe Daniels.

Dorothy Sebastian and Gus Edwards won the dancing contest. The prize was a handsome diamond-studded hot water bottle.

A pitiful fight to hold her husband's love is being made by a certain Hollywood actress. The wife has given her husband years of devotion. She is well loved in the industry and not only has a child of her own but adopted one who was left an orphan by a world-famous star. [CONT'D ON PAGE 84]
YOU, too, Can Be

Hollywood is Learning to Talk, so Professor Howe assembles his Class in Vocal Culture

Hollywood, Cal.

DEar fIM:
Here I am back in the town of home-lovers and church-goers.

Thanks for your letter, Jim, and the handsome prize awarded my last month's letter. I deposited it right away in a slot machine and got a slip saying I weigh 160 lbs. and have a generous, industrious nature easily imposed on by friends. Here's hoping I win again so I'll know what I weigh next month.

WECertainly have a lot to be thankful for this Thanksgiving with all these wonderful new inventions. Before the turkey comes around again this prostrating business of letter writing will be a cross of the past. Television is at hand. Lolling in the Oriental splendor of your office you'll be able both to see and hear me as at this end I likewise loll amid swirling incense and suffocating slave girls. For instance, with television right now, you'd see me get up and blindfold myself to look for a cigarette—only I hope you don't think the less of me for picking the wrong one. I can be as genteel as Mr. Menjou or Mr. Barthelmess, only I have a cold.

WIThout reading the President's Thanksgiving proclamation I know we should be thankful this year for the talking picture, but of course that's hard unless you own Warner Brothers' stock. Or unless you're a writer.

It certainly looks like a full dinner-plate for us writers with George Bernard Shaw and Robert Benchley, two hitherto unknowns, scoring the biggest hits of any talkie "finds." I don't know what you're doing, Jim, but I'm getting my wardrobe together for mother to take me around to the casting office. Mother knows best.

Mr. SHAW's imitation of Mussolini was better than any of Madge Bellamy's imitations in "Mother Knows Best." His acting was great but his lines were punk. This proves what a lot of people have suspected, that the writers should be acting and the actors writing. What a topsy-turvy old business they movies is! If this letter wins a prize, next month instead of weighing myself I'm going to spend it on a press agent and a break into talkies and gain weight.

If you don't happen to be gifted as a writer or still more gifted as a Warner stockholder, you can be thankful for this. Producers can't annoy you perennially by announcing the next picture is only in its infancy. Little wuzzums has learned to talk.

The gas-gas to date may not seem cunning to those outside the family circle, but Hollywood is all aquiver over its filings. Being without the parental pale myself (I'm only considering numerous offers at present) I find myself getting irritable and wanting to bounce whatever is handiest—bottle, say—when the hero booms out unexpectedly and jolts me out of a deep reverie so I dislocate my most expensive vertebra. (You should see my chiropractor's bills since talking pictures made sleeping unsafe in the logsel? It used to be that when you bought a through ticket for a loge you were not awakened unless you left a call, but now you no sooner doze off the some actor espies you from the screen and lets out a whoop. They make you look at them whether you want to or not. I, for one, protest.

Illustrated by Ken Chamberlain
Would You Like to Have—

An illuminated swimming pool, gold bathroom fixtures, slave bracelets, canopied bed and full length mirror, patio, palms, polo ponies and automobile with your name on it? . . . . .

Then follow these simple vocal exercises—BE A TALKING PICTURE!

Convert your inhibitions into exhibitions—COME TO HOLLYWOOD! everyone else does.

PROF. HOWE'S STAR FREE TALKIE SECRETS

Follow up Professor Howe's advice and you, too, will have an ornate bathing pool in Beverly Hills. There's gold in them thar hills, provided you don't lose your atomizer.
THE HOME TOWNERS—Warners

The chief thing to recommend this picture is that it is the smoothest, most natural talking picture to date. The Cohan play would not lend itself to the silent picture but it comes to us as a talkie with none of the stage charm lost.

The man with a Main Street mind comes to New York and almost wrecks the life of his dearest friend, destroying his romance and breaking his friendships. The story belongs primarily to Richard Bennett and Robert McWade, and both their voices register marvelously. The big surprise of the picture is Doris Kenyon, who plays the part of the fiancée. Her voice is so musical, so resonant with feeling, and immediately conveys such charm, we realize the talking picture has given her a new screen personality. For those who have never seen the stage play, the picture will be a delight.

MANHATTAN COCKTAIL—Paramount

The title of this unusually arresting comedy-drama is precisely descriptive. A cocktail it is—stimulating, laugh inducing, pick-me-up with a kick. It is a fascinating review of New York’s theater circle. Nancy Carroll is a restless little college “grad” with one eye on the stage. The young Greek drama assistant is mad about her, but she finds the pedestal on which she puts her more classic than comfortable, and decides to take a tumble. Shamelessly, she besieges a smart revue producer, who purposely misunderstands her ardor. From then on, she has to step high and fast to keep her job and elude her employer. The characters interwoven in her venture, Richard Arlen, as the college youth, Paul Lukas, as the jaded producer, and Lilian Tashman, his flirtatious wife, are all penetratingly delineated by Dorothy Arzner’s ultra-sophisticated direction.

FOUR DEVILS—Fox

Here is the long-awaited F. W. Murnau film—the successor to “Sunrise.” For this picture Murnau took his cameras to the top of a circus arena, since the Four Devils are aerialists extraordinary.

Murnau goes back to the childhood of the Four Devils. A quartet of forlorn orphans, they are, trained and beaten by a brutal circus proprietor.

This episode is so beautifully and tenderly filmed that it is worth seeing the picture for. And the work of little Dawn O’Day deserves special tribute.

A kindly clown helps the children to escape and they grow up to be a famous troupe of acrobats.

The two young women love their Charles and their Adolf and all goes well until a wealthy divorcée tosses a rose to Charles in the arena.

The boy loses his head over the adventuress and the broken-hearted Marion finally lets herself fall from a trapeze. That plunge brings the Four Devils back together—and the final shot implies a happy ending.

Janet Gaynor gives a sympathetic, sincere and touching performance. She has remarkable personality and persuasive charm. Charles Morton and Barry Norton are extraordinarily fine and you’ll like Nancy Drexel. The weakness of the film is Mary Duncan’s old-fashioned vampire. In dress and direction, the role is exaggerated, a flashback to the days of Theda Bara. Perhaps all the fault is not Miss Duncan’s.

The film will probably be cut to eliminate the overdrawn scenes before it is generally released.
THE DIVINE LADY—First National

LADY HAMILTON, beloved of Nelson, the great British admiral, is one of the famous women of history, aside from being one of the immortal beauties.

This special film, which ran to a million in costs, was built upon E. Barrington's recent novel of the lovely and questionable lady.

Although the screen version glosses over the famous Emma's indiscretions and does not tell exactly how the daughter of a cook became the most talked about woman in all Europe during the dying days of the eighteenth century and the first years of the nineteenth, it has genuine pictorial beauty.

And, while the star, Corinne Griffith, gives an unaging characterization of the famous woman, she lends great pictorial assistance.

She is as lovely an Emma as Romney ever transferred to undying canvas.

The weakness of "The Divine Lady" is in its effort to tell history and its forgetfulness of the real Emma. The picture is too concerned with Lady Hamilton's efforts to help Admiral Nelson and to give assistance to his fleet. Then, too, the extended shots (many in skillful miniature) of the Battles of the Nile and of Trafalgar are repetitious. The two combats look exactly alike, which is unfortunate for the climax of the film.

Miss Griffith is a charming Lady Hamilton. The important roles of Nelson, Lord Hamilton and Greville are handled by Victor Varconi, H. B. Warner and Ian Keith. The photography is gorgeous.

THE SPIELER—Pathe

HERE is carnival life "as is" presented by Renee Adoree who really began her career as a circus child. No frills, no artificialities. Grim realism, crude comedy and the stark tragedy of the wagon shows. Keep your eye on Tay Garnett. He's a promising young director who knows his characterization. He has registered the carnival atmosphere and he makes you hungry for peanuts and pink lemonade.

The story deals with a crooked spier who goes straight when he falls in love with the lady who owns the show. He breaks the neck of one crook and the grip of others who try to steal control of the carnival. Alan Hale is an excellent spier, Adoree is restrained and realistic as the show owner and Fred Kohler gives a picture of brutality that will be hard to excel. Clyde Cook caps watches and walks a tightrope. There's lots of laughs with a dramatic punch. See it.
PHYLIS HAVER stars as *Singapore Sal*, a bad gal, generated as a proxy mother. Alan Hale and Fred Kohler give good performances as rival skippers. An abandoned baby in a rowboat in Singapore harbor starts the story off. *Captain Erickson*, played by Hale, puzzled as to how to rear the child, solves his dilemma by shanghaing *Singapore Sal*, belle of the brothels. Good, even if you don’t like sea pictures!

A SKILLFUL adaptation of the Theatre Guild play, with a fine acting cast, recruited mostly from the stage. It marks Theodore Roberts’ return and is the first picture directed by William J. Cowan. Breathlessly exciting. The story concerns a gang of bootleggers, a clandestine affair and a murderer, yet it’s something more than a melodrama. Irene Rich is excellent and Robert Armstrong’s performance perfect.

A CREDITABLE effort to delve into the minds of a group of strange, Continental characters. Wassermann’s works are not easily adapted to the screen. The fans may not like John Gilbert as a sinister character, but he is always a great actor. It is the first appearance of Eva von Berne, an Austrian discovery, and she does good work against tremendous odds. She has a rôle difficult even for an experienced actress.

AN absorbing drama of backstage lies, taken from Channing Pollock’s play. The story gives a true and intimate glimpse of the actor-out-of-a-job, a brilliant defense of the greatly misunderstood Thespian ego. Virginia Valli is starred but Ian Keith dominates the picture. He is a strikingly heroic yet pathetic, figure, as the godson of the great Booth, who feels that his stage fame is hereditary and need not be earned.

HERE’S a gentle, slow moving story about the daughter of a Scotch bargeman. Sally O’Neil is back with the same costume and the same expression in which she made her first hit, a pair of overalls and a pout. But Sally looks cute in overalls and it’s a very cute pout. Jean Hersholt is the star. It has given better performances than this, but his make-up is excellent. Withal, it is pleasant enough entertainment.

THIS starts out with a farcical flourish of sophistication but becomes a great bore. A lot of people go through a lot of doors. Jealous French husbands are annoyed with their wives and the cynical rogue at last discovers that there is only one girl in the world for him. Adolphe Menjou and his wife, Kathryn Carver, play together. Menjou gives his usual suave performance and Miss Carver lends charming assistance.
for the Latest Talkie Developments

THE OF EMPIRE—MG.-M.

A STORY of the California gold rush. But don't let that keep you away. This might have been an epic, but, thanks to Director Allan Dwan and Actress Renee Adoree, it isn't. It's a human melodrama with color and sparkle. Aree, as the fiery senorita, again proves herself a trouper of highest calibre. George Duryea gives his work a swashbuckling lift. A standard pattern film, but great entertainment.

DO YOUR DUTY—First National

A LOT of gags, some of them quite Rabelaisian, go wrong because the producers seem to work on the theory that anything Charlie Murray does is funny. Charlie takes it big and the pathetic scenes are just that. When will these comedians stop using pathos?

The story concerns a traffic cop who is made an officer and is framed by a gang of crooks. Murray fans may like it. Others will just be bored.

[Additional reviews of latest pictures on page 82]

Sound Pictures

GEORGE M. COHAN'S "The Home Towners," the Vitaphone-Warners' latest all-talkie, is the foremost sound film of the month. You will find it reviewed at length elsewhere in this Shadow Stage.

Several recent Paramount films have talkie interludes fitted in. In Jim Tully's "Beggars of Life," Wallace Beery, the happy-go-lucky hobo, Oklahoma Red, sings a song of the lad. Beery used to be a musical comedy comedian and once as understudy to Raymond Hitchcock. He knows how to handle a song across.

"Varsity," the newest Buddy Rogers-Mary Brian film, which was staged at Princeton, has several more-or-less successful spoken interludes. Then, too, Princeton songs are hard.

After Paul Fejos made "Lonesome" for Universal, the film was taken back and several talking episodes inserted. These were not very successful. Universal added the din of Coney Island to the film, as well.

It seems to Photoplay that the most successful recent use of spoken synchronization is in William Fox's "Mother Knows Best." In this film the Movietone puts over Madge Bellamy's ever-imitations of Harry Lader, Anna Held and Al Jolson. The able hands of Miss Bellamy and Louise Dresser, the spoken episodes of "Mother Knows Best" are well handled. Several interesting short Movietone films emerged from the Fox studios. Alfonso XIII, King of Spain, appears in a noteworthy Movietone film in which he talks enthusiastically of the glories of Spain from a tourist standpoint. Alfonso has a sharply defined and winning personality. Today public figures—and that goes for royalty, too—must have a film personality and a good synchronizing voice. The Movietone will next offer Queen Marie of Roumania.

ONE of the most effective short Movietone films of the month was "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," in which Maude Howe Elliott, daughter of Julia Ward Howe, relates to her niece how her mother came to write the immortal hymn. With the swelling chorus of the hymn superimposed upon the spoken lines of Mrs. Elliott, the result is electrical. See it.

Another much heralded Fox-Movietone film was "Marching On," which marks the fourth appearance of the popular protean comedian of the variety, Charles (Chic) Sale. In this Sale plays an old Civil War veteran who once knew Lincoln. The old fellow is shunted aside by the younger generation of his family and finds his only solace in memories of the great president.

Much of the success of "Our Dancing Daughters" (M.-G.-M.) is due to the lively, jazzy synchronized accompaniment. And "Our Dancing Daughters" is one of the big popular hits of the year.

Don't overlook Al Jolson's "The Singing Fool." This is breaking records in New York, the receipts running above $40,000 a week at the Winter Garden.
The Boy from Julietta

By Neville Reay

Glenn Tryon is an Idaho boy who made good. Now he's among the big comedy possibilities of the year.

When he reached New York, Glenn got a job as a magician's assistant in small-time vaudeville. I suspect that it was here that Glenn picked up so many of his gags.

Then Glenn spent the winter in stock in New England, finding the learning of lines an easy matter. With that experience Glenn tried two New York productions, but both were flops and he made just enough to live on.

"That was a tough season for juveniles," explained Glenn, "so I became a character actor in the road company of May-time. That was the biggest season I ever had on the stage.

"I cornered all the catch-penny jobs in the troupe. I had about four lines in the first act and was free after that. I got five dollars in every town for looking after the trunks, seeing that they got to the theater and back to the station all right. I got five dollars for carrying the orchestra music. That is never shipped you know. So even if the scenery is lost we can put on the show.

"Then I got five dollars each for six understudy parts and I was assistant stage manager, assistant business manager and, in the lobby after the show, I sold copies of the song hits of the play, 'Sweetheart,' 'The Road to Paradise' and 'A Little House, A Little Home.'

"After that I was with a show that broke up in New Orleans. So I came to Los Angeles where my folks were living. Without work my funds were soon gone, so I went down to Santa Ana where Murphy's Comedians were playing in a tent show. I looked up Horace Murphy and discovered that his juvenile had just walked out, so with two hours to rehearse before the show I went on and was letter perfect to the amazement of the troupe."

Glenn smiled reminiscently: "I failed to tell them that I had played the same role before when I was in New England."

Glenn Tryon's next adventure was as a producer. Glenn and another actor secured financial backing and purchased Murphy's old tent when a new one took its place. Glenn's "angel," who in this case was a "demon," [continued on page 101]
LOOKING ahead a bit, PHOToplay chooses Maryann Jane, daughter of Jacqueline (Jackie) Saunders, as its favorite Baby Star of 1944. And Maryann’s mother deserves a reprimand for deserting the screen for three years to play in vaudeville. But the talkies may lure her back.
"Orville Waldbridge, discovered by Cecil B. De Mille in a gas filling station, will play the male lead in 'Dynamite,' De Mille's first film for Metro-Goldwyn."—News note.

How it happened, by one who wasn't there:

MR. DE MILLE (thundering up in his gold-plated chariot): "Ten gallons, boy!"

MR. WALDBRIDGE (doffing his cap): "Yes, Mr. De Mille! Yes, SIR!"

Talkie Dialogue Writer: Ho, hum... let me see... shall I say 'doggone' or take a long chance on a "damn"?

What Price Glory?

"Lou Goldberg, press agent for the Olympia Theater, New Haven, Ct., is given most of the credit for the phenomenal success of 'The Patriot,' the film which opened there Friday."—News note in Git's Theatrical Weekly.

And I hear there's an obscure feller named Jennings, or Jennings, in it, too.

Love and Kisses

Ruth Elder is said to be starry-eyed about John Patrick and Jerry Miley... They are bosom pals... Ben Lyon is reported swinging on the Lupe Velez front gate... Camilla Horn is reported married to a German named Noa... In other words, a clear case of yes and Noa with Camilla... So he sold his hammer and bought a Camilla Horn... This sort of thing could go on forever... Married—Rasmus Karl Gottlikor to Thissie Walletorski... That's Ellis Island for Karl Dane and Thiss Zaldenor... Hollywood betters are laying it on the line that Connie Talmadge will take another shackle before the year's out... Party of the second part said to be still matrimonially fly-papered... Interested parties—Mary Nolan and Neil Hamilton, Aileen Pringle and Cedric Gibbons... He designs scenes... No make them... The Great Divide—Wallace McCutcheon and Doris May... Wally gets the dogs... Dorris the Cadillac... Wally gets the Ford... and the Air is mutual... what could be fairer than that?

Getting Personal

Roscoe Arbuckle eats in his own cafe... which Tex Guinan says would be as good as New York dumps... Save that the prices are too low... Clara Bow-do-de-o-do is getting too billowy... Lamb chop, pineapple and prayer for the red-head... Estelle Taylor's stage voice is a monotonous baritone... while Jack Dempsey's is an undecided fastball... Favorite Broadway gag—"If I'd heard him talk I'd have never bet on him against Tunney."—I never want to hear Victor McLaglen in the talkies... Will Hays wears a cap... with his dinner duds... On the..."
CLARA BOW once said that she lived to make her papa happy. Just by way of showing her filial devotion, Clara engaged Tui Lorraine as her secretary. And papa promptly asked Tui to be Mrs. Robert Bow. But life is never simple in the Bow family. No sooner did Tui become Clara’s stepmother than the immigration authorities discovered that Tui entered the country from New Zealand without proper authority.
To expect a girl to go with only one fur coat

To the right is a Hudson seal sport coat—conveniently short for walking and warmly lined in green suede. The lining also forms the scarf collar and, incidentally, keeps the fur from rubbing the neck. All in all, a practical and attractive coat for football games, polo matches, whippet races, skating or what have you.

Who remembers when a fur coat was just a fur coat, without design, style or tailoring? Howard Greer designed this daytime coat of American Broadtail in two shades of tan and achieved a grace of line usually found only in more pliable cloths. Like the other coats on this page, all of which are Mr. Greer's creations, it is worn by Josephine Dunn.

To the left: Unless you have at least one ermine coat in Hollywood, you can't hope to step out socially. The three-tier cape effect gives this particular coat an interestingly different shoulder line. Greer calls it "La Tosca," because a lady who wears it should live only for Art and Love.
Through cold weather is just sheer cruelty

Our old friend Indian Baronduki is used in this walking coat at the right. It is lined with Kasha and has a Kasha scarf to match. Not for evening or formal wear, of course, but a good all-round coat for either city or country wear and equally appropriate either for sports or business.

If you are tall and slim, like Josephine Dunn, you can wear a coat like the one shown above. If you are short and dumpy, beware of the long fur coat. They call this design "Aix." It is of American Broadtail in beige, with a Kolinsky collar. Note the way in which the sleeves are held tight above the wrist, to keep the wintry blasts from blowing up chiffon sleeves.

A wrap-around evening coat of Lapin. You will have to imagine the beauty of its warm, golden coloring, although you can see the richness of the fur. The wide shawl collar, which extends below the hips, definitely places it as a very new model. It is an ideal wrap to wear with the smart new beige and brown evening dresses. Mr. Greer christened this wrap "Perroquet."
SHADOW Sisters—Priscilla Dean and Evelyn Brent. And in spite of the fact that they are almost the same type, Priscilla and Evelyn have been good friends for years. They both have brown hair and brown eyes and, in addition to the similarity of their features, they are both the same height, five feet, four inches. Evelyn looks taller than Priscilla because she is a few pounds lighter. As far as they know, they are not even remotely related. Priscilla was born in New York and Evelyn in Tampa, Florida.
Don't shoot the usher! Some day she may be your favorite movie star

By Katherine Albert

There were two reasons for Raquel Torres' finding a job as usherette at Grauman's Chinese Theater.

Her father was a hopeless invalid and the burden of the family rested upon the slim shoulders of Raquel and Rene, her sister. That was reason number one. A good reason. A grim, vital reason.

Raquel was a movie fan. That was reason number two. Also a good reason. A pitiful, childish reason.

Raquel had written many letters. "Dear Miss—I've seen you in all your pictures and I see you on the screen. Will you please send me a new photograph of yourself?" Typical fan letters that brought the typical response, a five or seven portrait of the star.

There were hundreds of these pictures in Raquel's top bureau drawer, and in the evening she divided her attention between petulant quests of a sick father and the beautiful portraits of smiling, happy stars.

There was glamour at Grauman's Chinese theater.

Sid gathered his usherettes together for a rehearsal before the big opening of "The King of Kings." He stood on the stage with the girls at the back of the theater.

"Now we'll go through it all as it will be tomorrow night," he said. "You, you little Mexican girl with the black curls, show John Gilbert to his chair."

The little Mexican girl with the black curls barreled herself for the ordeal and escorted an imaginary Mr. Gilbert to an aisle in the tenth row. "Are you comfortable here, Mr. Gilbert? Have this program," she remarked to space.

"That's fine," said Sid. "Now you, you tall girl back there, show Clara Bow to her chair."

The great night arrived. Raquel, attired in her little Chinese costume, with her smile and her programs ready, awaited the arrival of the stars. She remembered that a tall, handsome dark man was seated in her section. She did not know until the next day that it was John Gilbert!

Openings were thrilling. Other afternoons and nights were simply tourists from Iowa and a tired body. "Right this way, please. Are you comfortable? Have this program."

It made a chant, a lullaby that...
Harry Crocker opens the first museum dedicated to famous movie “props”

Harry Crocker opens the first museum dedicated to famous movie “props”.

Hollywood has a new museum, unlike any other in the world. It is a collection of the famous “props” of pictures, gathered together by Harry Crocker, who, when he isn’t collecting, is Charlie Chaplin’s assistant.

The Crocker Museum is on Sunset Boulevard—and open to all visitors.

Lina Basquette and Huntly Gordon, visitors to the museum, pause a moment to pay sentimental tribute to the funny little wagon of “Street Angel.” All the exhibits are plainly labeled. Here is one museum that children will cry for.

To your right, ladies and gentlemen, is the chariot used in ‘Ben-Hur.’ And to your left is the costume made famous by Miss Gloria Swanson in ‘Sadie Thompson.’

The Argentinian carriage used by Douglas Fairbanks in “The Gaucho.” This “prop” will give you a good idea of the solid construction of the articles used in the movies, even though the camera may catch them for only a fleeting moment.
Souvenirs

General view of Mr. Crocker's new Heaven for Movie-mad Tourists in Hollywood. Here are assembled some relics that will recall your favorite moments in the theater. Nearly all the great pictures and stars are represented by some memento. In the glass case are Chaplin's original derby and Keaton's pan-cake hat. The articles themselves are of small value, but many of them have been the means of building up large fortunes. And all of them are known wherever movies are shown.

Tourists. Why go to Europe for a slant at Marie Antoinette's ippin when you may go to California and see Chaplin's maplete and original outfit, Bill Hart's first pair of leather aps, John Gilbert's uniform in "The Big Parade," scenes om prehistoric Biograph pictures, Harold Lloyd's glasses, d the dress that Lillian Gish once wore with the Scarlet etter sewed on it. In fact, in Mr. Crocker's museum you to see everything but Catalina on a clear day.

That hysterical sequence from "The Gold Rush" when the cabin tottered on the brink of destruction is represented by the actual model used by Charlie Chaplin. Notice the tiny doll hanging on the door. That's Charlie in miniature. Also note the size of the scene compared with Miss Basquette and Mr. Gordon.
ZENIA MOTT and Paul Marvin, the featured co-stars, were watching a test projection of their latest picture. Others were seated around in the darkened room, including Gustave Boldt himself; "Big Gus," the great producer, perhaps the most tremendous and potent figure in the whole cinema world. He was Zenia Mott's husband.

The gloom closing them in made the rest of the world very remote, and made the pictures on the screen stand out with startling vividness. It was not merely a series of pictures they were witnessing—it was life!

