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The National Guide to Motion Pictures

N.S.E.

PHOTOPLAY

JANUARY

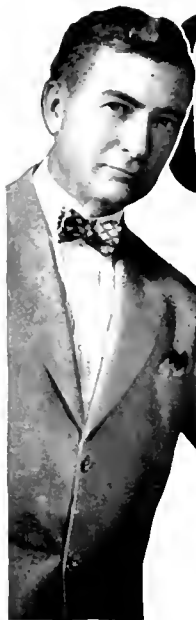
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Check the ones you have seen, make a date for the others and don't miss any! Your Theatre Manager will tell you when.

TITLE	PLAYERS	DATE
THE QUARTERBACK	With Richard Dix and Esther Ralston. Directed by Fred Newmeyer.	
THE EAGLE OF THE SEA	Florence Vidor and Ricardo Cortez. Directed by Frank Lloyd.	
SO'S YOUR OLD MAN	Starring W. C. FIELDS. With Alice Joyce and Charles Rogers. Directed by Gregory La Cava.	
THE GREAT GATSBY	Warner Baxter, Lois Wilson, Neil Hamilton, William Powell and Georgia Hale. Directed by Herbert Brenon.	
EVERYBODY'S ACTING	BETTY BRONSON, Ford Sterling, Louise Dresser, Lawrence Gray, Henry Walthall and Raymond Hitchcock. Directed by Marshall Neilan.	
WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW	Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton. Directed by Edward Sutherland.	
THE CANADIAN	Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. Directed by William Beaudine.	
LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM	Evelyn Brent, Louise Brooks, Lawrence Gray. Directed by Frank Tuttle.	
STRANDED IN PARIS	Starring BEBE DANIELS. With James Hall and Ford Sterling. Directed by Arthur Rosson.	
THE MAN OF THE FOREST	Jack Holt, Georgia Hale and El Brendel. Directed by John Waters.	
THE WAITER FROM THE RITZ	Starring RAYMOND GRIFFITH. Directed by James Cruze.	
LET IT RAIN	Starring DOUGLAS MacLEAN.	
PARADISE FOR TWO	Starring RICHARD DIX. With Betty Bronson. Directed by Gregory La Cava.	
THE POTTERS	Starring W. C. FIELDS. Directed by Fred Newmeyer.	
BLONDE OR BRUNETTE	Starring ADOLPHE MENJOU. With Greta Nissen and Arlette Marchal. Directed by Richard Rosson.	

FAMOUS PLAYERS—LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., NEW YORK

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and Starring
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Future



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Comedy
of Love,
Marriage
and
Divorce



With
Florence
Vidor
and Three
Fascinating
Sinners

IN an atmosphere of Parisian society and back stage life, Malcolm St. Clair weaves a gay tale of love, marriage and divorce. Florence Vidor, Clive Brook, Greta Nissen and Philip Strange are the sinners. Story by Monta Bell.



The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
MANAGING EDITOR

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

IVAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXXI

No. 2

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the criticisms before you pick out
your evening's entertainment.
Make this your reference list.

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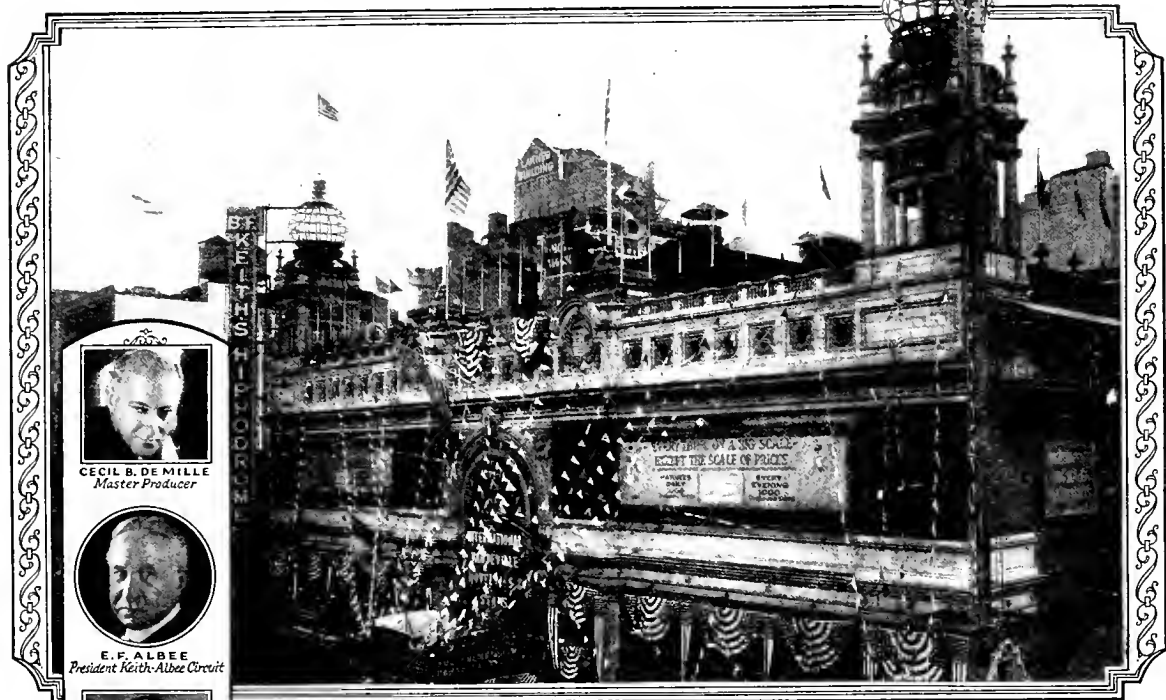
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

ACE OF CADS, THE—Paramount.—Just missed being one of the six best. Menjou, Alice Joyce and Luther Reed's sane direction make it interesting. (December.)

ACROSS THE PACIFIC—Warner Bros.—The old native gal was just as vampish in the days of the Philippine insurrection as she is today. You'll be bored to death. (December.)

***ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS**—Paramount.—The startling beauty of the South Seas coupled with the personality of Gilda Gray and her famous wiggle make this a glorious experience. (July.)

AMATEUR GENTLEMAN, THE—First National.—It's not Dick Barthelme at his best—but who gives a hoot about story or anything else as long as we have Dick. (Nov.)

***BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Your season won't be complete unless you see this picture. It's safe enough for the children. John Gilbert and Eleanor Boardman head the cast. (Nov.)

BATTLING BUTLER—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Here's an amusing number presented by Buster Keaton. Check this a must. (Nov.)

***BEAU GESTE**—Paramount.—Percival Wren's best seller has been followed with fidelity. The screen's best mystery story. (Nov.)

BETTER MAN, THE—F. B. O.—Richard Talmadge with his usual bag of tricks. That's all. (September.)

***BETTER 'OLE, THE**—Warner Bros.—Syd Chaplin makes a picture which is to comedy what "The Big Parade" is to drama. It's the type of comedy that Charlie made, years ago. (December.)

BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A light, frothy, romantic piece of nonsense this, spiced with the presence of Marion Davies and Antonio Moreno. See it. (July.)

BIGGER THAN BARNUM'S—F. B. O.—Here's the old circus formula again. Not good enough and not bad enough to create a stir. (September.)

BIG SHOW, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—Don't waste your time. (July.)

BLARNEY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—If it wasn't for Renee Adoree this certainly would be a lot of blarney. (December.)

BLUE EAGLE, THE—Fox.—A fair picture. (Nov.)

BORN TO THE WEST—Paramount.—Lives up to its name in exciting fashion without a thrill left out. A good Zane Grey Western. (September.)

BREED OF THE SEA—F. B. O.—Be sure to see this fascinating, romantic and adventurous sea tale. (December.)

BROADWAY GALLANT, THE—F. B. O.—A Richard Talmadge program picture in which his fans will find him at his best. (July.)

BROKEN HEARTS OF HOLLYWOOD—Warner Bros.—It's just as bad as it sounds. (December.)

BROWN DERBY, THE—First National.—Good light entertainment for those who prefer the sudden loud laugh to the slow smile. (August.)

***BROWN OF HARVARD**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—College life, flip and lively, against the real background of Harvard College. Fine entertainment. (July.)

BUCKING THE TRUTH—Universal.—A story of the great West with quite some riding and excitement. Pete Morrison is the star. (August.)

CAMPUS FLIRT, THE—Paramount.—Not to be outdone by the football heroes, Beche Daniels shows the feminine side of college life in a neat running suit. Amusing. (December.)

CHASING TROUBLE—Universal.—Just Western hokum. (August.)

CLINGING VINE, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A goofy plot, trite and tedious. (September.)

COLLEGE BOBB, THE—F. B. O.—Lefty Flynn, in a popular college football affair. It will please the youngsters. (October.)

COUNTRY BEYOND, THE—Fox.—Another of James Oliver Curwood's stories of the great North makes good screen material. (December.)

CDWOY COP, THE—F. B. O.—Don't miss the delightful combination of Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro. They're good. (October.)

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

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

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

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

DANGEROUS DUB, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—Buddy Roosevelt does some hard, fast riding—with little else to recommend. O. K. for the kiddies. (September.)

DEAD LINE, THE—F. B. O.—Stay home. This is terrible. (September.)

***DEVIL HORSE, THE**—Pathe.—A picture that is worth your money. A family picture—one that we recommend. (August.)

DEVIL'S ISLAND—Chadwick.—At least we can recommend the performance of Pauline Frederick. The rest of the picture is the bunk. (October.)

DIPLOMACY—Paramount.—Sardou's play had its fate lifted by Marshall Neilan—unsuccessfully. (Nov.)

***DON JUAN**—Warner Bros.—A picture that has great acting, thrilling melodrama and real beauty. With the Vitaphone, a real film event. (October.)

DUCHESS OF BUFFALO, THE—First National.—Connie Talmadge in a brisk, racy and lightly amusing farce. (October.)

EARLY TO WED—Fox.—A light comedy of a young married couple which has been food for thought for many recent comedies. O. K. for the kiddies. (July.)

ELLA CINDERS—First National.—Colleen Moore breaks into the movies in this enjoyable Cinderella story. Take the children. (August.)

EVE'S LEAVES—Producers Dist. Corp.—Terrible! Everyone in the cast makes a desperate attempt to rescue this bad comedy and hectic melodrama. A set of un-funny, wise-cracking sub-titles makes matters worse. (July.)

EXQUISITE SINNER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A nice little comedy if taken in the spirit it is offered to you. (July.)

FAMILY UPSTAIRS, THE—Fox.—Take the whole family to see this enjoyable picture. (October.)

***FIG LEAVES**—Fox.—A slender little story built around a gorgeous fashion show filmed in colors. Olive Borden runs away with the picture. (Sept.)

FINE MANNERS—Paramount.—Gloria Swanson is delightful in one of those rôles she does so perfectly—that of a shabby working girl who loves devotedly. (October.)

FLAME OF THE ARGENTINE, THE—F. B. O.—A change of scenery is about the only new thing in Evelyn Brent's latest. (September.)

FLAME OF THE YUKON, THE—Prod. Dist. Corp.—A magnetic story of the adventures of the gold-seekers in the far North. Only for the big folks. (August.)

FOOTLOOSE WIDOWS—Warner Bros.—How to win a millionaire husband—according to the movies. This belongs in the "quite interesting" list. (Sept.)

FOR ALIMONY ONLY—Producers Dist. Corp.—A light sophisticated domestic comedy for grown-ups. (December.)

FOREVER AFTER—First National.—All the ingredients of a box-office picture—sweet girl and boy romance, football and war. Passable. (December.)

FOURTH COMMANDMENT, THE—Universal.—Cast your eagle eyes over the pictures we recommend and forget that such a thing as this was ever produced. (December.)

FRONTIER TRAIL, THE—Pathe.—A red-blooded Western with Harry Carey. If you like swift melodrama you are sure to like this one. (August.)

GALLOPING COWBOY, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—If you're in the mood for a good Western—see this. (July.)

GAY DECEIVER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Plenty of glitter of the Paris variety in this entertaining piece. (Nov.)

GENTLE CYCLONE, THE—Fox.—Not up to the standard of the usual Buck Jones feature. (August.)

GIGOLO—Producers Dist. Corp.—Rod La Rocque's fine performances rescue this from the hokium class. (December.)

GLENISTER OF THE MOUNTED—F. B. O.—Lefty Flynn in an Arthur Guy Empey story of the Mounted Police. The same as the other 6.462. (August.)

GOOD AND NAUGHTY—Paramount.—A flippancy farce comedy with Pola Negri, Ford Sterling and Tom Moore. Sterling steals the picture. (August.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

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Last Minute News from East and West

As

we go



to Press

MARY HAY BARTHELMESS joins husband in Paris. But the trip is not a second honeymoon. It is a first divorce. Yes, Dick and Mary have finally made up their minds to make their temporary separation a permanent one.

MAE MURRAY and her husband, Prince David Mdivani, slipped away quietly to Paris. No, it is not for a divorce. They have just been married.

DOROTHY MACKAILL marries Lothar Mendez, the German director, who recently made "The Prince of Tempters."

H. G. WELLS is going to Hollywood to work on a scenario for Paramount. It will be an adaptation of his novel, "Marriage."

ALBERT PARKER, now directing "Sunya," has been engaged by Gloria Swanson for her second independent picture.

AND, speaking of Gloria, the Marquis de la Falaise is thinking of turning screen actor. He wants to be a comedian.

BESIDES *Becky Sharp* in "Vanity Fair," Pola Negri is to play the celebrated French actress, Rachel, in a drama built around her tragic life.

FLORENCE VIDOR arrives in New York to play "Afraid to Love," with Frank Tuttle directing.

NORMAN KERRY may play male lead in Universal's production of Edna Ferber's "Show Boat," starring Mary Philbin.

KATHLYN WILLIAMS sails for Europe on a vacation.

GILDA GRAY'S second Famous Players starring picture will be a story of New York night clubs, entitled "Cabaret."

PARAMOUNT signs Ed Wynne, the footlight comedian.

ERNST LUBITSCH finally selected to direct "Old Heidelberg," starring Ramon Novarro.

HENRY KING about to start "King Harlequin," with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in the leading rôles.

W. C. FIELDS doing *Pa Potter* in the J. P. McEvoy newspaper serial, "The Potters." Mary Alden is *Ma Potter*.

"BIG BILL" TILDEN, ex-tennis champion, is playing a butler in the Fox production, "The Music Master."

UNITED ARTISTS sign the Duncan Sisters to do a screen version of their "Topsy and Eva." Lois Weber will direct.

THE team of Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton has been broken. Hatton, reported dissatisfied with his rôle, is no longer with Famous, his place in "Casey at the Bat" being taken by Ford Sterling.

HIRAM ABRAMS, president of United Artists, died Nov. 15 in New York.

ERNEST TORRENCE'S 19-year-old son, Ian, takes screen test at M-G-M.

JAMES CRUZE to direct Wallace Beery in a film version of the musical comedy, "Louie the Fourteenth." Beery to start starring in this comedy.

GILBERT ROLAND to play *Armand* to Norma Talmadge's *Lady of the Camelias* in "Camille." Fred Niblo directing.

MONTAGU LOVE signed to play the centurion at the foot of the cross in De Mille's "The King of Kings."

NORMA SHEARER not likely to get rôle of *Jenny Lind* after all. Lillian Gish now mentioned for part of famous singer.

GEORGE FITZMAURICE'S first production under his new First National contract to be "The Rose of Monterey," a story of early California.

JOSEPH VON STERNBERG, maker of the ill-fated "The Salvation Hunters," is still strong for salvation. Says he is going to do an epic of the Salvation Army.

FAMOUS PLAYERS considering stellar possibilities of Gary Cooper, now playing with Clara Bow in "It."

HARRY CAREY playing a baseball catcher in William Haines' "Slide, Kelly, Slide."



Kay Huff-Richter

This month's newlyweds—Mr. and Mrs. William Seiter. Mr. Seiter's father was an importer of china, and Laura La Plante is now the owner of a magnificent collection of rare china, the gift of the bridegroom's family



John Gilbert
and
Eleanor Boardman

BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT

MAGNIFICENT!

EACH tense moment holds you dream-bound.
THE crushing kisses of John Gilbert
STOLEN between duels . . .
FROM languid lips of fair ladies . . .
NONE fairer than Eleanor Boardman, heroine,
KING Vidor has painted a flaming romance
FROM the vivid pages of Sabatini . . .
THE director of "The Big Parade"
THE Star of "The Big Parade"
TOGETHER they have given the screen
ANOTHER immortal entertainment.



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

Which Eyes Are the Keenest?

Blue—brown—hazel—or gray?

*Test them now and
win these rare prizes*

WHAT color eyes really see motion pictures and what color merely look at them? I wonder! Here is a chance to test your own. For the best answers to my six questions, I have chosen these rewards.

To the member of the fair sex with the keenest eyes, I shall give the beautiful Dutch cap I wear in the "Red Mill."

You men aren't forgotten either. Owen Moore, who plays opposite me in the "Red Mill", promises to give the most observing man the ice-skates he uses in this picture.

To the next 50 best, I will send my favorite picture specially autographed.

Begin now—blue eyes, brown, hazel and gray . . . and good luck to you all.

Marion Davies Marion's Six Questions

Who are the wives of the following directors (they are all prominent screen actresses): Rex Ingram, King Vidor, Fred Niblo and Robert Z. Leonard?

What recent Elinor Glyn story has been brought to the screen by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer?

Name and describe in not more than 50 words the comic strip character which Marion Davies is portraying in a Cosmopolitan production.

Who is M-G-M's new Western star and what unusual language does he use?

What famous Latin quotation appears on every M-G-M film and what does it mean?

What great star appears in "The Temptress" and what is her native land?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must reach us by January 15th. Winner's name will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE:—If you do not attend the picture yourself, you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winner of the Norma Shearer
Contest of October

LUCIE M. WILTSHIRE
1330 L St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

Autographed pictures of Miss Shearer have been sent to the next fifty prize winners.

The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views



Brickbats and Bouquets

LETTERS from
PHOTOPLAY READERS

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

The Monthly Barometer

All three Brickbats and Bouquets prizes are awarded this month to Valentino letters. We believe they are beautiful tributes to Rudy, and their award was inevitable, for Valentino letters outnumbered all other letters received during the month by ten to one. They came from all over the globe, from men, women and children.

They came on fine paper and common, and each expressed the devotion in which Rudy was held by the world.

Rudy's death was, unquestionably, the most important factor to fans during the month. No new picture stood out more prominently. No other player won more attention.

William Boyd won second place in the letters. Barrymore is daily becoming more firmly established. There is keen anticipation of Greta Garbo's second picture.

But the month's mail was sorrow-weighted. The Great Lover is gone.

\$25.00 Letter

Venice, Calif.

So he is dead, who gave his magic art
To lift from dreary ruts our humdrum world;
Whose skillful touch could reach into the heart
And leave its trings with lovely notes im-
pearled

That haunted even dreams, harmonious

With all that love means in reality.

They lashedphemed, they who called him "screen
sheik," thus

Thinking to pay him honor, thoughtlessly
Acclaiming the perfect rose a common weed.

Could they his Julio so soon forget?

Do Beaucaire's wistful lips still vainly plead

"A man is jus' a name"? Banish regret—

Because so much of beauty, grace and power

Could go before, ah surely we shall be

More unafraid of that dividing hour

Between Time's death and Life's eternity.

Call him the PERFECT LOVER, not in scorn,

For love itself is perfect, but remembering

That since this sad old world was born

That God Himself has given no sweeter

thing

To man than love, for He Himself is Love.

Though he seems dead, he who so freely

gave

So much of beauty to drab lives, above

Somewhere, out from this early grave,

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about 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.

His spirit shall go winging through the years
Triumphant to the master Loving-Heart,
And men shall try to copy through vain tears
The matchless, living beauty of his art.

IRENE COLE MACARTHUR,
1301 Preston Way.

\$10.00 Letter

El Paso, Texas.

In the silent majesty of death, Rudolph Valentino passed this way for the last time. It was a breathlessly hot day—a desert day of blazing barren hills and metallic sky, and a stillness was over everything. The tracks on which The Golden State Limited passes through the town were lined with a motley array of cars—fluffers elbowing the luxurious equipages of cattle barons and oil magnates. At the station were little hushed groups of Mexicans. We, however, did not stay to see the train come in, preferring a last glimpse of it after the crowd had left.

So, at the first long, low blast of the approaching locomotive, we sped into the desert to a certain vantage point.

Only the rattling of dried fronds of yucca broke the stillness as we waited there, in the shadow of the mesa's rim. The white silence, more impressive than any panoply of sable

mourning, was like an imperative gesture from the Desert God of Death standing like a knight with arms uplifted at the gateway of the Unknown World.

At last it came, the long, mournful wail of the locomotive as it rolled out upon the western trail. For a moment the train which bore Valentino on his last pilgrimage was etched a narrow black streak against the bosom of a towering grey hillside; then it swept slowly around a great curve. We strained our eyes for a last glimpse, a last fleeting visualization of him upon whom the final curtain had fallen with such tragic suddenness. Through a blur of tears we saw the swaying string of cars fade out through the portal of painted hills.

"Hail and farewell, Valentino!" one of us said in a husky, unsteady voice; but the hearts of both cried out that poignant Spanish word of parting, "Adios, Rudy, adios!"

LELA COLE KITSON,
504 West Boulevard.

\$5.00 Letter

Santa Cruz, Calif.

Valentino—he would prefer the sobriquet to die with him; the Sheik, for he stood far above that cognomen in the hearts of women patrons of the silver sheet.

He was young romance, and mature dreams come true. He was tender, whimsical, and convincing to his love-making.

The woman from fourteen to ninety loved him, because he made romance come riding home to her in dreams. He was not the individual she craved, he was the symbol of what she craved.

His exquisite grace as he whirled into the sash held by his valet in the "Four Horsemen," is ever unforgettable and entrancing.

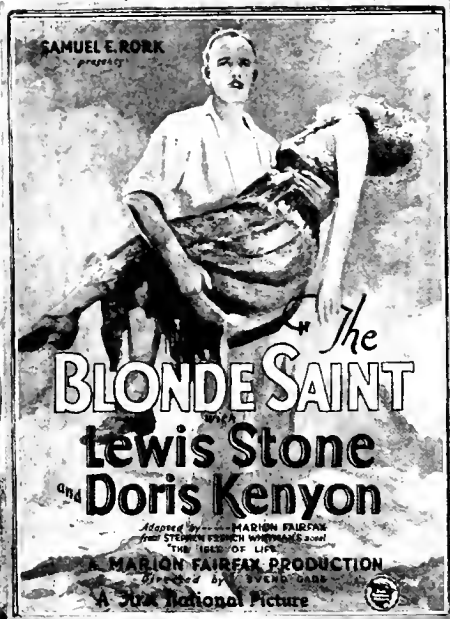
He was a heauteous picture as *Beaucaire*. Once he romped through a sailor picture with Dorothy Dalton like a very young hoy. It was most refreshing.

He was a ravishing prince in another picture, and he did a rehearsal for his last earthly gesture when he died in "Blood and Sand." Was there ever a treading in all Spain who wore the costume as he did?

Let us shed tears for the farewell to the king of romance. No one can take his place in the hearts of this generation.

LUCILLE MACDONALD.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]



Soon, wherever you go,
you'll hear them talking
about these *Two Amazing New Pictures!*

*"The Blonde Saint" a Film-full
of Startling Situations*

He had threatened her Honor . . . Then he saved her Life. Would she learn to love her Deliverer . . . or keep on hating her Betrayed?

Yesterday, a cold, cruel Goddess . . . the far-famed "Saint in a Paris Gown." Today . . . alone on a savage island with a man who held no woman sacred!

Love-hate-surgling terror—on an island God forgot! You won't have a single quiet moment while you watch this *different* drama of a woman who had never known Love, and a man who knew it too well!

*Barthelmess Fights and Loves
in Far-off Lands*

The Black Sheep of a noble family—because he wouldn't betray his fiancee!

In the drawing rooms of Europe a girl of society brought him disgrace . . . In the bazaars of the Orient a girl of the gutter saved him from death!

East of Suez . . . Desert mystery . . . Treacherous tribes attacking in the night . . . And only the Black Sheep could ward the blow from those who spurned him!

You'll sit spellbound as Dick Barthelmess builds this film into one solid hour of slashing action—his most adventurous role!

*For the end of a Perfect
Christmas Day
—or any day*

Give Christmas Day a delightful climax. Plan to take your family or friends to one of these famous successes:—

COLLEEN MOORE
in TWINKLETOES
MILTON SILLS
in
THE SILENT LOVER
JOHNNY HINES
in STEPPING ALONG
CORINNE GRIFFITH
in
SYNCOPATING SUE

JANUARY
—is First National
Month. Watch for
the finest pictures
you've ever seen!

First National Pictures

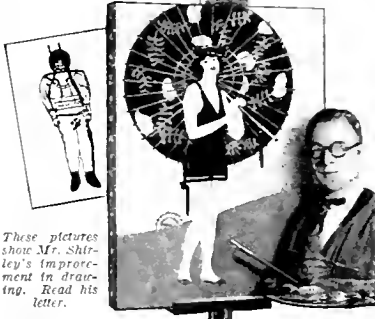
Take the Guesswork out of "Going to the Movies"

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]



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

From Drudgery to \$3800.00 a YEAR for - DRAWING

Just a few years ago Lloyd Shirley had a small-pay clerical job with no future. It was drudgery. He liked to draw, but could not quit and go to art school. One day his wife read a Federal School ad, and sent for "Your Future," telling about the Federal Course. Mr. Shirley enrolled, studying evenings. In just a few months he accepted a position as artist for a paper company, at a better salary. He's been climbing steadily since—read his letter:

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

Send for "Your Future"

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



Federal School

of Commercial Designing

345 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

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

Age..... Present Occupation.....
 Name..... Write address plainly in margin.

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win big money and big success in business and public life. Be independent. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Big corporations are headed by men with legal training. Extra \$5,000 to \$10,000 Annually big spare time. Degree of LL.B. conferred. LaSalle students found among practicing attorneys of every Oriental, Chinese, Movie and Cafe Jazz, Truck Endings, Clever Breaks, Space Fillers, Sax Slurs, Triple Bass, Wicked Harmony, Blue Obligate and 247 other Subjects, including Ear Playing. 193 pages of REAL Jazz. 25,000 words. A Postal brings only FREE Special Offer.

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By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 259 styles of Bass. 684 Syncopated Effects Blue Harmony, Oriental, Chinese, Movie and Cafe Jazz, Trick Endings, Clever Breaks, Space Fillers, Sax Slurs, Triple Bass, Wicked Harmony, Blue Obligate and 247 other Subjects, including Ear Playing. 193 pages of REAL Jazz. 25,000 words. A Postal brings only FREE Special Offer.

Waterman Piano School, 1834 W. Adams St., Los Angeles, Calif.

GREAT DECEPTION, THE—First National.—This is sadly lacking in entertainment value. The secret-service again. (October.)

GREAT K & A TRAIN ROBBERY, THE—Fox.—A fast and furious Tom Mix picture. Need more be said? (December.)

HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson and Silver King make this an interesting picture. (August.)

HELL BENT FER HEAVEN—Warner Bros.—Another disappointment, especially after the success of the stage play. Gardner James gives an inspired performance. (July.)

HELL'S 400—Fox.—It's funny—unintentionally. Grownups may see this if they promise not to laugh too loud. (July.)

HER BIG NIGHT—Universal.—Some inside dope on the movies. Quite interesting. (Nov.)

HER HONOR THE GOVERNOR—F. B. O.—Pauline Frederick and Carroll Nye waste masterly performances on celluloid claptrap. Their work is worth seeing, but the film itself is a disappointment. (October.)

HER SECOND CHANCE—First National.—Not worth seeing. (July.)

HIDDEN WAY, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—Another weepy affair that isn't worth the famous two bits. (October.)

HOLD THAT LION—Paramount.—The usual Douglas MacLean farce. Fair. (Nov.)

HONEYMOON EXPRESS, THE—Warner Bros.—Some more carry-overs of the younger generation. It's not so bad. (October.)

ICE FLOOD, THE—Universal.—Don't waste any precious moments on this. (Nov.)

IMPOSTOR, THE—F. B. O.—A carbon copy of the former Evelyn Brent productions. Fair. (July.)

INTO HER KINGDOM—First National.—Don't waste your money on this atrocity filled with flowery subtiles, stupid symbolism, bad photography and commonplace direction. (October.)

ISLE OF RETRIBUTION, THE—F. B. O.—Lillian Rich and Robert Frazer are in the cast—if that means anything. Entertainment value? Fair. (July.)

IT MUST BE LOVE—First National.—A light bit of nonsense. A good cast—Colleen Moore, Jean Hersholt and Malcolm MacGregor. (Oct.)

IS THE OLD ARMY GAME—Paramount.—W. C. Fields is disappointing as starring material. His comedy—fair. (September.)

JADE CUP, THE—F. B. O.—Do you know your movies? Then you know what to expect from Evelyn Brent. It will pass. (September.)

KICKOFF, THE—Excellent Pictures.—A splendid football picture featuring George Walsh and Lela Hyams. (Nov.)

***KID BOOTS**—Paramount.—Eddie Cantor brings a new face to the screen. And such a face! As slapstick, this film is very funny—and too, it has Clara Bow as a shining light. (December.)

KOSHER KITTY KELLY—F. B. O.—The funniest of the carbon copies of "Abie's Irish Rose." (December.)

LAST FRONTIER, THE—Prod. Dist. Corp.—Here is another and feeble version of "The Covered Wagon" plot, with the long trek over the plains, the buffalo stampede, the rascally redskins, the battle and the brave young hero. (October.)

LEW TYLER'S WIVES—Preferred Pictures.—If you're serious minded, this faithful screen version of Wallace Irwin's uncompromising story of a weak man whom three loved will interest you. It's too adult for the children. (September.)

LILY, THE—Fox.—The sisterly love stuff presented in a weepy manner. Yep, Belle Bennett sobs throughout the entire piece. Fair. (December.)