It was the most smashing thing Mott and Marvin had yet done. They sat watching its unfolding scenes, tense, silent unmoving. The two who portrayed it made it pulse with the throb of living hearts. Two lovers! She was fair and beguiling and frail, but brave; he was darkly handsome and impetuous, and defied the world for the sake of love.

But the world was too much for them—life was too much for them. It beat down their puny, gallant resistance—simply destroyed them. The screen showed her when she threw herself into the lake; you saw her lifeless body being fished out. Her husband was there, stern and self-controlled, directing the operation—how you detested him! . . . The lover does not yet know—the film ends with his not knowing. How he was going to take it, how life would go on for him, was left to the spectator's imagination. This was to be the big crashing denouement of the film—perhaps.

A tugging, lifting, hurrying story. Love! In sidious, indestructible, unescapable! Two caught in it, not knowing how or why; simply enmeshed. Struggling, thwarted, impotent. But glorified Love, ecstatic and golden and glorious. Fatal

PAUL MARVIN and Zenia Mott, sitting there so tense and still, looked at those shifting scenes and re-lived that story—and what else they saw and re-lived! The long arduous story of its making—the studio's "sets," the toil and stress "back-stage," the patience and ingenuity and skill which must be put into play when human emotions are to be simulated and drama is made. They were re-living those days in the show-shop. And, threading it all, permeating it, their own story. Their own story! Deep secret, but pervasive. And it was simply uncanny—the parallel . . .

The setting of course was different, foreign and exotic, the episodes and complication varied, and the sequence travelled another course; but all this was inconsequential. The rudiments, the basic, raw human elements were identical. Except that the husband in the film-story allowed his "honobleness" to turn him into a calloused brute—for the thousandth time Marvin wished that Big Gus Boldt were a brute! And in the picture, of course, the story had run through to its finished—contrived—end.

"Well, you've heard her," said Marvin. "Are you going to give her her freedom? Or are we going to have to make a break?" Quite suddenly Boldt strode forward. "Take your hands off my wife! And don't ever see them off, d'you hear? Or I'll break your neck!"
In Life

great love drama. Why did the exact their roles?

For them how was it going to end? For so long Zenia had held him off. She had been to him marvelous, unguessable, and unattainable, like a remotely rising star. He knew that she was bound to Boldt by loyalty, attitude, and sincere affection. And he, too, was honorable; I had decent instincts—he hadn't chosen to love her!

He could never have detailed coherently what had taken place within him the past months. He was not quite try, had known many pretty women, had in a measure responded to the feminine allure with which his profession surrounded him; but his fastidiousness, his imagination—falseness, perhaps—had held him in check.

He had thought it a big piece of luck when he was selected to many opposite Zenia Mott. How he could play up to her! They had now made three pictures together. At first he hadn't suspected how things were going with him, although now, looking back, it seemed to him he had belonged to her utterly from the start. It had been a strange time. First the tranquil, almost sweet, happiness; then the growing excitement. Then when it never began—the strangest ferment in which hope and fear, doubts and dread, torment and bliss whirled in him so he didn't know when one emotion left of and another began. He had grown afraid to think that she might be beginning to love him—would die if she didn't! And then when he knew... Only two days ago it had happened—love's avowal. A once encounter, with the guards down; the hour of dusk, the intolerable poignancy—a little outslipped saying, a gesture of betrayal—then swift rushing revelation; surrender.

And still so little, so cruelly little, of rapture. She still held him off—it couldn't be, couldn't be. And she was so dear, so sweet. She was torn to a frazzle. And nothing settled. You couldn't just drop a thing like this! It had to end in something! mewhere, sometime, somehow. For weeks he had felt like a suspended owl, already pierced and colosced, but somehow managing to ep allot; aimlessly drifting where. A cullated, purposeless ghost of what-might-haveen, moving above a phantasmagorical world, wondering to what abysm it was going eventually to fall. But she was alive! Elusive, graspable—but the sheer electric pain of her aliveness had seemed to suffice. And then he'd seen her dead—today, still in the studio, he had seen her die! When he saw her go on a space beneath that swirling it was all he could do to ep from crying out, it had seemed so real. He would have liked to reach out and to her hand, to make sure she was there alive and warm; but he caught himself in time. He was in a sharp breath and sat rigidly upright.

A voice spoke out of the dusk behind them. "It's got a wallop, but I'm afraid the public won't stand for it." It was Gustave Boldt, Big Gus himself, speaking.

"Sure they won't!" said another voice, Sam Keller's, decisively. "I never had an idea from the start it'd go. It's too..." and women don't throw

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]

Illustrated by Oscar Frederick Howard

By Dana Gatlin
Anita Page drove her car home from the beach and the sand on her shoes got in the gears. The repair charge was twenty-five dollars. For twenty-five cents, she bought this shoe brush and attached it to the running-board. Just the old door-mat brought up-to-date.

How to step, all dripping wet, from the ocean and show up for luncheon a few minutes later looking smart and calm. Dorothy Sebastian has a hair-dryer attached to the battery of her car. Her hair is naturally curly so she doesn’t have to worry about how to get a wave.

PITY the poor motion picture stars — they must always be beautiful and smart!

It is only in the sanctum-sanctorum of their inner boudoirs that the screen favorites may rest and smear their faces with cold cream. At the beach, on the tennis courts, during shopping tours, they must always look their best.

Those of us less endowed make an attempt at beauty, but it is not a vital necessity. Yet strenuous as it is, the example set by the stars is an excellent one. Every daughter of Eve cherishes the hope of being beautiful, well groomed and charming at all times. Therefore, take a lesson from the stars and learn their secrets.

Motoring is devastating to beauty. An open car—or even a closed one, for that matter—is hard on the complexion, the hair and the hands. Most of us know the proper creams and lotions to counteract the bad effects, but the stars have introduced some new tricks of looking well in an automobile that are worthy of attention.
Some interesting suggestions from the stars on how to look your best before the traffic cop

There's Norma Shearer, for instance, and her ubiquitous curling iron. It was not ubiquitous at first until a nice eye to economy inspired Mr. Thalberg's wife. On location Norma dispenses with the hair dresser and carries her own curling iron along. An electrician at the studio rigged up a contrivance whereby the necessary implement of beauty could be attached to the automobile battery, and this worked so efficiently that Norma uses it when she plays tennis or golf or when she swims.

LOOKING beautiful just after a swim is always a problem, but you can't beat these girls from Alabama. Another neat car contrivance for the beach is Dorothy Sebastian's hair dryer, that works in the same way as the curling iron. This plugs into the socket and runs to the battery of the car. It is a boon to a girl as busy as Dorothy, for it means that she may have her swim, change from her bathing suit into her dress, dry her hair and be ready for a smart luncheon party without having to go home and waste a lot of valuable time that could be devoted to bridge.

Now don't get the impression that the stars are all extravagant young women! Anita Page didn't like it a bit when her car was laid up in a garage [CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]

A powder box, not to be used in heavy traffic, is concealed in the steering wheel of Barbara Kent's car. When the box is closed the horn will honk. While there may be time for fixing the make-up when the traffic lights go red, Safety First Societies should look into this

The battery that starts Norma Shearer's motor also curls Norma's hair. This curling iron saves the trouble and expense of sending a hair dresser on location trips. Norma also finds it convenient after a game of golf or tennis. When not in use, it hooks on the dash board, but, while still hot, should not be confused with the brake
The junior-size Noah Beery. The Big Scowl and Frown Kid of "Our Gang." Young but tough, small but full of menace. Harry Speer is the boy who tells the hero to go play in his own backyard.
ARE you self-conscious? Here are some of Marion Morgan's rules for overcoming that out-of-place feeling: Remember that your body is an instrument dominated by your intelligence.

Practise a graceful walk and study dancing—not jazz.

Read aloud, preferably in front of a mirror.

Practise some simple calisthenics every day.

Remember that self-consciousness comes from the misuse or neglect of the body.
Is this a new co-starring team? Adolphe Menjou and his wife, Kathryn Carver, are appearing together in “His Private Life,” Menjou’s first picture since his honeymoon in Europe. In selecting a wife, the clever Mr. Menjou chose a lady who can decorate his pictures as well as his new home in Beverly Hills.
Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

The $2,000 Contest Jury Is Completed—Interesting News of Amateur Film Club Activities

The jury of judges for PHOTOPLAY's Second Amateur Movie Contest has been completed.

Professor George Pierce Baker, head of the Department of Drama, School of Fine Arts, Yale University, has accepted an invitation to be a judge. Professor Baker's position in the world of dramatic instruction is pre-eminent. He is one of the foremost playwrights of today and has emerged from classrooms.

Professor Baker has a tremendous interest in the making of amateur motion pictures and his acceptance is a high honor to PHOTOPLAY contest. A special operator, with portable projection machines in 16 and 9 millimeter sizes, will carry the test films to the theater of Yale's School of Fine Arts. The theater is equipped with a standard motion picture projection chime, and thus Professor Baker will personally inspect the test films.

Philip K. Wrigley, the wealthy Chicago amateur film enthusiast, will be another judge. Mr. Wrigley is deeply interested in amateur cinematography and his judgment will reflect the notion of the true film amateur.

The other judges, as announced in last month's PHOTOPLAY, are Stephen Voorhees, the distinguished New York architect; Colonel Roy W. Winion, managing director of the Motion Picture League; Wilton A. Barrett, executive secretary of the National Board of Review; King Vidor, the famous picture director and maker of "The Big Parade"; and R. Quirk, publisher and editor of PHOTOPLAY; and the managing editor of this publication.

PHOTOPLAY believes that this jury will present a well balanced judgment. In addition to showing the contest films to this jury for the selection of winners, PHOTOPLAY later will show the winning films to the foremost motion picture makers in Hollywood and New York. Last year the winner of the 15 millimeter prize, Russell T. Ervin, Jr., was given a five-year contract by Winfield Sheehan, general manager for the Fox Film Company. This contest is likely to take one or more fortunate amateurs to Hollywood.

Amateurs will be interested in the lucky Mr. Ervin's adventures in Hollywood. Mr. Ervin is attached to the Fox Movietone division of the Fox Studios. His first assignment was under Marcel Silver, the pioneer Fox-Movietone director.

When you see Chic Sale's interesting short Movietone story of an old Civil War veteran who knew Lincoln, released as "Marching On," you will see some of Mr. Ervin's first professional work. Mr. Ervin worked under Director Silver on this picture.

MONTHS ago PHOTOPLAY noted the fact that Mount Vernon, the historic home of George Washington on the Potomac, was forbidden ground to amateur movie makers. Users of still cameras were permitted to take snapshots at will, but all sorts of amateur movie cameras were barred at the gates. PHOTOPLAY presented a protest to the Mount Vernon Ladies Association of the Union, which controls the famous grounds. We are glad to announce that the Grand Council of the Mount Vernon Ladies Association, at its...
As Japan Sees Us

The Orient wants its movies just like Hollywood's

Photos by Mona Gardner

Devastating effects of slapstick. A Mack Sennett cop is shadowed by a double of Harold Lloyd, one Koji Shimate. It was only in 1852 that Commander Perry opened Japan to the western world!

Madame Butterfly no longer nurses a broken heart. In the person of Ruiko Tsushima she goes vampish like Pola Negri

What is a nation without its Charlie Chaplin? This is Katsuo Mikoshiba, the best Charlie in the Flowery Kingdom

The Orient craved a Baby Peggy to brighten its screen and found one in little Miss Mino Tamura
WHat dressing table does not reflect the personality of its owner? Mirrors her taste, her discriminations, her little indulgences. In terms of creams and lotions, perfumes and powders, and many another dainty mystery, it is eloquent of her very self. Nothing is more intimate, more revealing!

But all dressing tables supply one need—they help a woman care for her looks! Because Pond’s Cold and Vanishing Creams, Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener are of such dependable worth, they are found on the dressing tables of lovely and distinguished women everywhere. They are their choice for quick, convenient daily use at home.

This is how you, yourself, should proceed with daily use of these four famous preparations made by Pond’s:

CLEANSE YOUR SKIN with Pond’s Cold Cream at least twice a day, always after exposure and every night before retiring. Apply generously over face and neck, allowing the penetrating oils to soak into the tiny air passages and dislodge the grime and powder.

Then use the new Pond’s Cleansing Tissues—snowy-white, large, fine—to remove the cream and the loosened dirt. For scrupulous cleanliness repeat these two steps.

Next, if it is daytime cleansing you are having, flick on Pond’s new Skin Freshener, briskly. Notice how it tones and firms your skin—the healthful tingling glow it engenders.

Then for protection against wind, sun and all unfriendly elements, and to serve as a foundation for powder, apply a little Pond’s Vanishing Cream. It gives a magnolia-petal quality to your skin, a finish that makes your powder last for hours. Mail the coupon below.

MRS. RICHARD P. DAVIDSON, granddaughter of the late Mark Hanna of Ohio, has a dressing table in taffeta boudoir (below), on which are Pond’s Two Creams in green jars. Mrs. Davidson says, “I’ve adored Pond’s for years.”

MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT’s dressing-room is graced by a lovely French coiffeuse (below). In green jars are Pond’s Two Creams. She says: “Through a multitude of engagements Pond’s will give you the assurance of being your best self.”

FOUR DELIGHTFUL DRESSING TABLES
characteristic of their lovely owners

FOUR DELIGHTFUL AIDS to Beauty—
Pond’s Cold Cream keeps lovely faces fresh, and deeply cleansed. Pond’s Cleansing Tissues remove the cream in an immaculate way. Pond’s Skin Freshener tones, refreshes. Pond’s Vanishing Cream protects and holds your powder.

MAIL THE COUPON with 1¢ for generous sample package of Pond’s Cold Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener and Vanishing Cream.

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... and yet THEY SATISFY

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
How the Searching Camera's Eye showed screen stars a simple way to accentuate shapeliness of ankle and leg... by wearing a certain type of hosiery

Claire Windsor
Tiffany-Stahl Productions
has chosen this fascinating creation... with an adorable Picot Top

Recently while making screen tests to find the most effective combination in dress, movie stars and directors discovered that shapeliness of ankle and leg could be enhanced to a marked degree by an utterly new type of hosiery.

They discovered that a slender ankle appeared to be even more slender. That the natural curve of the leg became more graceful and appealing. That the harsh lines of the knee molded into soft, rounded lines.

Now, noted stars of the screen are rapidly turning to this new type of hosiery. Claire Windsor has chosen this exquisitely beautiful Allen-A style.

The sheerest of chiffon—silk from top to toe—with an adorable Picot Edge around the top in contrasting color. Full-fashioned to hug the ankle and leg most engagingly.

The silken foot has special reinforcements at the sole and both the sides and top of the toe. Invisible even when worn with "cut-out" slippers. Thus with all of its beauty and sheerness, this hose is remarkably serviceable.

You will find this lovely Allen-A creation at your dealer's in all the newest shades. Ask for it by style number—3712. Only $1.05 the pair. Those who prefer the very sheerest of sheer silk from top to toe will find this same delightful style in number 3710 at $2.50 the pair.

If your dealer does not carry it, simply send us his name—a postcard will do—and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, Kenosha, Wisconsin

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for Men, Women and Children

*The same hosiery styles shown in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 35th St., and other New York Stores—are available at Allen-A dealers everywhere. Priced from $.50 to $3.00 the pair.

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have your questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary to avoid questions that carry for another long answers, such as synopses of plays important. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario written, or studio employment, write on only one side of the envelope. Sign your full name and address. Only initial will be sufficient.

CARLES H., AUBURN, Ala.—Sue Carol is twenty years old. I am no Beatrice Fairfax as I can't tell you how to go about asking Sue to marry you. Why go to Hollywood for a friend? Surely there are some nice looking folks there in Auburn.

J., New Jersey.—Now here's a fellow who appreciates home talent. I'll give you a tip. The good looking girls aren't in Cali- fornia, as anyone knows who has spent a week or two in your own Atlantic City. Billie Dove is forty-five years old. Clara Bow may be too. The Saint-Famous Lucky Los, Hollywood, Calif., and she wouldn't bat an eye if you wrote her a letter. Arthur was born in Corbin, Ky., in 1905. He is six feet tall, has light hair and blue eyes; and he went into the moving pictures, he led in vaudeville and musical comedy. Racy lad!

R. E. B., Stockton, Calif.—PHOTOPLAY uses pictures of movie stars on its covers.

R. F. P., New Braunfels, Tex.—Tell nephew that he is wrong. It was Charles, not “Buddy” Rogers, who played the part of Mary Astor in “The Rough Riders.”

OLA FRANKOWSKA OF POLAND.—Your English is perfect and your hand-writing is a treat to read. This time I think he is a swell young man. I'm Banky is that lady's real name. Ben's new picture is “The Air Legion.” Said Colman and Lily Damita will make a debut together in “The Rescue.”

URY B., Richmond, Ind.—Colleen Moore's man is John McCormick, the producer, not McCormack, the singer. Note the difference in the way their names are spelled. Julia was born in Richmond, not Indiana, but India. And there was a picture and story of Nils Asther in the October issue of PHOTOPLAY.

L. McI., Beaumont, Tex.—So you know a fact that Jacqueline Logan was born in house you're now living in. But Miss Ann gives her birth-place as Coriscana, as.

H. H., Schenectady, N. Y.—Barry Norton played in “What Price Glory,” “Fleet’s,” “The Four Devils,” and Mother,漹un. She is only twenty-six years old. Barry has light brown hair with eyes that match. Write to him at the William Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Avenue, Hollywood, if.

BUDDEE, Mass.—Roland Drew's real name is Walter Goss. He is not married. John es is thirty years old and that is his real name. You'll see him next in “The Desert Island.” He is married. And Alice Terry is the ex-wife of Rex Ingram.

R. C. Z., Madison, Wis.—Sorry to keep you waiting. Here's your information about the Bushman family. Francis X., Jr., is twenty-six years old; sorry I can't tell you the day and month of his birth. His daughter, Barbara, was born on November 9, 1925. And I can't give out home addresses.

A. M. S., Quakertown, Pa.—Newark, N. J. is correct for the birth-place of Malcolm McGregor.

HELEN S., Toledo, 0.—Bebe Daniels and James Hall were both born in Dallas, Texas. And that is their real names. Bebe has been on the stage since she was a baby. Mr. Hall is divorced from his wife. (Other Hall “fans” please take notice.) Neil Hamilton played opposite Bebe in “Hot News.” Lawrence Gray was the rich boy in “Pajamas.” That is to say, he appeared in the picture called “Pajamas.” And that other question you ask. Roland Drew was the stepbrother in “Ramona.”

JACKIE, Oberon, N. D.—Charmainae was the girl in “What Price Glory,” and played by Renee Adoree. Mary Pickford and Janet Gaynor are five feet tall. Joan Crawford is four inches taller.

A. F. G., Hyattsville, Md.—Just because you were sassy I shouldn't answer your question. But I'll forgive you and tell you that Junior Coghlan's address is the Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.

N. A. B., Pembroke, Ont.—You flatter me; I am not Frederick James Smith. Greta Garbo can write English. That photograph must have been a slip-up. Write to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for a picture of Lon Chaney. Dagmar Godowsky is the daughter of Leopold Godowsky, the famous pianist.

“BOOTS,” Decatur, Ga.—Norma Shearer's name is pronounced exactly as it is spelled. The “shear” is sheer, as in silk stockings. Norma is five feet, three inches tall and weighs 122 pounds. She was born in Montreal, Canada, twenty-four years ago. Married to Irving Thalberg, a movie executive.

J. B. R., Ft. Wayne, Ind.—The beautiful Ruth Taylor is five feet, two inches tall and weighs 102 pounds.

A. C. J., Northampton, Mass.—Pola Negri is in Europe; I believe she is going to make pictures for an English company. Miles McCarthy is on the stage. Fourt Hansen was killed in an automobile accident on June 3, 1927. Both Nita Naldi and Gertrude Olmsted appeared with Rudolph Valentino in “Cobra.” And Karl Dane, as his name indicates, Danish. When a director says “cut,” he means that the scene is finished and the camera can stop grinding.

GARY COOPER was the persistent answer to the question of the month. Gary is twenty-seven years old and has black hair and dark blue eyes.

Now for the others: Greta Garbo is five feet, six inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Her next film will be “A Woman of Affairs,” which is our old friend “The Green Hat.”

Before appearing in “The Four Horsemen,” Rudolph Valentino played in “The Big Little Person,” “A Delicious Little Devil,” “Once to Every Woman,” “All Night,” and “A Society Sensation.”

George Bancroft is forty-six years old and weighs 195 pounds. Lupe Velez is nineteen years old and unmarried.

John Gilbert's latest picture is “The Masks of the Devil.”

Charles Farrell is twenty-six years old, six feet, two inches tall and weighs 190 pounds.

In writing to the stars for photographs, PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

HANNAH S., Eaton, O.—Irene and Lillian Rich are not related. Molly O'Day had the excess poundage on her hips and legs sliced away by an operation. I don't know when she is going back to work. Write to Dorothy Macaulay at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

EMMY S., Chicago, Ill.—Say, lady, I have enough trouble writing answers to other people's questions without making up questions to add to my work. Madame Bellamy played in “Sandy.” Nils Asther first appeared in European productions in 1918, but he only came to this country in 1927. Your other questions are answered elsewhere. That isn't the bunk, is it?

Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such requests in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, and if the addressed envelope must be sent, it is imperative that these requests be complied with in order to insure you receipt of the information you want. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.
Blondes — ... such yet all screen stars

Nine out of ten screen stars keep their skin lovely with Lux Toilet Soap.

An exquisite velvety skin is any girl’s greatest charm, and for the screen star it is all important, leading motion picture directors say.

“I don’t know a single girl without really lovely skin who has won enough of the public to become a star,” says William Beaudine, director for First National.

“Exquisite smooth skin is the all-important asset of the star who must face into the glaring lights of the close-up,” Joan Crawford explains.

The next time you see any of these lovely screen

BLONDES

Marion Davies says: “Deliciously smooth ‘studio skin’ is a great asset. I am delighted with Lux Toilet Soap.”

Esther Ralston, Paramount, says: “Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for keeping the skin delightfully smooth.”

Bebe Daniels, Paramount — “Lux Toilet Soap is such a very great help in keeping the skin smooth and lovely.”

Billie Dove, First National star, says: “I find Lux Toilet Soap delightfully pure and so very refreshing.”

BRUNETTES

Dorothy Mackaill, First National, guards her beauty carefully. “Lux Toilet Soap is lovely for the skin,” she says.

Anna Q. Nilsson, F. B. O. star—“Lux Toilet Soap is a splendid aid in keeping the skin smooth as velvet.”

Lupe Velez, United Artists star, says enthusiastically—“Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps my skin velvety.”

Louise Brooks, Paramount star—“Lux Toilet Soap gives the skin the satin smoothness a star’s skin must have.”
Brunettes - Red-heads - widely varying types

like have the vital appeal of smooth lovely skin

stars in a close-up, notice how smooth Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin. "It gives my skin that beautiful smoothness I thought only fine French soaps gave," Renée Adorée says.

Nine out of ten screen stars are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap, and all the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms.

The exacting screen stars can tell that Lux Toilet Soap is made by the French method. That is why it leaves your skin always so satin smooth. You will also like the way this white, daintily fragrant soap lathers so generously even in hard water!

A few more of the lovely stars who always guard their skin with Lux Toilet Soap . . .

BLONDES
Phyllis Haver—Pathé
Jeanette Loff—Pathé
May McAvoy—Warner Brothers
Gilda Gray—United Artists
Lois Moran—Fox
Mae Murray—Independent
Greta Nissen—Independent
Vera Reynolds—Independent
Ruth Lee Taylor—Paramount
Alice White—First National
Josephine Dunn—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Gwen Lee—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Blanche Sweet—Independent
Eilynn Tashman—Independent
Thelma Todd—First National
Mary Nolan—Universal
Claire Windsor—Tiffany-Stahl
Priscilla Bonaventure—Independent
Rita Carewe—Independent
Kathryn Carver—Paramount
Mary McAlister—Independent

Mae Busch—Independent
Ivy Harris—Paramount
Kathleen Key—Independent
Dorothy Revier—Columbia
Lucila Mendez—F. B. O.

RED-HEADS
Mary Astor—First National
Sally Eilers—Mack Sonnet—Pathé
Merna Kennedy—United Artists
Jacqueline Logan—Pathé
Majorette Beebe—Fox
Audrey Ferris—Warner Brothers
Dorothy Gulliver—Universal
Margaret Livingston—Columbia
Myrna Loy—Warner Brothers
Blanche McHaffey—Independent
Sally Phillips—Fox
Ethelene Clair—Universal
Doris Hill—Paramount
Jocelyn Lee—Independent
Ann Rork—First National
Elinor Fair—Pathé

BRUNETTES
Madge Bellamy—Fox
Olivia Browne—Independent
Mary Duncan—Fox
Marie Prevost—Pathé
Aileen Pringle—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Irene Rich—Independent
Dorothy Sebastian—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Lucy de Parti—Columbia
Sally O'Neil—Tiffany-Stahl
Alma Rubens—Independent
Virginia Valli—Independent
Lina Basquette—Pathé
Anne Cornwall—Christie-Paramount
Alberta Vaughn—F. B. O.
Fay Webb—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Barbara Bedford—Independent

Eleanor Boardman, M. G. M.
star—"Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for the very smooth skin a screen star must have."

BROWN HAIR
Evelyn Brent—Paramount
Betty Bronson—Warner Brothers
Sue Carol—Independent
Betty Compson—Independent
Doris Kenyon—First National
Patricia Raff Miller—Independent
Mary Philbin—Universal
Estelle Taylor—Independent
Lola Wilson—Columbia
June Collyer—Fox
Anita Stewart—Independent
Marcette Day—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Beulah Love—Independent
Jobyna Ralston—Independent
Fay Wray—Paramount
Agnes Ayres—Independent

LUX Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50c and $1.00 the cake . . . Now

10c

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Shadow Stage

[continued from page 55]

INSPIRATION—Excellent

HERE is another good story gone wrong. Somebody has made an out and out burlesque of it, and might have been a fascinating picture. A dancing girl, a sailor, and a derelict artist are thrown together in the colorful atmosphere of Port Said. The artist returns to America to claim a fortune and a fiance, and the dancer tags along. A thousand complications follow.

MUST WE MARRY?—Trinity

IT seems there was a kid named Kenneth who had so much money that two girls wanted to marry him. They both claimed to be his twin. The poor boy just kept running away from women for six years. Imagine his embarrassment when he discovered that one of the girls loved him for himself alone! Pauline Garon was that girl. They couldn't have made it much worse if they had tried.

MARKED MONEY—Pathé

A RATHER wholesome story wound around the experience of a youngster who is willing to an old sea captain. The fact that he brings with him a small fortune makes him welcome. Of course, everybody is after the money, which gives the usual opportunity for comedy, melodrama and what have you. George Duryea and Virginia Bradford work for romance; Tom Kennedy gets the laughs without effort.

THE CHARGE OF THE GAUCHOS—FBO

A GLAMOROUS but not awfully exciting adventure picture of the Argentine pampas, based on the Battle of Salta, in which the gauchos fight and defeat the Spanish royals and established the independence of the Argentine. Francis X. Bushman, as the idol of the people, and Jacque Logan, a beautiful ward of the viceroy, play the leads.

CHEYENNE—First National

A WESTERN... but wait! What a difference, and lots of it! Even the most seasoned cynic will thrill to Ken Maynard's hoof-denting stunts on the Cheyenne rodeo track. The company went north to shoot this film, and the fact that Ken was actually on the world's most famous rodeo grounds, giving a look at the real thing, and bull-leaping, express riding, bronco busting, trick and Roman riding, lends exhilarating zest to his performance. Very horsey!

THE MAN IN HOBBLIES—Tiffany-Stahl

"YOU ain't seen nothin' yet" until you see what a family of in-laws can do to a fellow who is trying to get along. George Archainbaud gives us a picture of this Peter B. Kyne story of the artist who marries a girl and finds himself hobbled with her "loving" family. Lila Lee, Johnnie Harron, Lucien Littlefield and Sunshine Hart are well cast. Refreshing comedy that will be enjoyed by any audience.

BEGGARS OF LIFE—Paramount

The picturization of Jim Tully's life story is good entertainment. The incidents from tramp life are interesting because of their novelty. Louise Brooks and Richard Arden furnish the romance and the manner is new and intriguing. Wallace Beery's song seems to fit the dominating, yet genial, tramp he portrays and sound effects contribute to the realistic atmosphere. Not dull, by any means, politics. Eva Novak is the girl and George Fawcett plays her very, very honest father.

SWEET SIXTEEN—Rayart

ALTHOUGH based on the stuffy old come-to-realize plot, between negligent parent and wayward child, modernism and humor make this picture surprisingly palatable. A child whoub-dub falls for a rose and the family goes to the dogs trying to stem the tide. Nothing short of the card's remark that "marriage is so conventional" convinces that she's acted out of turn. So home to pop, with the usual resolutions. Mild.

PLASTERED IN PARIS—Fox

HERE is the answer to where good plots go when they die. The desert from "Beau Geste," the comedy from "Legionnaires in Paris" and a burlesque harem from a thousand comedies get jumbled into becoming a cemetary of old gags and stupid situations, made less amusing by Sammy Cohen. Nothing could bore you more.

THE CIRCUS KID—FBO

THERE'S not much to recommend in this picture but you'll live through it, and the youngsters will probably like it because it's all about a circus with Frankie Darro as the diminutive clown. Frankie consistently over-acts, however, and the story is so dull that even Joe Brown's gift of humor and pathos fails to make it entertaining.

YELLOW CONTRABAND—Pathé

HERE is a melodrama with no pretension but with scores of thrills. It concerns the smuggling of dope over the Canadian border. There are smugglers, hi-jackers, Internal Revenue officers and what not. The action starts in a cowtown on the border and ends in a raid on a gambling den in Chicago. Leon Maloney is the two-fisted hero who foils the crooks and wins the girl. The children may go.

THE YOUNG WHIRLWIND—FBO

AVIATION is a great break for Western Mail; it appears, must be delivered, and the trusty cloud ship fails there are always the horses. Anyhow, the planes give variety. The situation is slight but it gives Buzz Barton a chance to troupe. Not adult entertainment but it delights the little folks.

STOLEN LOVE—FBO

PHILANTHROPIST producers think up this sort of thing in their tender moments to give starving extras a lunch. Marcelline Day, Blanche Frederici, Owen Moore and Bea Lease are wholly incongruous in this quickie Run, don't walk, to the nearest exit.

THE DEMON RIDER—Davis

NO matter how you look at it, there's nothing original about this Western. Concern itself entirely with the rather quaint escapes of the indefatigable Ken Maynard. The plot's so thick you can't stir it with a shovel.

INTO NO MAN'S LAND—Excellent

EXTRREMELY dull picture, recounting the horrors of war as visited upon an innocent father. It runs true to form—there are no surprises. [continued on page 92]
"Lucky Strikes protect me from an irritated throat."

Herbert Brenon, Voted the Best Motion Picture Director, 1927-1928.

The finest tobacco—long even cut—no dust—"It’s Toasted"—all impurities removed—flavor improved.

"It’s toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

© 1928, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers
She is not as beautiful as many of her more fortunate sisters, but her charm is undeniable. Now Hollywood discovers that her husband is more than interested in an ex-Broadway favorite. The wife displays a gallant bravery. She has invited the other woman to her home, has entertained for her and has appeared in public with the two.

Not a word of complaint has been heard from her, but her eyes have taken on the look of tragedy.

Russell Simpson, who has always prided himself upon his powers of oratory, penned us this one from Salt Lake City, where he recently assisted Ben Lyon and Marie Prevost to film Mormon history:

"I concede the oratory championship to Elder Watson," wrote Russell. "In passing a church which housed a Mormon convention, I noted the following sign: 'Elder Watson will speak at eight o'clock. Bed and breakfast furnished to all visiting delegates.' How can any ordinary orator meet such competition as that?"

Amusing story told on the Gleasons of "Is Zat So?" fame. They were appearing in vaudeville then and when their train broke down many miles from where they were to appear on the evening bill, they commandeered a motor and drove with all speed to the theater, arriving just, as you have guessed, in the nick of time. And very, very tired.

In the act, Jimmy was a burglar; Mrs Jimmy was the burgled. The curtain arose with her in bed.

The curtain arose this night and the burglar entered. Her cue was when he made his appearance. There was no response save that of deep breathing from the bed. Stealthily Jimmy plopped about the room. Still Mrs. Jimmy slept. He shook the bed, gently, to awaken her. Nothing availed. He shook it again. The audience became restless. It dwindled.

Finally Jimmy rattled the bed, desperately, and was rewarded by Mrs. Jimmy's voice, clear as a bell at midnight, saying:

"Hurry up, Jimmy, and come to bed. I'm getting cold."

And the curtain went down with a bang.

Last month we needed rhymes for "Garbo!"

And someone clattered in with "star beau."

All right, you're such a crafty fibert

Dig up another one for "Gilbert"!

[continued on page 86]
Wouldn't You like to have an English Complexion?

You can — just send for Margot Landberg's Brochure

by Anna Q. Nilsson

My wonderful compatriot, Margot Landberg, has now come to America. This is gorgeous news for every woman who treasures and cares for the beauty her complexion . . . I think Margot Landberg knows more about truly scientific beauty-culture than anybody in the world. I say this because of the wonderful system of water-massage she has invented and perfected, which offers to men for the first time a controlled safe form of massage that they can use at home; and which has beautifying virtues far beyond anything I have ever seen or imagined . . . A revelation! And what an inspired genius, what patience, what scientific knowledge and feminine wisdom are behind this creation of hers! . . . But then, let Margot explain it herself, in her own clear, frank way. Send for her lovely brochure, "THE ENGLISH COMPLEXION: how to have it, how to keep it." It will give you more information than anything you have ever read about beauty-culture. Oh, it's so real, so true! What a godsend to women!

Just use the coupon below, that is all. It will bring you the brochure, "THE ENGLISH COMPLEXION: how to have it, how to keep it" — Send the coupon to Margot Landberg, 1 East 53rd Street, New York City.

Dear Margot Landberg:

Please send me your booklet, "THE ENGLISH COMPLEXION." This is without obligation to me.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

Expiration date: [June 1936]
THE talkies are responsible for a whole dictionary full of new slang. Here is some of it.

Bloop—a voice that blasts in recording.
Sizzle—a voice that accents “S” sounds.
Telly—a voice that sounds as if the speaker were talking through a barrel.
Mike-dumb—an actor who doesn’t know how to speak correctly into the microphone.
Mike-wise—one who does.
Sandpaper-tenor—a voice so high that it makes a rasping tenor.
Musky—indistinct.

This scientific terminology should give the proofreaders something to do in their spare moments. It includes such jaw breakers as microphonic, ambrothimophonic, lissophonic, euclisophonic and hypermesosonic.

Is no tradition sacred in this jazz age? Richard Barthelmess, shooting scenes at Catalina for his new ocean opera, “Scarlet Seas,” jerked open the captain’s closet door and out fell—a golf bag!

VIRGINIA BRADFORD, youthful Pathe player, has taken unto herself a third husband. This time it is none other than the English writer, Cedric Belfrage.

Perhaps Cedric hadn’t any idea he could persuade the winsome Virginia to sign the contract. At any rate, when they reached the Mexican city where the ceremony was performed, he found himself short of cash. After the officiating magistrate had been paid, there was less than one dollar to spend on the honeymoon trip to Hollywood. So, for the wedding luncheon they had only hot dogs.

“Won’t you take a stroll down the Avenue?” sings Harry Spear to Mary Ann Jackson, both members of “Our Gang.” After a tour of the movie theaters of the country, the Gang has returned to the studio — and school

CAPTAIN JOHN LODER, a recent importation from London, startled the film colony by bearing down upon it minus an English accent. In fact, he speaks much less British than the average motion picture star. All he has to do to acquire a few “cawnts” and “hawlfs” is to play in a picture with Nancy Carroll.

Miss Carroll, of New York City, has a more pronounced accent than Captain Loder, from London.

BILLY HAINES has paid dearly for being much too hasty.
Came that zero hour when the option on his contract with M-G-M, was or was not to be renewed. No one said anything about it to Billy, so he stepped right out and signed up with one J. D. Williams, now an English producer, but formerly head of First National. A few days later, the studio told him the option was being taken up and Billy had to beat himself to buy back the contract from Williams who, by the way, made a tidy sum on the deal.

BARRYMORE-ESQUE difficulties in the Carmel Myers’ domicile. Carmel was posing for some informal pictures at home and it was arranged that one scene was to be taken before the fireplace with the maid serving tea. Lights were adjusted, the camera placed, Carmel seated, when the maid discovered that the picture couldn’t possibly be photographed from that angle.

It revealed her least attractive profile.

MILTON SILLS and Doris Kenyon Sills were showing guests the garden of their Brentwood home.

“Ah, it looks so wild and natural,” murmured one of the feminine guests in admiration.

“And it takes a lot of cultivation to make it appear that wild,” answered Milton.

Gossip of All the Studios [CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]
Swiftly—surely—dramatically—Warner Bros. VITAPHONE has revolutionized the whole world of entertainment.

It has transformed the screen from a silent shadow to a LIVING thing—vivid and vibrant with the voices and emotions of living people.

The Talking picture—yesterday a dream—has been crystallized into reality in VITAPHONE. The vision—the faith of Warner Bros. have wrought this epic accomplishment.

And now VITAPHONE brings to you the outstanding marvel of twentieth century entertainment—

See and hear **DOLORES COSTELLO** in "NOAH'S ARK" with **GEORGE O'BRIEN**

Most tremendous dramatic spectacle since the birth of motion pictures. Vast pageantry of moving masses of human beings. Epic love depicted against the shifting backgrounds of two worlds. The climax—the Deluge—ringing down the curtain on earth's most dissolute age!

"NOAH'S ARK"—see it—HEAR it—through VITAPHONE.
HOLLYWOOD'S annual panic—the talkies, of course. This time there is real cause for concern. The producers are signing up stage players at a terrific rate and the regular picture players—especially the lesser lights—are not finding themselves in great demand. All the preference is being given the more experienced players who have had stage experience. Beauty and a camera face doesn't count for as much as a good voice and ability to speak lines.

THE wags have changed the title of "Mysterious Island." Now they're calling it "Twenty Million Dollars Under the Sea," because it cost so much and is still in uncertain shape.

RAGUEL TORRES won't be able to use her right hand for a week. She accompanied Eva von Bern to the preview of Eva's first picture, "The Mask of the Devil." The Austrian girl had never seen herself on the screen and she held Raquel's hand with icy fingers during the ordeal. Raquel remembered when she had sat through her first preview at the same theater, the Westlake. A sweet friendship has sprung up between the girls, the one from Mexico, the other from Vienna.

PEGGY HAMILTON, Hollywood's model of fashion and of form, entertained a number of stars at the recent air meet. Julia Faye, Claire Windsor, Belle Bennett and many others flew from one field to the other, landing right at the foot of the grandstand in a burst of applause. The stars took it big, bowing right and left. Kisses were tossed about from the tips of dainty fingers. The audience clapped and cheered and the stars bowed again until a husky voice from the grandstand shouted: "Hey, get off the field. We ain't interested in movie actors. We're yelling for Lindbergh. He's doing his stunts in the air."

Doing their daily two dozen, Margaret Lee and Kathryn Crawford have their own exercise club. It is more fun to keep in trim when you have company. And it eliminates cheating. This little stunt is guaranteed to reduce two waistlines at once.

James Ford of Lawrence, Mass., began as an extra in "The Divine Lady." Corinne Griffith noticed his work and he was promoted to a small rôle. In her next picture, "Outcast," Ford is the juvenile lead, and First National has placed him under contract.

DONALD REED plays the juvenile lead in "Hari-Boiled" but he doesn't qualify for a picture by that name. When questioned as to how he spent his leisure hours, he astounded.

"Me? Evidently you don't know about my baby. Wh Diana is only six months old and she says 'Mammy.' She never cries. She . . . she . . . she . . ."

We walked away while he was still expounding her virtues. And some stars are afraid to tell the fans they are married.

WALLACE McDoNALD declares that it is the ambition of every movie extra to be cast as the "echo" in a talkie.

PROBABLY the prize freak accident of all time is that which happened to Raoul Walsh, the director, while on location in Utah.

Carry your radio set in your handbag and get all the football games. The tiniest set in the world was made by Kemper and presented to Norma Shearer. There is a photograph of Miss Shearer set in a glass frame at the base.
That Extra Beauty

Which Makes Movie Stars

Certain women appear distinguished. Not because of make-up or cosmetics. There is an extra, fundamental beauty, due to a clear, clean, radiant skin.

Screen stars know its importance. The greatest beauty aid in Movieland is Boncilla Clasmic Pack.

Beauty experts know it. In fifty countries they regard Boncilla as the foundation of beauty.

Multitudes of women know it. You see them everywhere—girls with multiplied beauty, women with new youth. Just because they spend 30 minutes, twice a week with Boncilla Clasmic Pack.

You, too, should know it. There is no other way to do so much, so quickly, for the skin.

How You Can Charm ~ TONIGHT

If you wish to look your best this evening, do this in preparation. Your friends will then meet a new YOU. And you will be surprised at yourself.

Apply Boncilla Clasmic Pack to the face and neck. Rest while it dries. You will feel it draw from the skin all that logs and mars it. The dirt and grime, ead skin and hardened oil, will be literally absorbed. The causes of blackheads and blemishes come out. The skin will be cleansed to the depths.

You will feel the blood drawn to the surface, to nourish and revive the skin. Then wash off the Boncilla and see what change has come.

Cheeks Like Roses

You will see a radiant glow, an animated look. You will see a skin that is clear and clean. You will feel a skin soft and smooth. You will have an ideal foundation for the creams and powder, but you will rarely need the rouge.

Older women see additional results. Little lines disappear, wrinkles are combated. Enlarged pores are reduced. Sagging muscles are made firmer. Many women, in those 30 minutes, seem to drop ten years.

Looking your best you will feel your best. Learn how this simple, easy method glorifies an evening.

Follow the Stars

This is done by the stars of the stage, the screen and society. It is done by beauty experts the world over. There is no other way. Boncilla is the only Clasmic Pack.

After the Clasmic Pack they apply Boncilla Cold Cream, and wipe it off. Then Boncilla Vanishing Cream as a powder base. Then the exquisite Boncilla Powder of the proper shade.

ONE WEEK TEST

BONCILLA—Indianapolis, Ind.

Mail me a one-week treatment of Boncilla with the three helps which go with it—four samples. I enclose a dime.

Name

Address

If you live in Canada, mail coupon with 10c to Canadian Boncilla Laboratories, Ltd., 77 Peter Street, Toronto
"I wish you would examine then, that rapier, Seibert," directed Chief of Detectives Smith. "Is it the one you used when rehearsing the death scene?" His eyes riveted sharply upon the director. There was a palpitant second and then Seibert stepped forward, bent down by the body and made to take the rapier in his hand.

"Don't touch it!" said Smith sharply.

"Pardon, I was forgetting. You will want prints."

"Looks to me like they were there right now! Look at those kids, begging for sweets... and those people playing those queer, lively games..."

"Those are the extra people. They are not so hard to get worked up. They respond to such things. They lift their parts. I half do a kidding for the extra people. They are sincere. It is the stars I was thinking of... they often get... vat you call... blase! They want to kid all the time! They are so sure of themselves, you see. They know they can snap into the action as soon as the camera starts."

He put his fat, jewelled hand on Smith's arm.

"Come, we will talk as we go along. But I would like to impress upon you that those people must not... they must not get a hint that there is a murderer loose on this lot... a dead man on that stage! I want you to speak to your men about not saying a word."

Smith stepped in his tracks, and turned to look into the president's eyes.

"That's three times you have made that statement," heruminated thoughtfully.

"Vat statement?"

"That the murderer is loose on this lot. Rosenthal, are you keeping something from me?"

The president turned quickly, wondering eyes upon him.

"Vy no... certainly I haff not been keeping something from you. I haff told you all I know, about everything! Myself, I do not know why I say that. It is a... feeling!"

"Uhh!" Smith nodded, understandingly.

"Intuition is another name for it. You have said that three times without conscious knowledge of meaning it. I've had the same feeling myself! And what's more, I know of more than one murder-mystery that has been solved by following that little 'feeling'... intuition!"

"You mean... just by guessing?"

"Not consciously guessing, no... but by acting upon some thought that keeps thrusting itself into a person's brain, or speech, involuntarily. Just as you have demonstrated. You did not realize you were saying that—did you? No. I thought not. You could not have worked out such a theory..."

"I haff not tried to work it out at all. That is your job! Anyways, I haff been so worried over it, I haff just—veil, just worried, I guess..."

He finished naively. Then, "Mein Gott, I tell you, Mr. Smith, I haff nefer felt so terrible offer anything in my life! To see that man lying there... I tell you it was terrible! I told you I vas afraid for my life for a long time afterwards, and that is the truth... me... in my own studio, I should be afraid like a little boy in the dark!"

"I understand that, too," replied Smith seriously, not displaying or feeling any derision of the other's professed cowardice.

"Instinctively we all fear death. That why one of the big tests of a person's innocence is bringing him into contact with his suppos victim, or something that victim has won. It brings the idea of death to him. He is afraid of that other dead human, because reminds him that he also must die! He shuns from the thought, and, subsequently, he shuns physically from the contact."

He took out his watch and glanced at it.

"Ten-thirty. I presume the coroner has completed his examination, and Detecti Clancy will be more than likely to have the case all solved by this time! In my note asked Mr. Seibert to meet us on the set at o'clock. I would appreciate it if you con me on a little tour about the grounds in the meantime. I want to ask questions and I expect you'd rather answer them yourself, under the circumstances..."

"Mein Gott, yes," replied Rosenthal quickly.

On their way they walked through a crowd of holiday makers.

"Bonet is already shooting. Don't look the cameras. They are on the left. Vey...""walk along like ve was just sight-seeing vid the rest... Not so fast... nothing is ch ing us, you know..."

For involuntarily Smith had quickened pace. An instant, and new respect, for [continued on page 118]
his mishap came in the nature of a jack-

ny. Walsh was driving her husband from

a National Park to Cedar City at night.

the rabbit, blinded by the glare of the head-

lights, misjudged his leaps and came hurtling

through the windshield. Walsh’s face was badly cut. The misused

camera.

DULLETT's comment was that the rabbit simply

hadn’t been able to look before it leaped.

RECENTLY Phyllis Haver visited her old

home town. It was a great treat to go back

to Douglas, Kansas, the place she had dreamed

of all these years.

perhaps nine hundred of the one thousand

obtained turned out to see her. She was

simply entertained in her uncle’s home. Little

ink Haver, a cousin, eyed her earnestly for a

time. Finally she piped out clearly:

What’s so wonderful about her? She doesn’t

peek my eye out; she’s just like the rest of

us.

NE COFFER is the envy of the film

business. No, it’s not what you think at all.

true, Prince George did manifest more than

raising interest in her, to the annoyance of her

screen luminaries.

but the thing all the girls do envy is that

he maintains his alluring figure without

stking

one’s problem is to find some other girl

chasing the Montmartre who will join her in

selling French pastry.

CK MULLHALL was once a Western star,

tough he doesn’t look it and didn’t then.

He was playing on the stage in New York

when a producer approached him with an offer

cntact.

I want to star you in a new type of picture,”

producer declared, and Jack, elated, signed

t contract.

When he got to Hollywood he discovered

that the “new type” of picture was neither

more nor less than a series of Westerns. Jack

had never seen a ranch, ridden a horse, nor

ood a steer, but he made thirteen five-reel

westerns in one year.

No wonder his countenance beams since he

has been elevated to stardom in a different

type picture.

Reels of great men all remind us

All the tough luck’s not our own.

Thank heaven we’ll not leave behind

us

Dumb cracks on the Movietone!

ERTINENT comment on the state of

things ten years ago when Gibo Corrado, of

No, Italy, signed his contract with

ristie Comedies.

“You will have to change your name,” he

is informed. “Get some good old American

name. A foreign name is a handicap.”

Forthwith he became Coren Casey, stlawt

of America. And how, it might be re-

traced, the old order changed, with every

step bringing a “new foreign discovery.”

Gibo, his own name restored, is now playing

as with Douglas Fairbanks in the sequel

“The Three Musketeers.”

IST when Hollywood was going into the

silence in preparation for the wedding of

ith Roland and Ben Bard, Ruth told friends

that they planned to marry quietly, go to

millionaire on a honeymoon and have a recep-

tion upon their return.

This is a bitter blow to what we laughingly

Gossip of All the

STUDIOS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

De Luxe
Golden
State
Limited

August 8, 1923

Rock Island Railroad, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen

One of the most astounding things in this country is the

railroad, and of all American trains, I think the Golden

State Limited is the most remarkable.

Recently I traveled East on it, and I never saw such com-

fort and luxury on any of my journeys.

If I were to describe all the amazing and delightful conven-

tiences to folks in Russia, they would never believe me.

You truly have a wonderful train in the Golden State Limited.

Sincerely yours,

De Luxe

Golden
State
Limited

August 8, 1923

Rock Island Railroad, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen

One of the most astounding things in this country is the

railroad, and of all American trains, I think the Golden

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You truly have a wonderful train in the Golden State Limited.

Sincerely yours,

Rock Island Railroad, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen

One of the most astounding things in this country is the

railroad, and of all American trains, I think the Golden

State Limited is the most remarkable.

Recently I traveled East on it, and I never saw such com-

fort and luxury on any of my journeys.

If I were to describe all the amazing and delightful conven-

tiences to folks in Russia, they would never believe me.