LOVE THIEF, THE—Universal.—The marriage of convenience is dressed up in royal garments with Norman Kerry and Greta Nissen in the royal robes. Passable. (August.)

LOVEY MARY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The famous "Cabbage Patch" does not provide good screen material. It's harmless and we'll guarantee it won't overtax the mentality of The Tired Business Man. (August.)

LUCKY LADY, THE—Paramount.—Could you think of a better way to spend an hour than gazing at the fair Greta Nissen and William Collier, Jr. forming the love interest in this wholly effective melodrama? (September.)

MAN FOUR SQUARE, A—Fox.—A Buck Jones Western—which means it's a good one. (July.)

MAN IN THE SADDLE, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson always proves himself a hero all the time. You can always depend on Hoot if you're in the mood for a Western. (September.)

MAN OF QUALITY, A—Excellent Pictures.—A good mystery yarn with George Walsh. (December.)

***MANTRAP**—Paramount.—Clara Bow's excellent performance makes the film version of Sinclair Lewis' latest novel good entertainment. (September.)

***MARRIAGE CLAUSE, THE**—Universal.—One of the most appealing stories of life across the footlights. Billie Dove gives a splendid performance. (August.)

MARRIAGE LICENSE?—Fox.—The tear ducts will be let loose in this weepy affair. Alma Rubens' performance is worth seeing. (Nov.)

MEET THE PRINCE—Producers Dist. Corp.—Not much of a picture, this. Don't waste your time. (September.)

***MEN OF STEEL**—First National.—Don't miss this interesting picture that has the sweeping background of a huge steel mill in operation. It is a whole picture of good performances. (September.)

MICHAEL STROGOFF—Universal.—A spectacular Russian importation that cannot be compared with the recent successful foreign pictures. Passable. (Nov.)

MIDNIGHT KISS, THE—Fox.—A nice little movie with a nice little plot well enacted by a nice little cast. (October.)

MISMATES—First National.—The cast is the only interesting thing: Doris Kenyon, Warner Baxter and May Allison. The story is the bunk. (Oct.)

MISS NOBODY—First National.—Another example of a good story gone wrong. If you can think of anything else to do, pass this up. (August.)

***MLLE. MODISTE**—First National.—Some wisecracking sub-titles and the excellent work of Corinne Griffith and Willard Louis make this one of the most entertaining pictures of the month. (July.)

MONEY TALKS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Slapstick at its best—a la Syd Chaplin style. It's fluffy, but lots of fun. (July.)

MORAN OF THE MOUNTED—Rayart.—The title tells the story. Reed Howes makes it quite interesting. (October.)

MORE PAY LESS WORK—Fox.—Splendid entertainment. Need more be said? (September.)

MY OFFICIAL WIFE—Warner Bros.—Terrible cheap sex stuff—we don't even recommend it for the older folks. (December.)

MYSTERY CLUB, THE—Universal.—If you like your movies thrilling and chilling don't overlook this. (December.)

***NERVOUS WRECK, THE**—Producers Dist. Corp.—The easiest way to spend an evening. Thoroughly amusing. (Nov.)

NO MAN'S GOLD—Fox.—A good Tom Mix picture—what more could be said? (October.)

OH, BABY—Universal.—A lot of fun for everybody. (October.)

OLD LOVES FOR NEW—First National.—Fair entertainment, if you like desert stuff, but nothing to cause a rush of adjectives to the typewriter. (July.)

OLD SOAK, THE—Universal.—Another successful stage play gone wrong—in fact ruined. (July.)

***ONE MINUTE TO PLAY**—F. B. O.—Red Grange is a real screen personality in this football picture—the very spirit of youth and good sport. It's a gem. (October.)

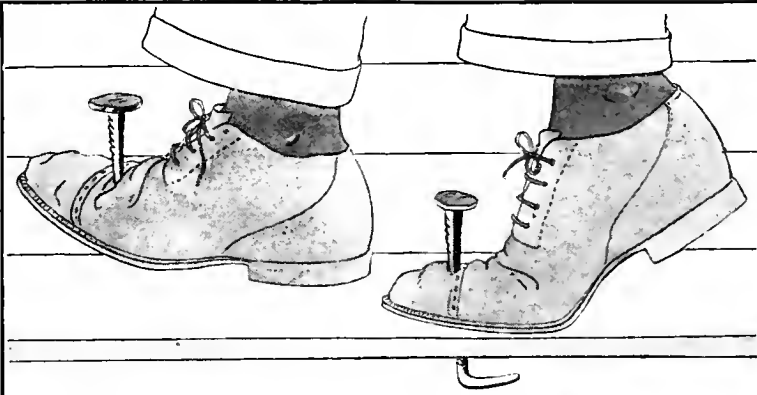
OTHER WOMEN'S HUSBANDS—Warner Bros.—A thoroughly amusing and clever domestic comedy well directed and well acted. (July.)

OUTSIDE THE LAW—Universal.—A reissue of a crook drama released many years ago. Splendid plot and cast. Good entertainment. (July.)

***PADLOCKED**—Paramount.—Superior entertainment. Honest, mature drama, in its presentation of a young girl's life nearly ruined by the severity of hypocritical morality. (August.)

PALS FIRST—First National.—Don't be annoyed. (October.)

PARADISE—First National.—This isn't worth a dime unless you're keen about Milton Sills and Betty Bronson. (December.)

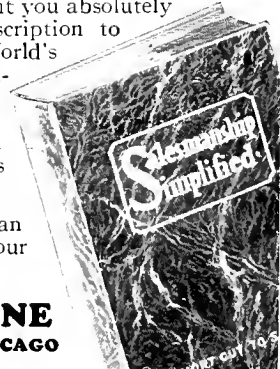


ARE YOU SPIKED ? TO YOUR JOB

Take inventory of yourself. Are you getting anywhere? What is the outlook for your future? Don't let yourself get stale on the job. There are thousands of men right now in offices, factories, or working at trades literally spiked to their jobs just because they haven't the nerve to take advantage of an opportunity when it presents itself. No matter what your line of endeavor is, you would be away ahead of where you are if you knew Salesmanship. Learn to sell your way to Success—and here is how you can do it:

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Address.....

City..... State.....

PARIS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Leave before the last reel and you will find this an absorbing tale of love. Charles Ray, Joan Crawford and Douglas Gilmore are in the cast. (August.)

PARIS AT MIDNIGHT—Producers Distributing Corp.—An unusual theme, some nice acting and gorgeous sets, but the plot suffers from a loose and jerky continuity. Not for the children. (July.)

PHANTOM BULLET, THE—Universal.—A Western that has a sure fire appeal for grownups and children. (July.)

POKER FACES—Universal.—Edward Horton, the director, and cast try desperately hard to be awfully funny with a disastrous result. (September.)

PRINCE OF TEMPTERS—First National.—So much camera artiness that the humanness is overlooked. Lya de Putti is the world's worst vamp. (December.)

PUPPETS—First National.—You won't go wrong on this. An interesting vehicle because (and we're glad to say it) of the fine performance of Milton Sills. (September.)

***QUARTERBACK, THE**—Paramount.—Richard Dix in a real football classic. It's a WOW. (Dec.)

RAINMAKER, THE—Paramount.—A Gerald Beaumont story pictured into splendid entertainment. William Collier, Jr., and Georgia Hale give a splendid performance. (July.)

RANSON'S FOLLY—First National.—Richard Barthelmess in just another movie—that's all. (August.)

RAWHIDE—Associated Exhibitors.—All the ingredients of a rip-roaring Western—fast action, a love story and a likeable star—Buffalo Bill, Jr. (July.)

RISKY BUSINESS—Producers Dist. Corp.—Trite can be marked against this one. (Nov.)

***ROAD TO MANDALAY, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—It's not the story but Lon Chaney's fine performance that puts the ginger in this cookie. (Sept.)

ROLLING HOME—Universal.—Reginald Denny always manages to make an otherwise dull evening amusing. Lots of fun for the whole family. (July.)

ROMANCE OF A MILLION DOLLARS, A—Bachman.—You'll like this—if you aren't too fussy. (October.)

RUNAWAY EXPRESS, THE—Universal.—Nothing like the good old-fashioned railroad melodrama. This is worth-while. (October.)

RUSTLER'S RANCH—Universal.—The usual Art Acord stuff that the children like. (August.)

SAVAGE, THE—First National.—An insult to the human intelligence to think such a story is plausible. Ben Lyon and May McAvoy are in the cast. (Oct.)

***SAY IT AGAIN**—Paramount.—A grand and glorious tee-hee at all the mythical kingdom yarns. Good stuff. (August.)

***SCARLET LETTER, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Hawthorne's classic and sombre study of the New England conscience has been just as somberly translated to the screen. For the older folks. (October.)

SEA WOLF, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A thriller—taken from the famous Jack London story. It's rough and ready, as are most sea stories, but darned good. (September.)

SENIOR DARE-DEVIL—First National.—Introducing Ken Maynard as a First National star. Better than most Westerns. (September.)

SHAMROCK HANDICAP, THE—Fox.—Trot yourself down to the first theater showing this if you want an evening's fun—and that's not blarney. (July.)

SHIPWRECKED—Prod. Dist. Corp.—If you haven't been sleeping lately try this on your insomnia. Terrible. (August.)

SHOW-OFF, THE—Paramount.—An amusing study of a smart aleck, played broadly but expertly by Ford Sterling. (Nov.)

***SILENCE**—Prod. Dist. Corp.—The finest melodrama that the screen has shown for years. Only for adults. (August.)

SILKEN SHACKLES—Warner Bros.—A splendid cast gone to the four winds because of a poorly developed plot. (July.)

***SOCIAL CELEBRITY, A**—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou as an ambitious young shaver, borrows some clothes and becomes the toast of New York. Another fascinating Menjou picture. (July.)

SOCIAL HIGHWAYMAN, THE—Warner Bros.—This purports to be a comedy; but it's a tragedy and vice versa. Don't be annoyed. (August.)

***SON OF THE SHEIK, THE**—United Artists.—Rudolph Valentino's last effort before the silver screen. He was the old Rudy again and his work ranked at the top of the best performances of the month. Long will this picture remain in the memory of those fortunate enough to see it. (October.)

A Christmas GIFT Twelve Times

THERE are several reasons why a subscription to Photoplay Magazine is such an ideal Christmas gift. Not only does it continue its presence month after month—long after the holly and mistletoe are forgotten—but its welcome is absolute. You *know* it will please the recipient.

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***SORROWS OF SATAN**—Paramount.—Marie Corelli's novel, a shocker of thirty years ago, makes real old-fashioned cinema "melodrammer." Carol Dempster, Adolphe Menjou and Ricardo Cortez are excellent. (December.)

***SO THIS IS PARIS**—Warner Bros.—Another variation of the domestic infidelity theme presented by the sophisticated Ernst Lubitsch. The weakest of the famous director's efforts to date. (September.)

***SPARROWS**—United Artists.—Watching the antics of Mary Pickford and a bunch of other kids is a safe bet for an enjoyable evening. (August.)

SPEEDING VENUS, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—Not so good. Frisilla Dean is the feminine interest. (September.)

SPORTING LOVER, THE—First National.—This might have been worse, but it doesn't seem possible. Just another movie. (September.)

***STRONG MAN, THE**—First National.—A grand and glorious laugh from start to finish. If your sides ache, don't blame us, blame Harry Langdon. (Nov.)

***SUBWAY SADIE**—First National.—A true and human story of New York's underground army. Dorothy Mackaill is splendid. (Nov.)

SUNNY SIDE UP—Producers Dist. Corp.—A concoction of a Cinderella yarn and a Pollyanna-ish character. You guessed it—awful. (September.)

SWEET DADDIES—First National.—The Jewish and Irishers are at it again—and what a sweet comedy this is. It's worth while. (September.)

TAKE IT FROM ME—Universal.—The trials and tribulations of a department store owner are snappily presented by Reginald Denny. (December.)

***TEMPRESS, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The Ibanez story is forgiven and forgotten when Greta Garbo is in the cast. Greta is a show in herself. (December.)

TEXAS STREAK, THE—Universal.—A fairly interesting Western with Hoot Gibson. (Nov.)

THREE BAD MEN—Fox.—Real good entertainment—the kind the whole family can enjoy. (Oct.)

THREE WEEKS IN PARIS—Warner Bros.—Matt Moore is again the sap with the result that you sit through a sappy picture. (August.)

***TIN GODS**—Paramount.—Tommie Meighan made a good story, director and cast to prove he's still a good actor. Of course Renee Adoree helps to make this interesting. (Nov.)

TONY RUNS WILD—Fox.—Tom Mix in an average Western. (July.)

TRIP TO CHINATOWN, A—Fox.—Two reels of this would have been sufficient. Not worth while. (August.)

TWISTED TRIGGERS—Associated Exhibitors.—There is no reason why you should waste a perfectly good hour on this silly nonsense. (October.)

TWO-GUN MAN, THE—F. B. O.—Go see this very grand hero, Fred Thomson, and his famous horse, Silver King. They are a delight. (September.)

UNDER WESTERN SKIES—Universal.—A story as old as the hills where it is laid. Yep, the good old Western stuff. Fair. (September.)

UNKNOWN CAVALIER, THE—First National.—The newest cowboy star, Ken Maynard, in a picture that is a decided flop. (December.)

UNKNOWN SOLDIER, THE—Prod. Dist. Corp.—A sad attempt at being another "Big Parade." It's funny—unintentionally. (August.)

UP IN MABEL'S ROOM—Prod. Dist. Corp.—Laughter for all. The players—Marie Prevost and Hanaan Ford. (August.)

***VARIETY**—UFA-Famous Players.—This absorbing story of vaudeville life has more popular qualities than any German production imported to America since "Passion." Emil Jannings' work is superb. (September.)

***WALTZ DREAM, THE**—UFA-Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A gay comedy of old Vienna. If you have any prejudice against foreign films, make an exception of this one. (October.)

WANING SEX, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Is woman's place in the home or in business? See Norma Shearer and be convinced. (December.)

***WET PAINT**—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith in a great film for those to whom fun is fun. (July.)

WHISPERING WIRES—Fox.—If you have to borrow the money—be sure to see this. You won't go wrong on our advice. (December.)

WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING, THE—Universal.—Feel like laughing tonight? See this interesting version of the John Emerson and Anita Loos stage play. (October.)

WILDERNESS WOMAN, THE—First National.—Mild entertainment. Chester Conklin gives an excellent performance as a rough miner with a million. (July.)

WILD HORSE STAMPEDE, THE—Universal.—Pass this up. It's stupid. (October.)

WILD TO GO—F. B. O.—Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro prove to be a splendid combination in Westerns. It's worth seeing. (July.)

***WINNERS OF BARBARA WORTH, THE**—United Artists.—A natural drama so powerful that it completely overshadows every living thing. A picture worth seeing. (December.)

WISE GUY, THE—First National.—Just for grownups. All about crooks who preach religion to cover their shady connections. Fair. (August.)

YOU'D BE SURPRISED—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith proves that a real good murder has its amusing moments. (December.)

***YOU NEVER KNOW WOMEN**—Famous Players.—Florence Vidor's first starring vehicle will go over big with any audience. (October.)

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

Sap Censors

Baltimore, Md.

Censors—what havoc they wreak! The more I ponder on the crimes of these reformers the more I wonder at man's humanity to man.

The outburst is occasioned by my recent witnessing of "Variety," a truly splendid film. As I left the theater, I silently reviewed the factors contributing to its success.

My thoughts immediately centered on the plot—it's naked simplicity and grim note. Its chief characters form the eternal triangle of two men and a woman. We see the husband, swayed by passion, turn brute and kill his wife's lover.

Upon returning home, I chanced to read a review of "Variety" and to my amazement discovered that the beginning of the film had been omitted. Now it turns out that early in the original film, the husband left his real wife and children for the wife of the present edition, who is thus merely his mistress.

The irony of it all is that by cutting the film, the censors missed a great moral—retribution! The audience would then have carried away the lesson—as you do to others, still others will do to you.

Here's to censors, may they soon be relics, together with long skirts and hair nets.

BESSIE ALICE TRAUB.

Permanent Idols

Grand Rapids, Mich.

It is being said, "John Gilbert will take the place of Valentino as the world's screen idol." Impossible! John Gilbert, marvelous character that he is, has his permanent place in our hearts, but he never can take Rudy's place.

Each truly great screen personality holds his own place in the movie firmament. Thomas Meighan, admirable, lovable, honorable, true; Ronald Colman, magnetic, mysterious, romantic! Good-looking Lewis Stone, with his surprising versatility,—and many others with their outstanding high points of personality,—but who has ever taken the place of Wally Reid? No one ever can.

And so with Valentino. The only Rudy we shall ever know will be the Rudy who dwells in our memory. Rudy, smoldering, passionate, irresistible, considering no cost in the pursuit of his great desire, the screen's one and only great Sheik. Long may he live in our hearts!

EVELYN SNIDERMAN.

The Age Argument

Philadelphia, Pa.

Why is it that all our old stars are gradually disappearing from the screen? Is it that the directors can find no place for them because they are older than they were eight or ten years ago?

Or is it that the stars do not care to let us see them after they can no longer be called youthful?

But what makes me so furious is to witness Douglas Fairbanks running around on a roof and Gloria Swanson acting silly and Anna Q. Nilsson and Leatrice Joy trying to look like men and looking like everything else but. And on the other hand beautiful Alice Joyce as an aunt in "Beau Geste," and Antonio Moreno with a son in "Mare Nostrum" and lovely Irene Rich in "Honeymoon Express" as a mother. Compare the ages and their types of pictures and see if you do not want to do the same, as I am asking you to do. That Leatrice Joy wear long hair and play mother to her baby, Anna play a good woman for a change, and Gloria have *fine manners*.

Then we can say, "Pictures are getting bigger and better."

EMMETTA RODRIGO CORDOVA.

Make-up Madness

Boston, Mass.

Make-up is a madness that has swept the motion picture world, and its people regard lavish experimentation with grease-paint as artistic development.

Standardization is commonly regarded as our country's gravest weakness. And make-up is one of the most crying of these shames.

Practically every actor or actress on the screen today looks like a very new and showily expensive doll; the kind that vulgar, newly-rich parents would pick out for a child.

Eyebrows are plucked, out of every semblance of individuality. Eyes are shadowed with plasterings of black, mouths are crimsoned, and instead of looking like the toothsome pouts of passion that their owners would fain have them, they are so ridiculous as to be comic.

The hair! Omiballyword! Will someone some day be able to make American women understand that the curling iron's purpose is to intensify naturalness?

Possibly this over-garnishment of the face and head is an illusion inherited from the legitimate stage. Motion picture directors should remember that the eye of the camera is cruelly accurate, emphasizing too-obvious and too-emphatic make-up.

To all such face fixers I urge: Go see Emil Jannings in "Variety." The director of that picture knew how to make his camera work so that the acting of his characters showed up as acting.

Without make-up they appeared actors and not an exhibition of too expensive, animated, stereotyped dolls.

MARY K. STEWART.

A Clubwoman's Compliments

Peabody, Mass.

As motion picture chairman of the Peabody Woman's Club, and as a lover of the drama, I have read PHOTOPLAY each month for several years and I send my bouquet to that magazine with its pages of information and its fair treatment of everybody. One other bouquet to picture house managers. Those with whom I have dealt have worked in constant harmony with me and they assure me that nine out of ten managers would do the same. They want good clean shows, and we agree with you that the public can have what it wants. One more bouquet, and a big one, in October number on "The Secret Moral Code." Women's clubs need not worry with such a backing as is given by PHOTOPLAY and its supporters.

MRS. SUSAN L. FERGUSON.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]

Health and Strength Thru **RenuLife** VIOLET RAY Treatments at Home

Thousands of chronic sufferers have found new health, radiant vitality, energizing vigor with *RenuLife*, the health-giving Violet Ray Generator that drives poison and waste tissue from your blood by purifying it. Read what a few of them say:

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"RenuLife Violet Ray put me on my feet after being a cripple for 14 years. I had rheumatism from my hips down to my feet. Everyone is surprised how good I can walk now—thanks to the RenuLife Generator."

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"I had neuritis in both my arms and sciatica in my left limb, and suffered so much I didn't know what a night's rest was. After taking fifteen treatments with RenuLife I sleep much better, and whereas my limb was so painful I could only sit for about fifteen minutes, now I can sit as long as I please without discomfort."

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"My son had Chronic Bronchial Asthma. Every time we had rainy or foggy weather these attacks came on. He could scarcely breathe. Since taking RenuLife Ozone Treatments he has had but one slight attack. Since then he has not been troubled with Asthma and I find his breathing is so much better."

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RenuLife operates from any light socket and is as gentle and soothing in its action as a ray of sunshine. You can easily give yourself health treatments with the RenuLife Generator in your own home. Remember over 85,000 of these instruments are in use. *RenuLife is a wonderful time-tested product backed by a rigid guarantee.* Prove this to your own satisfaction now by trying RenuLife free in your own home! Make yourself the sole judge of RenuLife merit. Find out what it will do for you! Win new health and happiness with RenuLife tonic health-giving Violet Rays. Mail back the coupon today for free book and details of our free treatment offer.

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Any others? _____

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AT THE MOUNT ROYAL in Montreal

166 Women Guests

tell why they find this "a perfect soap for the skin"

WINTER SPORTS at Mount Royal—

A crystal world—diamond-bright air—fields of snow that sparkle with a million tiny flames—

Men and women in love with life, as they skate, ski, toboggan against the cold, warm in their glistening furs . . .

They go from tropical seas to twenty degrees of frost, these pleasure-loving women of the leisure class—yet manage to achieve a skin always smooth, soft, flawless in texture.

How do they do it? What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough to keep their skin in perfect condition summer and winter?

We asked 270 women guests at beautiful Mount Royal in Montreal what soap they use for the care of their skin.

166 answered, "*Woodbury's Facial Soap!*" "*Soothing—delightful—refreshing,*" they said. "*The only soap that does not irritate my skin.*" "*It is all that a soap should be.*"—"*A perfect soap!*"

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



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

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

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"Wrapped in furs, against the glittering background of winter—men and women in love with life . . ."

Your Woodbury Treatment for ten days *★* Now—the new large-size trial set

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
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For the enclosed 10c please send me the large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2201 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

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*New
Pictures*

THE night before Christmas and not a stocking in the house. Here Clara Bow has climbed on the roof to wait for Santa Claus only to find that she has nothing to hang on the chimney. Pity the poor flapper on Christmas Eve!



Richee

A YULETIDE EVE awaits her Christmas Knight. Jocelyn Lee hangs up her wreath happy in the thought that Santa Claus prefers blondes. Wouldn't it be nice if Santa would bring this little girl a nice big starring contract?



Ruth Harriet Louise

WHO wouldn't? When Norma Shearer hangs up the Kissing License at Christmas parties, strong men are trampled in the rush. That is what makes Christmas merry. And isn't it tough that Yuletide and mistletoe come only once a year?



Ruth Harriet Louise

THE year of 1926 has been just a Big Parade of successes for John Gilbert. A year ago John said that he didn't want to be a matinee idol; he wanted to be a good actor. And that was one New Year's resolution that was kept.



Chidnoff

AND, during the year of 1926, Richard Dix has made the cleverest pictures of his career. Few stars can equal Richard's great personal popularity. And even fewer stars can boast of such a long list of consistently entertaining performances.



Russell Ball

FLOBELLE FAIRBANKS wanted to change her name to Florence Faire, because she didn't want to trade on her uncle's popularity. But Douglas proudly insisted that she keep the family name. You will see her with Gloria Swanson in "Sunya."

Critical Eyes Of Evening
Concede The Beauty
Of
Gossard Silhouettes



INTO her feather-light Gossard step-in and gossamer up-lift bandeau—then for the clinging, exacting folds of her evening gown! She knows the beauty and importance of correct figure support—the vulgarity of the lack of it. She will dance the glorious evening through charmingly groomed, constantly poised—the most critical eye conceding the grace of her silhouette, the perfect symmetry of gown and figure.

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Lois Wilson Paramount Star expresses her delight with Shaughnessy Olovnit



Lois Wilson

Dear Mr. Shaughnessy:

I like my Olovnit frock tremendously; it is very smart and I am flattered to have it named after me.

I hope women throughout the country will enjoy it, and I know they will be amazed at the wonderful service it gives and the remarkable way it seems to improve every time it is dry cleaned.

Sincerely yours,
Lois Wilson



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PHOTOPLAY

January, 1927

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

JUST twelve years ago I visited Hollywood for the first time, a sprawling suburb of Los Angeles, inhabited by city workers and retired Iowa farmers.

Here the motion picture was working out its destiny. Sunlight and possibility of year-around outdoor work was the magnet that drew the pioneers. Studios were ramshackle affairs, thrown up to permit the taking of interior scenes when clouds hovered.

In a little group of wooden shacks, D. W. Griffith had just completed "The Birth of a Nation," and the motion picture left the kindergarten.

Charlie Chaplin was throwing custard pies at Mabel Normand, and Roscoe Arbuckle was chasing Chester Conklin, Ford Sterling, and Ben Turpin for miles and miles through the streets of the sleepy town.

MARY PICKFORD had just come into her own and Adolph Zukor was offering her the fabulous sum of two thousand dollars a week. Colonel Selig's zoological studio was in full cry. Universal City was undreamed of. Kathlyn Williams was the supreme social queen. Wally Reid was playing small parts. J. Warren Kerrigan was the great lover of Carl Laemmle's forces. Helen Holmes was wrecking venerable locomotives at the rate of one a week in her thrillers. Tom Mix was cowboying at fifty bucks a week. Upstate "Bronco Billy" Anderson was grinding his Westerns for Essena. Francis X. Bushman, the screen's idol; Wally Beery, the comedian, and Gloria Swanson, the three dollar a day extra girl, were working in the Chicago studios of the same concern.

Tom Ince was laying the foundation of a great fortune on an original capital of a five dollar bill. He had just snatched Bessie Barriscale, a fine actress, from the stage, along with Louise Glaum, the vamp, and Charlie Ray, a boy actor. We had not heard of Harold Lloyd.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS had not yet transferred his gymnasium from the stage to the screen. Scores of actresses and directors of 1926 fame were glad to get five dollars a day in any capacity. There were no scandals, for the picture folks had not yet become famous enough to make the intimate details of their lives world gossip. Will H. Hays was busy with republican politics. The censors had not yet begun to gnaw big chunks of celluloid. There was not a swimming pool nor a gold plated bath tub in the village.

THE Beverly Hills were bare of picture homes. Aimee McPherson was back East evangelizing with her husband. Jazz was still unborn. Radio had not yet become a household pest. There were no "realtors," no local Kiwanis. The distant echoes of the World War were of much less concern than the walnut crop report.

The retired Iowans regarded the players and their sidewalk antics with the indifference of farmers passing a caravan of wandering gypsies on a backroad.

Every picture had a villain with a heart as black as his moustache. Every heroine was an ingenue of spotless virtue. Every hero had an open-neck shirt and a heart of gold.

Skirts and hair were long and trousers narrow. Ladies suspended their stockings. The rolled sock came in later with the flapper. Dinner clothes were generally rented and worn only in "society" dramas. No one had time to learn bridge, or tennis, or golf.

Newspaper and magazine reviews were still in the embryo stage. A famous author would not have been recognized. The director was an almost unknown factor to the public. C. B. De Mille had not yet made the bath tub a national institution.

THERE were no screen palaces, no symphony orchestras, no prologues (thank the Lord) or vaudeville to bolster up weak pictures. No one who read "Vanity Fair" would acknowledge ever having seen a movie. The news reel was coming and painted scenery was going.

The Germans were advancing on Paris, not Hollywood. England was worried about German military invasion, not American picture conquest.

Mary and Charlie, and Tom, Dick and Harry ate at Levy's popular priced restaurant, where good beer was to be had, wine on pay nights. There were no big parties.

They worked and lived and loved, but the newspapers had something bigger than their affairs on the front page.

They had their family spats, and divorces too, just like other folks, but that was before they became rich and their personal lives became world news.

Those were the good old days.

TODAY—Hollywood is the melting pot of the arts. The land of promise. The Mecca of beauty. The world metropolis of a billion dollar industry. The garden of self-satisfaction. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 113]

1927 According to



By
*Agnes
Smith*



Clap hands, here comes Jupiter and a big year for the movies!

late czar of Russia to a nicety. He predicted that the famous Elwell case in New York would never be solved. He has predicted that Prohibition won't last long.

For these prophecies, and many more, Professor Meyer is affectionately known in the New York newspapers as "the seer of Hoboken" and newspaper reporters consult him on all big stories. And important men in the government read Professor Meyer's predictions—and gratefully, too, if one can judge by the framed letters from officials that cover the walls of Professor Meyer's office.

Incidentally, Professor Meyer said that Rudolph Valentino was going to die, when everyone hoped for his recovery.

At the request of PHOTOPLAY, Professor Meyer made a prediction chart especially for the movies for the year 1927 and brought forth big bunches of good news.

"I am," says Professor Meyer, "overjoyed to state that the planet Jupiter will be posted and exalted in the Zodiacal sign of Pisces. This is the sign that governs the literary, theatrical, musical and screen world. I am glad to be able to say that the artistic and professional world will find the year of 1927 one of the most fortunate, successful and prosperous ever known.

"As the Zodiacal sign of Pisces is an inventive sign, I look for some very radical, new inventions in the moving picture world. The technical scope and power of the movies will be greatly enlarged and improved during the coming year.

"Managers will have an unusually prosperous year."

Do I hear voices of distant cheering?

The women of the screen, says Professor Meyer, will be even more fortunate than the men, during 1927. It is going to be a great year for the girls. And listen to the excellent reason:

"As the Zodiacal sign of Libra will be ascendant and as Venus, the ruling planet of this sign, is posted in the Zodiacal sign of Capricorn, I find that the fair sex engaged in motion pictures, drama and vaudeville will be most unusually successful over their male brothers in the same field."

Well, Venus was always a friend to the ladies.

There will be new stars on the screen, even though there are no changes in the rulers of the Heavens.