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You truly have a wonderful train in the Golden State Limited.

Sincerely yours,
Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

A Smart Dressing Table and

Elizabeth Arden

Millions of women everywhere—in America, France, England, Germany, Italy, Spain—have found Elizabeth Arden’s Venetian Toilet Preparations essential for correct home care of the skin. These are some of Miss Arden’s exquisite necessities that no smart dressing table would be without.

FOR CLEANSING
Venetian Cleansing Cream. Melts into the pores, rid them of dust and impurities, leaves the skin soft and receptive. $1, $1.50, $6.

FOR TONING
Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic. Tones, firms and whitens the skin. To be used with Cleansing Cream. $1, $2, $3, $5, $8.
Venetian Special Astringent. For relaxed cheeks and neck. Lids and strengthens tissues, tightens the skin. $2.25, $4.

FOR NOURISHING
Venetian Muscle Oil. A penetrating oil rich in the elements which restore sunken tissues or flabby muscles. $1, $1.50, $4.
Venetian Orange Skin Food. Keeps the skin full and firm, rounds out wrinkles, lines and hollows. Indispensable for a thin face. $1, $1.50, $2.25, $5.
Ardena Velva Cream. A delicate cream for sensitive skins, Recommended for a full face, as it soothes and softens the skin without tainting. $1, $2.

FOR QUICK AFTERNOON TREATMENT
Venetian Anti-Wrinkle Cream. Fills in fine lines and wrinkles, leaves the skin smooth and firm. Excellent for an afternoon treatment at home. $2, $3.50.

Elizabeth Arden’s Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at the safest shops.

THE SHADOW STAGE

The Shadow Stage (continued from page 82)

THE AIR MAIL PILOT—Superlative

Not a single logical moment! In its way it’s a saga of the Air Mail Service, but remarkably poor direction nearly ruins it. Every technique in the aviation drama is carelessly violated: mechanics smoke at the gas tank; the propeller starts of its own accord; the pilots stumby for grandstand play and pull countless other inanities.

COURT-MARTIAL—Columbia

Jack Holt and Betty Compson are teamed in this serious yet lively adventure picture. Jack is a dashing Union captain sent to capture the most notorious raider in the Quakerz, during the Civil War. His quarry turns out to be Betty, daring and fearless leader of a guerilla band. Your know the rest.

THE PRICE OF FEAR—Universal

This picture is solid proof that all crimes aren’t perpetrated outside of the studios. This is a perfect example of a well-rounded movie crime, objectively speaking. In the first place, it’s a crook story that’s a crime; the direction is terrible, and the necessary suspense just isn’t. The outstanding crime is Bill Cody as the leading man. Keep away.

MAKING THE GRADE—Fox

This second Fox feature Movietone venture is a rippling success. It is based on George Ade’s story of a small town aristocrat whom love and the gardener’s daughter made into a human being. Edmund Lowe upholds both the Dodsworth traditions; and Lois Moran is honestly more winning than usual. Smooth, fast action for which other talkies have vainly striven.

HEY, RUBE—FOB

Here’s a picture that has real stuff. It flows like a politician’s speech. Chuck-full of color and action and interest. One of the best of the carnival life holds you fascinated to the last foot. Hugh Trevor gives an excellent performance as the “gyp artist” on the wheel of chance. Worth seeing.

THE SINGAPORE MUTINY—FOB

Oh, whiter are we drifting? Why, out to sea on a big ship, where big men stoke coal and attack lady passengers. But there’s a little boy stowaway and he’s good—he’s just good inside—and the dancer is bad—it’s just bad inside. But everybody gets good at the last, even the big coal stoker. Estelle Taylor is talented—Isn’t she a pity that she is hand such vehicles.

RETRIBUTION—Warners

In spite of the fact that this Vitaphone offering is being heralded as Henry B. Walthall “famous playlet,” it turns out to be a limp warm combination of morbid melodrama a forced, coy comedy. Walthall does nothing on the Vitaphone, and Tom McGuire has a fine voice but the two of them are hopelessly feated here by the script.

HOMESICK—Fox

Curly-Headed Sammy Cohen comes full of California, and all the way from New York on a bicycle if you please. That is, when he isn’t, Sammy has been carrying on a con, spoofing the courts, and looting in the days’ poker game gives him a chance to come California for the girl. He never gets her, but his maneuvers get laughs.

BITTER SWEETS—Peerless

A young heiress returns from Europe find herself a impoverished orphan. Stone broke, she takes work as a confident agent in a private detective. It seems the lady’s letters are being held by a mad, but girl detective gets the man she’s after, and she isn’t after. Hence the title. Humor but quite convincing melodrama.

THE AIR LEGION—FOB

Remember Mark Twain’s man abo whom they could discover nothing very good and nothing particularly bad? That is the way this picture strikes us. A story of air mail service—surely an up-to-the-minute theme—but the characters are not clearly defined, the action is slow, the romance does not move us, and the airplane thrills are missing.

RUNAWAY GIRLS—Columbia

One of those stuffy melodramas with moral—and such an old, old moral serious-minded young lady returns from o lce to find her parents in the throes of sex childhood and the jazz age. Indignant, she runs away, only to be unwittingly taken in by some gentlemen who traffic in mistress virtue. Quite unrel, and noticeably lack in humor.

COME AND GET IT—FOB

That youthful dynamo of energy, B. Steele, scores in his newest adventure classic. He’s a Navy boxing champ who makes some Chinese thieves take the count.
get more confidential with yourself

one of these days when you are in the mood to be honest with yourself, take your hand mirror to the brightest window and critically study your skin. is it the faults of the creams you that minute imperfections are all too evident? very probably not. for never before have you had such fine complexion aids as are offered you today. rather these imperfections prove that no creams, no lotions can "do it all." you must help and the greatest single thing you can do for your complexion is to keep yourself internally clean. true beauty comes from within, as the fashionable women of europe have long realized. each year they journey to the famous springs of vichy, wiesbaden, carlsbad where they regain their beauty and health by drinking the saline waters.

you, in your own home, have a practical equivalent, one of the greatest beauty aids in all the world—your bottle of sal hepatica.

sal hepatica is very similar to the natural springs of the continent. by clearing your blood stream, it helps your complexion. it gets at the source by eliminating poisons and acidity. that is why it is so good for headaches, colds, twinges of rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

sal hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within half an hour. get a bottle today. see how this wonderful saline treatment can make you feel better, look better, be better!

sal hepatica

30c, 60c, and $1.20

bristol-myers co., dept. 0128
71 west street, new york, n. y.

kindly send me the free booklet that explains more fully the benefits of sal hepatica.

name

address

city

state

when you write to advertisers please mention photoplay magazine
Motoring Beauty Hints

[continued from page 69]

and the bill came to $25. It happened one day after she had come from a swim. The sand from her shoes got into the gears. Well, Anita is as clever as she is pretty, so she conceived the idea of having a shoe brush attached to the running board of the car. She uses it not only after a swim, but finds it serviceable when she is all dressed up and wants a quick shine. The brush cost just 25 cents. This business of having nice looking shoes when you step out of a car confronts every feminine motorist. There are various heel guards on the market, but Doris Dawson pre-

When she starts for the smart tea party she takes the twin pins from the crown of her hat, rolls back the floppy brim into dashing lines and pins brim to crown at the sides. When the drive is finished, she takes down the brim and repins the ornaments in a V shape on the crown of her hat.

This not only serves the goddess of chic, but it may prevent accidents as well. However, Barbara Kent, with her auto contrivance, won’t be a favorite with the officers. Over the horn on the wheel of her car is attached a small vanity box. When the box is closed the horn

ners an entirely different method. She carries an extra pair of nicely polished, well healed slippers on an elastic band stretched across the inside of the door. The slippers are placed in shoe trees and keep their shape perfectly. Then she can wear her oldest slippers and not care a prop-boy’s damn much how much she has to manipulate the brakes.

Correct from head to foot while motoring—that seems to be the motto of the stars. Jean Arthur has solved the picture hat and the top-down roadster problem with an idea as unique as it is chic. All of us who drive have cursed loudly or silently, according to our standards of being a lady, when that big floppy hat lashed its brim across our face just when we were making a tricky left-hand turn. So give a cheer for Jean.

Two rhinestone and pearl pins do the trick.

works. Barbara has promised that she’ll use the powder puff only when the car is standing still.

Mary Brian’s cape for driving is quite decorative, but its real purpose is utilitarian. I protects her dainty frocks from the dust that would to collect on the seat of a car. Sma little Mary—it saves her many a cleaner’s bill. Made of dark silk, it is large enough to cover the entire costume and when she arrives at her destination it may be folded into a small package and put into the pocket of the car, so that it is always handy and ready for service.

According to Lina Basquette and Doroth Dwan, half the battle for beauty is won whe one is comfortable. But Lina, being a fastidious young woman, won’t have your plain

Gifts of Leather that indelibly distinguish the giver

HERE are gifts that will last and improve with the using. Let Meeker Made leather accessories of imported Steerhide solve your gift problems. In them you find the utmost in utility combined with the utmost in rare beauty. That’s why they make gifts that are always cherished.

Any Meeker Made ladies handbag—under arm or vanity may be selected with certainty of its appropriateness. For each item in the Meeker line embodies the most modern exclusive design—the smartest shape and style—a dominant, up-to-the-minute fittings.

AND for the men, Meeker offers exclusive designs in individual bill folds, key cases, attractive money or Bond Gift Sets... two piece or three.

Meeker Made finest quality leather goods are tooled, hand-colored, hand-lined and upholstered of genuine, imported Steerhide. Displayed by better dealers everywhere.

Smart Leather Gifts from the shops of The MEEKER COMPANY, Inc. Joplin, Missouri

Largest Manufacturers of Steerhide Leather Goods in the U.S.A.

Great invention of Jean Arthur for solving the problem of how to wear a floppy hat in an open roadster. Prevents accidents, traffic jams and bad language. Jean catches up the brim with rhinestone pins that are also used as ornaments when the hat is worn picture style

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
dinary driving pillows for her back. No sir, she insists upon using a dainty one of silk, lace lined. However, the cover is detachable and may be replaced by others when necessary. The back seat of Dorothy Dwan's car is a most pleasant in summer time by an electric fan, which Dorothy declares is an absolute necessity for a closed machine. Of course, the stars take the greatest precautions from the wind and sun when they hire. Those who want a coat of tan—so fashionable this year—cover their faces and arms with a bit of olive oil and those who insist upon being fair and old-fashioned use a light sponger of cold cream under the powder. The strange part about it is that most of the chauffeurs, whose sole duty seems to be to cart their friends about. For the most part, these modern Hollywood misses drive their own gas buggies.

"Right This Way, Please"

[Continued from page 63]

did not lull her to sleep on nights when she was too tired to rest. But it was all necessary for a father who grew petulant and more wan as the days aged on. Raquel had no notion of ever becoming one of the beautiful creatures upon whom she sailed and to whom she bowed every opening night. She was simply an usherette in a Chinese costume. 

"Right this way, please. Are you comfortable? Have this program." 

And then the miracle occurred. Hundreds of girls had been tested for the leading role in "White Shadows in the South Seas." Hundreds of girls had failed. Raquel was small, first-rate, vivacious. She was given a test and chosen as the leading lady. She had taken the job as usherette at the Chinese for two reasons, to see the movie stars, to come close range and to support her father. On the day that she, herself, became an actress, her father died and Raquel sailed for the South Sea with a feeling of strangeness and detachment from the world.

MONTHS in the South Seas. Months of relentless, discouraging work. Days lost on account of the heat. Reels of film ruined by the dampness. Two directors had been sent. It was as easy for two directors to make a picture as for two omen to live in the same house. They were rivals.

One came back.

Yet the picture went on. The producers in Hollywood looked worried when "White Shadows" was mentioned. Did they have a picture or didn't they? Monte Blue had sunstroke. Raquel was most drowned. Did they have a picture or didn't they? They had a picture. And a little over a year after the opening of "The King of Kings," a little Mexican girl with black, curly hair stepped out of a limousine at the curb of rauman's Chinese Theater. Lights flashed across the sky. Cameras clicked. Fashion sporters scanned the lines of the figure-fitting pink satin gown with an enormous bouffant skirt of tulle, edged with silver. The onlookers trained at the ropes.

"That's Raquel Torres!"

A little girl in a Chinese costume met her at the door. "Right this way, please, Miss Torres. Are you comfortable? Have this program.

THE GIFT SHE HOPES TO GET

Every woman who loves smart accessories secretly hopes that she may be fortunate enough to count SPANS among her Yuletide gifts. Here is a jeweled creation that will please even "the girl who has everything."

As these sparkling straps are flexible and extend to fit any instep, the purchaser does not have to remember sizes when selecting SPANS.

To be found at shoe stores

... $3.00 to $22.50 a pair

SPANS

For Smart Shoes

B. A. BALLOU & CO., INC., PROVIDENCE, R. I.
Winter Beauty

THE cold biting winds and freezing rains are complexion destroying. Under their parching, roughening effect, Face Powders will not protect your skin nor retain their appearance.

Gouraud’s Oriental Cream imparts a transparent film of exquisite, pearly beauty that fully protects the skin from all weather conditions. The soft, alluring appearance it renders will not “rub off”, streak, spot or show the effects of moisture.

Its highly antiseptic and astringent action is helpful in correcting blemishes, coarse, rough or muddy skins, flabbiness, wrinkles, redness, freckles and similar conditions. You can enjoy a skin and complexion of exceptional beauty at all times through the use of

GOURAUD’S

ORIENTAL CREAM

“Beauty’s Master Touch”

Send 10c. for Trial Size

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON
430 Lafayette Street — New York City

Check Shade desired: White □ Flesh □ Rachel □

Name__________________________

Street__________________________

City___________________________

Exposing the Occult Hokus-Pokus

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

was just a poor girl, and today she’s wealthy.
I told her that she’d rise to the top of the ladder.

Florence Vidor—told her she wouldn’t marry George Fitzmaurice, but that she’d marry an Eastern man who was widely known in his field.

(Florence Vidor only recently married Juscha Heifetz, the famous violinist.)

I know all the stars—they all come to see me,” Dareos went on. “Mabel Normand, Alice and Marchelle, Marla. Claire Windsor, Olive Borden, Jetta Goudal, Joan Crawford—next year is Joan Crawford’s big star year.
There’s talk that she and young Fairbanks will marry, but I don’t see that. No, her great love is yet to come into her life. But there is danger before her—danger of ill health, or accident, next year.

Movie people as a rule are hard to read. They have complex minds—sort of Jekyll-Hyde minds, if you understand—they’re dreamers—half the time they don’t know what they do want—”

I asked him: “Don’t you ever make mistakes? Have you ever made a wrong prophecy?”

“No, that I know of,” he said. He pointed to a strange piece of batik work on the wall—a representation of a figure walking alone in a field of blue—and all about it manner of faces dim and indistinct.

“One I read a young artist. He was too poor to pay me, so he made me that. It represents my mind—working among the other minds,” Dareos explained. Over the door of his office hung a horseshoe, with the Ace of Diamonds within it.

“The horseshoe represents good luck,” he explained when I asked, “and the Ace of Diamonds means wealth will cross the path of him who enters here. Over another door, in there, I have the Ace of Hearts. . . .”

He smiled.

Dareos is unquestionably famous in filmland. Everybody in the movies knows him and everybody in the movies has a tale or two to tell of remarkable forecasts he has made. But I don’t understand whether he made a mistake or whether she just misunderstood him.

“As I remember,” she said, “he told me that I certainly was married—no, not that I would not! He told me this was the great love of my life—and I believe him.”

AND Eleanor Boardman added a word about Dareos that indicates there may have been a slip of the tongue, or crossed wires in spirit land when she interviewed Dareos.

“He told me,” she said, “that my baby would be a boy.” On November 25, 1927, a baby was born to Eleanor—who is Mrs. King Vidor, you know. It was a girl. But perhaps Dareos didn’t mean “boy” at all, but—no, not that I would not! He told me this was the great love of my life—and I believe him.”

AND Mrs. Charles Allen Brinque with the story how she first saw Dareos. He told her a lot of true things—but I believe there was some trouble in getting started on the right track.

“He didn’t seem to recognize me when I first went in,” she explained, “but as soon as I had heard me talk, he said he thought I was born England. As a matter of fact I was born San Francisco. I told him he was wrong, and then he let me talk a little, and I gave him a tip that he couldn’t seem to get through to the right psychic control something, until after I had told him my name and my age. Then he got a light on me, and the next thing I knew, he was studying the chart, giving me my own feelings, including the fact that I had played Thr Wed Weeks! It was really remarkable!”

AND then there is the merry little jest that played on Dareos just the other day.
Now I know Dareos has a sense of humor, but I must have—so he probably get a laugh out of himself.

You see, Katherine is one of Photoplay staff writers, and she wondered if Dareos was psychic enough to pierce a disguise. She disguised herself as a little girl looking for a friend. She went in and saw Dareos. He had come from the South after she told him that “folk-songs whine away come from deep, Southern roots.”

Then he asked her what she wanted, and she told him she wanted to get into the pictures.

“He looked at this awful pan of mine,” she said, “and the ultra-modest Katherine, and her skepticism at once. He told me that I’d be successful on the stage.

But I have my heart set on pictures, told him. And I asked him whether there’d be many heartaches, I would succeed in the pictures in three years.

If you go to have a screen test tomorrow, I told him, you ought to get another one; you oughtn’t to wear that lavender hat with that blue dress. Get yourself a white hat, I told him I would, and he told me that the ring would cost me five dollars, and it did.”

NOW wasn’t that a jolly little joke, Dareos?

Quite a different atmosphere from Dare knowing what of suite of offices and lack hocus-pocus and theatricalism is that Rainey’s establishment at 1217 South Hob St in Los Angeles.

But it’s between. “And this is Harry T. Rainey,” Rainey’s, “though Rainey, but it’ll never call him anything but Rainey. His house is a ordinary frame house, with a sign on it front proclaiming It The Spiritualist Church. God, and that Mrs. Delina Rainey when she is pass thereof. If you telephone for an appointment, the number is Empire 3792, by way—a female voice answers.
“This is Rainey’s secretary speaking.” You asked for an appointment. “Rainey makes no appointments,” she informs you curtly. “He reads his letters at ten in the morning. Get here bright and take your place in line...”

He wasn’t giving any readings at all the day when a young lady went to see him. He strode up the steps and pushed the door open while she waited for an answer, she skirted through an open window into a room where stood an unmade bed with a pink corset and a pink “brassie” lying on it. After five minutes, a young negro girl with a ledger book in her hand came to the screen door. She didn’t open it.

RAINEY’S not giving readings today,” she said, “Come back tomorrow at eight and see a chance of seeing him. He’s going on a reaction the next day.”

Those who have taken Rainey’s readings by his tale, thin, mulatto who works in a room with shades drawn.

Joan Crawford places faith in him, she admits.

“The minute I went into his room,” she said, “he put his hand to his head and moaned because he was suffering intensely. It seems this was an experience of his own sufferings...” He told her that she and young Fairbanks could be married this year, and that this was the greatest love of her life.

Well, he’s probably right. Early in September, the newspapers of the country carried the pen announcement of the Crawford-Fairbanks elopement. But before that, all Hollywood and Los Angeles, for that matter, knew all about it. And Rainey, in the course of his business, was to talk with a number of Hollywood cognoscenti.

Right here it might be mentioned by the way, that there is talk among Hollywoodians of the “big time” fortune tellers of Hollywood, that Hollywood maintains a corps of paid informers and spies among the stars and gathering places of the elite of illudum. It’s their job to pick up and collect every bit of information and gossip they can get about anybody and everybody in the pictures and turn it in so that their masters may have the data at their fingers tip when those persons come in for a reading, it’s aid. I can’t verify that story at all, and you’ll just have to figure it out for yourself.

Now let’s see about some of these others who tell fortunes and give readings.

THERE’S Nina Zimpel, whose faithful booster Albert Conti is. Albert makes no secret whatever of his belief in Nina’s doings. He consults her monthly, and she makes out charts and proceedings for him—charts to which he very frequently refers and by which he guides his weekly and daily doings.

Nina holds forth at Venice, that town of canals along the beach west of Los Angeles. Alice White believes in her; when Alice was still a script girl, Nina told her that she’d go to Hollywood one day. Naturally, now that she’s one of the stars, Alice believes quite firmly in Nina’s forecasts.

It was Nina, too, who was visited by that group of college boys who were chosen by First National from universities across the country for film try-outs. They all had a horoscope reading at Nina’s place and Nina told them that John Westwood of the whole twelve of them would be a success. She was right.

“Humph!” I didn’t think any of them would,” grunted a Hollywood wiseacre when he heard about this. But that was just professional jealousy.

Anita Stewart, who’s quite a connoisseur of fortune tellers, if that’s the word for the case, stands by Minnie Flynn. Even without an Oriental name, Minnie can tell the most remarkable things, according to Anita.

“I was engaged to a handsome dark man,” Anita says, “when I first went to Minnie. She told me that I’dmarry a blonde, and I thought Minnie was just another one of those things!”

SEEMINGLY safe with teeth so white, 4 out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger, find themselves victims of Pyorrhea.

This grim foe of health ignores the teeth and attacks the gums.

So to be on the safe side, see your dentist every six months and use the dentifrice that does far more than keep teeth clean.

Every morning and every night, brush your teeth with Forhan’s for the Gums.

As a dentifrice alone, you would prefer it. Without the use of harsh abrasives it quickly restores teeth to their natural whiteness and protects them against acids which cause decay.

And in addition, if used regularly and in time, it helps gums to resist Pyorrhea by keeping them sound and healthy.

Get a tube of Forhan’s. Use this dentifrice morning and night. Teach your children this good habit which will protect their health in years to come. Also, massage your gums daily with Forhan’s, following directions in booklet that comes with tube.

Two sizes—35c and 60c.


Forhan’s for the Gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Voila' PRPRESS THE tiny button and... voila... the dainty beauty box slides outward, revealing powder, lip paste and rouge at your finger tips. A smart, modern vanity that is both charming and convenient. Made by the makers of SUREFIT Metal Watch Straps. See the VOILA Vanity at your jeweler’s, or write us direct.

IN A variety of styles at $12 and $16.50

Voila' VANITY pronounced ‘voilay’

'Opens at Your Finger Touch'

Patents applied for

BLISS BROTHERS COMPANY

Attleboro, Mass.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

But what do you think?—Anita now plans to marry George Converse, and George is as unblushing as Loretta! Here’s another good one: Anita Stewart is a good friend of Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor. Just before the Dempsey—Furness fight, Anita told Minnie she was betting $5,000 on Jack to lose. “You'll lose,” said Minnie.

So Anita bet on Gene.

Minnie Flynn is the one who runs the tea room where you get the chicken sandwich and the cup of tea and your good fortune told for seventy-five cents. That’s a smart racket now in Hollywood. The classified ad sections of the Los Angeles newspaper show quite a few of those "eat-and-have-your-fortune-told" tea rooms and cafes now.

AND there’s the "Zulu Hut" out in the suburbs of Los Angeles, too, where people go to eat and dance and make whoopee. It’s a place patronized by a lot of the studio folk—not necessarily stars, but the regular guys and girls that work in the picture factories.

They’ve got a fortune teller out there, too. He sits in a den in the back of the place, and every once in a while he stalks the crowd by calling somebody by name and telling a lot of pertinent history about ‘em. His makeup covers him so well that damned few people know that he’s an old-time fortune teller, who knows everybody in Hollywood! But it’s just one of the hocus-pocus “gags” of movie-land.

Then there are the palmists. Of course, there are in Los Angeles plenty of the kind that hang out an oilcloth sheet with a mammoth hand on it and the lines and the mounts and things looking like a Hollywood road club. A strong map. You’ve seen them at county fairs, ever since you were knee-high to a grasshopper.

But then there are the more dignified kind—the people who make a serious study of palmistry as an art. One of the card players is Professor Winton of Ocean Park, to whom many of the stars go for readings. He has given thirty years of his life to the study of his science, is in every way high-up in the film world and earns a handsome livelihood from his honest, dignified art.

There’s Bob Vignola, the director, for instance.

"I remember one time when I took Pauline Frederick to see Winton," said Vignola. "She was visiting at our beach home, and I was walking one of those beach outfits—a big straw hat and beach trousers—you know.

The Professor’s dignity seemed hurt. He thought his place was important enough to deserve more consideration than having a woman come in looking like that. He didn’t know who she was, you see, but when he saw her palm, he immediately began to tell her many things that had taken place in her life—and foretold some that have happened since. Well, anyway, I don’t think he knew who she was...?"

Professor Winton has a show window. In it, he has a great frame. In the frame are the impressions of hands of famous people who have come to see him. Then you, too. To that there’s a Topsy the girl, and her sister Vivian—Little Eva, you know. Jack Dempsey’s is there, right alongside Vivian’s. And alongside Jack’s is Estelle Taylor’s, so it’s all right. Priscilla Dean’s is there, and Ralph Ince’s and Cullen Landis’. Richard Dix is inscribed “Wonderful personality.” Others whose hands are there include Marie Prevost, Gracie Fields, Joan Blondell, Lupe Velez, Erich von Stroheim, Pauline Starke, Gertrude Olmstead, Florence Vidor and Ramon Novarro.

Honestly, if you know anything at all about palmistry, you ought to run down to Ocean Park next time you’re in Los Angeles. You’ll find out some of the most amazing things about your screen favorite by just looking at these impressions! Those heart and head lines, for instance!

Another palm-reader is Sandra. Her name is really Helen Sanderson, and she thinks people are silly to take palmistry and fortune telling seriously. And yet they come to her, these precious stars, and she’s much in demand at parties.

“I wear a Grecian costume. Not because I particularly like it, but they seemed to think it was expected of me to come in some such outfit, so I try to please them,” she says.

”I believe unscrupulous people can do an awful lot of harm as well as good by fortune-telling," she says, frankly enough. "I don’t mix with the rest of the fortune tellers here at all; I don’t know any of them. If I refuse to take it seriously, and I tell my patrons so, I tell them that. They like entertainment. And if they come to ask me too stress fully about something serious, I tell them to go elsewhere.

You know, if you wanted to do things that way, you could work a person into such a tension with this sort of thing that you’d have them running back to you for readings and advice every five minutes! I find the movie people a little partial to the palm-reading—just for the enjoyment of the little illusion or something serious, I tell them to go elsewhere.

SANDRA has told fortunes for Vera Reynolds, Evelyn Brent, Norma Talmadge, Lupe Velez, Corinne Griffith, Mary Philbin, Lina Basquette and others, she says. She foretold the accident that happened to Ina Claire.

"I gave her a crystal reading one evening," she said, “and seemed to see a street and an early morning, and something— it wasn’t an automobile, but I couldn’t help thinking she was. I warned her against streets at night.”

A little while later, Sally Eilers drove her auto into a milk wagon in Hollywood early one morning. "I’m not sure if it was the same thing," Sally wished the damned thing had gone fast enough to get out of her way.

Sandra doesn’t think much of fortune tellers who do such things as this. I don’t know how a So-and-So read," she said, naming one of the best known fortune tellers in the Los Angeles districts. "He told a certain woman that her husband—a film executive—was running around with another woman.

“The wife did everything to find out who the other woman was—even had the executive’s secretary and employees watching him and spying on him! Finally she came to me, and I told her that her husband was not running with anybody else, but that his abstraction was due to his quarrels with his wife. He called me up and told me I had told her the truth—but she almost did a great damage to her husband’s reputation by her open suspicions, and it was all the fortune teller’s fault!”

TALKING about the power the fortune teller has over his stars and subjects—well, Rod La Rocque, the star, who knows a thing or two about the hocus-pocus worshippers of Hollywood, has a keen observation to make:

"I just suppose, for the sake of argument..." he said, "that there should be such a thing as an unscrupulous producer! Unthinkable, of course—but just for the sake of argument..."

Annie, the woman who once had an unscrupulous fortune teller who had gathered a large following among actors and actresses and directors, like some of them have. Not that Annie is unscrupulous, you know, but just suppose.

"Well, suppose this unscrupulous producer and this unscrupulous fortune teller should get together..."

"Now, Annie," your director says, "you’ll advise this star to sign for so much, and this director to sign with me for so much, I’ll split with you the difference I save between that figure, and what they’re really worth to me. Why, can you imagine that those two unscrupulous fellows would do to my poor fellow-actors, who blindly follow certain fortune-tellers—"

Rod philosophized still further. He pictured one of the fortune tellers becoming the Rasputin of Hollywood—knowing so much about the stars and the producers and the other
film folk by what he learned in the secret conferences with them, that he'd eventually have the whole industry in his power.

"Sounds fantastic, but it's amazing the secrets these people tell their fortune tellers," Rod comments. "Only their family doctors know more."

As for Rod himself, and his lovely wife, Vilma Banky—they can't see fortune tellers or palmists or anything like that at all.

"If there's an issue to be met, we'll meet it with what human intelligence we have," they say. "Fortune tellers?—twaddle!" Vilma and Rod never indulge in the genteel pastime of paying five-dollar fees for having their fortunes told—never even in fun, because they just don't care for that sort of thing.

But on the other side of the picture again is Erich von Stroheim, who believes in fortune tellers, and wants the world to know it.

"I'd be simple minded," he says, "not to believe in things that have been proven to me so clearly. Go on and laugh if you want to. You'd have laughed a few years ago at somebody who'd have predicted all the wonders of radio, too, wouldn't you?"

"I believe there are certain people—particularly women—who are psychic and have a sixth sense. They are able to tune in on a wave length that we cannot touch."

"But, of course, there are charlatans—but that's true about any field, isn't it?" he grants you.

There certainly are charlatans. Ask Sergeant Jack Pinnell of the Long Beach police, for instance, about the seance he raided with a group of fellow officers one night last March. It seems Long Beach has a license ordinance which Pinnell suspected was being violated at a certain address. So he and his aides went there.

There was a seance in full blast. Pinnell sat in on it. So did the others. Apparently the spirits were dumberalls, because they didn't tip anybody else off to the fact that the newcomers were policemen.

Finally the spirit of somebody's grand-
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Snap the lever—there's your light

Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons

Give him a Gesture for Christmas!

What? . . . a gesture for a Christmas present? Certainly, ladies. Give him a Carlton Lighter. What could be more flattering in its suggestion? For a Carlton Lighter is the beau geste of smoking . . . the “fine gesture” for those who care to apply a graceful sophistication to the smaller things in life.

There’s a snap, and a dash, and a style in the lines of a Carlton. It’s the thinnest lighter made—with a streamlined grace that please both men and women. And it works in a new way. Quickly on the trigger. “Snap the lever—there’s your light!”

If you smoke, cultivate the “fine gesture” of smoking-lighting yourself—and when a gift is in order, give your friends a Carlton Lighter too. From $5 skyward. Comes plain, engine-turned or leather-covered. At jewelers’ or men’s shops. Racer & Wilde Co., Attleboro, Mass.

Mother floated past Sergeant Pinnell. He grabbed it, and it yelld. Moreover, it was a woman sold spirit. Once she had been fought violently, and there was a free-for-all right before Pinnell and his assistants took the cheesecloth off the spirit and found that it really wasn’t somebody’s dead grandmother at all, but Mrs. Zulu Allyn of Los Angeles, very much alive.

Pinnell, searching the place, found a lot of cheesecloth to spirits. Some lights, three tiu horns and other paraphernalia.

NOW, there are a great number of serious-minded people who believe in spiritualism and spiritualism in Hollywood who don’t go to fortune tellers. The late Rudolph Valentino was deeply interested in spiritual research—he and Natasha Rambova, his wife; and June Mathis, who has also proved it. He put his belief in the table-moving trick repeatedly. But it still goes “hot” in Hollywood.

When a few weeks ago, Sid Grauman, the picturesque impresario of Hollywood’s famous Chinese Theater, was sitting in Henry’s famous Hollywood Boulevard restaurant, telling in all seriousness about a seance he had attended.

And while we were all sitting there holding hands,” Sid explained, “a great big library table in the other end of the room jumped up to the ceiling and are liable to a tremendous crash!” Strong spirits, those . . .

No résumé of this sort would be complete without mention of those movie folk who feel that they have the know how. There’s Rene Adoree, for instance, who doesn’t believe in any particular fortune teller, but tells of the “hunches” she herself gets.

There’s Dr. McGeecy, an Allyn in Mexico, and Renee “had a feeling that she was in trouble.” Renee communicated with Mina and found her very ill.

There’s Rudolph Valentino, who, according to Robert Vignola, has made a study of astrology and early in 1927 predicted the “talkie” upheaval in the film industry.

Carlton. He’s been to every fortune teller in Hollywood—she says she knows 70 of them!—and insists they’re all “bunk.” “Ten per cent of their guesses come true,” she says.

“But sometimes I get hunches myself,” she admits, “and tell fortunes for my friends.”

Flora Finch, one of the real old-timers of the screen—after her sister’s death in Bunny Z—says she once saw the face of her sister, who had died as a child, in a ray of moonlight which fell across her bed.

And there’s Gloria Grey’s mother, who tells fortunes professionally now and then. Marceline Day consults her often.

“Honestly, I think they all believe in the hocus-pocus of some sort or another,” sums up one of the old-timers. “And I don’t know the one who has enjoyed the confidences of countless scores of the most famous persons in movie land, and countless hundreds of the lesser ones. And I know in fun, some of them say a friend or relative is psychic; some of them tell you it’s none of your business whether they go to fortune tellers or not.

I know of a man who won’t make a move without seeking So-an-So down at the beach, or Whatchumayacallim, downtown. I know it’s true, because they’ve told me so in confidence—why psychic? I can’t mention names—but they’re the biggest names in Hollywood. Talking about names—they’ll even change their names because the fortune teller told them so. And they go to a man named Fox to change his name. Fox changed his name to Edwin Carewe, and found success. That’s just one instance.

Do they carry it too far?—Well, that depends on what you mean by ‘too far.’ There’s one case I know of—it’s a matter of complete coincidence in a star’s domestic life. When Virginia Pearson and Sheldon Lewis went to divorce court, one of his complaints was that his wife was too much interested in mystic, and believed in sympathic advice. A lot of these people haven’t got anybody except a fortune teller to tell their troubles to.

And if the fortune tellers take advantage of them, whose fault is it? And what if they are fakes, some of these hocus-pocus peddlers of Hollywood? So’s Santa Claus, isn’t he?”
The Boy from Julietta

[continued from page 56]

...tended the box-office with the result that the show never made a cent although the crowds were tremendous. After ten weeks the sheriff took their tent away from them to settle several debts.

The company gave nine different shows one week. Glenn played the lead, did specialties between acts and sold candy. One stormy night the entire company went out between acts to tighten the guy ropes. They played the last act in soaking wet costumes. It wasn't Glenn's fault the company went broke.

Then Glenn got his motion picture bug. A friend who directed at the Hal Roach studio told Glenn that Roach needed a two-reel comedian. So after the usual preliminaries and protestations of long screen experience in New York, Glenn got the part. He made two features and thirty two-reelers, starring in them all.

And then: "I married Lillian Hall, the cutest little blonde you ever saw."

"Yes," offered Mrs. Tryon for the first time, "and let me tell you. Back in New York when I was working in pictures, Glenn was very insistent that I always be home at eleven to get my beauty sleep. And after we were married he confessed that he had hurried up to Columbus Circle and taken off his tuxedo to become the night cook in a hash house. I wondered why he was so interested in my looks."

Glenn was embarrassed so he steered the conversation back to the interview. "After I left Roach's I played in a Hoot Gibson and in 'The Poor Nut.' At night I played the lead on the stage in 'The Son-Daughter.'

"Then I met William Craft and got the lead in 'Painting the Town' and after that I got a contract and that's all there is."

Glenn dismissed the subject with finality, but the story is told that Glenn wanted the contract before the picture was made and couldn't get it. At the preview Carl Laemmle is reported to have said, "We've got to have that boy." But Glenn's asking price had gone up. Carl Laemmle got what he wanted but so did Glenn.

Even if she has EVERYTHING

Here is a gift decidedly new, a Christmas surprise and a lasting treasure even for that difficult person who "has everything." It is the new Dorothy Gray Vanity Case.

It is slim and light enough to slip in a slender handbag, and yet holds every requisite for a perfect make-up. (The center panel snaps open to disclose rouge, powder, puffs and a generous mirror, while the little cylinders at either side pull out to provide lipstick, eyebrow brush and tweezers, Eye Shadow and Lashique.)

It may be had in a wide variety of colors and leathers, and thus makes a smart accessory for every type of costume.

The fittings are of course removable, and refillable in favorite shades. And the prices are surprisingly reasonable. (From nine to eighteen dollars.)

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"I'm Tired of Smother Roles"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

...career, if I'm not mistaken, Miss Alden?"

"Motherhood has ruined my career," she stated sadly.

"I should think it would, if you've never been married," I agreed.

The unsightly bump over my left eye marks the former resting spot of a ginga butt; and broken black nail of Miss Audley, which did a bit pitting, does away with the famous screen mother, and that fact has prevented her from realizing any of her ambitions. Fame has robbed her of a creative artist's evolution in accomplishment.

She tried to hide from it. She struggled again to cast off a fame which she had never wanted. Even now it is driving her to seek expression in another field.

I've reached the point where I can't go on," Miss Alden told me. "It's absolute stagnation to be confined to one type of role. Acting a mother for the camera is as easy for me as talking to you. I've got to find expression in something that will really try me—make me work. I may have to go back to the stage to show my hand to the public, but not now (stages are up) or if it has a human element. The reason I went on the stage in the first place was to get a practical understanding and knowledge of drama construction pictures. I didn't really retire, though, because I played in two pictures while I was in New York. I love to act—to develop a germ of character into something real. When someone says, 'Here's a character typical of you,' I can't take it. I've wasted the wrong road! But thank God I'm young enough to begin over, if I have to."

The days did retire from pictures for two years—heartbroken because I was 'typéd' and wasn't getting anywhere. I had an awful urge for progress and an earnest desire to contribute something to the art of motion pictures. I didn't really retire, though, because I played in two pictures while I was in New York. I love to act—to develop a germ of character into something real. When someone says, 'Here's a character typical of you,' I can't take it. I've wasted the wrong road! But thank God I'm young enough to begin over, if I have to."

When I came back here last Christmas, it was the same thing. I don't get a damn thing to do but mothers. Why should I play mothers? I've never been one and never had one since I was four years old. But I guess I've patterned more bad painted, grease-painted children than anyone else in the incubator business.

I've mothered child stars of former years who are now adolescents. All stars of former years who are now born salesmen. I've mothered men who were twenty years older than myself. I've played the mother and wife of the same man in the same picture. I've played a mother at twenty, forty, and sixty-five in one picture. I've certainly earned my M. A. degree in the movies.

DON'T talking pictures give you hopes of an escape from your 'smother roles,' as you call them?"

"I'm sticking around until I decide whether I think they'll amount to anything."

"What would you do if someone offered you five hundred mother roles in the 'talkies'?"

"I'd get a husband and have some children, and the screen would look for its 'mother.'"

The corners of her mouth turned up with a jerk, but there was something pulling them down. She continued:

"Oh, there's a beauty in motherhood, and mothers are worth playing. But there are other characters—historical ones, for instance—which I could interpret with more beauty of spirit than I can make my parts' mother roles in the screen," she laughed. "I started out as a comedienne, but the things I've done since I went into tragedies were merely the excuse to continue the screen," she explained. "I started out as a comedienne, but the things I've done since I went into tragedies were merely the excuse to continue the screen."
"Even when a woman is physically at ease, she has all the more reason to be mentally very alive."

"Motherhood went out of vogue in the 1950s because the sentimental concept of motherhood as womanhood went out of fashion."

With the development of a larger sense of self and a keener sense of human nature, other roles will come back, because they are vital."

"Let me get this straight," I pleaded. "What are little screen mammas made of?"

"A devitalized, sweet, innocent expression, only."

"And what is motherhood in real life?"

"A spiritual quality expressed by all women, even more by men."

"What?"

YES. Mother love is a desire to help the helpless. In its purity, in its intelligent base, it is the nearest thing to true love that we realize on earth. It has a divine quality. But having children is a mechanical process requiring no intelligence and having relatively little to do with this patient, understanding, instinctive quality. If a woman has no mother love, and also has children, she does not confine the feeling to her own children, although most of her time is necessarily devoted to them, rather than to her "oners" children. Even though a woman has no children of her own, she may feel a maternal tenderness toward some other woman's child. The latter might even be her own husband.

"Haven't you enjoyed any of your mother roles? I asked this dynamic woman with the tronc features and black hair.

"Yes. Some of my Western mothers have been vital characters. And I don't mind playing old women. But a steady diet of disappointed maternity gets on one's nerves. I'd play mothers who conquer with a sigh."

"Do your fans share your opinions of your role?" I asked, they wonder why I never play anything out mothers. However, judging from my fan mail, it gives many people great pleasure to see motherhood glorified on the screen."

Hundreds of men declare that I look exactly like their own mothers. Some even want to take care of me in my declining years to take up for some of the things they didn't do for their own mothers.

"I always receive batches of letters from children and grownups as well, who have been stimulated into a new sense of gratitude, and express their intentions of treating their mothers differently."

FOR that reason, I can't feel that my work has been futile, although it hasn't given me the pleasure it was worth while to stir the conscience of a negligent child. But I could also stimulate unappreciative husbands by the right kind of woman role. I'd much rather play the idealized specimin."

"Your role in "The Birth of a Nation" should have pleased you," I suggested. I was aware that many critics consider that Miss Alden did her best work as the mulatto woman.

"I despised playing the negress—that's the reason I did it so well. At that time I wanted roles with beauty. Griffith gave me a wonderful opportunity in that picture, but I didn't realize it until later.

"All I have done since then has been incidental—all of my successes accidental. I have had neither great parts nor great pictures."

"How can you say you have not accomplished anything for the screen, if you have done some worthwhile characterizations?"

"We can't live on Dead Sea fruit," she answered tersely. The next time I see Mary Alden play a mother role, I am quite sure I shall feel an irresistible inclination to laugh at one sleeve and cry at the other. I shall laugh at the mother and shed a sympathetic tear for Mary Alden.

---

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Amateur Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

Between scenes of "Six Appeal," being made by the Cinema Club of Syracuse, N. Y.

Robert Bruce, professional producer of scenes, addressed a recent meeting of the Portland Cine Club of Portland, Oregon, relating some of his experiences in getting pictures in the Northwest country. Under the guidance of Walter Stevens, film amateurs in Reno, Nevada, have organized club. Anita Stewart, now in Reno, is to be guest of the club and permanent officers are soon to be elected. Mr. Stevens is making 16 millimeter film which will run 6,000 feet when completed. The picture is a drama set in the early mining days of Virginia.

$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest Rules

1. $2,000 in cash prizes will be awarded by PHOTOPLAY as follows:
   - Class One: $500 for the best amateur photoplay.
   - $250 for the second best amateur photoplay.
   - $150 for the third best amateur photoplay.
   - $100 for the fourth best amateur photoplay.

2. Class Two:
   - $500 for the best non-dramatic picture.
   - $250 for the second best non-dramatic picture.
   - $150 for the third best non-dramatic picture.
   - $100 for the fourth best non-dramatic picture.

In the event that two or more films prove of equal merit in their consideration for any award, duplicate prizes will be given for each winning film.

3. CLASS ONE—Devoted to photoplays, will embrace all pictures made by amateurs in which amateur actors appear, whether of a dramatic or comedy nature.

4. CLASS TWO—Will include all other motion pictures such as films of news events, home pictures, travelogues, sport shots, studies of animal, bird or plant life, etc., made by amateurs.

5. In awarding prizes the judges will consider the cleverness, novelty and freshness of ideas and treatment, as well as the general workmanship. Under the head of general workmanship comes photography, lighting, editing and cutting and titling.

6. All films, to be considered by the judges, must come within the following specified lengths:
   - If 35 millimeter, the contest film must be 1,000 feet or less in length.
   - If 16 millimeter, it must be 400 feet or less in length.
   - If 8 millimeter, it must be 60 feet or less in length.

All films must be submitted on non-indigenous, and the sender must state the name and address of the sender also may be part of the film itself.

5. Any number of contest films may be submitted by an individual or amateur organization.

6. Any person or amateur organization can enter this contest. Professional cinematographers are barred, as well as anyone who gains by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or any relatives of anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY. Winners of PHOTOPLAY's first amateur movie contest may compete.

7. All films are to be addressed to the judges, The Amateur Movie Contest, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York, and are to be submitted before October 1, 1928, and midnight of March 31st, 1929.


9. PHOTOPLAY assumes no responsibility for loss of films in transit and, while every precaution will be taken to safeguard them, this publication will not be responsible for loss or injury in any way.

10. As soon as possible after the close of the contest, the prize winners will be announced and the films returned to the sender on receipt of sufficient postage for return transportation.
ty, Nevada. One thousand five hundred feet have been shot, the entire population of the town participating in some of the episodes.

The story of "The Colorado Cinderella" has been completed, and it will be shown to the public at the Fox Oregon Theatre, Portland, Ore.

The scenery is magnificent, with a great deal of snow and ice in the background, and the film will be shown in all parts of the United States.

WENTY amateurs in Youngstown, Ohio, have formed the Youngstown Cinema Club. The first production will be "The Demon." The club has also purchased a camera for making short films and has plans to produce its own films in the near future.

Irimm's number 16 mile millimeter film was shown in the Auditorium of the Youngstown High School. The film is a 16 mile millimeter drama, "The Dragon Fly." It was shown in 16 mile stock and will develop its single plate, without using a sub-title.

moving camera, dissolves and other tricks will be utilized. Mr. Hammond is president of the club, and Alexander Reeves is secretary, and Alpha Pincus is treasurer.

My Life—So Far

[Continued from page 35]

any normal child’s; school, play, small easers. We were in moderate circumstances, a three of us. But what big city has not a boat, affording delightful? The fairyland of Michigan Boulevard, hung with his at dusk on a Saturday night, with a huge audience at one of those glittering spots. It always on Saturday nights, because we might sleep late next morning, arising in just in time to take your hair from its curl papers, button Helen’s letters and dash to the Presbyterian Sunday school.

And the trip to the huge Philharmonic Auditorium where delectable travel pieces, highly colored, stimulatingly described the lecturers, were displayed. I adored the live pictures. I adore traveling. At that early age I had been to New York for a short visit. It had been in the South. And the joy of Clarendon Beach. The lovely thrill of the cemetery near where the Ash Shore Elevated tracks ran. Helen and I would sail away from the house afternoons, to walk, or run wildly, among the taller tomstones of the Rothchild’s, the urgings, pausing for a moment to admire the journey of a careen laurel wreath, the marble wonder of a child’s head, the wondrous linden of some epitaph. And then home to try on my nose in the imaginative glory of the bathing suit, alternately with the Adventures of Alice in Wonderland.

Dickens never intrigued me. It was always grander tales that made my imagination overflow. I think now, regretfully, dear Jonesy’s advice; “Read good books, silly,” he would say. “The time will come when you will need their guidance and consolation.”

I wish now I had been more interested in him. It is only now that I feel a terrific desire to know them. Perhaps I appreciate this more than I am older. Certainly I feel their ed, as Jonesy had said, “Not for your work much, Lolly, but when you are famous and people who know many things.”

It was wartime in Chicago. It was wartime over the nation. In the winter my Aunt would take me to Florida; it was after I

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How a man looks when he returns from the Antarctic. Underneath all that fur is Monte Blue as he appears in “Conquest,” a Warner Brothers talkie. The tonsorial artist is Monte Westmore, make-up specialist. This South Pole picture is to satisfy your curiosity about the Antarctic whetted by Commander Richard Byrd’s gallant expedition.
he great massacre was over; that peace had been declared. The newspapers were shouting: 'All about your tremendous victory.' People crowded about the Senate, and the White House, and the Capitol, till the whole city was a sea of blue and white. I was near a window in the Senate, and as I looked out, the clatter, the roar. It was divine tonic to me. This tumult of emotion, like a great sweeping tide.

The man next door took his little girl downtown to be in the thick of it. I recall, vividly, that he took me, too. Going to the "loop" on the north side we screened through crowds of klerspacer, paper like huge flakes of snow emiting from a thousand wastepaper baskets, and floating down. Everywhere was excitement. The women toused their cloths. Men tamped on their hats. Groups of men grabbed and did a mad bacchanal. Stranger drew his arms around stranger and kissed, or kissed.

Through all of this we waded—jostled, wedged, banded about, steeped in the wine of motion that intoxicated everyone. I was so quick from my own terrific emotional reaction that I staggered as I walked. Finally my friend's after took us into a theater on Randolph street to calm us. We sat and watched yards and yards of Charlie Chaplin antics, hearts pounding, pulses beating to the tempo of the outside carnival of joy.

Again I was in Florida. Gaynor's letters became increasingly full of mention of a "Harry" ones, and I was friend of her family, a mining promoter from the great, the golden, he glamorous Mother. Must have I a good deal of Pioneer blood in her dear veins. They always so game about embarcking upon new and uncharted enterprises. Harry one's talk of the West, that virgin country, completely enchanted her. Perhaps some of the freedom was in the West, in his voice, his entire manner.

When I returned to Chicago I met the short, gray-haired man who had so filled Gaynor's letters. I liked—to that the word—adored each other from the start. He did not see a thin, spindle-legged girl with large dark eyes. A girl of English and Irish ancestry, a dancer, a dash of old Pelew Dutch. He saw a little girl who would some day electrify, so he said, the world with her dramatic ability. I was in a dream that never ached from the moment we first met until that remarkable day soon after the grand opening of my first important picture, "Seventh Heaven," when my Jonesy called me to the side of the bed where he had lain for days, and asked me to fan him. Ten minutes after, I was telling myself that I loved us so much, Mother and Helen and me, his spirit went bravely on.