BANK robberies may disturb the slumber of policemen; European nations may make warlike and threatening gestures at each other; the mails may be rifled before arriving at the "swift completion of their appointed rounds"; the price of food-stuffs may soar to the clouds.

But the planet Jupiter—dear, good old Jupiter—by being exalted and posted in the Zodiacal sign of Pisces in the year 1927 will bring a singular reign of prosperity and good fortune to the movies.

So get out your telescope, pick out the planet Jupiter and give it a great, rousing cheer. For Jupiter is a friend to the profession; the Otto H. Kahn of the Heavens.

Clap hands, here comes Jupiter!

And who says all this? Why, Professor Gustave Meyer, the most famous citizen of Hoboken, N. J.

Professor Meyer is something of a national figure and he has some shrewd astronomical calculations to his credit. He predicted, for instance, that the year 1914 would be an unusually dreadful and warlike one. He calculated the tragic fall of the

the Stars—As confided to Photoplay by Professor Gustave Meyer

He will, says the Professor, come prominently before the public in a unique comedy that will be highly successful.

As for John Gilbert, the Professor also promises him a happy New Year. But he finds that Gilbert is inclined to be fickle, changeable and independent. In spite of this independence, he is "too backward about going forward," as the Professor ex-

presses it, and he should, for his own good, cultivate more persistence and aggressiveness. And while he has many friends, he is not as good a mixer as he seems, preferring a few friends to many acquaintances.

Professor Meyer has never met Mr. Gilbert nor has he, as far as he remembers, ever seen him on the screen. But it was enough for the Professor to know that Jack was born in Logan, Utah, on August 10, 1897. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 109]



Professor Meyer, the Hoboken Astrologer, casts the horoscope of the Movies and predicts radical inventions on the screen and a prosperous year ahead for all concerned

"I look for some new and unexpected feminine star to be on the ascendant during the coming winter. And she will be a star in the dramatic field," Professor Meyer told me.

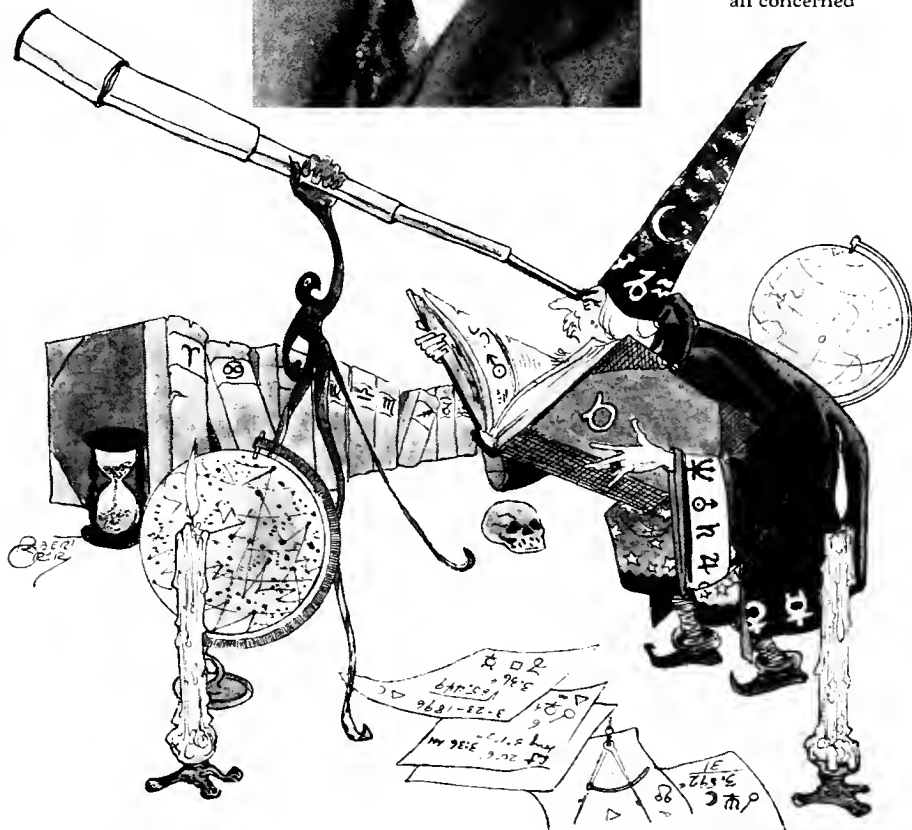
"In spring or summer, there will be another feminine star on the ascendant in the movie comedy field. Her work will parallel that of Mary Pickford. In vaudeville and drama, there will be a male star on the rise at the same time.

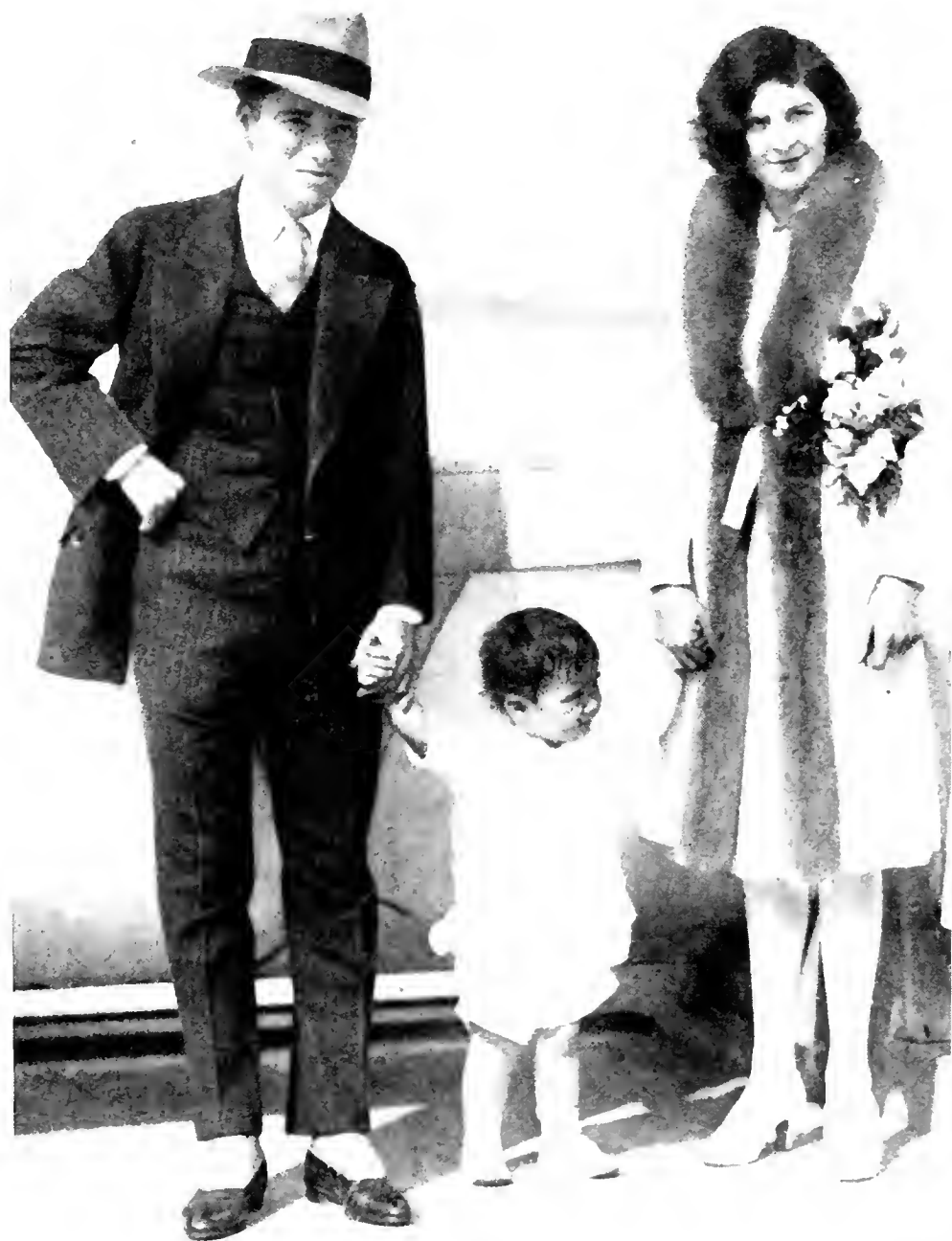
"And," continued Professor Meyer, "speaking of Mary Pickford, this particular star will have a very fortunate, happy and eventful year.

"Charlie Chaplin will also have an eventful year. Chaplin will be very prominent, in some way or other."

You can make your bets as to the identity of the new stars who will flash across the movie sky. But remember that Professor Meyer urges you to be on the look out for two flashing young actresses.

Many of the stars now shining bright in the movie heaven are going to have fortunate years. Richard Dix, for instance. From the fact that Richard was born in St. Paul, Minn., on August 18, 1895, the Professor promises that Richard is going to have the best year of his career.





BON VOYAGE. Charlie came down to the dock to bid goodbye to his wife, Lita Grey Chaplin, and his oldest son, Charlie, Jr., when they set sail on the City of Los Angeles for Honolulu. Mrs. Lillian Spicer, the baby's grandmother, accompanied Mrs. Chaplin, but Charlie stayed at home

Can a Genius be a Husband?

Charlie's Second Marriage
Going on the Rocks of
Temperament, says Hollywood

By



*Adela
Rogers
St. Johns*

ALL Hollywood is awaiting official news of a proposed divorce in the Chaplin family. Whether or not matters will get that far it is difficult to say just now, but the present separation is being unofficially discussed by everybody, including some people who ought to know.



The strange aloneness that always marks genius exists to the *nth* degree in Chaplin. He stands off from his fellow men, wistfully, a little sadly. You see an amazing mixture of egotism and humility

What such freedom would cost Charlie Chaplin is also a matter of infinite speculation and though surmises as to the actual figures differ they all agree that it will be plenty. Which is as it should be, for nobody doubts that Lita Chaplin has done her very best since she married Charlie and if she isn't a superwoman that isn't her fault.

And unless she is a superwoman, the marriage is doomed and was doomed from the beginning.

It would take a superwoman to make a success of marriage to the one recognized genius of the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]



Here is the home of Charlie Chaplin. If Hollywood rumors are to be believed, it is a house divided against itself

Here are the Winners

Winners of
the first, second
and third prizes



First, \$1,500
RUTH WALKER
Dallas, Texas



Second, \$1,000
VERONICA DOLAN
Portland, Oregon



Third, \$500
MARGARET MYERS
Cleveland, Ohio

PHOTOPLAY'S third cut puzzle contest is over! The winners have been decided! Here you see photographed the prize winning solutions selected from thousands sent in reply to the contest that ran in the June, July, August and September issues of PHOTOPLAY. Herewith you may read the names of the brilliant fifty whose solutions triumphed over all.

It was a great contest. Like the circus, it was bigger and better than ever. After making the prize selections, two of the judges had to go away for protracted vacations. They needed them. The choice was so difficult.

So many puzzles came. All were so remarkable in originality and workmanship. PHOTOPLAY has held two cut puzzle contests prior to this, but still it was unprepared for the high excellence of the work submitted. Everyone seems to have profited by the other contests. The entries this year were astonishingly clever and

beautiful. The judges were nearly submerged beneath solutions. Every one submitted was opened and carefully examined.

What would have happened if some hadn't contained errors is impossible to imagine. What a big help Ramon Navarro was to the judges! That boy is the most misspelled star in the contest. Twisting the "o" and the "a" in Navarro's surname eliminated hundreds of puzzles. Ronald Colman came next. So many fans put an "e" into his family name.



Here is a close-up of one small section of the judges' problem. Puzzles, puzzles everywhere, all neat, all accurate, all clever, thousands from which to choose the fifty best!

\$5,000 in Prizes in Photoplay's Third Cut Puzzle Contest Awarded

The Prize Winners

**First Prize \$1,500—Red and Gold
Chest of Dolls**

RUTH WALKER
4128 Holland Avenue, Dallas, Texas

Second Prize \$1,000—Make-Up Tables

VERONICA DOLAN
200 Browns Avenue, Portland, Oregon

Third Prize \$500—Treasure Chest

MARGARET MYERS
11718 Browning Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

**Fourth Prize \$250—Doll with Fan
and Bag**

MRS. ROBERT J. LOCKWOOD
1133 South Wellington Street, Memphis, Tenn.

**Fifth Prize \$125—Gold Key with Star
Caricatures**

CECIL THOMSON
586 Ontario Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada
[ADDITIONAL PRIZE WINNERS ON PAGE 119]



First Prize. This beautiful chest holds four trays of eight dolls each, the stars of the contest in the costumes of their most successful rôles

The contest revealed that Texas loves puzzles. Next to Texas comes Maine. Actually, the answers came from all over the world.

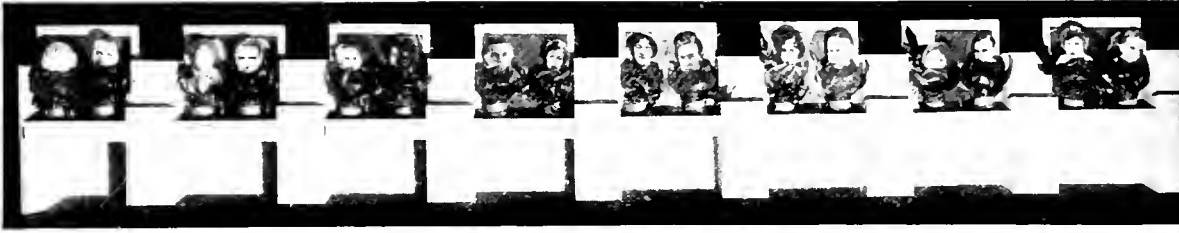
In the foreign mail were answers from Holland, China, Costa Rica, Cuba, Spain, Mexico, Egypt, England, India, Japan, China, France, Belgium and Russia. Every state in the United States was represented, but Texas led all the rest in volume of replies. And among the cities, Dallas, of that same state, scored with the greatest number of individual answers. Moreover, the first prize award went to Dallas.

It took more than a month to eliminate the incorrect puzzles, the misspelled ones, the ones with one girl's bob on another girl's head. Every prize winning puzzle had to be one hundred per cent perfect. Even with that standard, there were many thousands that were perfect. That was what plagued the judges.

Every possible type of presentation was entered. In almost every answer, the contestant had gone far beyond the mere correct neat solution of the cut puzzles.

Do you see your own answer here? The contest closed, the puzzles have all been sent to New York hospitals. Think of the fun sick youngsters are having with them





Not only were the stellar faces correctly matched, the stellar names correctly spelled, but nearly always there was an attempt to characterize the star represented. His favorite rôle was remembered, his favorite hobby emphasized.

All the current vogues of the year were present in the puzzles. The map craze showed itself many times. The ship craze was represented. There were literal thousands of albums, all of them neat, all of them correct. There were dozens of lamp shades, scores of sofa cushions, boudoir dolls, baby dolls, toy soldiers, mechanical toys. There were parasols, ostrich fans, painted shawls, even old shoes, and many, many green hats! In some cases, the solutions were good to eat. There was a whole crate of oranges, each orange a starring vehicle. There were stars in chocolate creams. There were stars in soap. There were enough theaters to crowd Broadway. There were so many peacocks, one surmises the stars appear slightly vain to their fans.

The contest revealed many clever pen and ink artists. The fine stitches on the dolls' clothes, the cushions and the fancy screens were marvels of needlework. Very charming verses accompanied nearly all entries.

The first prize of \$1,500 goes to Ruth Walker, of 4128 Holland Avenue, Dallas, Texas, for her correct answers, sent in the form of a Red and Gold Chest of Dolls.

"I have lived in Texas all of my life," Miss Walker writes to

Here are the dressing tables Veronica Dolan built. Aren't they charming, each with mirror, closet space and many drawers packed with beauty aids? However, they don't put gals and gents together in the best studio dressing rooms

PHOTOPLAY, "but, contrary to current fiction and popular opinion concerning all Texans. I am not a cow-girl, never in my life toted a gun, never saw a herd of cattle stampede, nor wore spurs and a big Stetson hat. Instead, my life has been a most ordinary one, with the usual round of school, parties, dates, etc. I finished High School with first honors, and, since my graduation from University in 1925, I have been employed in a bank."

Until Miss Walker reads these lines, she will not know that she has won the first prize. In reply to PHOTOPLAY's telegram, in which it was stated that she was being considered for a principal prize, she said: "I cannot decide definitely what I would do with my prize, should I be lucky enough to receive one of the big ones. In my mind, I have already spent it dozens of times; on a car, or maybe to travel a bit, or I might even be sensible and invest it in Government bonds (since I've always had a secret longing to clip coupons)."

The second prize of \$1,000 goes to Veronica M. Dolan, of 400 Browns Avenue, Portland, Oregon, for her correct solutions in the form of Make-Up Tables. Miss Dolan is twenty-four and she resides with her parents. Miss Dolan wants to become a writer, but at present she is employed as a stenographer in the Northwestern National Bank of Portland.

"As my parents grow older (mother, 64 years old, and father, 74 years old), both of whom have had more than enough of sickness the past year," writes Miss Dolan, "it's a big job financing everything, and so I've hoped to lessen their burden as well. So, besides the joy of winning for myself,

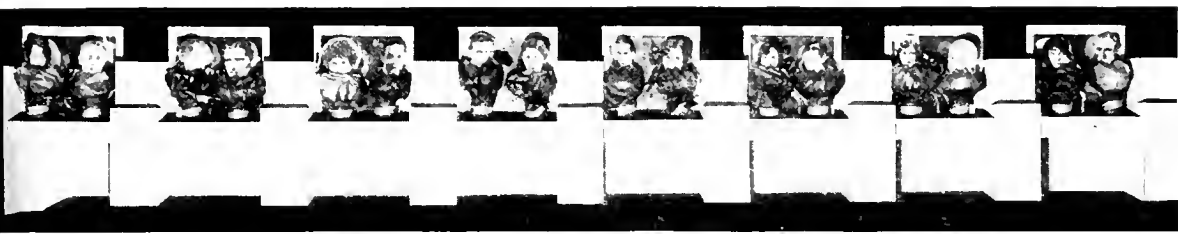
two other people will be mighty happily surprised when I make the announcement at home, kept secret all this while. My goal doesn't seem so far away now and possibly a much wished for trip can at least be started half-way by putting a small sum away for my someday visit to Honolulu—and writing."

\$500, the third prize, is awarded to Margaret Myers, of 11718 Browning Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, for her answers, presented in the form of a Treasure Chest.

Here is what Miss Myers writes: "Although my last year's entry proved unsuccessful, still I gained much experience, so with a little more confidence I tried again. Searching through the memories of past days, I stole from Captain Kidd his treasure chest and used



A real treasure chest, black and gold, jewel packed, a parchment skull studded star guide. Rings, bracelets, necklaces, they all came from the ten-cent store, but the idea was worth third prize to Margaret Myers



it to symbolize my conception of the movies—romance, adventure, history and beauty. I surrounded the brilliant stars of the cinema with dazzling stones representing my sincere wishes for their bright future and also the future of the magazine which so ably supports them, PHOTOPLAY.”

To the thousands who sent in answers to this contest, PHOTOPLAY extends its thanks. As in former years, the puzzles, now that the contest is decided, will be sent to the hospitals of New York City for the delight of their child patients. The contest dolls, the contest toys, will gladden these sick youngsters, some too ill to leave their beds, some convalescent, some who will never recover. So your work, even though it failed to win a prize, has not been in vain.

To all of you who entered the contest, PHOTOPLAY extends thanks. It was flattering and reassuring to learn, through this medium, the strength, the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]

A golden key, certainly, worth \$125 to Master Cecil Thompson. Locked inside were amazing caricatures of the stars



By far the loveliest lady of the contest. Pink taffeta clad, how vain she was! Her vanity bag held cigarettes, rouge, lip stick, comb, powder, coins, all star wrapped. Fourth prize



The Thirty-two Correct Cut-Puzzle Answers

June

Leatrice Joy
Corinne Griffith
Dolores Costello
Norma Shearer

John Barrymore
Reginald Denny
John Gilbert
Eugene O'Brien

July

Irene Rich
Mary Astor
Vilma Banky
Claire Windsor

Malcolm McGregor
Ricardo Cortez
Donald Keith
Antonio Moreno

August

Aileen Pringle
Florence Vidor
Betty Bronson
Marie Prevost

Ramon Novarro
Douglas MacLean
Conrad Nagel
Ben Lyon

September

Mary Philbin
Pauline Starke
Renee Adoree
Viola Dana

Huntly Gordon
Lawrence Gray
Ronald Colman
Percy Marmont

Fighting

Why are the sirens doomed for only brief reigns on the screen?

By Frances Clark

YES, Mrs. Glyn, IT is a vexatious problem. If you have too much IT, you are promptly put in your place as a brazen and obvious huzzy, with no ability and nothing but a lot of sex appeal.

Hence Lya de Putti and Greta Garbo are sending up assorted prayers in German and the Scandinavian for the producers to make them good little girls.

If you have too little IT, you are labeled a colorless prig, with a cold heart and no emotional appeal.

Hence Alice Joyce, May McAvoy and Lois Wilson are asking the managers please to throw a little temptation in their direction.

There is no pleasing the public in this sex business. Once you have established yourself as a death-dealing vamp, the public will have you in no other rôle. Once you have established yourself as an ingenue, the public wants to keep its illusion about you, even after it is bored with seeing you on the screen. That is, of course, unless you prove that you are uncommonly clever.

On the screen, the wages of sin is loud, coarse laughter. And the wages of virtue is the cold shoulder. Happy, then, is the star who is not an extreme "type." Happy is the girl who can stick to comedy dramas and romantic love stories. For the extreme types fall faster and more suddenly in popularity than the girls less boldly sketched by nature.



The public quickly tires of extreme types. Exotic figures like Theda Bara, Betty Blythe and others flash suddenly across the screen—and then fade away. Once the curiosity of the public has been satisfied, the extremes of "vamping" pass the border of credibility and audiences lose interest

the Sex Jinx

Most of the quick, sensation-ally sudden successes are scored by the vamps. And the vamps also get the rudest awakenings.

Lya de Putti rose to instantaneous fame in "Variety." Her rôle was that of a very naughty girl. Greta Garbo established herself as a man-eater in "The Torrent." But both of these imported luxuries, although they are now swimming on the crest of the wave, are beginning to look timidly into the future.

Before them lies the awful warning of Theda Bara, of Valleska Suratt, of Virginia Pearson. They also figure that neither Betty Blythe nor Nita Naldi are now conspicuously prominent in the local electric lights. And they must feel that the actress who is consistently and unvaryingly represented on the screen as a sure-fire heart-breaker never lasts long.

And there are some sound reasons back of this fickleness, some good psychological causes why too much sex stuff is a jinx for any actress, no matter how clever.

Women will go to see a "vamp" picture for any—or all—of three reasons. First, for vicarious experience denied them in life. Second, to get helpful hints in the art of man-stealing. Third, to enjoy a feeling of superior virtue.

And so, any new, exotic figure that flashes across the screen is sure to have an immediate following, attracted by curiosity.



The exaggerated ingenue type, like the super-vamp, also misses out because her sweetness is beyond human belief. And so audiences tired of the saccharine comedies of Wanda Hawley

But the same reasons that draw them to the vamps, also serve to repel them.

In the first place, the "vicarious experience" thrill wears thin quickly because the wild women of the screen are invariably shown "paying the price." And, for the average woman who cannot take a detached view of any story, it is no fun to put yourself in place of a woman who is constantly spurned by the hero.

In the second place, the "helpful hints on man-stealing" are soon found to be impractical and far-fetched. Any woman who has ever tried out an exotic make-up on husband, brother or boy friend, knows that she is usually merely told to "go and wash that stuff off her face."

And in the third place, the "superior feeling" seldom gets a strong hold because screen vamps are seldom sympathetic enough or human enough to be credible.

The men who are attracted by "vamp" pictures are seldom faithful followers. Men go to see them because—to their credit—they would rather see a pretty woman than a homely one. But mere beauty grows tiresome. And beyond a momentary and fleeting appeal, the vamps lose out because most of them possess neither sentiment nor a sense of humor. Nor have they amiability.

And, on the screen or off, these are the three feminine virtues most prized by men.

Faced by these audience reactions, the High Priestesses of Sex are jinxed from the start. After they get over being a nine-days' wonder, they are as *passé* as their counterparts in real life. Audiences gasp at first glimpse; on second thought, the public decides that "there ain't no such animal."

And so the Misses de Putti and Garbo would hit the sawdust trail before reformation [CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]



The public will believe in virtue longer than in vice. But woe to the ingenue whose sincerity is challenged! The shadow of a love affair banished Mary Miles Minter from the delectable world of Little Nell

The Truth About

Installment two, in which our heroine forces
the lucky break

By Ruth Waterbury



"Here you have me. Ruth Waterbury, as I went out to conquer the studios. I thought I looked swell. I planned to stage a couple of knockouts. But I learned mine was only the face that launched a thousand rejects"

POSING as an unknown movie aspirant, I went to Hollywood to break into movies. I had made a bet of five hundred dollars with my editor that I, a reporter, could get into the studios, solely on my own merit. Landing in Hollywood, I was nearly overcome by loneliness and the consciousness that beside the average girl in Hollywood I was about as beautiful as a mud fence. I started to look for work and learned that the Hays organization had bottled up the casting situation. Its office, the Central Casting Corporation, turned me down flat, and said I couldn't get into movies. That made me angry, and I wired my editor I would get in, anyway.

NO girl knows how desperate a thing ambition is until she gets to Hollywood. No girl knows how dreadful a thing it is to fear everyone until she resides in the film capital. Distrust, suspicion, envy, ruthlessness, despair, they all follow on ambition there.

I saw it all that morning I started out to defy Central Casting's edict that I couldn't break into movies.

As short a time as a year ago, there were many casting agencies in Hollywood. They were, possibly, a little vicious. They took ten to fifteen per cent of the extra's pay check and held out to starving extra girls very false hope. Yet they were interested in the extra, primarily, because through the extra they secured their own incomes. In those offices, the girl hunting work met moments of kindness, specious though it might be, and renewed her courage.

Today this has been swallowed up by Central Casting, where efficiency demands that everyone be bright, shining and relentless. Central has engineered good laws for the extras. It has secured them higher pay, better hours, more courteous treatment. But it has killed all hope for nearly everyone of them. Central is as businesslike as a time clock. The studio casting departments are as businesslike as an April cloud. The extra girl today is up against an awful situation between the hardness of the one and the impersonal softness of the other.

Like any other girl with Central closed to me, I could only fight the studios. Where could I start? The studios are scattered over a fifty mile radius in and about Hollywood. It takes several days to get around to them all.

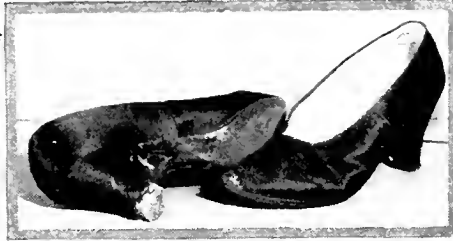
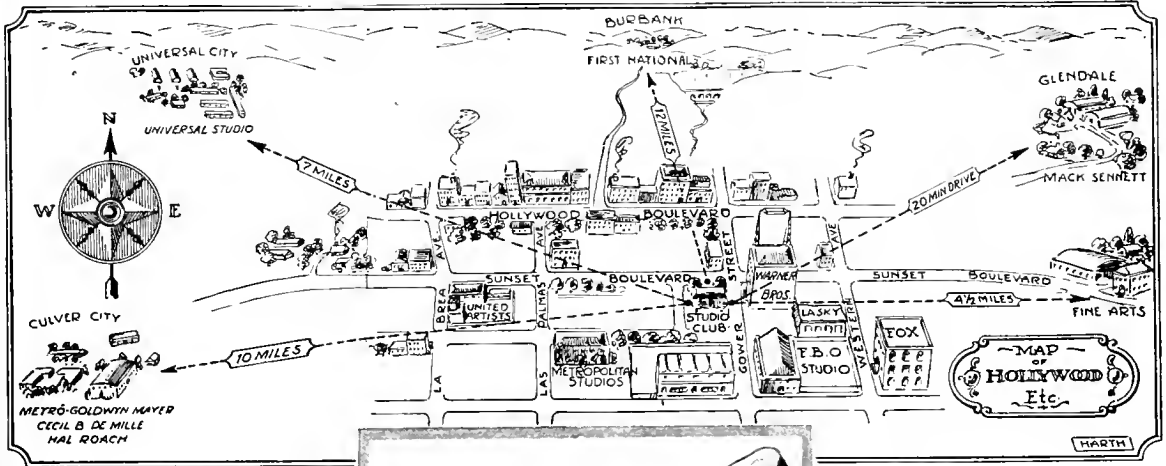
I went down to breakfast plotting my course. Some ten of the Studio club girls were in make-up. They were the happy ones. The others sat silent and regarded them from beneath their lashes. Tomorrow they might get their innings.

You learn to take advantage of anything in Hollywood. I concentrated on one girl, clad in white sequins and busy eating oatmeal. I took advantage of the fact that she was on the reception committee of the club and supposed, therefore, to extend a helping hand toward new girls. I asked her, point blank, to take me to whatever studio she was going.

That was when I first glimpsed the Hollywood fear and distrust. I couldn't possibly have been a rival of that girl's. She was tall as I am short, fair and very beautiful. Yet I could see her figuring desperately how to get rid of me. She said she had no influence, that she was taking an eight o'clock

Further Movie Adventures of a Girl Reporter

Breaking into the Movies



The weary way of the Extra Girl, hiking from Studio to Studio, shown in a sketch map

"Baby certainly needs a new pair of shoes after doing the rounds of the studios. Mine were new when I started out. I completed the circuit, as outlined. Then look at the darn things!"

help you, but you understand I can't. You get off at De Mille's. Here it is right here."

She was in such a panic of fear that I might come with her, I think she would have pushed me off that bus, if I hadn't gone voluntarily. The ghastly fear of Hollywood!

The De Mille studio is a lovely place, a great white Colonial mansion, originally built by Tom Ince, and before it a very black negro, in plum colored livery, bows low and opens the door for you.

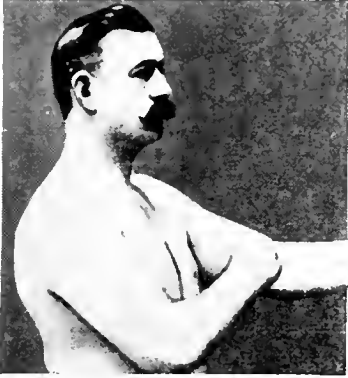
The girl behind the information window was quarreling with some invisible person. She was, of course, a beautiful girl. Girls in

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]



This is the main entrance to the First National Studio, the newest and one of the most beautiful Western studios. This is the stars' doorway, but the entrance for extras—like a servants' entrance—is around the corner

Cinematic Art?—Here's



Horace N. Kows, the Fighting Mayor of Pitchforks, Kansas, says:

The future of the screen? The screen will have no future if greedy producers insist on showing scenes of men, women and even innocent little children eating meat. I have asked Mr. Hays to substitute nut bread for meat-eating scenes. Only by making our films conform to Nature's laws can we build up a strong, vital race of men and women fit to be healthy, sturdy grandfathers and grandmothers. My slogan is: More Vitamines! More Art!



Mavis, the Flapper Queen of Mortgagia,

speaks: It isn't any fun being a Queen. Sometimes I become tired of all the formality that goes with royalty and wish I had been born a movie star so that I could give all my sincerity to your Art. How different the screen might be if I had time to devote myself to it! But the King says "no," and I realize that my first duty is to my dear, wonderful people. But how I love your stars! Especially the dear, big, strong, wonderful cowboys! And how I should love to meet them!



Humbart J. Bibble, author of "Our Indigestible Arts," writes:

Only the Germans are unafraid. Only the Germans are as fearless as Barney Google. They dare simplicity. They defy the commonplace. Out of the warp and woof! woof! of this age of machinery and bad gin, they weave a *verklaerung* of camera angles. They catch the baffling bravery of the working man's Saturday night. It is this that makes for the wistful and wiry drama of such pictures as "Wienerwerkstaette," which unfortunately never has been shown in this country. Until the screen of America stops imitating the La Scala Opera Company, we cannot hope for much. But even now we have only three great Arts in this country: The subway, the stockyards and the movies.



Schuyler Highboy, noted society editor, says:

Bad taste! Bad taste! Everywhere on the screen. Simply rampant! The audiences at Newport positively *rock* with laughter at one of your society dramas. My dear movie stars, when will you learn that no really *smart* man plays polo in a cowboy suit? It simply has not been done since Ward McAllister was in kindergarten. And debutantes of the really exclusive families do *not* drink cocktails in the boxes of the diamond horseshoe. Art on the screen? Horrors, merely bad taste!

Some Hand-picked Opinions

Expert Advice—FREE!

Professor Henry Hardluck, of the University of Beucash, *elucidates*: A reflex action that fails to co-ordinate is not a reflex action in the strict psychological sense. When a child learns to differentiate between its ears and its mouth, it has grasped the first elemental conception of its ego as separated from its psyche. A monkey cannot do this without a complicated reasoning process which eventually obliterates or stunts its cerebral growth. This law of natural selection may be expressed by the algebraic formula: $2ab$ equals xy . Only by the strict enforcement of Mendel's Law does this become a political issue. By the way, what has become of Valeska Suratt?



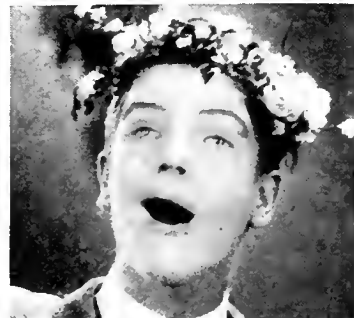
Miss Gertrude Cranberry, noted club woman, *writes*: I started a movement for little entertainments for the kiddies, but the silly, thoughtless mothers refused to co-operate. But why cannot we have more charming little film-plays about the birds and the flowers instead of revolvers and short skirts? I know that the dear kiddies long to learn more about their feathered friends, but the movie producers seem to dote on those silly Western stories. I must have a new law passed so that no one can put thoughts of any kind into the heads of our kiddies.



Oscar Rouse, President of the Pure Thoughts League, *squeaks*: All I see on the screen is obscenity. I never go to the movies. I am too busy trying to get my new censorship law passed. The movies are driving the younger generation to the dogs. They are driving children crazy. They are driving me crazy. Let us have lots of laws and a special enforcement squad to police our movie theaters. Let us forbid men and women appearing in the same picture together. Let us send any producer who breaks this law to jail. People nowadays have too much pleasure. The movies give too much pleasure. Let's make them illegal.



George Lupp, the boy poet of Little Rock, Arkansas, *grows lyric*: I am a man. I am a part of the hills, the valleys, the general store. I leap. I dance. I move. I flicker. The screen leaps, dances, moves and flickers. Therefore I am the screen. Came down. Came me. The screen is a man. The screen is a part of the hills, the valleys, the general store. Let us all go beneath the leaping, dancing, moving, flickering sun and throw rocks—little rocks and big rocks—at each other!



of Unknown Celebrities

Romance and a Hard



FROM washin' and ironin' your one and only dress up shirt and gettin' a thrill out of it, to livin' in a many-roomed mansion is several sleepin' cars jumps, and for the benefit of sich folks as have never tried it, but have got ambitions headed in that direction, I should like to rise and remark that it's sure a buckin' horse journey.

Out in Kansas, where I once served a couple of years as sheriff, they had a state motto like this, "Ad Aspera per Asper." A lawyer which once visited in my jail explains to me how that means "Through difficulties to the Stars," in English, or, translated into an ordinary white man's mode of conversation, Jordan is a mighty tough river to cross. Any gent that thinks the trail from punchin' cattle to starrin' in pictures ain't fraught with dangers too numerous to mention is strugglin' in the coils of error.

When I was a young feller punchin' cows and couldn't lay claim to a thing but the horse and saddle under me, I was a king. An' I was as full of romance as a young mockin' bird. I thought just nothin' of doin' up my one and only Sunday shirt, and ridin' twenty miles if necessary to a dance. If I come to a couple of rivers to swim, that didn't dampen my ardor for them festivities none what-

Tom Mix is going to be rec-
an actor one of these days.
double for him on his horse
first of a series to appear in
will realize that he thinks

ever. I'd undress on the bank of said streams, tie my clothes in a bundle, fasten them to a pole which I held high above my head while I was swimmin' my horse across. I expect I must a looked kinda odd, cavortin' about thus in nature's raiment, but there was nobody around to see, and on the other side I'd stand on a horse blanket and get dressed up again. If the weather was around zero I'd have to sing pretty loud to encourage myself, but it would have taken as many icebergs to stop me as they've got in Alaska. Nothin' mattered so long as I got to the dance.

Returnin' home I wasn't so plumb careful about gettin' wet, because I'd usually have to bust the river wide open in order to reach home before sun-up. But I usually had a few of what poets is pleased to refer to as tender memories to keep me warm, and they'd keep me awake, too, while I was on the round-up or ridin' herd all day without havin' done any sleepin' at all.

I'm admittin' frank and free that romance in those days was mighty hard on horseflesh, but it sure throve in the breast of man. From what I have observed from an elevated point of view—havin' done most of my observin' in this world from a horse's back—I have formed the opinion that much of the real and finest kind of romance has its existence under a flannel shirt.

You can put down a bet and raise the limit that there ain't much romance left in this materialistic age. Neither does romance bud and blossom extensive under a hard-boiled shirt—unless the shirt happens to be borrowed.

There was once a mighty thrill in a dinner jacket—we used

"There was once a mighty thrill in a dinner jacket. But when you own two or three, and pay for 'em with a check your secretary has made out, romance and thrill has departed for more fertile fields"

Boiled Shirt *By Tom Mix*

to call 'em Tuxedos—if you had to save up your nickels and dimes to get it. But when you own two or three and pay for 'em with a check your secretary has made out, romance and thrill has departed generally for more fertile fields. They become just another suit of clothes.

Why, say, even the pride we used to get out of wearin' a new suit of clothes has departed like a maverick in the spring. An' that's on account of materialism. We live in a material age, accordin' to some of these high-foreheaded and philosophical gents who inhabit colleges and suchlike places, and expressed in easy-to-understand ranch English that just means we're too hard-boiled nowadays to get half the fun out of livin'.

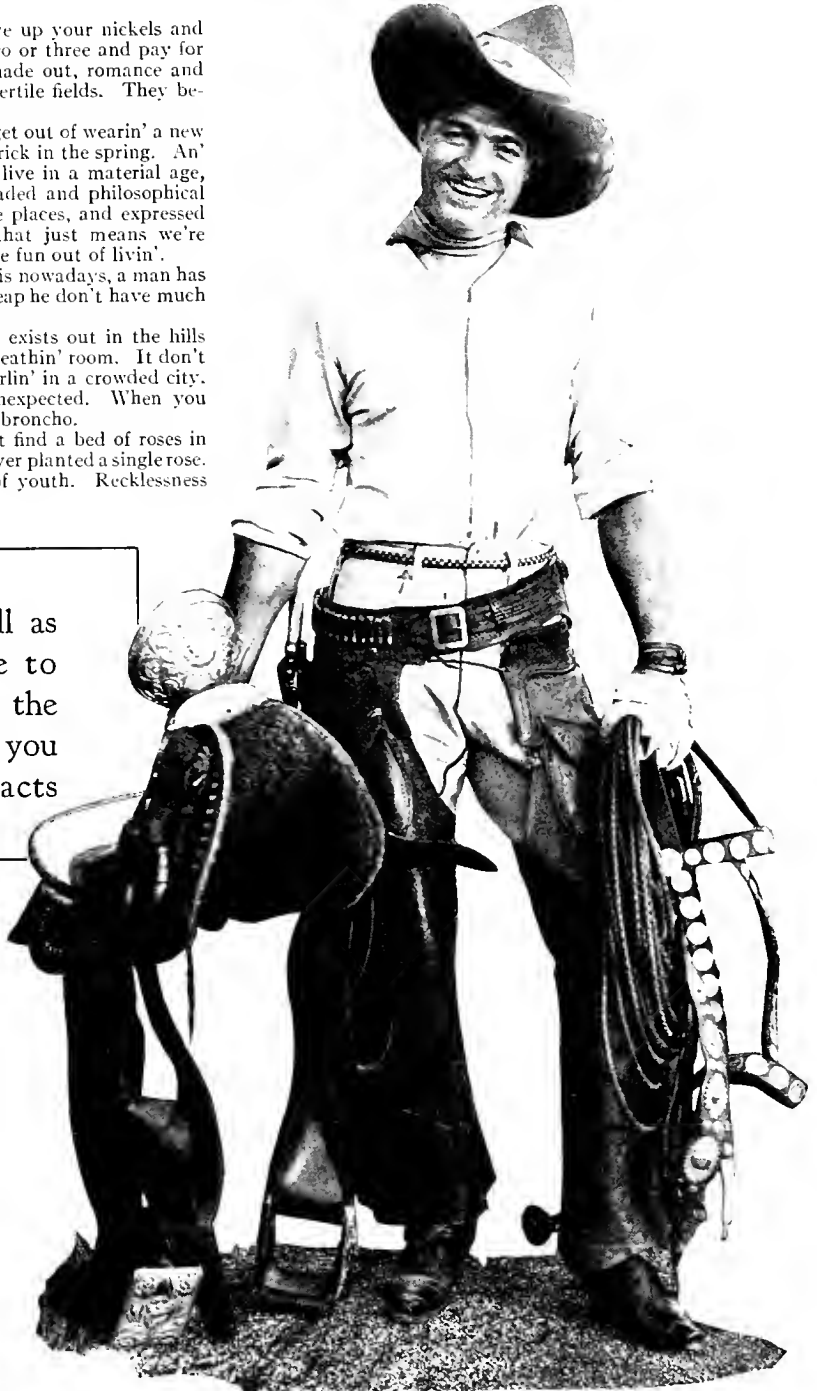
With the picture business the way it is nowadays, a man has to work so hard to keep on top of the heap he don't have much time to enjoy bein' there.

Real, sure-enough, grade A romance exists out in the hills and out on the prairies where it's got breathin' room. It don't seem to have the chance of a stray yearlin' in a crowded city. Natural romance sneaks up on you unexpected. When you start out huntin' it, it's as snakey as a broncho.

Many a man hollers because he can't find a bed of roses in life, when it's an ace in the hole bet he never planted a single rose.

Romance is the natural expression of youth. Recklessness

ognized as a writer as well as
He doesn't need anyone to
or his typewriter. This is the
PHOTOPLAY. Read it and you
and writes as well as he acts



and romance are the joys of youth, just like cautiousness is the penalty of age, but if you're smart and cinch your attention down to it, you can hang on to a lot of your early romance.

Now there's practically no romance to speak of in a dinner served by a foreman in a swell hotel with a bunch of fox-footed waiters fillin' your glass—of water—every time you take a sip, and leanin' over to serve the fish just in the middle of your best yarn. But there's plenty of romance in eatin' lunch under a nice, shady tree with a pretty girl. An' there are still some trees in spite of the best efforts of the city authorities in Los Angeles, where they think trees are a nuisance. And I know one pretty girl who'd rather have lunch with me than any other fellow even if she has et most of her meals across from me for ten years.

There's got to be a little "sneak" to make romance any good. I once viewed a play called "Romeo and Juliet." This Romeo guy sneaked up on a porch and made love to the girl. All the women around me just about went crazy over that scene and said it was so "delicately beautiful" [CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]

"When I was a young feller punchin' cows and couldn't lay claim to a thing but the horse and saddle under me, I was a king. An' I was full of romance. I thought nothin' of doin' up my one and only Sunday shirt, and ridin' twenty miles to a dance"

STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP



His parents didn't name him Victor for nothing. For Mr. Fleming actually persuaded Clara Bow to say "Yes" and the marriage will take place next year. Provided, of course, Clara does not slip out of the lovers' knot once again

JACK GILBERT was in love. And you have never seen a man in love until you have seen Jack in the throes of the delicate passion. It is a tonic, a magic potion. And all because of Greta Garbo, the lissome Lorelei from Scandinavia. She is an unconscious enchantress. She charms without knowing it. Jack was in a delirious delicious swoon, and if you don't see some torrid love scenes in "Flesh and the Devil" it won't be his fault.

He was all set to ask her to marry him, and he had intimated that he loved her. But then something happened and the romance went up in the air. All of a sudden Greta Garbo was seen in the company of her former suitor, Mauritz Stiller. And Jack abruptly departed for New York. Alas for the course of true love!

NORMAN KERRY tells of the young actor who loved his hottle too well and not too wisely. After each picture the boy went on a terrible toot that left his nerves jangling. He started on one at the end of a picture and was called back to the studio for re-takes, or additional scenes.

He presented himself at the studio, a young St. Vitus: "All right, folks," he grinned, "I'm ready for the reshakes."

THE old, reliable rumor is again in the air. You've heard it hundreds of times. This time a lot of people who should know insist that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks will star in a picture together and that work on the production will be started any day now. Mary hasn't been able to make up her mind about a story for herself and Doug can't decide on a choice of vehicles. So they may discard all plans for separate productions and combine their respective staffs on one picture.

RICHARD DIX tells about the sweet young thing who was interviewing an actor. They were going from the studio to a restaurant for lunch. It was raining. The taxi skidded and threw the young lady into ecstasy.

"Oh, goody! We're going to have a wreck! I just love wrecks!"

The actor looked dourly at her: "Have you seen my wife?"

HOLLYWOOD is whispering that the engagement between Bebe Daniels and Charles Paddock is off. That's because they haven't seen Charlie and Bebe together in Hollywood or on the beach lately.

Probably they don't know Paddock is making a swing of the Key cities of the United States on a lecture tour.

Bebe tells me the engagement is just as much on as ever.



Our coming matinee idol—Mr. John Cogan. Will this manly young fellow ever forgive the critics who called him "sweet and adorable" in "The Kid"? Jack is a big boy now and he merits an entire new set of adjectives to describe him

WITH true Griffith luck, the director got the blame for all the faults of "Sorrows of Satan" and little of the credit for the good qualities of the picture. Griffith seems to have the unhappy faculty of bringing fame to others and blame to himself.

"Sorrows of Satan" has made Ricardo Cortez as an actor and it has also brought new prestige to Carol Dempster. But it has only been the source of a lot of grief to Griffith.

WELL, all is over between D. W. Griffith and Famous Players-Lasky. Henceforth, Griffith will probably make pictures for Universal. There has been a lot of talk about this artistic divorce but it all sums up to this: Famous Players-Lasky was dissatisfied with "Sorrows of Satan" and Griffith

EAST AND WEST

By Cal York

Irish luck plus unquenchable spirit of youth have landed Sally O'Neil up among the featured players. Sally's frank wit is the terror and delight of the studio. She is now playing in "The Mysterious Island," a Jules Verne fantasy



A strictly modern picture of a bride and groom. The only thing that is missing is the boxing gloves. Guess who is the boss in the King Vidor-Eleanor Boardman household. Anyway, Eleanor is old-fashioned enough to wear a ring, even though you can't see it here

As for Carol Dempster, they say that Famous Players-Lasky wants to sign her up as a star. Under Griffith's training, she has developed into a fine actress and—what is more to the point—an actress with real drawing power. There is irony in the fact that Famous Players wants Miss Dempster but can't see Griffith.

BILL HART, JR., was being interviewed on his fourth birthday.

"What do you want for your birthday?" queried the reporter.

"A birthday cake with candles," replied Bill.

"And what kind of cake?"

"Oh, I'll take a deviled egg sandwich with frosting."

Looks as if little Bill would develop into a culinary artist instead of a celebrated two-gun Western artist like dad.

WONDER how Sam Goldwyn happened to let Gary Cooper, the *Abe Lee* of "The Winning of Barbara Worth," slip through his fingers. His several vivid scenes in the picture would be a good recommendation for a contract, it seems to me. Paramount thought so, because they have signed the young Montana lad and he has already played small parts in "Wings" and "It."

Gary is one of the two sons of Judge Cooper of Helena, Montana, and has spent practically all of his twenty-two years on his dad's ranch. He is a tall, lanky, likable Western boy. He went to college at Grinnell.

Goldwyn passed up Cooper and Paramount nabbed him: Paramount passed up Ralph Forbes, the *John* of "Beau Geste," and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer got him. So it goes.

GARDNER JAMES and Marion Constance Blackton, daughter of Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, picture pioneer, are to be married Christmas Day. Which settles definitely any rumor that Renee Adoree had stolen Gardner's affections from Marion Blackton, who is a clever young scenario writer.

After stealing most of the pictures in which he has been cast, Gardner was signed to an Inspiration contract to replace Dick Barthelmess, who signed with First National. Three years ago he landed as a stoker at San Pedro, a harbor town near Hollywood. He was flat-broke but ambitious. Adverse circumstances didn't keep him down. He's one of the good bets of 1927.

didn't like studio routine. It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks and Griffith had been his own boss for so long that he couldn't adapt himself to new conditions.

Everyone hopes that Griffith will make a big "come back." He is a truly charming man and the industry will always be in his debt.

And everyone wants to see him get his just dues.

GRIFFITH'S first film for Universal probably will be Edna Ferber's story, "Show Boat." Here is a gorgeous, romantic tale that is right up Griffith's street and it will be a great contrast to the inanities of Marie Corelli. Mary Philbin will be the star and Mary is exactly the sort of star that Griffith should direct.



This exercise fad has the girls all upset. It has literally stood Hollywood on its head. Jobyna Ralston works daily at the Hollywood Athletic Club, keeping that school girl figure. Harry Pierson is her trainer



Panoramic view of Emil Jannings' first meal in an American studio. He will have to get used to ham sandwiches and coffee. On this side of the picture we have William Le Baron, Mrs. Jannings, and, above, Skeets Gallagher and Ricardo Cortez

books from his library, several foreign cars, works of art, curios, tapestries and jewelry will go under the auctioneer's mallet. Even his personal wardrobe is to be sold, and some of his famous studio costumes.

A CERTAIN Hollywood actor has a new house of which he is very proud. So he had some moving pictures taken of the home and the garden. And he showed the film one night to his friends in his private projection room. The introductory title to an opening long-shot of the house read: "Shack in desert where Aimee Semple McPherson was held prisoner."

Yes, he titled the picture himself.

MAY ALLISON, who has just completed two pictures for Fox company, "The City," and "One Increasing Purpose," was married at Santa Barbara last month to James R. Quirk, Editor and Publisher of PHOTOPLAY.

I HOPE Hollywood won't spoil Emil Jannings. I hope that he will never "get that way." The big German actor delighted New York with his simplicity and with his child-like joy in seeing the sights. Nobody had to "entertain" Jannings. He amused himself—and in the strangest ways.

For instance, he spent fifteen minutes before a display window on Broadway, watching three Italian cobblers repair shoes by modern machine methods.

It was hard to lure him into business conferences, because of his immense curiosity about New York. And it took him two hours to eat his meals. Jannings didn't like hotel food and so he ate in a *table d'hôte* restaurant where dishes were put before him in an unending array. After every meal, he announced simply, in English, "I am happy."

JANNINGS saw three plays in New York—"An American Tragedy," "Lulu Belle," and "Broadway." He liked them all. And he especially admired Lenore Ulric. The rest of his evenings were spent at prize-fights, which he loves. He was delighted to find out that there are good prize-fights in Hollywood. He also visited the Harlem cabarets and he wanted to go to Chinatown. But he had such a lurid, melodramatic picture of Chinatown that no one wanted to disillusion him by showing him the drab dullness of Mott, Pell and Doyers streets.

Once, while motoring on Fifth Avenue, he suddenly leaped

JOHN ROBERTSON and Josephine Lovett are now cutting and titling "Annie Laurie."

The picture probably will be held for special release and Lillian Gish will begin work soon, under the direction of Clarence Brown.

The Robertsons have bought a home in Beverly Hills. They had planned to make another picture with Miss Gish; but Metro-Goldwyn wants Mr. Robertson to make a special production, as it is too prodigal to keep a star player and a star director on one picture. As for Mr. Robertson, he was one of the few American directors who was using "camera angles" when the UFA technicians were still making all their pictures in long-shots.

CREIGHTON HALE got an extra hour's sleep two mornings straight by being a clever young chap.

Creighton was working on "Annie Laurie" and suggested to Director John Robertson that the Dark Canyon Hills, in which Hale lives, would pass nicely for Scottish Highlands.

After looking them over, Robertson agreed and Hale found the company working in his own back yard. Hence the extra hour's sleep.

AN eight pound baby boy was Lloyd Hughes' birthday present from his wife, Gloria Hope Hughes, and they were both so excited over the arrival that they forgot to choose a name. I shouldn't be surprised if they would call him Lloyd Hughes, Jr., which is as fine a name as I can think of for the first man-child of the Hughes family.

PIECE by piece to his fans and friends, Rudolph Valentino's prize belongings will be auctioned off at "Falcon's Lair," his Beverly Hills home which he loved so dearly. His eight horses,



And on this side of the picture, we see Mr. Jannings drinking a toast to Estelle Taylor. (It's only coffee.) And Miss Taylor responds with a glass of milk. The amused and interested onlookers are William Powell, Luther Reed and Lester Scharff

from the car, dashed into an automobile showroom and returned with the announcement that he had purchased two expensive cars. Mrs. Jannings was revived by friends.

Although they say that every man likes to visit his birthplace, Jannings never once expressed a wish to go to Brooklyn.



Horses! Horses! Horses! After "The Better 'Ole," Syd Chaplin is crazy over horses, horses, horses. But these Tin Lizzie animals must have their oil. Old Dobbin is fully equipped with a gear shift and a self-starter

OVERHEARD in the projection room, where Dorothy Gish was looking at some of the "rushes" on Sister Lillian's latest picture, "Annie Laurie."

The "rushes" showed Lillian as *Annie Laurie* climbing the rocky crags of the highlands to tear down the torch or beacon which was set to call all of the Scot Clans to war.

It was a thrilling scene. When it was over:

"Sister certainly brought home 'de beacon,'" murmured Dorothy. Then they put her out of the projection room.

WHEN Ronald Colman heard that Florence Vidor was coming from New York on Sunday, he told Vilma Banky, and she told George Barnes, the cameraman, on "A Night of Love," and they decided to frame a joke on George Fitzmaurice, who is engaged to Florence.

Sunday morning Ronald approached Fitzmaurice and with mock solemnity said: "I understand we are behind schedule, Fitz, and you know how I hate to work on Sundays, but for your sake I'll be glad to work tomorrow." Fitz thanked him.

Then Vilma approached: "Mr. Feetzmaurice, I do not like to work on Sundays, but because we are so behind time, I will be glad to work Sunday." Fitz thanked her.

Up came George Barnes, the cameraman: "Mr. Fitzmaurice, my gang hates to work on Sunday, but they are all willing to work for you tomorrow to catch up to schedule." Fitz thanked him.

But the joke was on them, for Fitz called their bluff and they worked until twelve noon the next day, when Fitz knocked off to go to meet Florence.

I CALLED the First National studio to reach Colleen Moore's press agent. All I got was a terrible grating sound, a buzz, a violent clacking and then silence. Reaching him an hour later I roundly cussed the switchboard operator.

"Oh that must have been Colleen gumming up the service," said her p. a. "She spends her noon hours at the board practicing for her next picture."

Colleen's newest film, "Orchids and Ermine," is about a switchboard operator in a big hotel who gets famous.

POLA NEGRI is going to play *Becky Sharp* in a new screen version of "Vanity Fair." I am glad that Thackeray's novel is to be done again, because *Becky* is a most modern heroine. But I had always hoped that Gloria Swanson would play *Becky*. Not that I am trying to stir up the old Gloria-Pola feud, which has been laid away so quietly, but it seems to me that Gloria is a better Anglo-Saxon type than Pola.

THE foreign invasion continues. Emil Jannings had hardly set foot on American soil until Richard A. Rowland, general manager of First National, was back home with the contracts of two other UFA personages. Rowland signed Alexander Corda, director, and his wife, Maria Corda, European film star.

And then Universal signed Conrad Veidt, the German actor imported by John Barrymore. He will first appear in Hugo's "The Man Who Laughs."

JACK GILBERT is going in the bootlegging and hijacking game. Don't get me wrong. He's not going to defy Mr. Volstead, but will star in "Twelve Miles Out." William Anthony McQuire's melodrama of bootlegging and hijacking. The rights have been bought by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Jack Conway has been selected to direct.

PAT O'MALLEY always smokes a villainous-looking pipe when he drives his wife's big limousine. And there's a reason. "Someone mistook me for the chauffeur once," explains Pat.

WHEN is temperament not temperament? When is a star justified in kicking about the sort of story offered to her? Two instances of "temperament" have come up in West Coast studios recently. Greta Garbo [CONTINUED ON PAGE 95]

Camp Fairford on the Pacific



In a secluded cove at Leguna, California, inaccessible even to automobiles, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks hide away to talk stories and enjoy a little privacy after their strenuous European "vacation." Here the famous stars spend their week-ends, far from the maddening studio



Good Morning! Miss Pickford, ready for her early morning dip in the Pacific at Camp Fairford



Keeping in trim! Doug finds time for athletic exercise almost every minute of the day. His tent entrance makes an ideal horizontal bar

Amazing April

By
Faith Baldwin



There April sat, in a great, high carven chair, her pale head a flower against the dark background . . . and after a moment or two of banalities she spoke, her long hands held hard in her lap—
“I think,” she said with the austerity of a nun,
“I think you come here too much.”

Illustrated by
Connie Hicks

WHEN, some twenty-four years ago, black-eyed Cherry Carter stood at the altar of St. Thomas' in her ivory draperies, her gorgeous red head just reaching Jack Masters' shoulder, everyone in the overcrowded church agreed that a handsomer couple had never set foot in the sacred and fashionable edifice. “Well-mated” was the general verdict and that not in good looks alone. They were, in a way, a little overwhelming, possessing separately and together youth, money, social standing, charm and beauty. Likewise education. It really didn't seem fair! The envious and less endowed among the spectators mentioned that Cherry and Jack had other traits in common, unquenchable gaiety, for instance—or downright frivolity, if you wish to put it more plainly. “As light-headed a pair as ever I saw!” commented one dowager tartly, as she propelled her obese, bugle-bestrewn bulk out of the church into the whimsical spring sunshine. “That marriage won't last!” she said grimly, with her best pug-dog expression, and then added, with what was almost indelicacy a quarter of a century ago, “God help their children!” With which she climbed painfully into a Victoria and drove off. She was, perhaps, the only person to utter such a comment in public. But there were whispers behind fans and teacups and many speculations. Even a bet or two, good odds, at a certain club. For surely, Cherry Carter and Jack Masters had

never had a serious thought between them, nor yet a serious purpose. They were a pair of superb butterflies, sunning golden wings and floating airily about enchanted gardens. And they were, at one and the same time, the scandal and pride of the circle in which they fluttered by right of birth.

Cherry wore the lowest gowns! Jack ordered his clothes from London! Cherry had more than once displayed a delicious ankle! And it was certain that her dancing in sedate ballrooms was—well—almost professional. One did not do these things at the turn of the century—or at least—not openly.

And then—Jack and his reputation! In those dear old days a young man spelled his past with a capital and purple P. Jack had been seen at stage doors, in greenrooms. He had an apartment! And that, when his family lived in a gloomy brown stone house on Madison Avenue, with plenty of room in it. In Jack's apartment parties were given. There was wine—and smoke—and perhaps other stimulants. Oh, he was a very gay dog, was Masters, and as handsome a one as ever bolted from the family kennels. Black hair for Cherry's red, blue eyes to contrast with her great, soft black ones, and the figure of a matinee idol. To see them riding through the Park of an early morning was a wonder and a joy.

When they began these rides together tongues clacked

*How April solved the giddy problem of a modern girl
with mad, gay parents*

"Oh!" said April.