I was entered in Lake View High School in Chicago in the early spring and summer months. Helen was a regular pupil there. I hated the school. I hated the indifference with which Latin, algebra, history were passed out, was always glad when the winter months took me to Florida where I studied the same lessons under the influence of balmy breezes and azure skies. I was the darling of my school, a schoolgirl, where a justice of the peace would marry them. Gaynor had received her divorce and Harry Jones, whose first wife, Bio, is now Mrs. Benjamin de Cresseres, had returned.

I knew I didn't cry. I never cried much in those kid days. My tears came easily now. Despite my fondness for Jonesy I had that sense of having been cheated out of something precious. With the coming of spring, I went forth, and soon the three of us went farther west to meet my new father-to-be. I must have been about fifteen years old.

Janet Gaynor's Life Story is like herself—short and sweet. Next month, Photoplay will publish the concluding installment. You'll like the simple and unaffected way that Janet tells you her career in pictures.
I weighed 191 lbs.

Send for My Personal Story

"I was getting heavier, I decided; time; it seemed 'natural' for me, all my family inclined to be stout; I tried only to be as comfortable as possible. I had tried diets and fad diets without success.

Now I Weigh 135 Pounds

"I look better, feel so much better. I am more popular, have better fortunes; instead of trying to lose weight behind my back about my fat, now they are envious of my figure; and it was all so easy back to my normal weight.

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Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

INTERFERENCE. That it is often prompted by siren, on the part of your elders, to save you in the sadness and distress that they have foreseen. Prompted by a desire, such as J. V. B.'s, to shield and protect you, do not resent, too frankly and bitterly, their desire to guide you in the main of the careers you have chosen—be they either business or social careers. Do not look at their excused ideas too coldly. Try to judge, in all these, the suggestions of a mother or a father, remembering that they, as one mother says, “will not like being users.” Individuals are keenly interested in your welfare! Perhaps, in many ways, their advice seems fashioned and over-conservative. But remember for all this that their advice is tempered by wisdom—the wisdom of years ofience. And that your own way—clever as you may be—must needs lack that experience.

I go back again to you, Mrs. J. V. B. You ebe, perhaps, a little selfish. But the shyness has only been prompted by a fine desire to help the child that you love. Wouldn't better to help them herself? By allowing her to try her own wings, to find her own path? And if she discovers that her choice is wrong, what have you done your well—will be the first to admit it!

EYES. You say you are engaged to a nice boy who is your every whim but wishes you to rov all the love letters you have received from other boys. Well, why don't you? Since so nice to you I see no reason why you can not comply with such a simple demand as this. Don't try to marry and retain your girlhood romantic attachments. It doesn't work.

JOEY. You have stated your own situation beautifully—with your elders, with children, or at work you can be yourself and win friends. But with boys of your own age, you become shy and awkward. Don't you see, honey, realizing your problem as well as you do, you can quite easily work your way out of it. Your desire for popularity! Individuals are so overwhelming that placed in their company you become tongue-tied for fear you will say the wrong thing and antagonize them. But you won't, Joey! Just talk. You have charm. You interest people. Well, boys are people. They want to be charmed. Let yourself go a bit. If you can't think of anything else to say, ask them questions about themselves. Make them talk. Then talk about your own work. Once you break down this shyness in yourself, you will have no difficulty.

JANE. Do not openly resent the fact that people treat you as a child. Probably most of the people do it to tease you. Be glad that, at your age, you have many interests. There are so many years in which to be old!

G. E. F. If lemon juice has been beneficial to you, for years, why worry about the advice of your friends? Surely the test of time is a fair and good one.

If you really knew about Princess Pat powder you'd surely try it

IN THE first place, Princess Pat is the only powder that contains almond. Your accustomed powders likely have a base of starch. This change of base in Princess Pat makes a completely different powder. Almond makes a more clinging powder than can possibly be obtained with starch as a base. So point one in favor of Princess Pat is that it stays on longer. Every woman will appreciate this advantage.

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A deciding factor in choosing powder is perfume. Will your powder have an original fragrance? Yes. For it steals upon the senses subtly, elusively, Its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation every woman has of the finer things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume.

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Beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat—because of its exclusive Almond Base—is good for the skin. It prevents and corrects coarse pores and wonderfully improves skin texture.

There are two weights of Princess Pat—medium in the oblong box, familiar for years, and a wonderful new, lighter weight which adheres just as well as the heavier powder.

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The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for the limited time of from November 25th to December 25th. Each set is only 25c, and contains Almond Base Powder and SIX other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packs in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Place an order promptly.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
know your own sound device you can’t expect to be successful with others. Hold the mirror before the gapped mouth. Now gape slowly. Dragging up each of the lip muscle as is feasible. But don’t attempt to turn it completely inside out at the first trial or you may get sick and have to leave the room and our time is limited now, then, after stroking down your throat as far as the eye can see (don’t strain the eyes) go, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah.

NEXT place the tongue in the roof of the mouth where the roots of the front teeth begin, then bring it down swiftly like a bell clapper, taking care at the same time not to uproot the teeth, and say, la, la, la. Each la being a downward stroke of the tongue.

Now repeat horizontally, placing the tongue under the lobe of the left ear and swelling it violently to the lobe of the right (inside the mouth of course), la, la, la... that’s right. It is perhaps advisable to take these exercises in a sitting posture as the impact of the tongue may cause dizziness and even a falling sensation.

At first you will sound flat, but later you will sound so like a bell that people will be dropping in for mass or running to see where the fire is, depending where you live, if not the “I.T” note. If you are the spiritual don’t try to be a fire gong simply because it attracts greater crowds than the church bell. Money isn’t everything—a spiritual will tell you when soliciting same.

Relax. This is important. Be always relaxed. Now, then, relax and be a merry, merry bell, and let the bell out, merry bell! Ring out the best that’s in you—mysteriously I mean of course.

Are you all holding your mirrors? Don’t forget to seek your own tongue. Nothing is more important than this: Know Your Own Tongue. Know it by sight as well as by sound, because in the present state of sound effects it is sometimes difficult to recognize it by ear. So if your voice sounds funny when you see yourself on the screen, look at your tongue and if it is your tongue then you will know you are making the note— and not some other behind the screen jangling cow bells. This is very important: Watch your tongue and present friend!

WHENEVER you have time on your hands, as while waiting for a telephone number, a street car or the death of a loved one, just take out the little mirror—and—that’s right—la, la, la... and away you go!

Soon others will note you and they, too, will take up the practice. What a world of merry, merry bells this may soon be. Oh, bells, bells, bells, bells, as Edgar Allan Poe said, little realizing what he was missing by dying so importantly.

Nothing in the world is so fine as a bell, especially a dinner bell sounding regularly.

Now a little breathing exercise together with the scales. Standing beside a piano, touch a key. If you haven’t a piano with you and find it inconvenient carrying one about, I suggest a set of Japanese harmonicas. The kind, which may be held in the left hand depending from the index finger while with the right a blow is struck, etc. (If in doubt, ask any officer for directions—he’ll show you how to strike.)

At each note struck, say, me, me, me, me, me... as rapidly as you can and in as near the same key as the object strike as you can negotiate. After each series of me’s fill the diaphragm with fresh air, or whatever you have.

Keep striking higher notes with each series—me, me, me, me... I know a very successful star who practices this every day. He is expected to be the biggest star of this years, with the result that today he’s the greatest M.E man in Hollywood—that is to say the world. If you get tired of saying ‘me,’ which you won’t if you are star material, you may vary it.

The great artist I mention varies the monotony of “me” by going “I, I, I, I, I, I,...” for hours on end, such is his breast control and genuine interest.

This is very important: Breathe rightly and right on. No Practice auto-suggestion—it has made other singers, it will make you. If you think your voice sounds beautiful it will—to you, and if it doesn’t to other people, try gonging. Think you are a greater singer, greater than anyone. If the birds can sing, you can sing. God made you both. Look at the peacock, he thinks it.

Regularity in practice is everything. Be systematic. Don’t let anything or anyone stop you from your vocal exercise. If at the appointed time for practice you happen to be carrying a tray in your hand, drop it instantly and strike your chimes, not forgetting to take out your little mirror, and me, me, me... If you keep it up you’ll convince others of you, and they’ll keep right on... me, me, me—it may be helpful to them too.

Last, but not least, the singers at the Austin-German festival this year drank 400,000 gallons of beer in four days. Germans become singers almost instantly after two steins. I don’t think it necessary to drink 400,000 gallons in four days, but at least for the beer that is preferable to whisky and gin and the other stuff we get nowadays. Drink plenty of beer, all you can hold; more, I never advise. But avoid cigarettes. That is, endorse them but don’t smoke them. I believe in a good word for all, as all singers do. A few a day will do you no harm, but more than three or four packages I cannot advise, and be sure to wash out the throat after each package of cigarettes.

General health is most important. Live a regular life. Peggy Joyce has a beautiful life and has a beautiful voice; she always sleeps between blankets, but care should be taken not to let them drift off during the night as you may take cold, get bronchitis, pleural pneumo- nia, tuberculosis and, worst of all, you may wake up some morning to find you can’t make your high note.

Diet is very important. Eat nuts. Birds eat nuts. True, they prefer the wormy ones and, of course, our Anglo-Saxon training with its many inhibitions prevents us from eating worms, but in Mexico they fry the wormy ones and eat them and consider them a great delicacy. Did you hear Dolores del Rio sing “Ramona” on the radio? She’s from Mexico.

But be careful not to overeat such things as are good. For instance, you might get asthma and take to wheezing like an old church organ, whereas the object is to peal like the steeple bell. Eggs are good, since they contain muscle. But be careful: Pork, though. Pork is not a musical instrument. Pork is not spiritual. Don’t eat pork. You know what we eat become, so stick to eggs and fish.
It's Different in Life

[continued from page 67]

themselves into lakes like that, any more.”

“Anyway it carries a wallop,” insisted Boldt, a shade wistfully. “But I can see how it mightn’t go.”

“Of course it won’t go! They want a fade-out with ‘em in each other’s arms—you know that as well as I do.”

Big Gus sighed audibly; he was constantly trying to educate and elevate his public, and had really accomplished miracles. “It might go over—you never can tell. If it don’t, we can fall back on the other ending.”

“And maybe it’ll be too late,” Sam Keller grunted. “Those take-outs don’t bring a corpse to life—it’s the first big smash that counts. I can’t yet see why you’ve wasted all this good footage.”

“Well, we’ve got the other ending,” said Boldt. “And that ought to satisfy the Polly-annas.”

Marvin’s stiff lips formed a bitter smile. He hoped to God they would use the artificially contrived happy ending, and did not doubt they would—Big Gus Boldt was no fool.

Zenia was rising, and he went with her to join the others. He still felt smashed, and did not seem able to pick up the pieces of himself and fit them back together, but tried desperately to make pertinent answers in the proper places. He must somehow keep up his guard—this was the most hateful part of all!

Boldt, always kindly and considerate, was even more kindly than usual. He complimented Marvin enthusiastically on his work.

Joan Marquis, Christie bathing girl, marries Neal Burns, comedian. The wedding created quite a splash. This picture does not show what the bride really wore at the ceremony. It is merely a prediction of the wedding dress of the future.

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The harshness and redness that hard water invites, are thwarted by Frostilla. Just smooth it on before and after the day’s chores and your hands will never know that chapped “starched” feeling. Even finger-raspingness, caused by the darning-needle, is smoothed away by Frostilla.

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"He's given me everything. Made me. The only way I can repay him is to be a success for him."

"Sentiment and rot! You'd have been a success anyhow! He was simply lucky in finding you first. And you know you were a success! there wasn't a Gustave Boldt on earth!"

"Maybe—I don't know. But the fact stands I owe everything to him. You do, too," gently.

"I don't!" vehemently. "I've repaid my obligations with honest hard work! He gave me a big opportunity but I had other big opportunities—I sometimes wish I'd taken them! One sure thing, I'll never work for Gus Boldt again!"

"WELL got to try to play fair, Paul—we must cling to that. You must be fair to Gustave, to me—and to yourself. Most of all, you mustn't cheat your own conscience."

It was his turn to flush, darkly. What was "fairness," anyway? He was not a thief—just a thief, his instincts were decent—he wanted to be decent. This was what was stingy and burning him—the caution, subterfuges, the hateful repression and concealment. To be guilty and ashamed because his love was crying aloud in him! If only he could name and claim her, openly, then he could face the world! He had chosen to love another man's wife; it had crept upon him insidiously—before bursting into that flame which had swept all before it like a devouring forest fire . . . Or if it had been between them as between most husbands and wives it would have been different; but Gustave Boldt's wife was to him a lovely possession, a talent, a puppet which he bore about him and decorated to satisfy his love of beauty, and juggle to illustrate and manifest his ambitions and dreams.

She said, her brow clouding: "Gustave is so just . . . It would be terrible to do anything to hurt him."

"Don't you think he suspects at all?"

"I don't know," uncertainly. "Sometimes I think he does—then I'm sure he doesn't, it's so gentle, patient, kind. But then if he knew, he would still be just—be kind."

The lover wretchedly tried to think that out. Yes, he supposed, in the face of such a stupendous knowledge Gustave Boldt would still be horribly just, horribly kind.

"And he'd know he could trust us. Whatever might happen, I'm sure Gustave knows he can trust me."

"God knows he can!" bitterly.

The thing he most longed for, just then, was that he should be "Street Angel." Then at least he could get hold of something tangible in this morass through which he was struggling. He was exhausted, unmanned, from beating against these furtive shadows and dreads. He was not sure whether even the arguments of her resistance had any substantial quality.

If she had feared poverty, or loss of prestige, or scandal-mongering tongues—something concrete she could grasp hold of!

But this "fairness"—what was it? Something that shifted and changed color as you turned it in your hands?

And for the sake of this slippery chameleon, which if you caught and clung to it would make nobody happy, they were to murder their love and their lives!

"Well, what's going to become of us?" fiercely. "What are we going to do?"

Her shimmering, tortured eyes rested on him before she wrenched them back to the inexhaustible sea.

"I don't know—I don't know." There was something futile in the mournful cadence. We'll just have to find out—perhaps Gustave will take me away somewhere.

He tried to face that abysmal void—life without Zenia!—and she went on softly: "Life is hard—it's different in pictures." She tried to smile at him. "In pictures you can make stories have happy endings."

"You can in life, too!" defiantly. Then: "That picture! It's what smashed me! Of all the scripts there are in the world—all the men and women acting on the screen—why did it fall to us to make that picture? In God's name, why?"

"Yes, it's uncanny," she agreed somberly.

He stared at her with his haggard eyes. They had made the picture, finished it—with its two endings. But for them there would be no ending: no big scene of solution awaited them—not of any kind.

There had never been—anything. Just as their "story" had been phantasmagorical, unactual, slippery and elusive, so it would slip away from them—in an oozing, pain, rent, jellyish nothingness.

"I can't bear it," he muttered. "There must be something ahead of us—something to get hold of, to cling to. Oh, Zenia!—" His voice broke. "I love you."

She closed her eyes for a second; then suddenly she put her hand on his and pressed it against his cheek, his eyes. "Your poor eyes—so sick and unhappy! If only I could make them look happy."

He drew her into his arms. She let her head sink to his shoulder, did not resist as he laid his cheek against hers.

She was trembling in his arms, but seemed scarcely to breathe. Then he perceived she was crying, slow tears which stole down from under her closed eyelids. He kissed her, kissed her tears, and she opened her eyes.

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ing to you now—but the thing is, we're not going to give each other up!

"Love—I was just coming to that," said Boldt rumnatively. "It's a beautiful thing—perhaps the most beautiful in life."

He settled back in his chair, pressing his finger-tips together. The young man and woman watched him, wretched and resentful, but helpless. He was, now, going to treat them to some homily—indulge his "philosophical" side! Marvin longed to choke him off—but what could he do?

"Beautiful to ponder and contemplate," continued Boldt, "and to work with—in art. But hazardous in life; perhaps our biggest hazard. For it's insidious, tricky. It blinds and drugs us, and distorts our perceptions. It lies to us and leads us down blind alleys. I'm speaking of the kind of love that comes rushing out of our emotions, sweeping us off our feet. At first shot it seems to us the great thing, so that it's very sad, after awhile, when we find the beauty has got all mixed up with ugliness. And then it's too late to repair the mischief.

For the very beauty of this flaring emotion lies in its gossamer quality; its evanescence.

"If you mean Zenia and I don't truly love each other—that we're riding for a fall—you're wasting all those fine-sounding words," Marvin cried hoarsely, losing control. His eyes were haggard and brilliant in his pale face.

"We're not afraid of what's ahead of us! What we want to know is what you're going to do."

"Do you really know what's ahead of you? Have you figured it out?"

"Are you threatening us?" asked Marvin, tight-lipped.

Boldt ignored that. "I'm wondering whether you and Zenia have really weighed this thing. Whether you know the truth of it; know the truth about yourselves."

Now he had veered slightly; he was going to bring to play upon them his full patience to expound for them out of his superior wisdom and astuteness! For their benefit, of course! Marvin suddenly jumped to his feet, this time determined to stay up.

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PHOTOPLAY Magazine—Advertising Section

"We haven’t made any chart, if that’s what you mean! We haven’t your gift or liking for direction. But we don’t need you to tell us about ourselves!"

"Both of you are tense, high-strung and emotional," Boldt proceeded, unuffled, "That’s your own way, isn’t it, gentlemen? I’d like to be able to always take care of Zenia. I’ll be glad to see you through, too, Paul," kindly, "You won’t see me through by a jugful!"

"And I don’t need you to take care of me! At first I was sorry, Gustave—but how can you make it so hateful?

ZENIA was sobbing. Marvin went and stood beside her chair protectively.

Boldt rose and went to stand in front of the mantel, his hands clapped behind his back. "This," he said, "is both of you, and it’s as well. You team better in pictures than in life; you’d burn yourselves out—probably go smash. Certainly you’re losing prestige, and your big gadgets. I’d add me, why, but you would. You’ll never make a first-rate picture together from now on. Right now you, Paul, look like some preposterous character of stage不是. That’s a real show which you’ll do, apart you’ll grow apart; rifts will seep in, if nothing worse. All that is wearing on sensitive temperaments. To sum up, you’ find your -

"I’m not going to make any comment on your personal liberty: but I’m asking you, truly, what will you have to leave you for the picture?

"We will have each other!" Marvin said harshly. "That’s all we want now or will ever want!"

Odd that Boldt should bother to ask questions, the way he ignored the answers. "I’m not saying you can’t be married, or do anything with yourselves. You can’t do anything. But marriage you can’t take. You’ve used it. You’ve lost it.

"Bolt’s mind is irrevocably lost. It had only been lacking that Boldt should display his “business” side. In an hour like this! The man wasn’t human. Underneath he knew he had to make a clean and absolute issue. Boldt’s mind and strength and clarity and force in the other arguments.

Only you don’t haggle and reason when you love! Love sweeps reason, everything, by the board.

"Then, now, is of course impossible," Boldt continued calmly. "We will have to rearrange our contract. I’ll take Zenia abroad. You, Paul, can stay on here. Don’t you think it will be enough to make the world think you’ve done any harm to work it off?—Wardman is keen to get you to play opposite that new Hungarian star of his.

"Well, he won’t get me! I’m not your property to barter and trade!" The younger man’s voice snapped with his fury.

BOLDT looked at him speculatively for a moment, then suddenly changed his tone. "Well, then—be careful. I’m warning you—d’you understand?" His eyes, right now, did not look so soft; they held tiny pinpoint spots of self-sufficiency, of something to tell the world.

This applies to you, too. Already there’s been gossip. I’ve given you considerable lee-way, and I’m not threatening to put spits on out. But I expect you to make a clean and absolute issue. As far as I can demand is that you observe discretion.

Marvin’s nostrils twitched nervously—ha, here was something grasping! Boldt’s vanity was pricked! He didn’t relish having peering eyes or wagging tongues directed toward him or his! Well, that was understandable; at even the thought of his beauty, which seemed to make him human, although it made the situation doubly sickening. He wanted them to be discreet!

"I’m afraid we can’t oblige you," said Marvin, flicking the words. "You spoke of taking Zenia abroad. It strikes me that’ll be the best thing for us to do—our solution. We both need a rest. I’ll take her abroad—"

Zenia’s eyes were shining. She lifted her drained face to his. "I will go with you, Paul," she said "anywhere." Then she turned her dark, drenched eyes to her sister. "I told you how I tried not to love him—but I do. You simply don’t know what love is.

Well, you’ve heard her," said Marvin. "Are you going to give her her freedom? Or are we going to have to make a clean and absolute issue?"

Quite suddenly Boldt strode forward, his hands clenched at his sides; his whole aspect changed. "Take your hands off my wife!" His expression was terrific, cataclysmic.

And keep them off her, d’you hear? Or I’ll break your neck!"

For a petrified second they simply stared at him. Marvin thought that Big Gus was going to strike him. He wished he would! The blood sang in his ears, and he clenched his fists together, as he was aware of Zenia pulling and tugging at him.

"Now clear out!" ordered Boldt, looming over him. "Get out of my house and keep out!"

Marvin did not yet know what he was going to say or do—the blood was roaring in his ears. Zenia tugged at him frantically. "Go—please!" she begged. "I’d—"

"I won’t go unless I take you with me!"

"Go—please! I haven’t changed—I’ll never change!" Boldt roared. "I knew you would have to make a clean and absolute issue, but I didn’t expect you to make it so harsh! But Zenia was tugging at him—he was well-nigh toppling with excitement—perhaps Zenia was right.

Perhaps she’d better get out now—but tomorrow."

He hardly knew how he got out of the room, even how he got aroundsearching for his hat, and of Boldt’s handing it to him, half-pushing him out the door.

On the floors, in the sunlight again, he drew a deep breath. That was over! But nothing was over—nothing was settled. He felt battered and beaten. He hated scenes—as a man and as an actor. And that amazing outburst of emotion, outside of the theater he loathed scenes. Loathed emotionalism! It jerked you into dark, uncharted currents, swirled and plunged you, and imposed you to the bleeding. Not that he didn’t love Zenia! This minute every atom in him was crying out for her.

He could picture her, storm-tossed and unheeded like himself, back there in that house. . . Why hadn’t he hung at Boldt—and simply carried her off with him then and there? But tomorrow wouldn’t be long in coming—and he wouldn’t give her up—he’d never give her up.

He drove home through that sunlight in a brain-daze. He tried to think about Boldt, about the atrocious things Boldt had said and why he had said them. They were not true—yet he had a lurking, sinister fear they might be. Big Gus was so dim-witted. But course he was fighting for Zenia. His vanity was fighting—it would kill him to have Zenia throw him over for another man, a mere rising actor. And that amazing outburst of malignance—baring the savage! Hellish—yet he could sympathize with that, in a way.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY Magazine is guaranteed.
And he was glad, actually relieved, that Big Gus was going to stand up against him, man to man. A terrible antagonist—he must steel himself, get hold of all his wits. But he was unable to think; he was simply a throbbing, quivering mass of jelly. Even his thoughts of Zenia tortured him—his longing, her sweetness, the cruelty of suspense and postponement. Would complete peace, assurance, joy, ever come?

Yes—tomorrow!

And tomorrow he would have himself better in hand; that was the best idea, after all to let it ride until tomorrow.

At home he threw himself upon his bed, fully dressed, and felt that he would never get up from it again.

SEVERAL months later Paul Marvin found a seat in the shadowy rear of a big motionpicture theater in New York. He had entered unobtrusively, hoping no one would recognize him.

He had thought he never wished to see this featured film, but a curiously twisted craving had led him here to view, as a spectator, the smashingly successful picture he had made with Zenia Matti.

He watched the drama unfolding itself upon the screen with a studiously blank face and singular sensation. Zenia! That lovely dear face, those mournful, gay eyes, the witchery of that slow smile—she was so alive to him that it seemed he need only stretch his arms to her across the gloom. But that other young man was already doing that—that picture lover, who was also himself. And he was doing it well enough! Paul Marvin felt another odd sensation, compounded of thrill and a painful self-consciousness akin to shame, as he watched the naked revelations of that actor-lover's-art.

But oh, Zenia, Zenia! Something seemed to deal him a blow on the heart as he realized she would never be like this to him again. He believed she was still abroad, with Boldt. He himself had been tremendously busy; he had hurried himself into that new picture with the Hungarian star—a darned good picture, too. They were to make more pictures together; and he was glad, for she was a wonder—as different as possible from Zenia, but magnetic, and very interesting to play upon. They had worked like Trojans at the studio, and all the other inevitable affairs had crowded in, the demands and engagements which didn't leave one time to think.