Young Andrews rose, still with grace and not at all abashed. Cherry, who had just opened her mouth to say that she thought he was a dear only he mustn't be silly because that would spoil things, sat quite still and never turned a red hair. "April, my darling," she said, "why didn't you phone for a car?"

busily. Everyone had hoped that Jack would settle down—"that nice little Morgan girl" for example. But when he showed signs of settling down with Cherry Carter the affair took on a dangerous complexion. No man on earth could "settle down" with Cherry! Jack had, it appeared, planned to spend the rest of his life with a girl who was like a glass of champagne, moonlight in Venice, Circe, Helen, Cleopatra! The divers opinions of the mob, culled at random. No settling down here; and finally, "Heaven help the next generation!" All New York—such as mattered—waited breathlessly for Cherry to produce a daughter who would go on the stage, a son who would rob a bank from sheer love of adventure or—worst scandal of all—neither son nor daughter at all.

People married early in those dimming days. Cherry was nineteen and Jack was twenty-two. After a year in Europe they betook themselves to Jack's new place in Westchester and with half a dozen horses, twice as many dogs, three Persian cats and a car-load of servants they set about the business of enjoying life, appearing weekly in town for opera or ball or play, staying at the Waldorf, haunting day-time shops together and showing no signs of settling, one way or the other.

They had been born before their time, these two. And they loved one another gloriously. People didn't seem to realize that, or if they did they were discreetly silent about it—passion and marriage were considered so incompatible.

When they had been married almost three years the baby was born. Before its arrival New York was more shocked than ever. They—the prospective parents—talked about it! Actually! To everyone! Cherry, in town on a shopping trip, would rush up to the merest acquaintance and exclaim in that curious, throaty voice of hers, as sweet as a hoarse little thrush, "Oh! did you hear? I'm going to have a baby! Isn't it wonderful?" To which the listener would gasp polite assent and hurry home to tell the family that, really, Cherry Masters had no sense of the decencies whatever! (Poor Cherry, who dared to be natural and happy!)

And Jack was just as bad at his nine clubs or back at Yale for a reunion.

Alarming enough for New York to be confided in wholesale. But if it only could have heard Cherry and Jack before the great log fires that fall and winter, up in the Pocantico Hills.

"If it's a boy," she said, dreamily, "and of course it *must* be a boy—he shall be a little mad—like us, darling—and a very little wicked. He'll come home for vacations, with an opera hat on the back of his head and a stick in his hand and his eyes shining—at about four in the morning. And when I scold him he'll laugh and kiss me twice and tell me that it doesn't matter. And it won't, not really. And if he falls in love with a chorus girl we'll be nice to her and have her out weekends and you shall flirt with her, yourself—she won't look at him when his father's around—and then he'll get tired and marry some nice girl I've picked out for him by then. Not *too* nice, that would be deadly!" said Cherry, wisely.

And so they planned their baby. A gay baby, a bad baby, an impish, elfin small boy, a debonair, generous lad with lots of faults and lots of the most precious virtues—and charm—tremendous charm.

"For," said Cherry, "he's got to keep us young. And we'll stay young, keeping up with him! Oh—" sliding from the armchair to her husband's feet, winding white arms about his knees and looking up at him, a little sorrowfully, a little anxiously, "Oh, let's never grow old, Jack darling—*never!*"

Then the baby arrived, in April, and it seemed for a little while that Cherry would have her wish—that she would never grow old, but would slip away from the arms that held her, would be deaf to the anguished voice that commanded her to stay—and be young—and be lost—forever.

Dark hours for Jack Masters. No one saw him but the doctors and nurses. He said very little, but he looked like a man in hell.



However, youth is youth, and Cherry's little body was strong and she had a great love of life. She fought and she won and when it was all over and the danger was past they told her that her two day old baby was a beautiful little girl and that if she were very good she might see her husband for a moment.

Jack came into the room, his own room, for people didn't go to hospitals in those days, and when he saw her he wanted terribly to put his head down on that tired, white shoulder and cry—but he didn't—he laughed, just a little, instead, and said,

"Well, fooled again—it's a girl, you know."

But he'd kissed her before he'd spoken and she knew—she knew.

"Upsetting, a little, wasn't it?" she said, weakly, with a flash of the old gaiety. "After all our plans—never mind—next time—"

But later they had to tell her there would be no next time, not ever.

Naming the baby was difficult. They'd been so sure of Junior. But when Cherry was able to sit up and pour tea and



wear her most fascinating negligee and look over from the big sofa to the beribboned bassinette, she began, with her native adaptability, to plan for the girl a little as she'd planned for the boy.

"I'd like a name," she said, "with laughter in it and sunshine and perhaps a tear or two to make her interesting. April? We'll call her April—do you like that, dearest?"

Jack, worshipping beside her, nodded. Had she elected to name the child February he would have been just as cheerful. New York, however, hearing, remarked, "Poor child—that outlandish name as a handicap—how very like Cherry!"

Now Cherry's name was really Carolyn, but almost everyone had forgotten that, including her godmothers and godfathers in baptism.

April was a good baby, she rarely cried or fretted, she lay for hours in the bassinette and regarded the ceiling. Cherry, well again, found this a little nerve.

"Can't be ours!" she announced firmly. "Is it really? It's not possible. Ours should yell—all the time—out of sheer

deviltry. And this little thing never opens her mouth except at meal time."

Oddly enough, April was very blonde. She had the fair hair of her father's mother, Jack's blue eyes, a rose leaf skin and a really beautiful baby body.

"She'll be a wonder!" said Jack, looking at her as she sedately received her tubbing at the hands of her nurse. "She'll break hearts!"

He spoke out of a profound wisdom. He had made a study of beauty in his time, he recognized it even when it was eight months old.

The nurse was a little shocked, but Cherry was pleased. "Oh, do you think so, truly?" And she began to plan at once.

"She'll be an outrageous flirt," Cherry told Jack, in private. "And a little inclined to kick over the traces—oh, very *small* traces," she added hastily, "so you needn't raise your funny eyebrows! And when she's seventeen we'll have six dozen nice boys on our doorstep all [CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]



THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM—Fox

AS lovely in its blending moods as an April day is "The Return of Peter Grimm."

Can the dead commune with the living? That *Peter Grimm* argues constantly. *Peter* is an old Dutch nurseryman, raising flowers and his adopted children, *William*, the little boy, whose father is unknown; orphan *Katie*, and *Jimmy Hartman*. *Katie* and *Jimmy* are in love, but *Peter* begs *Katie* to marry *Frederick*, his nephew. She agrees.

Then *Peter* dies. Little *William* falls ill. *Katie* plans to fulfill her promise. Then *Peter* returns, a gray shadow in the house where he once lived. Since death he knows *Frederick* is the betrayer of *William's* mother. Happiness follows.

The cast is excellent, with Janet Gaynor giving the outstanding performance.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



FAUST—UFA-Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THIS German-made visualization of the Faust legend is an extraordinary motion picture, one of the really fine things of the screen.

Goethe's panoramic poem has been used as its basis and the adaptation has followed, in the main, as closely as the screen permits.

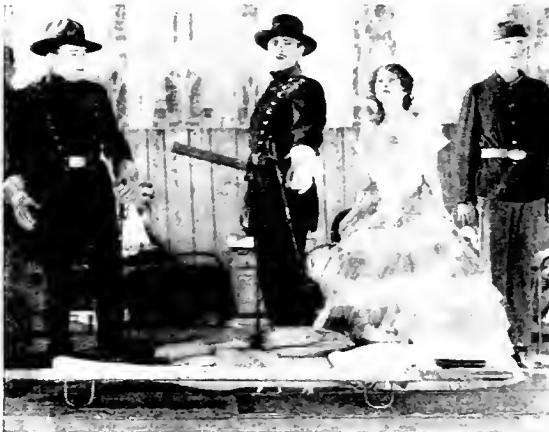
The medieval legend of the philosopher, who sold his soul to Satan that he might regain his youth, has been told many times and in many forms. This celluloid version testifies to the directorial abilities of F. W. Murnau and proves that his "The Last Laugh" was no mere chance success.

Murnau has caught the medieval atmosphere with surprising success. Under his adroit direction, the interest never lags. Murnau was aided by three fine performances: of Emil Jannings as *Lucifer*, of Camilla Horn as *Marguerite* and of Gosta Ekman as *Faust*. Indeed, for once, a picture is stolen from the redoubtable Jannings.

This Berlin newcomer, Fraulein Horn, is a remarkable actress. Playing the rôle that was offered to Lillian Gish, she gives what is, in our opinion, a better performance than Miss Gish could have offered. It is a superbly tender and unaffected bit of work.

This, of course, isn't taking credit away from Jannings who contributes a roystering and amazing *Satan*.

Murnau has developed any number of scenes extraordinary in directorial technique and photography. The opening curiously parallels the start of the Griffith film, "Sorrows of Satan," with *Lucifer* at the gates of Heaven. The Murnau handling is vastly superior, however.



EVERYBODY'S ACTING—Paramount

GOOD news! Mickey Neilan's back at his old tricks. Mickey's put laughter, sentiment, pathos and marvellous gags in this flicker he both wrote and directed.

Gaze on these names—Betty Bronson, Henry Walthall, Louise Dresser, Ford Sterling, Lawrence Gray, Raymond Hitchcock, Stuart Holmes, Edward Martindel and Philo McCullough, and figure what they do with a story giving each of them a chance to act all over the place.

It's a Cinderella story about a stage baby and the Fathers Associated, five actors who bring her up. She falls in love with a rich young man. The rich young man's mother does not approve. And that's where the title comes in.

Don't miss this. The direction and the playing are twin joys. The children will adore it.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

FAUST HOTEL IMPERIAL
THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM
EVERYBODY'S ACTING
WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW UPSTAGE

The Best Performances of the Month

Camilla Horn in "Faust"
Emil Jannings in "Faust"
Pola Negri in "Hotel Imperial"
Betty Bronson in "Everybody's Acting"
Wallace Beery in "We're in the Navy Now"
Raymond Hatton in "We're in the Navy Now"
Norma Shearer in "Upstage"
Oscar Shaw in "Upstage"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 125



HOTEL IMPERIAL—Paramount

HERE is a new Pola Negri in a film story at once absorbing and splendidly directed. The credit on this last item may be divided safely between Mauritz Stiller, the director, and Erich Pommer, the production chief, late of UFA and now of Hollywood.

Actually "Hotel Imperial" is another variation of the heroine at the mercy of the invading army and beloved by the dashing spy. This has been adroitly retold here, until it assumes surprising qualities of interest and suspense. The scenes of "Hotel Imperial" take place in a deserted hostelry in Galicia, between the Austrian and Russian lines. In the dark, shadowy halls of the half-medieval hotel, the action develops swiftly and surely around a hotel slavey, a spy masquerading as a waiter, and the heads of the Russian divisional army, at the moment in triumphant advance.

Miss Negri at last has a rôle that is ideal. Moreover, she gives a corking performance of the Galician slavey. It is her best characterization since she came to Hollywood. James Hall, as the Austrian, and George Siegmann, as the Russian general, give admirable performances, and the bit of a Russian spy is finely done by Michael Vavitch.

"Hotel Imperial" places Mauritz Stiller at the forefront of our imported directors. It will give high interest to his forthcoming work with Emil Jannings. Credit for directorial supervision goes to Erich Pommer, under whose guidance "The Last Laugh," "Variety" and most of "Metropolis" were filmed on the Berlin UFA lot.

Don't miss "Hotel Imperial." It has Pola Negri in her best rôle since "Passion."



WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW—Paramount

WALLACE BEERY and Raymond Hatton did so well for the army—and the boxoffice—with "Behind the Front" that this comedy of gobs and the war results. "We're in the Navy Now" is diverting, but it isn't as good as its predecessor.

The captions describe Beery and Hatton as "the big gob" and "the little gob." How they enlist to see the world, scrub decks and peel potatoes, their training course and their wartime adventures, not to count their escapades in France, constitute the comedy. Both these ex-screen scoundrels prove their mettle in comedy. Chester Conklin does a bit as a comic officer.

Don't forget Director Eddie Sutherland in passing out credit for the laughs.



UPSTAGE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

HERE'S a gay story of what happens to a fresh kid who gets a swelled head.

Dolly Haven, out hunting a stenographer's job, meets Johnny Strom, a song and dance man, who engages her as partner in his vaudeville act. A couple of rehearsals and Johnny sees Dolly can't dance, but that she can wear clothes. So he does the work and lets Dolly get the spotlight. Johnny loves her, but she leaves their act to go with another. She flops and is finally reduced to being a chorus girl in the closing act of the bill on which Johnny is headliner. But you know how love is!

The cast, headed by Norma Shearer and Oscar Shaw, is perfect, the atmosphere charming and Monta Bell's direction delightful. Take the youngsters.

**SO'S YOUR
OLD MAN—**
Paramount



W. C. FIELDS is funnier here than in his first stellar venture, "The Old Army Game." The comedian plays a disreputable small townier who invents an unbreakable auto windshield and becomes the pal of a haughty visiting princess. From derelict, *Sam Bisbee* becomes the hero of Waukeagus. Fields is amusing and Alice Joyce is delightful as the princess. There is one hilarious interlude when *Sam* tries out his invention with a brick—but picks the wrong Ford.

**PRIVATE
IZZY
MURPHY—**
Warner Bros.



WE'VE had the funny side of life. Now we must sit through the sordid lives of the Irish and Jews. Something was needed as a starring vehicle for George Jessel and this is the best that could be found. A sloppy story of a Jewish boy who serves his country with the famous Fighting 69th and his love for an Irish lass who, before he went to war, thought he, too, was Irish. This is Jessel's first picture and he seems to be far from ease behind the Kleigs.

THE BELLS—
Chadwick



THERE is one redeeming feature about this heavy and gruesome tale—the fine performance of Lionel Barrymore. Barrymore is at his best in a character rôle. This is a powerful drama, telling the story of an avenging conscience when an innkeeper cold-bloodedly murders a traveler for his gold and escapes even suspicion. This is the type of picture you either like or dislike—there is no happy medium. All in favor say, aye!

LONDON—
Paramount



THOMAS BURKE'S story of the Limchouse is lacking in originality. It is nothing more than the Rags to Riches idea, set against the background of the slums of London. Dot Gish is uninspiring and unattractive—having fallen under the spell of the coiffures of London. They are most unbecoming. The remainder of the cast is composed of English players who don't mean a thing in any movie-fan's life. Use your own judgment.

**MILLION-
AIRES—**
Warner Bros.



THIS is the worst by far of the Ghetto pictures that seem to have taken possession of the screen. Too awful! It isn't funny, though it tries to be—it is ridiculous. The plot is so old it creaks and rattles—the "Bringing up Father" theme dressed up with kosher characters. You would waste your money on such movie-hash. Better you should put your time to advantage. Here's hoping for fewer and better pictures.

SPANGLES—
Universal



THE circus is hack in town with all its joys and heartaches. Life under the big top assumes a gloomy aspect for its players—at least in movie versions. Nevertheless, it's interesting. Did you ever hear this one about the gal being betrothed to the owner of the circus? Along comes the hero whom the girl befriends. The owner is murdered—quite a few murders this month—and the hero is accused. But all ends happily.

**MIDNIGHT
LOVERS—
First National**



**EXIT
SMILING—
Metro-
Goldwyn-
Mayer**

SOMEHOW, Lewis Stone seems to be at home in domestic comedies. And Stone can be just as funny as some of our foremost comedians. There is a drunken scene where Stone dresses in his wife's negligee, that is just priceless. It is risqué without being offensive. The titles by George Marion, Jr., help matters laughingly. Anna Q. Nilsson and John Roche are in the cast. You can't afford to miss this if you want a pleasant evening's entertainment.

A PICTURE which had such possibilities and of which so much was expected that the result is disappointing. In the effort to make this a rip-roaring comedy, the human interest and pathos have been overlooked, and had these been stressed the picture would have been excellent. Beatrice Lillie, the English comedienne, is not particularly impressive. In fact she has a lot to learn in camera technique. Photographically—she is not a camera study.

**THE
MAGICIAN—
Metro-
Goldwyn-
Mayer**



**LOVE'S
BLINDNESS—
Metro-
Goldwyn-
Mayer**

DISAPPOINTING stuff from a once great director, this latest Rex Ingram production is entertainment only if the morbid and unhealthy are of interest to you. Adapted from a story by Somerset Maugham, it tells of *Margaret Danucy*, who would have been a nice gel except for a magician's evil eye. The cast, with the exception of Alice Terry, who gives a colorless performance, is as foreign as the backgrounds. Decidedly not for children.

WRITTEN, supervised and dominated by Elinor Glyn. Pauline Starke is the latest heroine who was groomed to Glyn's style of London society. The same as every other Glynish affair, only the character names are changed—bought love, baronial halls and finally the awakening of true love. Will Madame Glyn never get over those atrocious wedding night scenes, and can't her girls ever be anything but stately affairs? We wouldn't be annoyed if we were you.

**SYNCOPIAT-
ING SUE—
First National**



**RED HOT
HOOFS—
F.B.O.**

SYNCOPIATING SUE pounds the piano in a Broadway music store. Her beau is a trap drummer. *Sue* aspires to act and gets her chance when a theatrical manager, whose offices are above the shop, begs her to stop her playing. She's a terrible flop at her first rehearsal, but when the manager begins flirting with her little sister, *Sue* stages her big scene. Corinne Griffith is delightful as the gum-chewing wage earner. Good entertainment for the whole family.

DON'T mind the title. It's just another of the perfectly delightful pictures that feature Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro. A heavy-weight champ offers one thousand dollars to anyone who can stay three rounds with him. Tom succeeds of course—why?—you just see it and find out. Tom is our ideal cowboy—he doesn't go in for embroidered chaps, monogrammed saddles and hand-painted sombreros—but then a real actor doesn't need all that regalia. [CONT'D ON PAGE 126]

Felix

The Black



They call it Black Bot-tom A new



Felix decides that the Charleston is *passé* and goes to Ann Pennington for a lesson in the Black Bottom. In the first step, Ann points her left foot to the side, raising the left heel from the floor, bending both knees and slanting her body backwards



Second step. "Now, Felix," says Ann, "straighten the body, lower the left heel and point your toe up from the floor. And, Felix, sing that song, 'The Black Bottom of the Swanee River, sometimes likes to shake and shiver.' A little more pep, please!"

"Come on, cat! All set for the third step. Face forward, Felix, and bend that left knee slightly, pointing the left paw toward the floor. This is the way we make 'em sit up and take notice when we dance the 'Black Bottom' in Mr. White's 'Scandals' "

Learns Bottom



twis-ter; It's sure got 'em, And oh, Sis-ter: they

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"Now, Mr. Cream and Catnip Man, after stamping forward, drag the left paw back across the floor. This is one of the most important principles of the dance. Then, for step five, raise both of your heels from the floor and slap your hip. Like this!"



"Snap into the fourth step, funny feline! Stamp that left mouse-catcher on the floor and bend that left knee. Stamp it good and hard. And sing that song—'They call it Black Bottom, a new twister. They sure got 'em, oh sister!'"



"Kick your right paw sideways, old back-fence baritone, and keep on slapping your hip. Now run along and practice your steps in someone's backyard. Little Ann must hurry and keep a dinner-date. See you at the 'Scandals'!"

Snatched from Slapstick

Only last year little Fay Wray
was playing in film comedies

By
Dorothy
Spensley



FAY WRAY wore a red hat. She wore it so jauntily, so assuredly, so sublimely, that even the ghost of Gloria, which hovered over and caressed the gold and pale green of the Louis Seize furniture, sighed a bit at the beautiful assurance of youth.

She wore a red hat and a black and white checked dress with a tight black velvet bodice, and every once in a while that restless right hand would wander from the soft rose of her lips to the topmost button of her frock and then idly flutter to her lap.

Fay may have been nervous, but only the weaving of the right hand betrayed it.

Fay is Erich Von Stroheim's latest, and undoubtedly most beautiful, discovery. Fay is the little girl who was snatched from comedies and westerns to play a leading rôle in tragedy.

Just nineteen and Canadian and very beautiful—that is Fay. Beautiful in that pale oval-faced way, with almond shaped eyes, unslanting, with tapering brows, a mouth all tender and rosy, and long, lustrous dark hair.

Last year playing with Janet Gaynor and Olive Borden in Hal Roach comedies, where, Fay quaintly says: "They tried to make a curly-haired-little-girl-housewife out of me, and I could only see the housewifely part of it. So, really, I wasn't very good."

Last month playing in Westerns, being rescued by valiant Universal cowboys.

This month playing in tragedy, deep and continental, with people like ZaSu Pitts, Dale Fuller, George Fawcett, Maude George, George Nichols, with Erich Von Stroheim both acting and directing.

That is the story of Fay Wray who plays *Mitzi* in "The Wedding March."

Fay's red lips parted in amazement. Was it great to work with Von Stroheim?

"It is great . . . it is grief . . . it is marvelous!"

And her voice made it a tone-poem of joy. A lyric of feeling.

"I knew all along I would get the part. I had always wanted to work under Von Stroheim's direction. I knew I would sometime, if it was right. And it was right." There is a candor in Fay's voice. Candor in her grey eyes. She is child-like, but not childish. Young, but not infantile. She has a direct simplicity which is pleasing.

"When I went to interview Mr. Von Stroheim about the part I was frightened, maybe, just a bit." The restless right hand flew to her firmly rounded

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]



"It is great—it is grief—it is marvelous," says Fay Wray of her opportunity to play *Mitzi* in Erich Von Stroheim's "The Wedding March." Fay is nineteen, not long graduated from the Hollywood High. Von Stroheim found her playing heroines in Western melodramas



Richer

WHEN Erick von Stroheim selected Fay Wray for the leading rôle in "The Wedding March," Fay burst into tears. That's the feminine way of registering pleasure. On the opposite page, you will find Dorothy Spensley's story of this newcomer.



One. This little cupid is still aiming at men's hearts. She is one of our much "engaged" stars.

Who



Two. A Copenhagen photographer took this picture, but the face is now registering high-class villainy for American cameras.



Three. This gorgeous blonde capped a comedy career by playing in one great picture. Since then she has been A.W.O.L.



Four. Married to one of our best directors and a star in her own right. Wasn't she a lucky baby?



Five. If you'll study the eyes carefully, you'll guess this one. Because this baby, aged 6 months, looks like the star you've seen in hundreds of films.



Six. The curls are now bobbed, the ribbon's gone, the hat has grown smaller, but the blue eyes and mouth are just the same. Why, of course, it is—

? Were these babies born under a lucky star?

Answers on Page 118



Ten. Always the elegant lady. Always the calm, clear-eyed beauty with all the poise in the world!



Seven. Her mother never thought she'd turn into a great beauty. But you can never tell.



Eight. She is not so solemn these days. This young person is now a smiling and popular ingenue. Good-bye to the old gingham apron!



Nine. The shoes hurt, the curls were humiliating. No wonder this lad grew up into a fighting hero who specializes in outdoor operas.



Eleven. Sunbonnet Sue is the bride of a much-praised director. This shows her when her ambition was to graduate into the Fourth Grade.



Twelve. The Sunday School teacher's delight. Those dark eyes and that determined mouth came in handy when this boy broke into the star class.



WHEN F. W. Murnau surveyed the field at the William Fox studio, he immediately chose Janet Gaynor for the leading rôle in "Sunrise." Read what Ruth Waterbury has to say about Miss Gaynor's rise to prominence.

The Girl Who is Getting the Breaks

She's a red-headed kid
named Janet Gaynor

By Jean Millet

I AM wondering a great deal about Janet Gaynor's future. Consider what she has done in a single year.

For months every ambitious young actress in Hollywood has been after the part of *Diane* in "Seventh Heaven." It is regarded as one of the choicest acting parts of the season, one of those marvelous chances for characterization, a beaten, down-trodden girl of Montmartre who is transformed by love into beauty and courage. A wonderful part. Many a famous name in Hollywood made a screen test for it.

Janet Gaynor got it.

Just before that the pack was chasing for parts in Murnau's first American picture. Murnau, who directed Jannings and made "The Last Laugh," could make an artist of anyone, it was said. He had written the story himself, needing a cast of only three, a wife, a husband, another woman. A picture titled simply "Sunrise." What a part for an actress, a young, inarticulate peasant wife opposed to the other woman. The sort of thing critics always praise. The publicity of being under Murnau's direction. What a chance! Everyone went after it.

Janet Gaynor was selected, by Murnau himself.

Prior to that, there was the rôle of *Katie* in "The Return of Peter Grimm," an emotional part in a distinguished, compelling story, a special production.

Janet Gaynor played *Katie*.

Now, a single lucky break happens with fair frequency in Hollywood. Betty Bronson won "Peter Pan." Billy Haines got his "Brown of Harvard." Ronald Colman had "The Dark Angel." But such a break is luck, and little else.

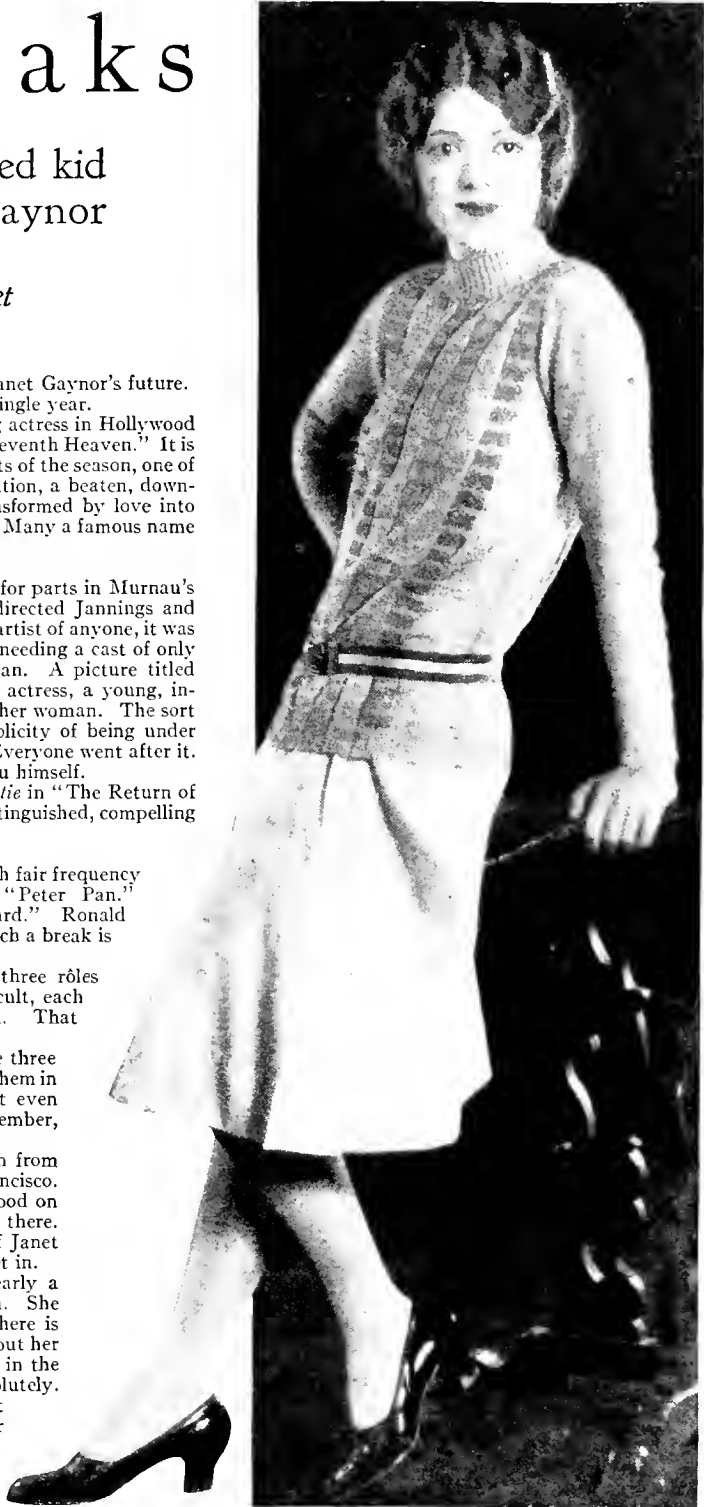
But three breaks, one after the other, three rôles in important productions, all very difficult, each different from the other, that is not luck. That is acting ability.

Not only has Janet Gaynor won these three rôles in a single year—but she had won them in her second year in pictures. She didn't even attempt to break into movies until December, 1924.

That was shortly after her graduation from the Polytechnic High School of San Francisco. Janet's stepfather was called to Hollywood on business. The family decided to settle there. It was suggested that it would be nice if Janet were to get into pictures. So she did get in.

I don't know, after having spent nearly a whole day with her, why she did get in. She isn't beautiful. She isn't talkative. There is none of that swift flash of personality about her you get about a dozen girls playing bits in the studios. She's a darling kid. Absolutely. Nice as a glass of milk. But the fact remains that Janet, without influence or backing, went in among the beautiful girls storming Hollywood and came out triumphant. She got extra work and within six months she was playing leads. They were only

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]



Janet Gaynor has won three big rôles in a single year

MOVIE "Bits" to Grand

Mary Lewis couldn't make good in the pictures, so she had to become a grand opera star

By *Alfred A. Cohn*

MARY LEWIS wasn't exactly kicked out of motion pictures into grand opera fame. She might still be cavorting before the unresponsive camera at the Christie studio in Hollywood for \$75 per week.

She might even have progressed to a salary twice as much as that princely sum.

But, strangely enough, Mary Lewis was not ambitious to be a screen star, which accentuates her unusualness.

Mary Lewis, with still a long way to go before she reaches the mature age of thirty, is the cinema's first human contribution to grand opera on record.

And if the name is unfamiliar to you, it might be elucidated that Mary Lewis shared honors with Marion Talley as twin discoveries of the last season at the Metropolitan Opera.

That is an identification that would be honored anywhere that lovers of music are to be found.