Work is great medicine, and Time a celebrated physician.

Marvin had had to admit to himself that already his wound did not throb so keenly, although it had left a scar which would never quite heal.

But perhaps Boldt had been right. Sometimes he found himself wondering whether it was Zenia he longed for most, or the rapture she had made for him.

YET there had been as much torment as rapture. And all he desired, really craved, was peace.

Humans are queer.

He sat staring dully at the film until, toward the end, his attention sharpened critically. He had known they were using the second set, the happy ending.

Big Gus was fond of his Art, but was fond of his box-office, too.

Well, he was glad of it!—he had no wish to re-invite that tragic wallop; he doubted whether he could have sat through it equably, even yet.

But he remained to view the effect of the more cheerfully contrived finish.

It struck him as forced and rather stupid. But the audience obviously liked it; got the kind of wallop they wanted—Big Gus was no fool.

Unnoticed in the gloom, young Marvin let his lips twist into a bitterish smile.

It's different in life.

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The Studio Murder Mystery

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

Buzz Barton is one Western star who doesn't use a gun. FBO makes him do all his deadly work with a slingshot. Buzz is only thirteen years old, but one of the best riders and athletes on the screen.
“Help! Is there any end?” laughed Smith.

“Vell, we are a big concern. Now, coming across the back of the front lot, is the crowd of workmen—painters, cement and plaster props—fountains, statues, fireplaces, you understand? Ve also copy the old masters... ve haft an artist—a German lady—so they say—that they call Michangelo! Then comes the offices of the publicity writers, the readers, the art department, veer our set designers—work—and further along, the property rooms. Ve haff everything from the smallest property to the biggest. In our very shop, vic I forgot to mention, ve make anything! Ve make most of our antiques...”

“Do so the dealers in antiques?” replied Smith grinning back.

Now, this building to the right of us, is the commissary... restaurant, and another building for ‘props.’ Tell you vev how we can furnish anything at a moment’s notice, Mr. Smith! Ve can turn a beggar maid into a princess, and ve can turn a hotel into a palace! Ve haff effraying things all along, which I think you will like to do anything with! Ve can dress a set, or a whole building in any period you vant—sixteenth century, or seventeenth—violet varnish—there was loving pride in the president’s tone. Smith was genuinely impressed.

“A city within a city!” he exclaimed.

“Ve have a city, vhere ve make a city, ve haff here!” Then he added regretfully, “And now... ve haff got a murder, too!”

“And right there’s where we start checking up on that automat quickly. They turned directly to the right, along the walk leading to the dressing rooms. A narrow porch ran the full length of them, both downstairs and above. Leading to the upper floor were four flights of stairs, at intervals. As Smith gazed upward, a girl, apparently unobserved except for a wisp of chiffon about her, emerged from one of the rooms.

“Von of the dancers for the carnival,” said Rosenthal.

Another door opened, and a second girl came out, winding a scarf about her as she came, and was obvious to bring some whitening for her back.

The dressing rooms were overcrowded today, and they spilled their lovely overflow onto the narrow ways.

A moment later Smith was treated to, for him, unusual sight of a girl having her legs and back covered with white cream. As he gazed downward at her practiced hands, she gave the slim young thing an extra rub and a pat with a great powder puff she carried, and started her toward the stairs.

RUN now. You were called five minutes ago.” The girl, a flutter of pink and white flesh and sheer gauze, came lightly down the stairs—along the corridor—very, very, without so much as a glance at him, and off towards the carnival.

The detective, after a brief lowering of his eyes, turned most of the way up-wards again, to fill them with a bewildering vision of floating draperies, feminine curves, rosé bodies, carmined lips, great black-accentuated eyes, and beautiful legs! Rosenthal gave the girl a nudge. “Ve don’t allow men on the second floor. Also ve don’t like to have them stand out here and stare at our girls. Business is business, and playing is playing. Those girls are thinking only of their work now, vell...”

“And how do you know I wasn’t thinking of mine?” returned Smith, grinning. Then, softly, “There’s an idea, back in my mind somehow, that a woman could walk along that narrow porch up there, to the end nearest the stage from the last flight of stairs and over to the stage, and the night gateman, if he stayed at his post, would not be able to see her! However, I will check up on that...”

“Very good!” he said, going away.

“Vay make it the upper floor,” chuckled Rosenthal, still shyly teasing him for his ill-concealed admiration of the feminine galaxy. “Vy don’t you figure how a man could go along the lower veranda, and do the same... eh?”

“Because... I’m pretty sure, if anyone did do such a thing last night... it was a woman!”

“But I don’t see how...”

“Sometimes I am not able to explain myself, Rosenthal—but the idea occurs.”

“Ya... a woman. Vell, I expect that would be the way of it, vif a man likeHardell. Still... von of my girls... I don’t like it...”

Smith appreciated the innate gallantry of the president, who had shoved his fat hand into his pockets, and, with his lips pulled out, was staring off into the distance with a rueful expression.

Finishing his observation, Smith took the other’s arm, and turned him off toward Stage Six.

Once there, he did not go in, but stopped at the door.

“Large doors for furniture, and wieldy objects, little door let in the middle, for pedestrians!” he smiled at Rosenthal. “Are they kept locked at night?”

“Ve seldom lock doors on the stages. We keep our grounds so closely watched that there is small danger of people getting on to the stages. A day and night watchman both make the rounds. Shall we go in?”

“Not yet. I want to wait for Seibert. Ah... that must be him now...”

Smith’s eyes narrowed as he watched the approach of the director. Seibert had gone back to his habitual insolence of manner.

Eyes, cold, straight ahead, cane swinging smartly with each step, there was something ruthless, even cruel, in his manner.

The detective got the impression, as he strode through the merry-makers, that human beings meant nothing to this man.

He found himself wondering what he would do, if one got in his way—halted his progress. But no one did.

One and all they were careful to keep clear of him, and the detective did not lose this small, but significant item.

It was like the straw which shows which way the wind blows.

And yet, when he reached them, Seibert bowed courteously with a punctiliousness far from displeasing, and again Smith found himself involuntarily echoing his manner.

“Ah, I have kept you waiting. I apologize!” said the director.

“Not at all. It is most generous of you to come,” replied the detective.

They turned to enter. Smith said, and Rosenthal shot him a surprised look, but kept his lips closed.

“Funny! Why so many doors?”

Seibert explained, most thoroughly and graciously. As they opened the door a cool air rushed out. Going from the sunshine and the street without, into the vast roofed space, in semi-darkness even in mid-morning, Smith was conscious of an atmosphere of mystery and expectation. He did not know that it is always that way on motion picture stages! So many strange things are yet to be done.

Each entrance brings its own new acts in the countless dramas of life that are played on its boards! Even the studio familiar feels its curiosity and imagination stimulated as he steps through the door of a motion picture stage!

Seibert stepped back to allow Smith to enter.

“Looks black as the hinges to me in there, and I don’t know the way,” Smith said, and motioned the director ahead. Bowing slightly, the other man acquiesced.

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"I hear you. I can hear you...as well as anybody else..." said Murry Allwright, the wireless operator. "My receiver is in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in myself, only that I hear a slight hum." The MORLEY PHONE for the DIAL." 

In the January issue of Photoplay, on the newsstands on or about December 10, you will find the complete announcements of the winners of the Cut Picture Puzzle Contest.
of physicians to verify your opinion . . . wait a minute . . . I know that you and I have worked together many times, and I have always found your judgment right. But in this case . . . in this case, I am up against one of the most baffling combinations of circumstances I have ever tried to figure out. I've simply got to get this question of the time settled . . . as nearly as possible!

"Putting that way, all right. I'll have in three others when I get the body to the morgue."

"Thanks," said Smith briefly. He bent to look closely at the narrow blade clutched in one of the dead man's hands.

"There's its companion . . . the death instrument," said the coroner, pointing to a dagger, rapier . . . a slender, wicked length . . . a shining steel that lay on the floor by the murdered man's side. The blood had dried, and had also the thin stream which had oozed from the dead man. Smith's eyes did not linger on the weapon. Its part in the grim drama was only too apparent. The detective gave an exclamation of surprise, however, at a line of foot-marks which was plainly discernible, and led directly from the body to one of the two canvas-backed chairs standing by the camera platform.

"And that's not all." put in the coroner, watching him. "Those foot-prints start on the other side . . . look . . .," he pointed to the left side of the body.

"Whoever made them stepped into the blood where it first reached the floor, flowing from the heart . . . and then . . . stepped over the body, and went on, towards the chair."

"Hm . . . that does make it interesting," said Smith softly, and bending down he looked closely at the marks.

"Man's shoe. Bull-dog grip, rubber heels," he said as he started walking carefully in their trail. The blood that adhered when he stepped in the floor was heavy enough to mark him to . . . this chair . . . " he finished, laying his hand on the one of the two marked.

"Assistant Director." He turned quickly to the little doctor.

"How long would it have taken for the blood to flow out of so small a wound . . . enough to make those tracks?"

"That's a question with two answers," replied the coroner. "Whoever those prints could have stepped in blood a short time after the man was killed, but . . . it seems to me it would have dried considerably and become considerably thickened and sticky, to adhere in sufficient quantity to make all those tracks.

"Looks as true to me. Shall we say fifteen or twenty minutes . . .?"

"That's as good an answer as any. Look, the man was conscious of his blood on his foot, for it is very apparent that he tried to scuff it off . . ."

"You're right!" The two men straightened and looked questioningly at each other. The little doctor answered.

"And he didn't care whether he left those tracks or not! Never tried to remove them evidently. My God, the thing looks as coldly said, 'scuff it off!'

"It looks . . . just . . . that . . ."

agreed Smith slowly, his eyes busy about the set. Adding, "But all isn't evidence that's evident. Doc! I'm going to look for something not quite so cut, er . . . planted."

He went softly about the set. Once he bent down to pick up a section from the corner of the canvas wall. After a moment's scrutiny he went on, stopping now here, now there, at various objects and places within the space between the man and the wall. After a few moments he went back to the body.

"How was he killed? I mean, explain the blow to me, if you can.

"The rapier, undoubtedly . . . and thrust with the point between the ribs directly over the heart," said the coroner, whose tone bespoke that he had been eagerly waiting to take it!

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Keep a jar handy. It comes ready to apply instantly, without fuss or bother.

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Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolated Wax. Get it while it's new, and use as directed.
For fresh beauty this product relieves defects, such as moles, liver spots, sun, freckles and large pores. It has been known to effect a wonderful change in the complexion even and face looks years younger. Mercolated Wax keeps out the laden breath. To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines, use this face lotion: one ounce powdered mixture and half pint witch hazel. At Drug Stores.

The Perfect Xmas Gift A SILK SPANISH SHAWL
Expensively embroidered—48 in. by 60 in.
Palais Royal Shop 201 Broadway, N. Y. C.ITY

International Newsweek

Wherever there is bravery and courage, there also you will find the motion picture camera. All the great and inspiring adventures find their way to the screen. Bobby Hartmann was the cameraman who filmed the history-making cruise of the "Graf Zeppelin"

"Why... this... and this..." and he pointed to the wig which the dead man wore, and which was pushed slightly away, as though shoved up from the back, and at two faint, sliding marks in the dust of the floor, where in falling Hardell had skidded an inch or so on his heels.
"Well, that explodes that theory," said the little coroner ruefully.

There was a corner on one of the strangest cases in his experience. After a moment he held:
"It's his first experience with a murdered motion picture actor. Maybe he automatically assumed that frightful expression when he saw the blow coming... force of habit, as it were! Ordinary people aren't so handy with their faces!"
"There's more in that than mere humorous supposition, Doc," returned Smith quickly.
"How do we know but the man took this way to tell the world he was foully done in? Made use of his profession to the end!"

But their surmises in this questionable direction were interrupted just then by the entrance of Clancy, breathing heavily, and evidently triumphantly.
"Nothing to it, chief!" he said exultantly.

"What do you think? I walked right off this stage and smash into a guy, lifting this off the dead man's bureau! I was going over there to take a look around, like you told me, and I caught him at it. You've got the whole dope right there in writing..." and he handed his superior a piece of paper which had been folded, and torn across. The heading and the signature were gone, but the text remained. He read:

"I have decided I am the fool to come out here to meet you, just for those letters! I am here... Yes... but those letters, they are mine! I shall have them! I shall end everything between us... tonight..."

SMITH's mind leaped back to the conversation in Rosenthal's room, and the French girl Selbert had mentioned. "Here's where Yvonne Beaumont comes in... Rosenthal, or no Rosenthal to the contrary," he told himself.

To Clancy he said,
"Find Miss Beaumont's room. She'll probably have a box of this paper there. If not, at her home. It's expensive paper, and most likely monogrammed. Away, wherever it is, get it.
I want to match it up. Also, get all the details.

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CHAPTER VIII

"VELI, did you find out anything?"

"The president of Superior Flans leaned forward eagerly as I lounged into his private office. Smith laughed, and thought the fat Jewish gentleman looked very much like an impatient small boy.

"This isn't a motion picture, you know, and you can't get the whole story at one sitting," he answered good naturedly. Rosenthal threw out his hands apologetically.

"Sure, sure . . . I must remember that!" he admitted, adding, "but surely you have found something?"

"Quite a lot. Too much, I'm afraid!" he remarked the other dryly. He went over to Rosenthal's desk and chose a cigar.

"A mighty good cigar. They help a fellow to think," he murmured, lighting it. Rosenthal instantly reached into his desk and took out an unopened box, which he pushed toward the detective.

Smith laughed.

"Just a gentle hint, eh? Well, don't you fear, Rosenthal, I'm going to do more thinking than any of these fellows had to do before! I can tell you that much right now!"

Rosenthal's light brown eyes sparkled. He said,

"VELI, I really did not mean it that way, however . . . and he motioned toward the bottom drawers of his desk, "I just got my last order. I half pay money. So don't let yourself be without a stimulant to your brain at any time!"

He took up one of the rare morsels of the weed and lit it. "Perhaps we should think together," he smiled. "For a few moments there was silence.

Smith leaned back in his chair. It was a good chair. A better chair than he had in his living room at home. His feet rested on the soft, soothing softness of silken pile . . . genuine Chinese rugs.

He looked at the silk velvet that hung in rich folds from the wall and at the various objets d'art that decorated the room. A little gaudy, but beautiful withal, this business man's office! Smith said,

"No wonder everybody goes crazy over pictures! It's getting me!"

Rosenthal shrugged.

"Ve half our troubles, too! Look at me now! Not a night shall I rest until we get this thing over . . . that Vat is going to be a big nuisance to us all! I wish I knew what to do! I think I am going to tell you! I will tell you! The public will jump on me . . . on pictures . . . on actors, vid you grand lep! Ve will be accused of effery things! . . . And I am kind of wicked! A murder happens in any other business, and the only thing that the public vunders is, veel, how did it happen? A murder happens in a picture office! A murder happens in any other business! . . . A murder happens anywhere! Even in a church. But I see your angle, and it's true . . . to a great extent. We'll hope to keep this a secret as we can. I'd like to see you in the office this afternoon to question those men."

"Sure. Maybe you vant I should go out?"

"No. I want you to stay right here," returned Rosenthal. "I'd like to see you know yourself and everyone better than I do. You can help me get at the truth . . . spot an evasion quicker than I might, perhaps."

"Sure, I understand. That iss right!" agreed Rosenthal, and he pushed a button on his desk. When his secretary came in he said,

"I SHALL be in conference all afternoon. I do not want anybody . . . not anybody . . . to interrupt me. Only the people I tell you to let in . . ."

Mr. Cohen had been waiting to see you," she declared. Rosenthal made a grimace. He did not want to see his production manager just then. However, it was not best to injure Izée's pride too deeply.

"All right . . . I agree . . ." he agreed after a moment. Cohen made one of his jibbering entrances. Naturally nervous—in fact, afflicted with a disorder that caused him to jerk and twist the muscles of his face spasmodically on occasions of undue excitement—the poor fellow was now in an almost pathetic state. Rosenthal gave him one look, then said,

"Izée, you should go home."

"Go home! I should go home! Vell, you

Gift-giving entails no problem, when the recipient is a woman and the gift is cosmetics, by HELENA RUBINSTEIN. All that one demands of a remembrance is perfectly combined in these inspirations of a great Artist-Scientist . . . utility, exclusiveness and above all beauty. Beauty deserves these things of beauty!

Valaze Water Lily Powder—Contains rare, youth-renewing essences of water lily buds. Two blends—Norena for dry skin, Complexion for average and only skin. Smart flattering tints for every type—and a fragrance, unforgettable! Strikingly decorative spired box in red and gold 150.

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Valaze Water Lily Lipstick—a lipstick inspiration! Red Ruby (medium) the approved day tone and Red Cardinal (light) the most alluring evening tone! And certified indelible! Jade Green, Jet Black or Chinese Red Case to match the compacts! 1.25.

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Dels-A-Tone Cream or Powder is sold by drug and dept. stores, or sent prepaid, in plain wrapper, in the U. S. for $1.00. Money back if disappointed. For generous sample send 10c to Mles Mildred Hadley c/o The Delatone Co., Dept. 12, 721 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

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Brickbats and Bouquets

[Continued from page 10]

The Razzle-dazzle of Hollywood

Los Angeles, Calif.

I have seen many people who heretofore always acted like sane, sensible persons, but let them go to Hollywood and they become emotionally upset. They lose their mental equilibrium and under great stress will point out to them, they stand awe-stricken and transfixed. I saw one dignified man from Indiana go goofy with the rest of them. One evening said: "I have a private plane!" and if that dignified cosmopolite didn't run over to the curb, dress clothes, silk hat and all, up his hands and look through the glass doors at that plane!" said Cohen.

Talk about England and the Razzle-dazzle of Royalty! England has nothing on Hollywood. MAE ZEEING MCKINSTRY.

Emil Jannings the Unique

Portland, Oregon

To me, Emil Jannings compares favorably with the great stage artists of today. A definite individual was given to the movie fan in "The Last Command," but this person was not Emil Jannings. A few other movie stars have the same ability to create different role.

Let the others cease to be single-truck packing, let them be creative artists.

M. Crocett.

It's Part of the Game

Baltimore, Md.

In the September issue of PHOTOPLAY, Richard Barthelmess makes "A Plea for Privacy." Publicity, against which he is railing, is the "goose that lays the golden egg" for him. Remove it, and his "goose is cooked." The interest we take in a person naturally makes us curious to learn all about him. It is a friendly curiosity, with no desire on our part to overstep the bounds of propriety.

Gene Tunney sought privacy; and why? By retiring from the ring and becoming Gene Tunney, private citizen. So, Dick, there's on two things to do. Either stand the "goat" or abdicate.

Tom W. Dyott.
**GROW—Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows actually grow in 30 days**

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a product which makes your lashes and eyebrows actually grow. Now if you want long, curling, silky lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyelashes.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a钱 back.
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HAve you a way with words? Do you want to be a successful writer?

Don't suppress that latent talent of yours. Diligent effort under Palmer training, with the sympathetic advice of the Palmer teachers who themselves are successful writers, will develop it. Your gift for writing can be made to earn for you. And no end of fun can bring you the satisfaction, the happiness that writing can bring.

Jim Tully, author of "Circus Parade" and many other best sellers, said: "If the Palmer Institute had saved me years of labor!"

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and powder base in an exquisite little vanity box for your purse. Powder white, and gold, for your mouth. New and different. Not a cream, no gloop. Pure, sweet, fragrant. At 10-cent counters or postpaid 50c. Fully guaranteed.

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The story of Sandy MacDuff

Sandy MacDuff is the picture of Sandy MacDuff figuring up the prizes offered by the Christie Film Company for the best Scotch jokes suggested for his TV show by the comedy Ox. Sandy MacDuff himself is shown in a series of photographs, ranging from a hundred to five, to the winning contestants, but it would have been more fun to have been boiling in oil.

If you have a story, send it to the best story prize conducted recently through Photoplay Magazine, so perhaps you would like to know how it came about. Thousands of jokes were received from the home of the unfolding gag—Scotland itself. And others came from England and Ireland and, of course, from all parts of the United States. The judges were Al Christie, Frank Conlin and Jack Duffy, who plays Sandy in the comedies. They had a tough time because of many of the jokes submitted had had drastic consequences.

The first prize of $100 went to P. J. Cremins, Quincy, Mass. Other winners were: C. R. Bailey, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. J. A. Hitaslip, Clarkburgh, W. Va.; Mrs. D. O'Hara, San Jose, Calif.; Fred K. Dawson, Toronto, Canada; George Y. McEwan, Stony Plain, Canada; K. A. Miller, Sandusky, Ohio; Neil Paton, Springfield, Mass.; John Seivert, New York City; Dougas Mac Ray, Fond du Lac, Wis.; and Harry Lubowitz, New York City.
on the set and the trying on of tall millinery—
delusions of grandeur and trying mental and
spiritual readjustments in a new and difficult
world. Poca had warped her own
mind and put calluses on her immortal soul.

Do you remember the shock when her first
American film, "Belva Donna," unrolled before
our horrified minds, from the artistic tragedy
that was "Belva Donna." Poca had

Gone was the lean, fiery woman who had set
ablaze with her genius the screens of the world.
Filled were the faint hollows in her cheeks, and
smiles were her friends in the studio.

In her place we found a smart, sleek, corn-
feather beauty who stalked almost arrogantly
through the purple passages of Robert Hitch's
romances.

That was a dark hour for us who had hoped
the best and finest from the astonishing Pola.

We had expected a tigress—we got a placid,
polite, sedate, well-bred house pet, all coat and
no clavus.

We looked for a three-alarm fire—all we
found was a dull smudge. Pola had gone up
case domestic, and with her
going went her passionate greatness, with its
verve and flame.

Looking at her picture, and Pola sim-
ermed, but never flamed. We felt badly. What
were we, foolish frets and let down. Where
was the red hot star we had laid our pence on?

Pola Negri never recovered, for more than a
few had written stories on the artful tragedy
that was "Belva Donna." Her very first
Hollywood effort, oddly enough, was the begin-
ing of her end.

As the star realized that things were very
wrong, it added to her mental and spiritual
confusion.

She looked hunted.

She was followed and haunted by the dog-
ghed hoofbeats of inevitable failure.

And it wasn't long, as careers go.

What had happened?

Simply that Poca Negri had taken her self-
cooing too seriously, forgetting that the
great star is only the servant of the millions.

She had become, thanks to chilling and in-
flated ego, the self-conscious Great Artist—all
oblivious of the fact that the true artist, the
truly beloved entertainer is the one who, cast-
away all thought of self-pity, hurled herself
passionately into her work for God, for Coun-
try and for Yale.

NO one is quicker to sense a change in the
personality of a favorite film player than
Mr. Ardent Fan, and that keen gentleman
sensed the new Negri instinct. He wanted
a passionate princess and he caught a quie-
tly clothes-horse, the like of which romps wild
and wholesome in the Hollywoods.

What Negri never saw was that every mighty
star of the screen had his or her favorite fan.

On one side—adulation and fortune. On
the other—oibligation.

Stars are because film fans find in each one
thing to love and cherish.

In Jack Gilbert it is a certain responsible,
devil-may-care charmer.

Buddy Rogers and Dick Bartheselmes are
every woman's boys.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Greta Garbo is, to us, a lonely woman-soul crowned with repressed passions and longings that may burst at any moment and spatter us with star-shells.

Mary Pickford began to fade when she grew less the dimpled hoyden and more the First Lady of Filmland and chatelaine of the Fairbanks mansion.

Pola Negri is just neglected to be herself.

We wanted a ball of fire and we found a cake of ice. We had queens of our own, just as beautiful and assmartly togged. And we sniffler, and passed Pola by on the other side.

We can't imagine Pola's paramount career things went from worse to terrible.

Her grief-stricken hullabaloo at the death and funeral of Valentino. Even her sturdiest admirers think, in these days, she doesn't scruple about telling her so, with gestures. A public weared to the snoring point by press reports of her loves and longings didn't even snort in its sleep at her marriage to one of the Mdivani boys. Negri, alarmed and wishful, was swept along on a swift elb tide out to American oblivion.

And so Pola fades away from the front-line rank of American stars.

She may do more work among us. We may see a film now and then of the sea. But the golden chance is gone and she is almost as dead as the conventional do.

Pola Negri's American failure is one of the major tragedies of our motion picture history. We expected so much of this wonder woman, and got so little.

From the pigeon-holes of our minds we pull dusty memories of a little, hungry-looking girl. She wanted to be famous—like to be famous. And we wonder, sadly, just how much there is in this queen racket, after all.

The School of Charm

(continued from page 71)
Ten Years Ago in PHOTOLPLAY

The cruel war is over, but as this issue of Photoplay rumbles to press, we don’t know it, so there is very little carol singing and references to Ye Merrie Yule tide in the pages. The harassed government is still urging us to conserve paper and win the war. Gerry Farrar

Ten years ago Lila Lee was a chubby little girl just discovered by Paramount. Photoplay was enthusiastic about her film debut.