Six years ago Mary went to work for the Christie brothers at \$60 a week.

She had been on the stage before that, singing in a revue show which had been playing in Los Angeles.

One of the girls at the Christie studio had brought her to the lot one day and introduced her to Al, who, dazzled by Mary's dimples and



This is NOT from an opera. It shows Mary Lewis and Eddie Barry in "The Ugly Duckling," a Christie comedy. Left is Mary as a Christie Bathing Girl, 1920 edition



Opera Star

buoyant personality, told her that any time she wanted to quit the stage he would give her a job—that is, if a salary of about \$60 a week would interest her.

The show went out on the road and Mary, tiring of one-night stands, wired from Ogden, Utah, that she was ready to become a motion picture star.

The newspapers have referred to Miss Lewis as a former bathing girl, but that is not an exact statement.

Mary did occasionally appear—and to excellent advantage—in a one-piece garment. But she actually played parts—even leads opposite such well known young gentlemen as Neal Burns and Bobby Vernon.

Eventually her worth was recognized and her salary gradually climbed, until it reached \$75 a week.

But all this time Mary was busy keeping up her singing.

She started it back in Arkansas where she was born about 25 years ago—maybe less. She had always wanted to be an operatic star, but very few of her friends knew of her ambition. One day she told Al Christie that she was going to New York.

She was sure that she would never be a great film star anyhow.

"I can always get a job in the chorus," she remarked.

And so she was on her way to our capital of the Fine Arts.

MARY landed in New York, like the boy in many Horatio Alger story, without a friend in the great, lonely city.

She got a job in the Greenwich Village Follies and started rehearsing with the chorus of that company.

When the show opened Mary was singing the principal songs.

A year later she was prima donna—or whatever they call the chief feminine vocalist in the Ziegfeld Follies.

She became a Broadway favorite and then suddenly, after two seasons, disappeared from the white lights.

The average theatergoer thought that she had probably twinkled out, like many another promising star. But—

A year later cable news dispatches from Vienna told of the sensational success of a young American, Mary Lewis, who made her operatic debut as *Marguerite* in "Faust."

Then after a while came the news she was playing the title rôle in Lehar's revival of "The Merry Widow" in Paris.

And a little later the hearts of her friends were warmed by the announcement that she was coming home.

The writer was one of the large number of Hollywooders who went "back" to see Mary after her first concert with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, at which she was given a wonderful ovation.

It was the same Mary without a trace of prima donna affectation, temperament or upstageness. She stood surrounded by floral tributes from Hollywood and smiled happily.

She didn't cry, or say she was thrilled to death or any of the things they usually say when the local girl comes back a heroine. She just smiled and said:

"Gosh, it's great to see the old gang again."



Al Christie welcomes Mary Lewis, opera star, back to the Christie Studios, where she at one time appeared before the camera



Donald
Ogden Stewart's

GUIDE to
Perfect Behavior

*Continuing the Famous Humorist's Confidential Tips
on Motion Picture Technique—or What Have You*

*Is this the synopsis of the preceding chapters?
Mr. Stewart says it is*

LEW CODY and Norman Kerry, two ambitious boys, decide to give up stamp collecting and go to Hollywood to try their luck at the new discovery called "moving pictures." They keep only a few stamps for their own personal use and set out. Three weeks later they arrive in Hollywood, exhausted after their struggle with the elements. The elements don't feel any too good themselves, so all start out together to get something to drink. There is nothing to drink except beer, gin, brandy, Cointreau and a Mexican drink called Haig and Haig, so about midnight they send Norman out to get a taxi.

"Where can I get a taxi?" he asks a passing stranger.

"I'm just a passing stranger," is the reply, and he soon disappears from sight. Norman is discouraged, but decides, however, to try just once more.

"Where can I get a taxi?" he asks the next stranger he meets. The stranger laughs.
"There aint any taxis," he replies. "This is just a one horse town."

Norman despairs, but decides to risk all.

"What is the horse's name?" he asks.

"Ethel," replies the stranger.

Norman returns to the cafe and asks Lew if he knows any horses named Ethel. Lew consults his address book and shakes his head. They are both discouraged at not finding Hollywood the magic dream city they had hoped and both think of suicide. Their depression spreads and everybody in the lunch room thinks of suicide. Lew and Norman decide that maybe things will be brighter in the morning and they start out to get some sleep. Lew has the name of a hotel called the Ambassador, so they go to a small boarding house and take a room.

They fall asleep instantly.



These begin a series of "discussions" as to what particular actor or actress would be best available for the part. These "discussions" generally take place in a very friendly and congenial atmosphere

in Hollywood

About two o'clock they are awakened by the landlady, who wants to know if either of them is named Lockhart. They reply "No" and go back to sleep. An hour later they are once more awakened and the landlady says that the name wasn't Lockhart, it was Leonard. They say "all right" and go back to sleep. Half an hour after that she wakes them up again to tell them that the name wasn't either Lockhart or Leonard, it was Stevens. The landlady is hit over the head with a chair and, when she comes to, Lew and Norman have disappeared. She cannot remember who she is. Her mind has become a blank, so she decides to write scenarios. She soon develops into one of the leading scenario writers in Hollywood, and becomes ambitious to learn to read and write. This leads to spelling, and in her desire to find samples of correctly spelled words she comes across the plays of Shakespeare. Several of the plots of these plays resemble her own scenario plots very closely and the thought suddenly occurs to her that she is Shakespeare. The more she thinks about the subject, the more certain she becomes of her real identity. Finally she decides that the time has come for her to reveal her great secret to the world and, at a meeting of scenario writers, stands up and tells them who she really is. Consternation reigns among the other scenario writers, each one of them was just on the point of announcing the very same fact about

him- or herself and a bitter argument ensues. In the confusion the former landlady is once more hit over the head with a chair and, when she again becomes conscious, it is discovered that a miracle has been performed and that the second blow has restored to her all her mental faculties, so she gives up writing scenarios and lives happily ever after.

Meanwhile Lew and Norman have gone out to look for work and on their way they pass a drug store which has for sale a copy of *PHOTOPLAY*, containing a series of articles by Donald Ogden Stewart, entitled "Perfect Behavior in Hollywood." They sit down and start to read Chapter VII and as they read they become very, very depressed and they both begin once more to think about suicide.

Now go on with the story.

CHAPTER VII

Preparing to Shoot

Last month we discussed the preparation of a "rough" continuity. This month we shall consider that all the preliminary work has been finished and that the final continuity is in the hands of an expert writer whose duty it is to smooth away all the rough edges and add those little finishing touches which only a genius can. In the twelve [CONTINUED ON PAGE 93]



Peter
played by
Ernest Torrence



John the Beloved
played by
Joseph Striker



Matthew the
Publican
played by
Robert Edeson



James
played by
James Neill



Thomas the
Doubter
played by
Sidney D'Albrook



Simon the Zealot
played by
Robert Ellsworth

The Greatest Story

Cecil De Mille breaks away from all screen traditions in picturing the Life of Christ

IT is such a tremendous story that, up until now, no one has dared attempt it.

Other producers longingly wished to do it, but put it aside.

They feared religious prejudice.

They were afraid that some unwitting irreverence would bring down a storm of protest upon their heads.

They were afraid that the screen was not big enough or fine enough or clean enough for the figure of Jesus of Nazareth.

But now Cecil B. De Mille has plunged into it—the story of Christ, the King of Kings.

Slowly, the great spectacle is taking shape.

And Hollywood watches De Mille with mingled emotions.

There are, of course, the usual jokes which aren't intended to be irreverent. And there are tales of the strange, religious atmosphere at the studio and on location.

For instance: the company begins work every morning by singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Well, if other companies work to the broken rhythm of George Gershwin, why not the ringing strains of Arthur Sullivan?

And they say that De Mille has ordered his players and the workers on the sets to read the Bible during their spare moments.

But they are "extras" and players of small bits who read the Bible prayerfully and gratefully, because the vast mob scenes of the spectacle have saved

"Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." From the Gospel, according to Luke; chapter 18, verse 16. A poignant moment in the story of "The King of Kings," enacted by H. B. Warner





Andrew
played by
David Imboden



Philip
played by
Charles Belcher



James the Less
played by
Charles Requa



Thaddeus
played by
John Prince



Bartholomew
played by
Clayton Packard



Mark
played by
Mickey Moore

in History

a lot of poor actors and actresses from a hard winter.

In order to keep in the spirit of the story, H. B. Warner, who plays the Christ, occupies a dressing-room far away from the rest of the company. He keeps aloof and secluded from the other members of the cast.

As for Mr. De Mille, he is banking his personal fortune and his professional reputation on this picture. "The Ten Commandments" was produced on some one's else checking account. "The King of Kings" is De Mille's own affair.

De Mille wants to present this story of Christ, not as a drama, but as a pure analysis of shining idealism. He has carefully eliminated some of the miracles—the loaves and fishes, for instance—as being "too physical." And in the scourging of the money-changers in the Temple, there is no actual, physical scourging.

And in the use of animals in his scenes, he has worked out some effective symbols. The Virgin Mary is surrounded by white doves to symbolize her purity and innocence. Mary Magdalene appears first with the leopard and then with the donkey. The leopard indicates her pride; the donkey, her humility. The humble people are pictured with oxen and other beasts of burden. The self-satisfied Judeans are represented with camels.

In order to avoid the charge of "interpreting" the story to suit himself, only Biblical quotations will be placed in the mouth of the Christ. And these excerpts will follow the King James version of the Bible, even to punctuation marks.

While there will probably be episodes in the early life of Christ, De Mille will devote most of the picture to the events



It is the human story of the Fisherman on the Sea of Galilee—the carpenter's son—that De Mille wants to present to screen audiences, in all its radiant idealism and in all its bitter tragedy



Judas
the Traitor
played by
Joseph Schildkraut

of the last six months of the life of the Redeemer. At least, De Mille is concentrating, for the most part, on the tragically splendid climax of Christ's life.

De Mille has surrounded himself with a group of actors best suited, facially, to portray the Biblical rôles in this much publicized special.

Joseph Schildkraut will be seen as *Judas*—the *Judas* who sold the Messiah for thirty pieces of silver. It is a rôle of tremendous opportunities.

Other Biblical rôles will be taken by Ernest Torrence, Joseph Striker, Robert Edeson, James Neill, Sidney D'Albrook, Robert Ellsworth, David

Imboden, Charles Belcher, Charles Requa, John Prince, Clayton Packard, and Mickey Moore.

Jacqueline Logan has been cast as *Mary Magdalene*—the glamorous rôle of the famous siren who repents. Lucio Flamma will be seen as one of her lovers.

And much interest has been aroused by De Mille's selection of Dorothy Cumming to play *Mary the Mother*, and Muriel McCormick as a little blind girl.

De Mille has come some distance since that day, only a few years ago, when one "daring" theatrical producer depicted Christ's presence by means of a symbol—a ray of light.

Meanwhile, no one knows how far De Mille has succeeded in his imposing purpose.

So Hollywood watches with great interest—and not a little awe.

Proving that none are so blind

Blind

By
Michael Dean

Illustrated by
Carl Van Buskirk



JOAN RAMSEY sat in one of the boxes overlooking the great ballroom in Jason Wellington's London house. The occasion being the annual charity concert, the magnificent old room, packed to capacity, offered a scene long to be remembered.

Beneath her eyes moved an ever changing kaleidoscope of life and color. The vari-hued gowns of the women, the somber black and white evening dress of some of the men, the gold lace of the uniforms, against the black and gold hangings—all reflected in the many mirrors lining the walls by the light from hundreds of candles on the huge chandeliers. It was like a vivid picture in color, thrown across a silver screen.

In her gown of burnished gold, Joan fitted perfectly into the color scheme, but her usually pale face was dead white under the copper hair, and the hazel eyes were dark, fathomless pools.

Her eyes constantly watched the door as she listened to the running fire of conversation her companion kept up. And she was deeply thankful that he seemed not to notice her unusual silence.

She wondered what time the Wellington party would arrive with the latest "Lion of the Hour." Jason Wellington, world famous impresario, was constantly presenting new lions. But why this man of all others? She shivered slightly.

"Cold?" her companion questioned.

"No, hardly." She managed to laugh carelessly. "A rabbit ran over my grave, I guess."

"You Americans are ever droll!" the lazy, drawling voice continued; then after a little pause: "This musician, Alden, who is playing tonight—is an American. He hails from somewhere in your South; ever meet him?"

Again she laughed. "My dear Mr. Carlton," she said, a petulant note creeping into her voice. "The South covers quite a large area in America. And, as I have not lived there for nearly twenty years, there is not the slightest reason why I should have met Mr. Alden."

"Oh, absolutely none," he hastened to answer, surprised at her sudden ill humor. "What was wrong with her tonight?"

"Of course, I have heard of him," she added. "Heard of his rise to fame—who has not?" She hesitated for the fraction of a second, then continued slowly: "But I did not know that he was blind until tonight. My husband is attending the dinner Mr. Wellington is giving for him."

"Yes," Carlton returned, "very sad case. Man with his talent struck blind. Well, the war played havoc with so many

a s t h o s e w h o w i l l n o t s e e

of the great. Plucky chap, too, they tell me. Hard to believe him blind. Does almost everything for himself. He certainly has the public sympathy—I never saw such a crush at one of old Jason's concerts before, eh, what?"

"It is a wonderful sight, really," she told him. "I——"

A sudden commotion near the door interrupted her. The buzz of conversation dying out as the crowd stirred, trying to catch sight of the blind violinist who was arriving with Jason Wellington.

Joan did not have to look—why bother? She knew what she would see—a tall, fair man with a too-perfect face—dark, visioning eyes. . . . Ah, but those eyes could not see! They would never see again, Carlton had said—therefore, they could not see her. . . . Something like a sigh of relief escaped her at the thought.

With a vague, terrorized resentment, she sat unmoving as Wellington's party made its way across the room. She did not feel as if she could ever move again. She had been so happy—so secure—and now, Peter after all these years. Yes, it was Peter; little changed by time, as a parting of the crowd revealed his tall figure.

How vividly the sight of him recalled those far-away days in America. Days when he had been an unknown violinist and she . . . She let the thought die unfinished—it was too terrible!

Oh, how she hated to think of that time! Of her anguish on receiving his letter, telling her that he was leaving her—that he had the chance to make a name for himself and that she would be a drag on him—would hold him back. After all she had done for him—sacrificed for him. The years of struggling to forget—to put him out of her life. Then the war—and the chance to forget by work—hard work, nursing in a hospital in France. Later her

marriage to Allen Ramsey—and now, this envied life as the wife of one of the greatest surgeons of the day.

Was it all to be swept away—love—respect—position—by that one mistake of her youth?

Again the thought of his blindness came to her. If he could not see her—recognize her—why need she be so terrified? Her name, Mrs. Ramsey—would mean nothing to him, even if she should be forced to meet him. But why had he come back into her life at all? She knew something terrible would come of it!

Her husband joined them—giving her a keen glance.

"What's wrong, Joan?" he questioned. "Tired, dear?"

"No, indeed," she assured him hurriedly. "Just a little overcome at the crowd. It is certainly a wonderful sight."

Carlton left them, and Allen slipped into his vacant chair.

"Yes," he agreed, "these charity concerts bring out many



Once again they played the Liebesfreud—Love's Joy. . . . How many, many times she had played it in the old days. . . . What an utter, ghastly joke the whole thing was. Would she ever feel safe again? It was hard—hard

"If the operation is successful?" he echoed vaguely. "But it can not be. I shall always be blind. And none are so blind as those who will not see —" His voice trailed off again into silence



interesting people—noted people. This blind violinist seems to have drawn the largest crowd ever. Fine looking man—tragic case. By the way, Wellington wants me to have a look at him the first of the week. Mean a wonderful thing for me—for the world—if I could do something for him. Wouldn't it?"

The terror that she was holding at bay by will-power was flooding her again, and she tried desperately to keep it out of her voice as she answered his question.

"Yes, Allen," she said, very low, "it would be wonderful! But Mr. Carlton said . . ."

A sudden hush fell over the room as a man took his place at the grand piano.

Then, Peter stepped out on the stage.

Raising his violin—tucking it under his chin with the little caressing motion she remembered so well—he drew the bow across the strings.

To the tense woman, it seemed almost as though he had drawn it across the strings of her heart. . . .

And then came music! Wonderful music! Music that soared through the huge room, rising in mounting crescendo—a glorious paean of triumph—then, diminishing slowly—softer, ever softer, until it became little more than a whisper—Great Music!

Joan felt that her heart must surely hurt. Why had he chosen the *Liebesfreud*? It was almost uncanny! Almost as if he must know that she was there—and, in knowing, meant to taunt her.

She closed her eyes; her mind drifting back to the first time she had heard him play it. They had been sitting in the purple dusk; Peter playing the beautiful old melody. Suddenly, laying down the violin, he had crossed to her side, and, dropping on the floor at her feet, had lifted his face to hers.

"Joan!" He had whispered her name as if it were a prayer. "You know that I love you—that you are everything to me. Tell me that you will not leave me—ever; that you love me."

"I do love you," she had told him, glorying in the fact that even as she loved, so was she loved in return.

He had taken her in his arms—she could feel them around her now. . . . Oh, why didn't he stop? She would scream—she couldn't stand it, she knew. She would . . .

Suddenly she became conscious of Allen's voice; it seemed to come from a great distance.

Desperately, she drew her dazed thoughts back; fighting to catch hold of herself. . . .

"Joan, dearest, what is the matter?" he was saying. "You are so white; do you feel sick?"

She managed to smile at him.

"Don't worry, Allen," she said, trying to steady her voice. "There is nothing wrong—only the beat in here is rather terrible, you know."

Gently, he smiled his relief.

"Well, if that is all, we can very soon remedy it. Come on out on the balcony, and you can still hear the music, even if you can't see the musician."

Thankfully, she permitted him to lead her away. Anything to get away from the sight of that tall, straight figure. Maybe it would not be so terrible when she could not see him.

As she followed Allen, she found herself comparing him, for the first time, with Peter.

He was a tall, spare man, well past his youth. His stern face lighted by piercing gray eyes under heavy black eyebrows and a singularly sweet smile. He had been wonderfully successful; giving up a brilliant career as an eye specialist during the war to use his great skill toward helping the men blinded and torn in battle.

And now, Peter, Peter of all people, was also to be given the benefit of that skill.

They had been so happy—so contented.

Why had this man come to bring the awful, dreaded, closed past to life again?

"This better?" Allen was saying as he drew a low wicker chair near one of the long windows opening into the ballroom.

"Just right!" she smiled at him; then drawing his head down for a swift kiss: "Oh, Allen, what would I do without you? You are always so good—so thoughtful for me."

He gave her a fond, tender look.

"Joan," he said softly, using the familiar French pronunciation of her name, "if you only knew how happy it makes me to hear you say that. You are so lovely—so wonderful—to care for an old . . ."

But she stopped him, laying soft fingers across his mouth. Somehow, this evening, she felt so unworthy. If she had only told him; had only thrown herself on the mercy and understanding of his love. . . . But would he have understood? Would his love have stood the test? No matter what a man was or what he had done, the mere fact of him being a man made *anything* all right. . . . But a woman? Ah, that was different! She had been afraid to risk her [CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]



The Lark of the Month

BESSIE LOVE has her hair cut more like a boy's than any other girl in Hollywood. And Bessie is such a youthful, boyish looking person, anyhow, that the combination got her into trouble recently while she was travelling.

Waking up in the middle of the desert on a very hot night, Bessie found that the porter had forgotten to put any ice in the cooler in her drawing room. Slipping on her little striped flannel dressing gown, and her moccasins, Bessie went through the car to the ladies' dressing room in search of a drink.

Just as she started to open the door, a loud masculine voice

hailed her, and, turning, she saw a big, burly brakeman, who shouted:

"Hey, son, you can't go in there."

"Oh, yes, I can," said Bessie sleepily, and once more started to open the door.

Whereupon the brakeman grabbed her arm and swung her around, at the same time hollering, "Ain't you ashamed, a big boy like you. I won't let you go in there."

It took Bessie some time to convince him of her proper sex, whereupon it was his turn to be embarrassed.

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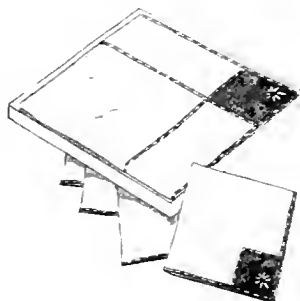


For Christmas house parties you will need the enchanting negligee displayed by DOROTHY MACKAILL, of chenille velvet, luxuriously trimmed with matching astrich, in the following shades: Capen or light blue, coral, American beauty, archid or peach. Sizes 34-44. \$13.95

Perfect for winter sports is this smart little suit shown by VERA REYNOLDS, of suede coat, warmly lined with cashmere, and matching cashmere skirt. In lovely shades of rose-red, green and cocoa brown, sizes 14-20. \$29.50. The becoming beret-tam is of suede cloth in the same shades and costs \$1.65. State headsize

VERA REYNOLDS roots for sports clothes, and here shows one of those indispensable little jersey suits suitable for all-year-round weather. Made of excellent quality jersey, with the smart cardigan neckline, and self-veste, it comes in Chanel red, navy, tan, brick and green, trimmed with harmonizing striped bands. 14-40. \$10.75

Dress your bridge table for the holidays in the charming bridge set sketched below. Of natural color pure linen, with colored corners and embroidery in blue, rose, green, gold or orchid—cloth and four napkins cost only \$2.95



Bags of simulated reptile leathers are the vogue and the envelope purse and pouch bag sketched below come in tan, brown or grey, \$2.95. The suede gloves come in grey or tan, sizes 5 3/4 to 7 1/4. \$2.95





The smart two-piece business or school frock shown above is of jersey, and has three fashion points: the side-cluster pleats in the skirt, the contrasting inserts in the blouse, and the high scarf-collar. Chanel red, green, Valencio blue, tan or brown, 34-44. Specially priced at \$9.75

The coat frock (second from left) of exceptionally slenderizing lines, is made of wool crepe, one of the smartest of the season's materials. Chanel red, navy, green or tan. 14-44. \$25.00

The ubiquitous lizard has invaded the field of dress materials. The frock at center, above, uses lizard patterned velveteens, of soft quality, for the blouse, and makes the box-pleated skirt and band on blouse of plain velveteen. In tan or brown only, sizes 14-20, price \$15.00

The wise woman will prepare for Christmas parties with the georgette evening frock at right, in box, whose lovely soft lines are becoming to practically every figure. In flame, orchid, flesh, maize, green and white. 36-44. \$25.00



Directly above is a remarkable value in a knitted sweater suit of all wool yarn, in tan, green, red or blue, with the sweater striped in a harmonizing shade and plain skirt. 34-44. Only \$5.00 for the suit complete. At this price one could invest in more than one, to good advantage

Second from right above is a charming one-piece frock of flat crepe, with the new large sleeves, and slave link belt across the front. The skirt is pleated at the sides. Soft green, tan, new blue and navy. 16-42. Very modestly priced at \$11.95

At left is an adorable dance frock, of ruffled taffeta, with the fitted bodice and full skirt so dear to the slim young thing's heart. Orchid, maize, flesh and green, sizes 14-20. Only \$15.75

The Evolution of a Kiss



-and
THEN!

Here is what happens to Jack Gilbert when he demonstrates the technique of a kiss to Greta Garbo in "Flesh and the Devil." Guess what rôle Marc MacDermott plays. Her husband? Right the first time. Draw your own moral





Queen Marie's charming little personal crest which she designed herself, the crown of Roumania suspended above the letter M.



HER MAJESTY, MARIE, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

Portrait by Philip A. de Laszlo



A pair of silver jars filled with Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, which Queen Marie keeps for constant use on her dressing table.

Pond's Creams are also highly praised by

- Her Majesty, THE QUEEN OF SPAIN*
- The DUCHESSE DE GRAMONT*
- The PRINCESSE MARIE DE BOURBON*
- MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH*
- MRS. REGINALD VANDERBILT*
- MISS ANNE MORGAN*

NO ROYAL GUEST who has ever visited America has been so widely acclaimed for her beauty as Queen Marie. Youth is hers—and great vitality, in spite of years crowded with strenuous activity. She has a beautiful skin—unlined, firm, fresh, with lovely natural color! A skin which speaks for itself of the wise care Her Majesty has always given it.

Over two years ago, Her Majesty, writing from Bucharest, was pleased to permit the Pond's Extract Company to quote her words expressing her faith in the efficacy of Pond's Two Creams.

A subsequent letter, written in February 1925, says: "Her Majesty wishes me to repeat that as to Pond's Cream, it gives her daily greater satisfaction."

If you don't already know and depend upon these delightful Creams of Pond's try them for yourself, without cost, by clipping and mailing the coupon below. You will receive free sample tubes of each with instructions for using. Pond's Cold Cream for the deep cleansing that keeps the skin supple, fresh, young; Pond's Vanishing Cream for soft protection and lovely evenness of finish. Send in the coupon today. The Queen of Roumania's loveliness may also be yours.

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. N
114 Hudson Street, New York City
Please send me free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



*I*N spite of her famous name, Dolores Costello was once a chorus girl, an "extra" looking for work, a player of "bits." Then John Barrymore saw her and recognized her potential greatness. And now comes the trace of a romantic plot: Barrymore and his wife, Michael Strange, are enjoying one of those "friendly separations." They say that John's admiration for the frail and aloof Dolores is tinged with a more romantic feeling. So check up another victory for the screen in its controversy with the stage!



Leadership

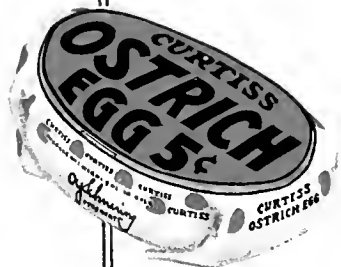
"All Curtiss Candies are good candies. The same wonderful quality which has earned for **Baby Ruth** national popularity and undisputed dominance in its field, will be found in our other popular sellers—Peter Pan, Milk Nut Loaf, Ostrich Egg and Coconut Grove.

They are all pure and wholesome for they are made of fresh milk, pure sugar, crisp nuts and rich chocolate."

Otto Y. Schnering,
President.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY
CHICAGO

"Buy Baby Ruth by the box"



When the tree is
 trimmed for the great day—when the
 peace and good cheer of
 Christmas are almost here
 —have a Camel!



Camels represent the utmost in cigarette quality. The choicest of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are blended into Camels by master blenders and the finest of French cigarette paper is made especially for them. No other cigarette is like Camels. They are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

WHEN the stockings are hung by the mantel. And the children's tree is ablaze with the gifts and toys for tomorrow's glad awakening. When joyously tired at midnight you settle down by the languishing fire — have a Camel!

For to those who think of others, there is no other gift like Camels. Camel enjoyment enriches every busy day, increases the gladness in giving, makes life's anticipations brighter. Before Camel, no cigarette ever was so good. Camels are made of such choice tobaccos that they never tire the taste or leave a cigarette after-taste.

So on this Christmas Eve, when your work for others is done — when you're too glad for sleep with thoughts of tomorrow's happiness — have then the mellowest—
 Have a Camel!



Remember your few closest friends with a supply of Camels for Christmas Day and the days to come. Mail or send your Camel cartons early, so that they will be delivered in ample time.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
 Winston-Salem, N. C.



QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of **PHOTOPLAY** to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. As a further aid, a complete list of studio addresses is printed elsewhere in this Magazine every month. Address all inquiries to **Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.**

QUESTION BOX.—Sure, I remember the old nursery rhyme. I am Mother Goose's youngest son. But, Miss Changeable, I wouldn't get your goat for anything. May McAvoy has blue eyes and brown hair. She is four feet, eleven inches small and weighs 94 pounds. Born in New York City in 1901. Florence Vidor has brown hair and eyes to match her hair. She was born in Houston, Texas, in 1895. Five feet, four inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Norma Shearer is a Canadian, native of Montreal. She has blue eyes and light brown hair. Weighs 112 pounds and was born Aug. 10, 1904. Adolphe Menjou has dark blue eyes and brown hair. He is five feet, ten and one-half inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. Born in Pittsburgh, Feb. 18, 1891. Question Box is right!

G. D. G., CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—The critics don't often intentionally knock one star. However, if they feel that a star is not doing the best work he can, the critics sometimes keep at him. Honestly, most critics would rather write a hoost than a knock. Norma Shearer is not married. Gloria Swanson's married name is Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye. She was born March 27, 1898. Reginald Denny's next picture will be "The Cheerful Fraud" and Dick Barthelmess' newest will be "The Patent Leather Kid."

CHERIE, CHICAGO.—"Cherie, cheri je t'aime!" Isn't that the way the song goes? Address Agnes Ayres at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Calif. Miss Ayres was born in 1898. Write to United Artists, 729 Seventh Ave., New York, for a photograph of Rudolph Valentino.

J. E. F., PITTSBURGH, PA.—You're a hound for statistics. Clara Bow is five feet, three and one-half inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Born July 29, 1905. Dorothy Mackaill was born March 4, 1904. She is one and one-half inches taller than Clara and weighs 112 pounds. Mae Murray is only five feet, three inches tall and weighs three pounds more than Dorothy Mackaill. She was born May 10, 1893. Mary Pickford is exactly five feet tall and weighs exactly one hundred pounds. Also born in 1893—April 8, to be exact. Whew!

H. C. W., MONTREAL, CANADA.—Fourteen years of fandom without losing your heart! And now you fall for Richard Dix. Pretty lucky for Richard. I don't know what the "X" in Bushman stands for, but I imagine that his middle name is Xavier. That's the usual combination. Thanks for the "Fount of Wisdom" line.

P. S. D., POTTSWOWN, PA.—Write to Olive Borden at the Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Olive was born in 1907. Not married, as yet. She is *The Girl on the Cover* this month.

TRUE BLUE FRIENDS, CAWKER CITY, KAN.—You are nice girls to sit down and write me such a cheerful letter. And especially because you had no questions to ask. I am not married, but I have had to hide your letter from my secretary. She is very much afraid that some one will come along and grab her job. Do you know that Claire Windsor was born and raised in your city?