France, standing on the body of a flattened Hun—Elise Ferguson, looking too noble to live, telling a $20 a month doughboy to step right into the little brown tent and buy himself a bond.

Now it’s time to beat our bayonets into paper cutters.

The learned Julian Johnson, Photoplay’s critic, goes into a hot song and dance about the charms and talents of one Lila Lee, a chubby minx just discovered by Paramount. Sample of the Johnsonian dithyramb—“She gives you the impression of once, odd, velvet petalled blossom found in a garden with all of whose plants you had long thought yourself familiar.” Whoa, Julian!

Johnson is not on the pictures, right down the line. He likes Tourneur’s “Sporting Life,” with Faire and Connie Binney, but he thinks Frank Keenan in “The Bells” is a terrible hunk of meat. This young fellow named Thomas Meighan, who is Norma Talmadge’s leading man in “The Forbidden City,” looks good. (Won’t be long now till “The Miracle Man”)

Alice Lake is interviewed in the Sennett custard pie corral. She is a hot potato these days. It’s a hard life in the blunder comics, says Alice.

Here’s a still from one of her galloperas. The only comics in the old one-reel picture are Buster Keaton, Fatty Arückle and Al St. John.

Hardly a laugh in a cardadow.

Old Fox Griffith, not so lean and gray, tells how he picks his leading girls.

“The art of acting is at once very simple and totally impossible,” says Ollie Massa. “It isn’t what you do with your face and hands—it’s the light within.”

Photographs of the Gals, Mae Marsh, Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet and Constance Talmadge. We’re to take it that within they’re all lighted up like new saloons.

Tom Moore’s little daughter, Alice Mary, co-joyce of Alice Joyce, is three years old and a confirmed thumb-sucker, by her picture.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is eight, and serious minded, and Mae Murray and Bob Leonard are spilled. . . . Henry Walthall, “the little kunnel,” goes back to the speakeasies, his string seemingly played out for the nonce . . . Jack Mulhall is just another of those leading men with Paramount . . . Use Lash-Brow-Ine and get beautiful eye-winkers like Fanny Ward’s. She’s the child actress. . . . Eugene O’Brien’s hair is light brown and his eyes are blue. The boy with some splendid background in the Alice-contains another department. Don’t ask Pearl White to write you a personal letter. She’s too busy being out in a limb in the serial racket.

Get a cargo of this—“Mae Marsh has a new fad. Deprived of her pets, which she will not confine in an apartment, she has acquired—a lady bug. She calls it Cecilia, it lives among the flowers in the window box, and actually comes when she calls.”

Oh, the years! Oh, the years!

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Guardians of the Wild—Universal—Too bad that Rex, the wonder horse, can’t write his own stories and put some horse-sense into them. (November.)

Gypsy of the North—Rayart—A better than usual melodrama of the Northern mining camps. (August.)

Half a Bride—Paramount—Wherein a bride goes on a desert island with the wrong man. (August.)

Hanging’s House—Fox—A good drama of Ireland, with a horse like actress and an excellent performance by Victor McLaglen. (August.)

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section


When Even Your Sweetheart Turns Away—

Do you know what it means to be lonely and forgotten? To be without friends? To have no one to confide in? To have even your sweethearth turn away in your hour of need? Even your wife god turn on you—because you can’t do the right thing when you had the chance?

Earle Liederman will enthrall you of your friends when you least expect it, and it will be up to you to overcome it or fail. When that time comes you will be ready for it. Will you have the strength, the muscles, the spirit every man owns to himself if he wants to be loved and respected?

The Only Thing That Can Save You

There comes a time in every man’s life when strength—real strength—is the only thing that can save him, in war or in peace, on the set-box or in the price that might lose you the winner of the lesser
diling and often massive death.

Learn to know your heart. Are you old before your time? Are those rolls of flesh around your stomach, pads of flesh on your arms and legs, those dents that cause you to feel weak and lacking?

Are you strong and shapely? How’s your wind? If you get into a life-and-death race, can you keep up with you on the bottom or on top when it all comes down? Can you run, can you jump, can you swim, can you lift or carry a ton of stuff?

No! It’s not that you can’t do these things, but you haven’t developed those muscles. Now you can learn how to develop those muscles. You’ve given it in over 100,000 men and many of them were weaker than you when they started, but they still developed and now they’re strong and you could be just as strong if you’d only know the right thing to do.

Liederman will show you how to get into shape and turn it into a habit with muscle-building exercises. He’ll show you how to develop the right muscles to get your health and respect for you.

This is the only thing that can save you.

Earle Liederman—The Muscle-Builder

Send for My New 64 Page Book

“Muscular Development”

It is FREE

It contains splendid full-page photographs of yourself and some of the grand physique ideals I have trained. Some of these come to my studio to be filmed with equipment I have devised to help them. Each one is the best you and we have succeeded in their personal development. They are just now being advertised in a book by the name of “Secrets of Strength” which will be on the market in a short time.

I would like to have that one hundred thousand men this book could have and have never been printed. I would like to have that one hundred thousand men read this book and truly understood what it means. I would like to have that book to distribute to the masses. I would like to have that book to save you and your loved ones from a life full of tragedy and sorrow.

Send right now for your copy of “Muscular Development.” It is FREE.
Where Is the Fat of Yesterday?

Have you noted how fast excess fat, with men and women, has disappeared in recent years? Slender figures are the rule. Think what millions have gained in youth and beauty, health and vigor by that change.

A great factor has been a discovery made some 25 years ago. Medical research found a cause of excess fat. It lies in weakness of a gland which largely controls nutrition. Too much of the food goes to fat. Modern physicians in treating obesity now feed that gland substance. And that is the main factor embodied in Marmola prescription tablets.

Marmola was perfected by a famous medical laboratory. Its chief factor is a gland food. People have used it for over 20 years—millions of bottles of it. Users have told the results to others—the loss in weight, the gain in health and vigor. Thus, year by year, the use has grown to very large proportions. In the past year alone it has doubled.

The results are seen everywhere. Excess fat has been banished to a large degree. Every box of Marmola contains the formula, also the scientific reasons for results. When fat departs and new vigor comes, you know exactly why. No hard work, no starvation. Just take four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal.

Try this method which, for over 20 years has brought new joys to so many. You owe that to yourself. Watch the gradual loss of fat. Enjoy the new energy that comes. You may be dazed. Don’t wait longer. Get Marmola now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

HAPPINESS AHEAD—First National.—What might have been merely tawdry melodrama is turned into fine entertainment by the splendid acting of Colleen Moore, Edmund Lowe and Libby Tashman. (Aug ust.

HAUNTED HOUSE, THE—First National.—Too much Chester Conklin and not enough mystery. (Oct.


HEADIN’ FOR DANGER—F.B.O.—The best Western in months. New plot, new situations, new gags and Bob Steele. (July.

HEARTS OF MEN—Anchor.—And producers ain’t got no heart. (Oct.

HEART TO HEART—First National.—Agreeable and original comedy of small town life. You’ll like it. (Sept ember.

HEART TROUBLE—First National.—Harry Langdon writes his own film in this picture. (July.

HELLO, CHEYENNE—Fox.—That distinguished literatee, Mr. Tom Mix, in a Western that is peppered with new stunt work. (July.

HELL SHIP BRONSON—Gotham.—Neal being does some of his best acting as a rip-roaring old sea captain. (July.

HOLE IN THE WALL, THE—First National.—Some of the queerest and most thrilling stories of men, women and children. (July.

HONEYMOON—First National.—A look at a rich man’s wedding—rivalry and romance. (July.

HORMAN BOUND—Warner.—Talkie muck about which you can’t write by someone who never had been near Hollywood than Parsons, Kana. (Nov ember.

HONESDALE—First National.—Miss Moore, comic story of a girl who can’t take a walk without passing by an old man. (Sept ember.

HORN OF BATTLE—First National.—If you are not sick of cops, crooks and the inevitable girl who reforms. (Sept ember.

HORSEMAN—First National.—A horse race, a romance and a mystery. (Sept ember.

HOT BLOODED—First National.—A thriller, a mystery and a romance. (Sept ember.

HOT NEWS—Paramount.—The is a damn good story. (Sept ember.

HOUND OF SILVER CREEK, THE—Universal.—Dynamite, the new dog star, blazes an inferior story to success. (Aug ust.

HOUSE OF SCANDAL, THE—Tiffany—If you are not sick of cops, crooks and the inevitable girl who reforms. (Sept ember.

HUSBANDS OF THE THIEVES, THE—First National.—You’ll like it. (Sept ember.

HUSBANDS OF THE THIEVES, THE—First National.—If you are not sick of cops, crooks and the inevitable girl who reforms. (Sept ember.

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ON THE GO—Action, something different, a western with a lot of drama. (June.)

OPENING NIGHT, THE—Columbia. One moment, there is a real show; the next, there is only an old, familiar, fine man. A drama worth seeing. (August.)

ORPHANS OF THE SAP—FBO—Poor pitch.

OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lively and very modern romana, which is no mean achievement. Standard and ornamented by Joan Crawford, Anita Page and Dorothy, beautiful and bosomy. Born and Nils Asther also help a lot. (August.)

OUT OF THE PAST—Pearls.—One of those things you cannot do. (August.)

OUT OF THE RUINS—First National.—Dick Barthelmes and his wife have come to the rescue of a young and inexperienced, fine man. A drama worth seeing. (June.)

PAINTED POST—Fox.—Tom Mix’s swan song for Fox, except for his last appearance in his next picture. (August.)

PATRIOT, THE—Paramount.—Brilliant performance of several wonderful campaigns and wars by Delmer Daves. It’s a story of Paul the First, mad Czar of Russia. Also great acting by Lew Cody. Love emotions are well handled, and the picture is very realistic. Sundays pictures and very much worth seeing. (June.)

PAY AS YOU ENTER—Warner.—A motorman and conductor both love Louise Fazenda. What could be more thrilling? A silent drama. (June.)

PERFECT CRIME, THE—FBO.—Clive Brook, as we all know, is a master of a perfect crime. How he finds it is the basis of an unusually fine mystery story. (October.)

PHANTOM CITY, THE—First National.—Fun and mystery in a deserted mining town, with Ken Maynard as the hero of the piece. If you are looking for a good, tense, unexpected thrill, this is the picture for you. Jennie pictures and very much worth seeing. (June.)

PHANTOM OF THE TUBE—Rayart.—This time Rex Lease is the fellow who wins the race and saves the world. (September.)

PHANTOM PINTO, THE—Ben Wilson.—Why expect a pinto pony and a flock of horses to furnish all the excitement of an audience? (August.)

PHYLISS OF THE FOLLIES—Universal.—In which Lillian Taylor and Alice Day, as two chorus girls, struggle a butter-and-egg man. Foolish but funny. (June.)

PINTO KID, THE—FBO.—Burt Barton’s stunt will please the kids. That’s all. (August.)

POLLY HUDDLETON—First Division.—Inexperienced but entertaining him about an ugly duckling who would be a movie queen. (September.)

PORT OF DREAMS, THE—-Prufrock.—Proving that you can’t make a sea journey this! (October) just by showing down the scenes. This one is full of yawning. (November.)

POWER—Pathes.—Romantic adventures of Bill Borden, who marries a woman and gives a good dam working. And very funny, too. (Sept.)

PROWERS OF THE SEA—Tiffany-Stahl.—Dorothea (June.)

QUEEN OF THE CHORUS, THE—Anchor.—Ruth Roland in the story of a chorus girl, with victory triumphant. (August.)

RACKET, THE—Caddo-Paramount.—Thomas Meighan, as a love-hung man, is a picture worth watching. Don’t miss it. (August.)

RAIDER EMDEN, THE—Emeka-Columbia.—A thrilling reproduction of the most spectacular sea battle of World War. (September.)

RANSOM—Columbia.—Childish rumpus over a heavy international secret. Third rate. (Oct.)


REFORM.—Chadwick.—Wherein a multi-headed psychologist reforms a good-looking girl crock by crock. (August.)

REVENGES—United Artists.—The third of the “3’s” by Edgar Carewe and Dolores Del Rio. Perfectly designed, excellently acted. (October.)

RIDING TO FAME—Elise.—Does the villainous book succeed in securing the horse and wrecking young love? Don’t miss this one! (August.)

RIDING TO DEATH, THE—Deserts.—An appealing and unusual dog story with the one and only Rin-Tin-Tin. (July.)

RIVER WOLF, THE—Gotham.—Fine and splendid story with a splendid performance by Jacqueline Logan. (Oct.)

ROAD HOUSE—Fox.—Proving that flaming youth is a thing of the older generation. Rather hot. (Sept.)

ROMANCE OF A ROGUE, THE—Caruso.—Strong. (September.)

ROUGH RIDIN’ RED—FBO.—Buzz Barton’s red hair triumphs over cinematic clustus. (November.)

LITTLE WILCAT, THE—Warner.—Nothing to show up the good production. (October.)

LITTLE WILD GIRL, THE—Hercules.—Lila Lee gets mixed up in a lot of old-fashioned hokum. (September.)

LITTLE YELLOW HOUSE, THE—FBO.—An awful fuss about nothing at all. (August.)

LONEHOME—Kenton and Glenn Tryon in a good human interest story of young love in modern backgrounds. Lots of trick camera effects and the usual Technicolor hokum. (July.)

LOST IN THE ARCTIC—Fox.—Interesting and worthwhile story of Arctic Exploration. (Oct.)

LOVE, HUNGER—Fox.—Converting a mere innocent love affair of a chorus girl, Lois Moran and Lawson Gray head the cast, but Marjorie Lord and Trevor Bardette are the real stars of the picture. (November.)

LOVE OVER NIGHT, THE—Pathe.—Mystery stuff eased ever with some good comedy. (September.)

MADELEINE—MGM.—That bad rug that should be a museum piece. (November.)

MAGNIFICENT FLIRT, THE—Paramount.—Miss Madeleine Carroll and David Niven are not the only attractions. Suave direction and the fascinating work of Florence Vidor put this picture in the class of the best. (August.)

MAN IN THE ROUGH, THE—FBO.—Not a golf story. A Western with thinly villain, foolish old man, tomboy daughter—vast contrast. (September.)

MAN-MADE WOMEN—Pathé-De Mille.—Modern sex story, made pleasant by deft handling, Lorelei, both old and young. (September.)

MASKED ANGEL, THE—Chadwick.—Just dumb. (October.)

MATINEE IDOL, THE—Columbia.—Besse Love in the story of a young girl with a Fazenda. (August.)

MATING CALL, THE—Paramount-Caddo.—Thomas Meighan and attractive girl act in an unusual story of strong dramatic appeal. (October.)

ME, GANGSTER—Fox.—Sentimental, melodramatic, but a good picture. Don’t miss it. (December.)

MEET THE MOUSSARDS, THE—Rayart.—Thrilling and enthralling secret Service yarn. Above average. (September.)

MICHIGAN KID, THE—Universal.—Thrilling melodrama and beautiful scenery successfully another of Horatio Alperg’s plots. With Conrad Nagel and Renato Ade. (July.)

MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE, A—Rayart.—Something new and silly and blinding in the way of a murder. (July.)

MIDNIGHT LIFE—Gotham.—Night club stuff and a bit too much of the slang. (September.)

MIDNIGHT TAXI, THE—Warner.—Boolegger and hijackers run riot. (August.)

MILLION DOLLAR LOVE, A—Sterling.—Pebble melodrama. (August.)

MODERN MOTHERS—Columbia.—Show folks vs. Bobbitts. (October.)

MODERN MAN—FBO.—First rate—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—An old-time melodrama made passable by modern embellishments. (February.)

MY HOME TOWN—Rayart.—The hero is charged with manslaughter, jail-breaking, sale-broking, and blackmailing. Stay away and read the newspapers. (June.)

MYSTERIOUS LADY, THE—Metron-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Greta Garbo’s first day in a war romance. And, oh what fun for tic detectives! (September.)

NAME THE WOMAN—Columbia.—And also name the plot. (October.)

NEWS PARADE—Fox.—A snappy and original account of the exploits of the news reel photographers. Nick Stuart and Sally Phipps are the heroes of the piece. (August.)

NIGHT BIRD, THE—Universal.—Reginald Denny goes back to the prizefighting, where he is at his best. (August.)

NIGHTWATCH, THE—First National.—War story with navy background and some good drama, but Denny’s the hero. (September.)

NOAH’S ARK—Warner.—Big cast, big theme, big flood. Your money’s worth. (October.)

NONE BUT THE BRAVE—Fox.—Once more the college is depicted with all its tricks and weaknesses. (September.)

NO OTHER WOMAN—Fox.—One of Dolores Del Rio’s early movie mistakes, dug up for no good reason. (August.)

NO QUESTIONS ASKED—Warner.—William Collier, Jr., and Audrey Ferris in one of those “first year” stories. Just as good. (September.)

OBEY YOUR HUSBAND, THE—Anchor.—Horrible moral lesson for naughty wives. (September.)

OH KAY!—First National.—Colleen Moore in some agreeable nonsense. (October.)

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section
Buying Christmas Seals

The National, State, and Local Tuberculosis Associations of the United States

State of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912., of Photoplay Magazine Published Monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1st, 1928

State of Illinois [illegible]

County of Cook [illegible]

Before a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Kathryn Dougerty, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of the Photoplay Magazine, published at Chicago, Illinois, and that she knows and is acquainted with the contents of the same, and that the said Photoplay Magazine is published quarterly, and contains news and review columns, short stories, and other matter of a popular nature as required by said Act of Congress, and that the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the name and addresses of the Publishers, editor, managing editor, and business manager, is Photoplay Publishing Co., 521-23 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Editor: A. V. Esenwein; Manager: Kathryn Dougerty, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, the name and address of the corporation, and the names and addresses of the officers of the corporation, and the names and addresses of the persons owning a part of 1% or more of the total amount of stock of such corporation, and the names and addresses of the persons owning a part of 1% or more of the total amount of stock of such corporation, unless such corporation is not a person subject to the provisions of the said Act of Congress) M. E. McLlveen, Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock, or, if such corporation is a corporate body, the principal trustees or other persons in whom reponsibility for the payment of the principal and interest therein is vested, and the names and addresses of such bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, and the names and addresses of the persons owning a part of 1% or more of the total amount of stock of such corporation, as required by said Act of Congress, is as follows: Photoplay Publishing Co., 521-23 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 4. That the said Photoplay Magazine is not sold for other than the price of paper and postage, and that the sum of 50 cents, being the average price of a copy, which includes the cost of paper and postage, is the actual cost of such publication. 5. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, are not true and correct. 6. That the principal office of the said Photoplay Magazine is at Chicago, Illinois, and that the offices other than the principal office are: 7. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, are not true and correct. 8. That the said Photoplay Magazine is not sold for other than the price of paper and postage, and that the sum of 50 cents, being the average price of a copy, which includes the cost of paper and postage, is the actual cost of such publication. 9. That the said Photoplay Magazine is not sold for other than the price of paper and postage, and that the sum of 50 cents, being the average price of a copy, which includes the cost of paper and postage, is the actual cost of such publication. 10. That the said Photoplay Magazine is not sold for other than the price of paper and postage, and that the sum of 50 cents, being the average price of a copy, which includes the cost of paper and postage, is the actual cost of such publication. 11. That the said Photoplay Magazine is not sold for other than the price of paper and postage, and that the sum of 50 cents, being the average price of a copy, which includes the cost of paper and postage, is the actual cost of such publication. 12. That the said Photoplay Magazine is not sold for other than the price of paper and postage, and that the sum of 50 cents, being the average price of a copy, which includes the cost of paper and postage, is the actual cost of such publication. 13. That the said Photoplay Magazine is not sold for other than the price of paper and postage, and that the sum of 50 cents, being the average price of a copy, which includes the cost of paper and postage, is the actual cost of such publication. 14. That the said Photoplay Magazine is not sold for other than the price of paper and postage, and that the sum of 50 cents, being the average price of a copy, which includes the cost of paper and postage, is the actual cost of such publication.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, (Signer of Business Manager) M. EVELYN MCEVILY, (My commission expires January 15, 1941)

Every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
A Merry Christmas

Send Me To Friends For Christmas

I am not just a little Christmas card, or a present that turns green with the spring. You can’t lose me because on the 15th of every month I go to your friend’s house and say, “Phyllis sent me here again because she wants you to remember me all through the year.” I know you will like me because everybody does. I won’t allow any season to snuff me out. I am Santa Claus throughout the year. You can’t send a more economical or more pleasant gift. Just make out a list of your friends, attach them to this coupon, and send them in right away. You can send one or twenty. There’s no limit. Get your Christmas shopping off your mind.

To enable you to send this gift subscription in a correct and most attractive way, this artistic Christmas Card has been provided, stating that Photoplay Magazine will be sent for whatever period you desire.

When you return coupon, attach a Postal or Express money order or a Check

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Year, $2.50. Six months, $1.25. Canada, $3.00 per year. Foreign Countries, $3.50 per year.


Gentlemen — Enclosed find $ for (Length of Subscriptions)

Send to — Name

Address

From — Name

Address

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOCPLAY MAGAZINE.
HEALTH and beauty—invaluable to all of us—why not make them a priceless gift to your friends this Christmas? Famous stars of stage and screen now insure these requisites through daily use of the Battle Creek Health Builder. Give a Health Builder this year—the ideal Christmas gift for young and old.

Keep Slender—Radiantly Healthy
This Enjoyable New Way
Just 15 minutes a day of effortless vibratory exercise with the Battle Creek Health Builder, manufactured under the patents of Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, massages the heaviest muscles, peps up sluggish circulation, aids digestion and reduces superfluous weight—safely and surely in any part of the body desired.

Joan Crawford, Reginald Denny, Vivienne Segal, Oscar Shaw, Dorothy Knapp—are just a few of the scores of men and women prominent on the stage and screen—in business and social life—who use and endorse the Health Builder.

Every day in countless private homes—in large medical institutions, hospitals, gymnasia, etc.—the Health Builder is helping thousands of men and women to keep fit, many upon advice of their physicians. Dieting and back-breaking exercises are banished! Perfectly synchronized with the muscle tone of the human body, the Health Builder keeps you pleasingly slender, makes you look and feel your best at all times—yet, does all this without any effort on your part!

A Health Builder for Every Requirement
Ideal for home use is the Universal Home Model, a compact, enclosed Health Builder. The Athletic Model is very popular for clubs, home gymnasia, colleges, health centers, institutions, steamships, etc., while the handsome De Luxe Cabinet Models combine utility with distinctive beauty.

Write for Fascinating Health and Beauty Data
Send for "Health and Beauty in Fifteen Minutes a Day"—a Free book of fascinating interest, showing how the Health Builder keeps you fit. Write for your copy NOW!

Sanitarium Equipment Co.
Room AH-5181
Battle Creek, Mich.
Silent or Synchronized
These 2 Raoul Walsh Productions Will Thrill You

Nowadays you can hear your film in many motion picture theatres. Thanks to Fox Movietone, the screen is audible as well as visual. When you see "The Red Dance" and "Me, Gangster" you hear an orchestra of one hundred of America's finest musicians play the musical background. This music is photographed right on the film and reproduced without friction for your greater entertainment.

William Fox presents
2 Raoul Walsh productions

Love is a woman's only cause. Torn between her affection for the handsome noble played by Charlie Farrell, and the great-hearted peasant enacted by Ivan Linow, Dolores Del Rio discovers that even a clumsy peasant can be noble. This colorful melodrama produced by Raoul Walsh so interested New Yorkers that it played 12 weeks at the Globe Theatre on Broadway.

Direct, rugged in its simplicity, this compelling story of the regeneration of a gangster through the love of the beautiful June Collyer, will hold your interest as did the novel by Charles Francis Coe which inspired the picture. Director Walsh here submits for your approval the Harvard football star, Don Terry, a new comer to the screen.
I wish you could get silver with colored handles somewhere this side of Paris!"
"My dear—you can!"
"Where?"
"Here!—Since yesterday... Community Plate..."

The very latest thing: Silverware for breakfast...with 'jeweled'-handled knives...

Color in silverware!—The very latest vogue of the ultra-smart, interpreted by Community Plate in its 'jeweled'-handle knives... small-size knives, that add a delicious color-accent of ruby-red—or glistening emerald-color—or sapphire-blue—to the day's most colorful meal... Knives like the knives the 'very-fashionables' are bringing back from Paris... The well-equipped modern breakfast-table is set with orange spoons, cereal spoons, teaspoons, small-size forks, butter spreaders, and knives with colored handles—in one of Community Plate's five lovely patterns... The 'jeweled'-handle knives come as part and parcel of Community's new sets of silverware—at no extra cost. The blades are the unapproachable Community 'Deluxe Stainless Steel'—burnished-bright and scimitar-sharp. At your jeweler's—from now on. Community Plate is guaranteed for fifty years.

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