"CANOLEEN," HIGH POINT, N. C.—Sure, "Red" Grange is going to make more pictures. Say, do you think the girls would let him quit? For a photograph of Mr. Grange, write to Film Booking Offices, 1560 Broadway, New York.

RUFFUS, PINE BLUFF, N. C.—Call me anything you please, Ruffus. Richard Barthelmess was born May 9, 1897. He has brown hair with eyes to match. Natacha Rambova is about thirty years old. She has chestnut hair and brown eyes. For a photograph of Rudolph Valentino, write to United Artists, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. And to the same address for a picture of Vilma Banky, who is "too sweet for words."

"BERKY," A. A.—It's entirely your imagination. I love the girls from Dixie—Mammy!—even if some of them do call me "ancient." Now that that's understood, we can be friends, can't we? Ramon Novarro is making "The Great Galeoto." Norma Shearer and Corinne Griffith both use their real names.

IRENE, GARDEN CITY, L. I.—That's a neat description of Jack Mulhall's smile—"not sheikish, not timorous, not intentionally alluring. But so friendly!" Yes, there are a lot of six-footers on the screen. Lefty Flynn is six feet, three inches; Fred Thomson, is six feet, two inches; Emil Jannings is over six feet tall. And Victor McLaglen, Monte Blue and Rod La Roque are all six feet, three inches. Thomas Meighan was born in 1879 and Harrison Ford, in 1892. Jack Mulhall's birthday is Oct. 7. He was born in 1891. Nice letters like yours never bore me.

IN writing to the stars for pictures, Photoplay advises you all to be careful to enclose twenty-five cents. This covers the cost of the photograph and postage. The stars are all glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost of it is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted. The younger stars can not afford to keep up with these requests unless you help them. You do your share and they'll do theirs.

E. H., WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS.—Charles Rogers was born at Olathe, Kansas, in 1905. He is six feet tall and has black hair and brown eyes. Charles Farrell was born in 1902. Address him at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. You like the newcomers, don't you?

F. H., HOBOKEN, N. J.—Julanne Johnston is about twenty-two years old. And she is five feet, six inches tall. That's pretty big for a screen heroine. The camera makes 'em look taller than they really are. George O'Brien is five feet, eleven inches tall and weighs 176 pounds. He has brown eyes and brown hair. His newest picture is "Gaby," the story of the French siren who was credited with costing a king his throne. Write to United Artists, 729 Seventh Ave., New York, for a picture of Rudolph Valentino.

MARY LOU, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—This is "as quick as I can." You are right and your friend is wrong. It was Ben Lyon, not Lloyd Hughes, who played with Colleen Moore in "So Big." Milton Sills was divorced once before he married the charming Doris Kenyon. Eugene O'Brien and George O'Brien are not brothers; they are not even related.

TWO GIRLS FROM MAVILLE, IOWA.—Address Louise Brooks at the Paramount Studios, Astoria, L. I. Do I think she is pretty? Oh, boy!

H. S., GLIDDEN, IOWA.—Ronald Colman is five feet, eleven inches tall. Born Feb. 9, 1891. Separated from his wife. Surely just an inch shorter than six feet is tall enough for an ideal hero. By the way, there seems to be a regular craze lately for tall men. How come?

M. K. S., DETROIT, MICH.—Get ready! Here is "all about Jack Holt." Gather around, Holt fans, and listen: Jack was born in Winchester, Va., May 13, 1888. He played on the stage and started in pictures a number of years ago. He is married and has two daughters and a son.

M. C. N., SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Curiosity needs no apology. Joseph Schildkraut was born in Vienna, Oct. 9, 1896. He's married to Elise Bartlett; at least, he was married a few weeks ago. The Schildkrauts are separated and reunited so often that I can't keep up with them. They have no children. Address Mr. Schildkraut at the Cecil B. De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif.

ELSIE H., UTICA, N. Y.—Marie Prevost is a Canuck. Born in Sarnia, Canada. But an American by marriage. She is the wife of Kenneth Harlan. George K. Arthur did not play in "Beverly of Graustark." Harrison Ford has no children.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]

The Gentleman

Known as Lew

By
Dorothy
Spensley



Lew Cody is a national institution—with a sense of humor. Novelists mention him in their stories, cartoonists name him in their comic strips. Lew says his best friends are Od McIntyre, Billy de Beck, Don Stewart and "Bugs" Baer

Saturday noons. That drives her to vacuous parties and vapid dinners.

But I do, for she told me.

Some day she hopes some place to meet someone who will introduce her to Lew Cody.

And now you know what kind of a man we deal with. A man who drives beautiful blonde women to search for him at parties. A man who drives frail femininity to luncheon-dansants. A man's man and a woman's idol. That is the gentleman known as Lew.

But Lew needs no more introduction than Mr. Addison Sims, of Seattle; or Ivory Soap, which is 99 94/100 per cent pure; or the 'round the world flyers, or anything that is nationally known.

Lew is an institution. Not a fixture, he is too active for that. Fixtures are apt to be regarded as fastened to one spot. And this could never be said of Lew, for if he isn't dropping in to say "cheerio!" at Bebe Daniels' he is popping in for a moment to see his comrade-in-arms, Norman Kerry.

Yes, Lew is an institution. Say "Lew Cody" in any hamlet in the country and the native thinks of motion pictures, Hollywood, he-vamps and humorous comedians. Novelists mention him casually in their stories, cartoonists name him in their strips. And if that isn't the perfect tribute to fame, what is?

Which brings us to Lew, lolling lazily on the paunch-like velour seat of the overstuffed chair:

"I like writers. Most of my [CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]

He's a National Institution

Champions of Health

They conquered stubborn ills,
won their way back to
glorious health and vigor—
by eating one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food. The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. *For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.* All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 25, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"I HAD BEEN TROUBLED WITH BOILS for some time. After numerous remedies had failed to relieve me I was advised to try Fleischmann's Yeast. This I did, and at the end of two months I was completely rid of my affliction."

MABEL C. MacKENZIE,
St. Peters, Nova Scotia.



"I BECAME BADLY RUN DOWN. Ballet dancing made too great demands on my energy. Tonics gave little help. Finally I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. My energy is now completely restored. I feel entirely well."

HARRIETTE G. BENOLE, New York City.



"FOR MANY YEARS I SUFFERED FROM CONSTIPATION caused by the irregular habits of a life spent in travel, prospecting, trading, fighting in three wars. At last a friend advised me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I did so, and found that it kept me in the very pink of condition. My constipation has absolutely vanished."

THOMAS STAPLETON, San Francisco, Calif.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—
aids digestion—clears the skin—
banishes constipation.

Of All the Luck!

If you don't believe in miracles, read on

By Myrtle West

IN "The Truth About Breaking Into the Movies," Ruth Waterbury tells you about the thousands of beautiful girls desperately and almost hopelessly trying for any kind of chance to get into the studios. At great expense, sometimes at terrible sacrifice, these beauties of Hollywood have travelled thousands of miles from their homes just for a "flyer" in fame.

This is the story of a high school girl of Knoxville, Tenn., who walked into a drug store of her home town for a soda and was beseeched and begged to play the leading part in a special production.



Helen Mundy walked into a drug store in Knoxville, Tenn., for an ice-cream soda. She walked out with the leading rôle in a picture. A black cat for luck!



Fame, like lightning, strikes in unexpected places. There is no analyzing its justice or injustice.

On the one hand, you have the lovely "extra" girl, willing, ambitious, pathetically eager and fatally beautiful. A few days' work in the studios is her dream of Heaven.

On the other hand, you have the not-so-beautiful Helen Mundy, cool, independent and not impressed with this idea of glory. Helen has a five-year contract with Famous Players-Lasky; but she can't see where anyone has done her any great favor.

Helen, as I have said, went into a drug store for a chocolate soda and walked out with a sugar-covered future. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 113]

Miss Mundy's work in "Stark Love" won her a five-year contract with Paramount. This is the film made in the Carolina mountains. Yes, Miss Mundy is wearing a blonde wig, but no make-up

WATCH YOUR THROAT!



Don't let it become serious!

AS YOU probably know, certain harmful bacteria are constantly present in the mouth and throat. And unless proper precautions are employed these disease germs may often get the upper hand and multiply more rapidly than nature can fight them off.

At such times your throat becomes irritated—Nature's way of telling you there is danger ahead.

Particularly at this time of year everyone should watch

the throat very carefully. The ideal mouth and throat protection is the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

Its regular use by the entire family, as a mouth wash and gargle, is an easy way to be on the safe side.

Also, then you will be on the polite side in regard to that insidious condition, halitosis (unpleasant breath).—Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

A New Broom
 Listerine Tooth Paste
 is sweeping the country.
 Try. And like a new
 broom—it sweeps
 clean.
LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

Friendly Advice on Girls'



Problems

from

Carolyn Van Wyck

DEAR Carolyn Van Wyck,
This is a disjointed story about a boy, of course, but please give me your help. I met him at a girl friend's party. Tall, blond, he looked like one of those fashion advertisements "sketched from life at Fashion Park."

I am always rushed everywhere I go. Boys want a "knockdown." Girls are terribly jealous of me. I was voted the most beautiful girl at our school. But none of this matters now, because I'm miserable. Here's why.

He rushed me that night, told me he loved me, asked me to elope then and there. I refused. Sometimes I'm sorry I did. He took me home and promised to call the next day. Then my girl friend told me he was engaged to another girl.

Next day when he telephoned for a date, I refused. I was afraid to see him. I cared too much to be a passing fancy while he was engaged to another. I went away. From friends I heard Phil talked only of me, asking continuously when I was coming home. The first night I returned I ran into him. I did not speak, but I knew I loved him. He told me he loved me, but remembering that other girl, I refused to go out with him. Next day I learned he had broken his engagement the night he first met me.

Tell me what to do. Shall I invite him to see me, and if he comes, let him see how glad, how deeply glad I am to see him? What can I do to win him back? D. C.

Silence is not golden in lovers' quarrels. Silence is more harmful than otherwise. Pleasure and happiness are always expressive. It is in silence that hurts, hates and animosities develop.

Learn to speak out, D. C. Learn to articulate your hidden thought, your unexpressed fear. This is a most important thing for every girl to learn, I believe. The days for "lady-like" silences have passed. Life is too swift now. One must make one's self heard today or life rushes by, leaving one stranded.

In your case, D. C., you judged your handsome young man by gossip standards and found him wanting. You did not speak out. You gave him no opportunity to defend, or explain himself. Very hurt, you ran away and in running away probably hurt him, too. I realize you were trying to act wisely, trying to keep from breaking your own and some other girl's

heart. Yet, I think you owed it to that boy to ask him about the situation before you doubted him on hearsay.

Never put off until tomorrow the quarrels that can be fought today. I favor more and better quarrels between lovers. I do not mean bickerings or petty naggings. Those are one-sided meannesses, meaning nothing and accomplishing nothing but mutual disrespect. Be above those. But real quarrels, common statements of grievances that start in anger and attempt to go through to mutual understanding, those I champion. A quarrel, after

all, is nothing more than an articulate bursting forth from the bonds of false politeness, false hurts and false standards that have temporarily destroyed your real feeling toward the person you love.

Such a quarrel can clear the air miraculously. But its benefit is secured only if you fight it out, not to the bitter end, but to the true end. Don't quarrel half way through and then retire into a new silence. That is simply breeding a new resentment. Don't judge until you know all the facts, all the foolish little emotions concerned. Give and take in the argument, and if at the end you find you were wrong in your judgment, be a big enough person to admit it. Try to see both sides of the argument. Try to be kind and fair. Employ your sense of humor, but above all, speak.

Go to your boy friend, D. C. Explain the whole thing as you have to me. Tell him why you went away, why you doubted him, even how you feel about him. Tell him your story and let him tell you his. That is my answer to you.

EMMA G., INDIANA:

I would reduce if I were you, ten pounds at least. If you are dark, why not drop blue in favor of all the attractive tans and yellows and browns there are? Certain shades of green, too, ought to become you. I would reject the external skin bleaches in favor of the internal ones of drinking lots of water, eating green vegetables and making my skin glow naturally. Don't worry about the boys. If they prefer to dance with you, you're safe. It's a very sure way to popularity.

GERTRUDE C., PENNSYLVANIA:

I regret that I do not know the school to which you refer. It sounds to me like an excellent course for a woman of your type, however. I always favor independence if one is wise enough to be able to maintain self-discipline. And you sound as though you were.

E. D. D.:

I cannot understand with the styles what they are, why any girl should want to develop the calves of her legs. All the smart young girls I know about in New York are worrying themselves a great deal over trying to reduce their legs. The girl with the thin legs is always the smartest. Yours seem in very good proportion to your other measurements and that is something to be proud of.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]

QUARRELS

Are This Month's Problem

WHEN misunderstanding arises, do you retire into a hurt silence, or do you give the other fellow a chance to explain? This month I'm giving you my reasons for believing it is better to quarrel than to remain angry and silent.

The cruelest days of the year are here, as far as beauty is concerned. If you will send me your name and address, I will forward to you my helpful pamphlet on care of the skin. For ten cents, you may secure my little booklet on sane reducing.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

The Filmy Gowns That Women Used to Fear

Wear them now in security, under the most trying of hygienic handicaps



Eight in every ten women have adopted this NEW way which solves woman's most important hygienic problem so amazingly . . . by ending the uncertainty of old ways . . . and adding the convenience of disposability.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

SOcial demands, no matter how ill-timed, hold terror no longer for the modern woman. Sheerest gowns are worn without a moment's thought or fear. One dances, motors, goes about for hours in confidence and security.

The uncertainty of the old-time "sanitary pad" has been supplanted with positive protection. There is a new way—a way that once you try will keep you forever from risking again dangers of old ways.

These new advantages

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as cotton. Kotex also deodorizes by a new disinfectant. And thus solves another trying problem.



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

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind *and your health*. Many ills, according to leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

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

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

Only Kotex is "like" Kotex

In purchasing, take care that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* pad embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

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

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

Easy Disposal and 2 other important factors



① No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



② Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of cotton, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



③ Easy to buy anywhere.* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

He's in Conference . . .



The Marquis de la Falaise refuses to be only a husband. He hangs out his shingle and goes into business

Introducing Henry—Gloria Swanson's husband—at his desk. He has a small suite of offices in a big building on 42nd street



He has a secretary, an office boy, and his name painted on the door. And even Gloria herself is not allowed to interfere with his businesslike routine of work

Henry de la Falaise writes short stories and acts as literary agent for French authors. And, take it from Gloria, he is a stickler for regular office hours

“What can I do to have perfect Half Moons?”



Do you know what the Half Moons really are?

And that some women never have them at all?

Northam Warren, authority on the care of the nails, answers an important question on the manicure

WHAT woman does not look with envy at the lovely almond-shaped nails of her more *soignée* sister? Does not shrink back in mortification at her own dim, come-as-they-may, vari-shaped finger tips?—clean, but oh, so stupid! Sigh once more for that glistening perfection, above all for those pearl-white rounded half moons and shapely, snowy tips?

Perfectly shaped Half Moons make the nails appear longer and give them the desired almond shape. No wonder they are so much coveted by the woman who wants to have beautiful nails.

The Half Moon is a pale crescent-shaped area just above the nail. Its size and shape vary in every individual and in each finger. Occasionally this white area is so small that none of it shows above the nail rim. And some women actually do not

properly removed and the nail rims rightly shaped.

“The cuticle is really skin that grows in a protective rim around the nail base. It constantly throws off old tissue that covers up the Half Moons and causes the rims to draw so tight to the nail they split and crack. You can not cut it away without snipping into it, causing it to grow back still more unevenly—and just softening and pushing back the cuticle breaks it and doesn’t remove this old skin either.

“So many women had trouble with this part of the manicure until I found a way of removing the old tissue and softening the cuticle so it is easy to shape it into perfect ovals and allow the Half Moons to show. That way is with a liquid—the safe antiseptic Cutex Cuticle Remover.”

WITH orange stick and cotton dipped in Cutex the cuticle is gently shaped until the dead cuticle which obscures the Half Moons is removed.

Then rub in Cutex Cuticle Cream—all around the nail base. It helps train the rims back, and keeps the cuticle soft and pliant.

But remember that just one treatment—if you have neglected to train the cuticle properly—

won’t get the Half Moons to show perfectly. You will need to remove the old cuticle and shape the new regularly—once a week. Even if you discover that you do not happen to have Half Moons yourself, you will be delighted with the lovely oval shape of your nails.



MARTHE REGNIER, talented and unusually gifted French actress and a madiste of artistic ability as well, says: “Half Moons are the distinguishing mark of beauty in well kept nails. Since I discovered Cutex it’s no trouble at all to shape cuticle, revealing the Half Moons.”

Cutex Sets, containing everything for the manicure are 35c to \$5.00. Separate preparations are 35c. You will find them wherever toilet goods are sold. Or see the special offer.

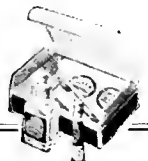


This is the dainty antiseptic which removes the dead cuticle that often spoils the shape of the lovely Half Moons



This is the Cuticle Cream, to be rubbed into the nail base, after removing the dead cuticle with Cutex. It keeps the rim around the Half Moons soft and well shaped

SEND 10c for Introductory Set containing Cutex Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polishes, Cuticle Cream, brush, emery board, orange stick, cotton and booklet.



NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. Q-1
114 West 17th Street, New York City

I enclose 10c in stamps or coins for Introductory Set.

have Half Moons at all.

“Usually,” Northam Warren says, “when the Half Moons do not show, it is because the dead cuticle has not been



Just a Little Fella trying to get Along

By Agnes Smith

HYPNOTIC. That's the word. Hypnotic. Piercing blue eyes, a yellow overcoat, a cane, flashing white teeth and a luxurious pair of sideburns.

No wonder, then, that a head-waiter in a New York hotel gave a sharp gasp when he clapped eyes on Roy D'Arcy. This head-waiter sees plenty of actors, but it isn't every day that he sees an actor like Roy D'Arcy.

A first glimpse of Mr. D'Arcy is like a first view of the Aurora Borealis or the Grand Canyon.

And yet I was supposed to sit in his presence and calmly drink tea. Well, there is one thing about Mr. D'Arcy: the stranger never has to wrack her brain to think up conversation. Nobody has to stand on the brink of the Falls and urge the Niagara River to take a tumble.

"I suppose," began Mr. D'Arcy, "that David Belasco is very sore at me."

This, really, seemed too, too bad.

"You see," continued Mr. D'Arcy, "the other night I made a speech over the radio and I said what I really think about the condition of the New York stage. The stage has grown too sordid, too vile. And I also spoke my little piece about Mr. Belasco. Just think, the stage's greatest producer descends to dreadful stuff like 'Lulu Belle.' Over the radio, I came right out and told him what I thought about it.

"I expect to hear from him any day. I guess he's pretty mad about it.

"But I had to speak out about the present dreadful state of the stage. I feel very strongly about it, I assure you."

"Then," I answered, for after all, I had to say something, "you will never go back to the stage?"

Foolish question, of course; they never do.

"Dear, dear no! All the entertainment of the future, all the art of the future, is on the screen. That is to say, the screen is 'way ahead of the stage. However, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]

"There is nothing I won't do before the camera to attract attention," confesses Roy D'Arcy. "In playing a close-up with John Gilbert, I pull my handkerchief out of my pocket and wave it at the camera"

\$10,000

for Prize Story *for* the Screen and to Feature in **CollegeHumor**

RULES FOR THE CONTEST

TO the author of the story or novel best adapted for magazine and motion picture production, as determined by judges of this contest, a prize of \$10,000 will be awarded. In the event that the judges shall decide that two or more stories or novels are of equal value, the award of \$10,000 will be paid to each tying contestant.

The award will be made jointly by College Humor and First National Pictures, Inc. These two organizations will acquire respectively, upon payment of this award, the first American serial rights and the world motion picture rights in and to such story or novel. In addition thereto, First National Pictures, Inc., shall have an option to acquire the second serial rights in the prize-winning novel or story, upon the payment to the author of the additional sum of \$1,000. All other rights shall be reserved to the author. The successful contestant or contestants shall execute College Humor and First National Pictures, Inc., standard forms of contracts conveying unto College Humor and First National Pictures, Inc., the aforementioned rights.

The contestants further agree that unless they shall indicate their refusal at the time of submitting the manuscripts to College Humor, First National Pictures, Inc., shall have the right to purchase the world motion picture rights in and to any one or more of the manuscripts submitted (except only the prize-winning manuscript) for the sum of \$1,000 each.

College Humor shall have the right to buy the first American serial rights in any of the manuscripts submitted (except only the prize-winning manuscript), for a consideration to be mutually agreeable to College Humor and the contestants. All other rights in such manuscripts purchased by College Humor shall remain with the contestants.

The contest opens August 1st, 1926, and closes at midnight February 1st, 1927. Any writer, whether amateur or professional, is eligible (foreign citizenship being no bar), with the exception of employees of College Humor or of First National Pictures, Inc., and any writer may submit one or more novels or stories.

All manuscripts must be original. No translations or collaborations will be considered. All manu-

scripts must be typewritten, double-spaced, and on one side of the paper only. Any manuscripts which do not conform to the foregoing, or whose authors do not agree to the same, will not be considered.

The contest is not limited to novels, but includes any stories not less than 5,000 or more than 110,000 words in length.

To guard against any possibility that the judges might be influenced by previous knowledge of any of the contestants, all manuscripts must be signed with a pen name, with the author's real name and address in an attached, sealed envelope, bearing the pen name of the author. These envelopes will be held unopened in our vaults until the judges have made their decision. Manuscripts submitted without regard to this rule will not be entered.

Manuscripts will be examined as quickly as possible, and those found unsuitable will be returned. Due care will be taken in the handling of all manuscripts, but neither College Humor nor First National Pictures, Inc., will be responsible for their loss or damage in any manner or way whatsoever. Neither College Humor nor First National Pictures, Inc., shall be made a party to any libel action or suit for damages that might grow out of the contest in any connection.

Three competent judges, whose names will be announced later, will make the final decision, from which there can be no appeal. No correspondence can be entered into concerning rejected manuscripts nor can changes or corrections be made in manuscripts once they have been submitted.

First National Pictures, Inc., shall have the right to change or alter the title of the prize-winning story or novel in any manner whatsoever, provided the title as so changed or altered shall not violate the rights of the author or authors of any other literary material.

All manuscripts must be sent charges prepaid and accompanied with postage for their return, addressed to Contest Editor, College Humor, 1050 North La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

In submitting manuscripts in this contest the contestants thereby agree to all of the foregoing rules and conditions.

CollegeHumor

In Connection
With



AT ALL NEWS-STANDS, THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH



Because, as *Henry VIII*, Emil Jannings created a great portrait



Because, as *Louis le Bien Aimé*, his first film appearance in this country, he established a new standard of acting



Because his performance of *Pharaoh* was a truly titanic achievement

Why He's the Greatest Actor



Because, in "The Last Laugh," Mr. Jannings gave to the screen an unforgettable picture of pathos



Because, at seventeen, he was a hard-working stock company actor



Because he made a great continental success in "Tartuffe." Jannings never has played in an inferior or mediocre film



And because "Variety," thanks to his remarkable acting, has been one of the hits of the season

Because he is not afraid to attempt the classics, as witness his performance of *Mephisto* in the production of "Faust," soon to be released

Perfect Behavior in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

or thirteen months which it will take him to do this, there are many other details connected with the preparation of the picture and first in the order of these we shall take up the subject of selecting the cast.

The choice of actors and actresses, fortunately enough, does not depend upon the story which is going to be screened or upon the characters who go to make up that story, but it does depend a great deal upon what particular actors and actresses are under contract to be paid a weekly salary by the company which is planning to "shoot." As was explained in a previous article, if a young girl with long curls, a fat comedian and a couple of trained seals are on the pay roll and not working, the task of selecting a proper cast for any story is immensely simplified, and the only work involved falls upon the scenario writer who is requested to make the proper changes in the story.

If, however, the company does not happen to have any artists on the idle list, then there begins a series of "Discussions" as to what particular actor or actress would be best available for the part.

These "Discussions" generally take place in a very friendly and congenial atmosphere. Let us suppose that the particular part under "discussion" is that of "Gene" Tunney in a picture called "The Tunney-Dempsey Fight." The discussion would then be opened as follows:

Mr. A—How about Gloria Swanson?
Mr. B—I don't think we could get her.
Mr. A—She's a wonderful little actress.
Mr. B—No, I don't think we could get her. Besides, this rôle of (consults a continuity) what's-his-name—Tunney.
Mr. C—It's pronounced Tunney—to rhyme with money.
Mr. B—(Correcting pronunciation) Tunney—Gene Tunney—it strikes me that it is not exactly in Swanson's line.
Mr. A—She's a wonderful little actress.
Mr. B—I know that, Bill. I'm not saying she isn't, am I? But I'm just saying that I think this rôle isn't suited for her. It strikes me as being more a masculine rôle.
Mr. C—That's right, Ed.
Mr. A—How about John Gilbert?
Mr. D—Can't get him. We tried on our last seventeen pictures.
Mr. B—How about what's-his-name that played in what's-that-picture I saw the other night? You remember, Bill.
Mr. A—That was John Gilbert.
Mr. B—Oh.

There is several minutes' silence.

Mr. E—Say, fellows, I've got an idea.
Mr. B—Shoot.
Mr. E—How about getting Tunney—
Mr. C—(Correcting pronunciation) Tunney.
Mr. E—How about getting him himself to play the part?

Several more minutes of silence.

Mr. B—Well, we might see about it.
Mr. C—I don't think we could get him.
Mr. E—It wouldn't do any harm to try.

Five more minutes of consideration.

Mr. B—All right, Al. You try and see what you can do, will you?
Mr. E—All right, chief.
Mr. B—And then we'll all get together tomorrow and talk it over some more.
Mr. C—How about Ronald Colman?
Mr. B—Well, we'll talk it over tomorrow.

The first "Discussion" adjourns.



Smiles are dazzling white when film is gone. Teeth sparkle like polished jewels. Gums firm to healthy coral tint. Thus tooth care becomes the greatest beauty treatment of the day

The Film on Teeth

To which science now ascribes many common tooth and gum disorders

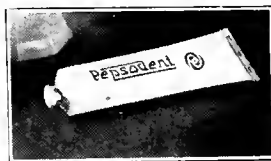
THAT many of the commoner tooth and gum troubles, and most cases of so-called "off-color" teeth, are due to a film that forms on teeth which ordinary brushing does not successfully combat, is the consensus of today's dental opinion.

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel this film—a slippery sort of coating. Film absorbs discolorations and thus makes teeth look dull and dingy. It breeds germs and bacteria and invites tartar, decay and pyorrhea. It is a menace to teeth and gums that must be constantly combated.

Thus dental authorities now seriously urge that film be removed at least twice every day—in the morning and at bedtime. One can't expect glistening teeth and proper gum protection unless this program be followed regularly.

To do so, obtain Pepsodent — a

To gain clearer teeth and healthy gums many authorities advise that film be combated daily, a new way.



special, film-removing dentifrice most dentists favor. It curdles the film, then removes it and polishes the teeth to high lustre in gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids of decay. It acts, too, to firm and harden the gums; thus meeting, in many ways, the requirements of modern dental findings.

Old-time dentifrices did not adequately fight film. That is why this modern protective way, as a twice a day habit in your home, and at least twice a year calls on your dentist, are being so widely advised today.

Accept this test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

FREE—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 994, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family

2319



"YOU WERE NEVER SO EXQUISITE!"

(Letters from Lovers: IV)

"WHAT was the mood in the room last night? Like starlight seen through wistaria blossoms. Like Orient love songs plucked on the sweet strings of strange instruments. The room was tremulous with the magic of it—and you were never so exquisite!"

FROM HER DIARY

"I am so happy—he was more wonderful to me last night than he has ever been. I wonder—did the temple incense help?"

NO matter how beautiful they were, no matter in what marvelous luxury they lived, the queenly women of the ancient East knew that if they burned temple incense in the chambers of their palaces they filled the air about them with a mood of mystery and romance. And they knew that a woman, in such a background, is always more fascinating. The subtle power to create the same alluring background has come down to the women of today, to set off their own appeal, in Vantine's Temple Incense. It can be obtained in six delicate Oriental fragrances at all drug and department stores.

What mood will incense spread around you? Send ten cents for six sample odors.

A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC.
71 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Beautiful Olive Borden, a new star rising in the West

The Girl on the Cover

By Cal York

MOST girls sit around the casting offices of Hollywood for five or ten years waiting to be discovered. Olive Borden has been the most discovered girl in pictures. Somebody is always sighting Olive and making a great big discovery. The newest Olive discoverer is the public, and so big a public is it, that Olive is about to be starred.

If Olive's story followed the pattern, the yarn would stress, first, her unusual beauty, then her youth, then her personality, and finally her talent. The big sob would be how, with all that equipment, she had to starve to death for years waiting for the lucky break. But such a story doesn't fit the Borden baby.

Olive, born in Richmond, Virginia, entered, at a very early age, the Mount St. Agnes Academy in Baltimore, Maryland. When she graduated, she urged her mother to let her go to Hollywood. She wanted to be an actress, and nothing else. She talked the idea and dreamed the idea until even her mother caught the fever and they left for the West together.

There was a revue being put on at the Screen Writers' Club a week or so after Olive arrived in Hollywood and that was her first chance.

Sam Rork saw her in the Revue and gave her a small part in "Ponjola." Jack White, the comedian, saw her in "Ponjola" and made her leading woman for his company. Hal Roach saw those comedies and signed her for his organization. Paramount saw the Roach comedies and gave Olive one of the important rôles in "The Dressmaker from Paris." That's the way that girl had to struggle and starve for a year!

Two small companies sent for her to do leads in dramatic productions. Even camera men and electricians began discovering her, with the result that Olive screened better and better. Thus Fox heard of her and put her under a long time contract.

It took her two pictures at Fox's to come into her own—"Fig Leaves" and "The Three Bad Men." After that Fox gave her her own starring vehicle in "Yellow Fingers."

Meanwhile, in both "The Three Bad Men" and "Fig Leaves" Olive had George O'Brien for her leading man. George is very handsome and very charming. Olive isn't married. Neither is George. But Hollywood whispers that they soon will be—to each other.

Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

walked off the set for five days and refused to go on with her work in "Diamond Handcuffs." This story was first offered to Mae Murray and Mae turned it down. Hardly had production started when Greta registered her protest.

The second incident concerns Raymond Hatton. Hatton was dissatisfied with his part in "Casey at the Bat." Officials removed him from the picture and replaced him with Ford Sterling, thus breaking up the starring team of Hatton and Beery.

WALLACE BEERY, Hatton's former team-mate, is evidently in high favor because he has been awarded the rôle of *P. T. Barnum* in the special production, "The Greatest Show on Earth." Monta Bell will direct and the film will cost one million cart-wheels.

IT was one of those "memorable occasions" and as Fred Niblo was in San Francisco trying out his latest picture, Rupert Hughes, quite naturally, was toastmaster.

When it came time to introduce Betty Bronson, he presented: "The young lady who has run the gamut of virginity from 'Peter Pan' to the Virgin Mary."

ADOLPHE MENJOU, a distinguished figure in perfectly tailored clothes and dark glasses, entered a Los Angeles courtroom with his brother, "Hank," and came out a free man. The divorce is now complete and Mrs. Menjou is the possessor of a \$25,000 cash payment; their Beverly Hills home, valued at \$75,000; one automobile; and she will receive \$650.00 a week until the sum of \$67,000 is reached.

The property settlement was arrived at the day before the suit went to court when Menjou, with a generous gesture typical of the man, turned over to Mrs. Menjou the greater part of his properties.

With the granting of the divorce Mrs. Menjou has the custody of Harold, her son by a former marriage.

THE celebrated lady evangelist who is stealing the film stars' space in the Los Angeles papers is drawing an audience of actresses who are getting first-hand lessons in acting by watching the lady on the witness stand.

Among some of the onlookers at the Aimee Semple McPherson trial, I understand, are Billie Dove, May McAvoy, Ruth Roland, Faith McLean and Claire Windsor. They say a morning's observance of her courtroom emotions is inspiration for a week of rigorous celluloid acting.

LOUISE FAZENDA and her Spanish-Irish wit won her the applause of the first-night crowd at the opening of a new theater in Los Angeles.

It was shortly after Lew Cody's marriage to Mabel Normand and he was functioning as the debonair master of ceremonies. Louise stepped out on the stage in answer to her name, bowed, smiled and said:

"I don't know just what to say—but I want to congratulate West Coast Theaters on its enterprise. . . and Mr. Cody on his!"

MARY ASTOR and Irving Asher will not be married on Christmas Day because Mary has decided not to marry anybody right

Los Angeles

Rock Island Chicago

Southern Pacific Lines

NORMA SHEARER

Tuesday
November
Ninth
1926

Southern Pacific Lines
Los Angeles, California

Gentlemen:

I am sure the Golden State Limited easily surpasses all that one has a right to expect in travel at its best.

One is always assured of that intangible thing called "service" throughout the trip; and deviations of opinion must reveal in the surprising details of a Golden State dining car.

Sincerely yours,
Norma Shearer

" . . . all that one has a right to expect in travel at its best."

NORMA SHEARER

Thus this favorite of the motion picture world endorses the colorful

Golden State Limited

Straight over the direct route between Los Angeles and Chicago. New 63-hour schedule for this fine, extra-fare transcontinental flyer. A business day saved; only two business days enroute.

Luxurious appointments; skilled and courteous personnel. \$10 extra-fare between Los Angeles and Chicago.

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F. S. McGinnis, Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Company, San Francisco, California
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Hollywood Ticket Office: 6768 Hollywood Blvd.
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Silky, Lustrous Beauty for your hair —with Lemon Rinse

IT isn't a hard effect to get. It's just the simple, effective use of lemon juice in rinse water—the beauty of an absolute *cleanliness* that plain water can't give.

Try it next time you shampoo. After you have washed your hair thoroughly—at least two soappings—rinse it well to get out the free soap. Then add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water—about four quarts—and rinse with this, following it with rinse in plain water.

Note the lustrous, silky lights. Feel its softness, its delightful cleanliness.

That's because your hair is really *clean*. The lemon juice does what plain water can never do. Its mild, harmless fruit-acid dissolves the sticky curd formed by the soap and cleanses each separate hair. All its natural beauty and gloss becomes apparent, and it has a "springy" quality that makes it easier to retain wave or curl.

Purchase a dozen California lemons and try the lemon rinse next time you shampoo your hair.

Send coupon below for free booklet "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic." It explains many other beauty uses for lemons.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Sec. 1101, Box 530, Sta. "C"
Los Angeles, California

Please send me free booklet "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring the nails, and in beautifying the hair.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

now. That's the end of the July engagement that didn't weather two months' location trip to Texas where Mary went to play in "The Rough Riders." Somewhere, during those months, love was lost. But they are still good friends.

Maybe Mary was superstitious and believed in that old adage, "Change the name and not the letter, change for worse and not for better." But I don't think it of Mary.

DOUG and Mary have purchased the Rancho Santa Fe, one of the last of the old Spanish land grants located between Del Mar and San Diego, and will erect an early California hacienda on the 1,000 acre estate.

This they plan to make their home. With the exception of electricity and drainage, everything on the place will be as it was in the early days of the Dons.

Friends who visit the Fairbanks in the new home, soon to be erected, will have to leave their cars in the specially provided garage and parking place outside the gates and make the trip to the distant hacienda either by horseback or in old Spanish "calettas."

Doug plans to raise blooded horses and other stock on the place. It is sixty miles from Los Angeles and they will motor to and from the studio when time permits. If business is pressing they will come by airplane.

They have also purchased a beautiful cove near Laguna where they are maintaining a tent camp. This will be their summer headquarters. Guests visiting this camp each occupy a separate tent for sleeping quarters. The living room is a large tent, while another serves as the dining room, and there is also a large and thoroughly equipped cook tent.

"Just like camping out," says Doug, "except we have almost all the comforts of home, including a miniature three-hole golf course."

DO you know the difference between a "gag man" and a "comedy constructor"?

Thought you didn't, for neither did I until I wrung the truth from Mervyn LeRoy, formerly a gag man for Colleen Moore, who is now swaggering around under the new title.

Seems a "comedy constructor" has two suits of clothes, instead of one, and an office with his name in gold letters on the door.

THE meanest man in the world, according to Estelle Taylor, is the Scotchman who had his liquor tested by a chemist before sipping. Finding one bottle labelled "Poison—one drink will cause blindness," he sent it to his aged grandfather who was already blind.

THERE'S nothing like a good staunch English lord, six feet, six inches, to rely on when somebody names you as co-respondent, even if it later develops that the charges are grossly untrue.

Beatrice Lillie, whose calling card reads "Lady Robert Peel," felt that way when Lord Robert Peel came hustling to Hollywood to assist his Lady in straightening out the legal tangle which Mrs. Tim Whelan, the wife of a scenario writer, caused.

By the time Lord Peel arrived the suit had been dropped and Lord Peel was in time to accompany his wife to New York where she will rehearse a stage play. Her first motion picture, "Exit Smiling," is soon to be released.

CHICO, California, is a nice little town of fifteen thousand pruned soufs, who appreciate more the beauties of their fertile valley than the histrionic ability of the Barrymores. Therefore, when "The Sea Beast" came to town, the theater manager billed "Moby Dick," the giant whale, over John.

Barrymore heard of it and the distinguished wit flashed.

"I realize the whale is better known than I am and have profited by the knowledge. In my new picture, 'The Beloved Rogue,' I am playing with a huge pig, a cow and a lot of chickens. Everybody knows what a chicken looks like."

THREE months ago Dorothy Dunbar told me she was to be married.

"But I cannot tell you who he is."



The most interested visitors at the studios are the parents of the stars. It is a big day for mother when she watches her successful daughter play a great scene. Billie Dove's mother, Mrs. Bonney, recently visited her daughter at the First National studios on the Coast.

Two months ago I met Dorothy on the F.B.O. lot where she acts for a living, and she told me the engagement, not the marriage, had been postponed. Which was a new one on me.

The other day she dashed over to Riverside and was married to Thomas Buckley Wells, Minneapolis youth, also in pictures.

As an actress Dorothy changed her mind as well as her rôles.

I LIKE to visit the George Fitzmaurice set. There is Vilma Banky whose beauty is soothing to the eye and Ronald Colman whose voice is soothing to the ear and Fitzmaurice himself, far too interesting a personality to be an unseen director, even if he does turn out excellent pictures like "The Dark Angel" and "The Son of the Sheik." The trio is now at work making "A Night of Love" for Sam Goldwyn.

With Colman's quiet reserve and Vilma's quaint foreign manner, it is up to Fitzmaurice, the Celt with the Gallic tang, to supply the off-stage action. And he does, beautifully.

One moment he is behind the camera, peering through the finder at the scene. "Remove that silver plaque and shove the basket of fruit into the foreground," he orders. A huge wax taper lands on the head of an overzealous employee. Everybody grins, including Fitz. He shunts a French phrase toward Vilma, whose mouth forms a soft "o" in appreciation. Fitz is an Irishman educated in Paris. The next moment he is in his canvas director's chair glancing at the script—"Perhaps if I read this I shall be able to make another scene." Sly wit. He looks at his cameraman—"What is the delay? Remember this is costing Mr. Goldwyn thousands of dollars." Silence, then four finger tips tapping four finger tips. "Now I want a beautiful, gorgeous, exquisite, luscious close-up of Vilma."

What a pity the three—Banky, Colman, Fitzmaurice—are to be separated after the completion of this picture. Fitzmaurice is to make First National pictures from now on.

JOE SCHENCK thought well enough of **Harry Brand's** seven years' service as publicity director for Norma and Constance Talmadge and Buster Keaton to make him business manager of the Buster Keaton Company. Which proves that Horatio Alger was not far wrong in his "local boy makes good" yarns.

In addition to being a good executive, Harry is the lad who steals the speech making honors from guests at Wampas dinners. The Wampas is an organization of motion picture publicity men whom Brand ruled as president last year.

LIST to Bill Haines' plaintive peep, but don't take it seriously. Bill is the kidding kid who could make "Buster" Keaton burst out laughing in the middle of a scene. That's how good he is.

Said Bill, striking an attitude of intense earnestness:

"I wish you would find out from my public whether they think I am too young and too beautiful to take up toe-dancing."

ALMA RUBENS was reluctant to cut short her vacation in New York to return to work at the Fox studios in Hollywood. You see, Ricardo Cortez is still busy at the Paramount studios in Long Island and Alma doesn't like these separations from her husband. The Fox officials had to do some heavy pleading to get Alma to leave, especially since Alma has openly announced that she is tired of playing suffering wives on the screen and more suffering mothers.

Finally a Fox official hit upon an idea. "Come back," he wired Alma, "and there will be no more mother rôles." So Alma left.



Now . . . your senses say CLEAN

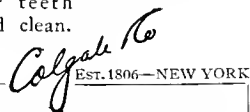
This dual-action dentifrice brings a new cleanliness you can taste and feel

One minute after using Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, your senses tell you that your teeth are clean—your mouth pure—your breath wholesome. The touch of your tongue on the back of your teeth, the feel of your lips on the front of your teeth, leave a refreshing consciousness of being *clean*. Modern hygiene demands a dentifrice with a dual cleansing action. Colgate's formula is based on this principle. As you brush, Colgate's expands

into a plentiful foam. First, this foam loosens imbedded food particles and polishes all tooth surfaces. Then it thoroughly washes teeth, gums, tongue—sweeping away all impurities. Thus the dual action of Colgate's brings unequalled cleanness—removes the causes of decay.

A normal, healthy mouth needs no drug-filled dentifrice. Visit your dentist at least twice a year.

Brush your teeth with Colgate's at least twice a day. Then you need never worry over mental dental ills, for you have done all you can do to keep your teeth healthy and clean.



© 1927. C. & Co.



Free to the readers of this publication—a sample of the dentifrice most Americans use

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 206-A, 581 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Send me a sample of this modern dual-action Dental Cream.

Name

Address

City State

In Canada, 72 St. Ambrose Street, Montreal

At every seat
in the theatre
there ought to
be a box of

says
well-known
actress

LU DEN'S



Audiences realize this, too, as many letters in our files testify. Coughs are contagious, particularly when an audience is under a nervous strain and the air is close and stuffy.

To throats that are parched and dry—Luden's Menthol Cough Drops bring relief—cooling, refreshing, soothing.

in the yellow package **5¢** everywhere

Hand-i-Vac
Bathroom Size

Double Vacuum Polished Aluminum Washer. Protects the slickest garments. Saves the daintiest hands

Coaxes the dirt out of the most delicate silks, chiffons, georgettes, rayons, slips, teddies, stockings and brassieres, laces, linens, flannels, woollens and jerseys without the slightest injury or wear. For baby's clothes—such as dresses, robes, bands, diapers, comforters, and blankets use Hand-i-Vac.

Makes cleaning with gasoline also dyeing easy. Two minutes with the device does the trick. Money Back Guarantee

Price \$1.50 at all dealers or sent Postpaid. Send P. O. Money Order, Check or Stamps. HAND-I-VAC MFG. CO. Dent 5. Minneapolis, Minn.

Here's how to be POPULAR

By new, easy methods you can learn to play a Conn saxophone in a few short weeks. Entertain yourself and your friends. Its zestful, cheering music makes you the life of the party; you're welcome everywhere.

Free Trial, Easy Payments on any Conn instrument for band or orchestra. Exclusive, easy-playing features, yet Conns cost no more than others. Write today for free literature. C. G. CONN, Ltd., 128 Conn Bldg. Elkhart, Ind.

CONN
BAND INSTRUMENTS

For a good
XMAS
SUGGESTION
see page 111

RICARDO CORTEZ, by the way, is doing very well for himself. He emerged with the chief honors of "Sorrows of Satan" and now everyone is hankering for his services. Paramount has no intention of letting him get away.

It is more than likely that Cortez will be one of that company's most prominent stars before very long.

He's a nice, serious boy and the improvement in his work, since he first flashed on the screen as a mere handsome fellow, is nothing short of marvellous.

LINTON WELLS was guest at a dinner recently. He is the ambitious newspaperman whose claim to fame rests in the fact that he recently circled the world in twenty-eight days.

"Who was chasing him?" asked Lew Cody, also a guest.

THE youngsters of the Paramount School are now out on their own. Their contracts with Famous Players-Lasky have expired and only a few of the young hopefuls were given further guarantees of permanence. Mona Palma and Josephine Dunn are two of the lucky ones who have been assigned future rôles. Both girls will be seen in "Love's Greatest Mistake," which Eddie Sutherland is directing.

Of the boys, "Buddy" Rogers seems the most likely to win a solid place for himself in the picture world.

THE Paramount School idea has not been exactly abandoned. But there will be no more formal classes and no more graduating exercises. But Paramount is still sticking to its idea of training young players. The scouts are on the look-out for promising young people and these players are placed under contract and then assigned to minor rôles for training. The players thus engaged are considered pupils of the company and the officials believe that the new system ought to bring really practical results.

WALTER McGRAIL tells this on a generous fellow, down to his last dollar, who was approached by a maiden of uncertain summers in quest of a contribution to a charity drive. As she pocketed the bill she lisped:

"Thank you, sir. This money is going straight to the Lord."

"Wait a minute, lady. How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

"And I'm thirty-five. Give that dollar back to me. I'll see the Lord first."

LOIS WEBER'S come-back as a director was so eminently successful that now, it is said, Miss Weber will join United Artists. The "only woman director" filmed "The Marriage Clause" for Universal and it scored a real hit.



"I don't care much for handsome men," says Marion Nixon. "Give me a nice, quiet man with a heart of gold." And Marion thinks that her new boy friend has a great future on the screen. He's another Charlie Ray

IRENE RICH made a personal appearance with the first showing of "My Official Wife" in Los Angeles. I have seen picture stars at other openings. I have seen some of them giggle and gurgle and blow kisses. There was none of this in Irene's charming, dignified, poised appearance. She made a simple speech which was amazingly well done. She spoke clearly and said things. Not just guff.

The theater darkened and, returning to her seat, Irene was left to the mercy of her fans. A large woman stumbled past Irene, trampled on her feet, bruised her flowers, and sank into a seat.

"Whew! That was work—gettin' to my seat," the stout lady panted to her escort. "Well, now I hope we get a chance to see Irene Rich."

"That was she you stepped all over."
"R-e-a-ly! My Gud!" And then there was much neck-craining in Irene's direction, who was really worth seeing in her pale green and silver coat over a soft white chiffon dress.

ADOLPHE MENJOU doesn't know whether to desert the safety razor and trust to the barber or not. While shaving one morning he cut a deep gash in his cheek. It had to be patched up, and this held up work temporarily on "Blondes and Brunettes."

IT'S a verb now—to UFA. Anything blurred or fuzzy now "looks as though it had been UFA-ed." It's a tribute, of course, to German trick photography.

"Goodness," said one young thing to another at a film opening, "there is Helen. She looks as though she had had her face UFA-ed."

TOM FORMAN, well-known director and actor, was one of the first members to enlist in the army in 1917. Mr. Forman enlisted as a private and was discharged as a lieutenant. He saw hard service at the front and was injured. Forman went back into pictures and made several successful pictures, but he never completely recovered from his war wounds.

Recently Forman was taken ill again, on the eve of starting a new picture. Realizing that his condition was hopeless, he shot and killed himself at the home of his parents in Venice, California.

DICK BARTHELMESS' handsome press agent is trying to tie the title of "first gentleman of the screen" onto Richard, the Big-Hearted, this being the season for slogans.

Speaking of slogans, as we are, this seems to be an open season for them. There's Harry Langdon, "the moon-faced mimic," and Vilma Banky, "the Hungarian rhapsody," to say nothing of Florence Vidor, "the orchid lady of the screen"; Lon Chaney, "the man of a thousand faces"; Jetta Goudal, "the cocktail of human emotion." Even that kid actor, Buck Black, is labelled "the eight year old Thespian" by his energetic press agent.

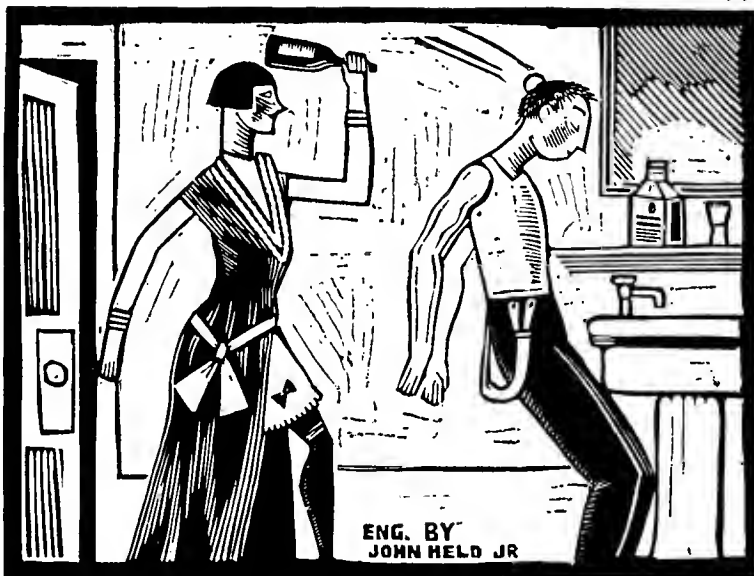
It's time for someone at Sennett's to yodel "Ben Turpin, 'the lad with the scrambled vision.'"

CONVERSATION overheard between two beautiful but toneless picture stars at the Grauman premiere of the Vitaphone.

"Well, dearie, we don't have to worry about those prima donnas cramping our style. They'll have to get Benda masks before they can even compete with us for looks."

AT the close of a scene in C. B. De Mille's "The King of Kings" in which is shown the institution of the Lord's Prayer, the music welled forth with "The Doxology." One of the extras, a hasso, took up the refrain and in

{ CONTINUED ON PAGE 101 }



A Sad though Moral Affair—Egbert J. Kelp, citizen-commuter and paterfamilias, snatched his wife's bottle of Hinds Cream to soothe his skin after shaving. He said in hospital he never expected she would find out so quick. The two were reconciled at his bedside, when Mme. Kelp brought him a bottle of Hinds for his very own. He found it right nice to rub on the egg on his head.

The cream crime wave!

It's happening every day in the best regulated families—husbands, fathers, sons, discovering that Hinds Cream will soothe shave-worn skins, carelessly borrow from the fair sex and borrow trouble!

What this country needs is more comfortable shaves—after shaving.

And every man who longs for that thrill will fill out the coupon below for a free ten-shave sample of Hinds—and an admirable non-theft device will be sent with it to keep his Hinds beside his soap and razor!

Made by A. S. HINDS CO., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company

A word to the wives: HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Do this for your husband—buy him a bottle of Hinds Cream for his own. Tell him to put a little Hinds on both hands, then rub his moist hands over his face, until his fingers begin to cling to the skin.



LEHN & FINK, Inc., Sole Distributors
Dept. 5, Bloomfield, N. J.

I'm tired of that scraped feeling—send me that sample bottle of Hinds Cream and your non-theft device.

Name _____
Address _____

What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are Hollywood)

ASSOCIATED STUDIOS, 3800 Mission Road.

Arch Heath directing "On Guard," a Pathe serial, with Cullen Landis

Production will soon start on "Horse Shoes" with Monty Banks.

CHADWICK PICTURES, 1440 Gower Street.

J. Nelson directing "Sunshine of Paradise Alley" with Barbara Bedford, Nazel Barrie and Lucille L. Stewart.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, 1416 La Brea Ave.

Inactive.

DE MILLE STUDIOS, Culver City, Calif.

Cecil B. De Mille directing "The King of Kings" with Jacqueline Logan, Dorothy Cumming, Rudolph Schildkraut, Joseph Schildkraut, Victor Varona, H. B. Warner, Charles Ray, Theodore Kosloff, Bryant Washburn, Sally Rand and Sojin.

F. B. O. STUDIOS, 780 Gower Street.

David Kirkland directing "Uneasy Payments" with Alberta Vaughn

J. Leo Mehan directing "The Magic Garden" with Philippe de Larcy, Raymond Keane and William V. Monge.

Production will soon start on "Don Mike" with Fred Thomson and Ruth Clifford.

Bob de Lacy directing "Lightning Lariat" with Tom Tyler.

J. P. McGowan directing "Ranger, the dog, in "Thunder Mountain,"

Alt. Goulding completing "Jack O'Diamonds" with George O'Hara.

FIRST NATIONAL STUDIOS, Burbank, Calif.

Al Santell directing "The Patent Leather Kid" with Richard Bartelmess and Dorothy Mackaill. Charles Hines directing "All Aboard" with Johnny Hines.

James Flood directing "Purple and Fine Linen" with Corinne Griffith, John Bowers and Hobart Bosworth.

King Baggott directing "The River" with Doris Kenyon and Lewis Stone.

George Fitzmaurice directing "Body and Soul" with Billie Dove

George Archainbaud directing "Easy Pickings" with Anna Q. Nilsson and Kenneth Harlan.

Millard Webb directing "Those in Love," Webb replacing Balboni.

Harry Landton completing "Long Pants" with Betty Baker.

WILLIAM FOX STUDIOS, 1401 N. Western Ave.

John Griffith Wray directing "Love O' Women" with Blanche Sweet.

Production will soon start on "The Last Trail" with Tom Mix and Carmelita Geraghty.

Scott Dunlap directing "The War Horse" with Buck Jones.

Victor Schertzinger completing "Stage Madness" with Virginia Valli and Lou Tellegen

HAL ROACH STUDIOS, Culver City, Calif.

"Our Gang" working on comedies.

Charlie Chase, Bull Montana, Eugenia Gilbert, Eugene Talbot, Edith Carvin, Amber Normand, Valentine Zimina, Mabel Normand, Ethel Clayton, Agnes Ayres, Florida Bara and Helene Chadwick—all working on two-reelers.

LASKY STUDIOS, 3341 Melrose Ave.

James Cruze directing "Louie the 14th" with Wallace Beery.

Arthur Rosson directing "The Walter at the Ritz" with Raymond Griffith and Alice Day

Richard Rosson directing "Blonde or Brunette" with Adolphe Menjou, Greta Niesen and Arlette Marchall.

Production will soon start on "Arizona" with Gary Cooper.

Monte Brice has completed "Casey at the Bat" with Wallace Beery, Ford Sterling and Zasu Pitts.

Production will soon start on "Love Letters" with Eddie Cantor.

Production will soon start on "Rich Man, Poor Man" with Mildred Davis.

Frank Lloyd directing "Children of the Dust!" Cast not announced.

MACK SENNETT STUDIOS, 1512 Glendale Blvd.

Ben Turpin, Ruth Hiatt, Raymond McKee, Mary Ann Jackson, Madeline Hurlock, Billy Revan, Thelma Hill, Vernon Dent, Danny O'Shea, Barney Hellum, Jerry Zier and Alma Bennett—all working on two-reelers.

MARSHALL NEILAN STUDIOS, 1845 Glendale Blvd.

Inactive.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIOS, Culver City, Calif.

Ernst Lubitsch directing "Old Heidelberg" with Ramon Novarro.

Robert Z. Leonard directing "His Last Affair" with Norma Shearer, Lew Cody and Carmel Myers.

Hobart Henley completing "Tillie, the Toiler" with Marion Davies, Matt Moore, Geo. K. Arthur, Gertrude Short and Bert Roach.

Edmund Goulding directing "Diamond Handcuffs" with Pauline Starke, Pauline Starke replacing Mae Murray and Greta Garbo.

Tod Browning directing "The Day of Souls" with Renee Adoree and John Gilbert.

METROPOLITAN STUDIOS, 1040 Las Palmas Ave.

Scott Sidney directing "No Control" with Phyllis Haver and Harrison Ford.

H. Mason Hopper directing "Getting Gertie's Garter" with Marie Prevost and Charles Ray.

UNITED ARTISTS STUDIOS, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.

Henry King directing "King Harlequin" with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky.

Sam Taylor directing Mary Pickford. Production yet untitled.

Marshall Neilan directing "Carlotta" with Coenie Talmadge. (First National Prod.)

Fred Niblo directing "Camille" with Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland. (First National Prod.)

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, Universal City, Calif.

Harry Pollard directing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with Gertrude Astor, John Roche and Virginia Gray.

Paul Leni directing "The Cat and the Canary" with Laura La Plante, Arthur Edmund Carewe, Croughton Hale, Gertrude Astor and Tully Marshall.

Reeves Eason directing "Nine Points of the Law" with Hoot Gibson.

Production will soon start on "Show Boat" with Mary Philbin, Norman Kerry and Jean Hersholt.

Production will soon start on "Fast and Furious" with Reinhold Denny.

Edward Sloman directing "The Man Who Laughs" with Conrad Veidt.

WARNER BROTHERS STUDIOS, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

Herman Raymaker directing "Rills of Kentucky" with Rin-Tin-Tin.

Paul Stein directing "Don't Tell the Wife" with Irene Rich, Huntley Gordon and Lilyan Tashman.

EAST COAST

COSMOPOLITAN STUDIOS, 2nd Avenue and 127th Street, N. Y. C.

Albert Parker directing "Sunya" with Gloria Swanson and John Boles. (United Artists Prod.)

WILLIAM FOX STUDIOS, 10th Avenue and 55th Street, N. Y. C.

Allan Dwan directing "The Music Master" with Lois Moran, Alec B. Francis and Neil Hamilton.

PARAMOUNT STUDIOS, Pierce Avenue and 6th Street, Long Island City, N. Y.

Herbert Brenson will direct "Sorrell and Son." Cast not announced.

Gregory La Cerva completing "Paradise for Two" with Richard Dix and Betty Bronson.

Eddie Sutherland directing "Love's Greatest Mistake" with Josephine Dunn, Evelyn Brent, James Hall and William Powell.

Lewis Milestone directing "The Silver Shield" with Thomas Meighan.

Frank Tuttle directing "Afraid to Love" with Florence Vidor and Warner Baxter

Production will soon start on "The Cross-Eyed Captain." Cast not announced. Mal St. Clair directing.

Production will soon start on "The Perfect Fool" with Ed Wynn.

Robert Vignola directing "Cabaret" with Gilda Gray.

ABROAD

AFRICA

Rev Inzeram directing "The Garden of Allah" with Alec Terry and Ivan Petrovich.

LONDON

Production will soon start on "Tip Toes" with Dorothy Gish.

CHANGE IN TITLES

FOX

"Ankles Preferred," with Virginia Valli and Lou Tellegen has been changed to "Stage Madness."

BUSINESS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Associated First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., New York City.

Chadwick Pictures Corp., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Columbia Pictures, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

Educational Film Corporation, 370 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount), 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booking Offices, 1560 Broadway, New York City.

Fox Film Company, 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City.

Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

Pathe Exchange, 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Producers Distribution Corporation, 1560 Broadway, New York City.

Rothacker Film Mfg. Company, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

Tiffany Productions, 1542 Broadway, New York City.

United Artists' Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Universal Film Mfg. Company, Heckscher Building, 5th Ave. and 57th St., New York City.

Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]

a moment the place was flooded with the voices of hundreds of extras. It was superbly impressive, they say.

By the same token, in a scene where James Lowe as *Uncle Tom* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is preaching to the negroes, they tell me half a dozen of the colored folk, in religious frenzy, claimed to have been converted by their colored brother's talk.

And still they say there is no realism in motion pictures.

WHILE we are on the subject of hearses (we weren't, but what difference does it make?) let me tell you about the laugh Dustin Farnum got when he was in Pendleton, Oregon, recently, making a western picture.

He was walking down the main street when along came a very large, very gray and very glassy hearse in which were sitting nine little Indians, looking with unabashed interest at the passing scenery. A proud Indian father propelled the funeral carriage.

"Dusty" learned later that Poppa Brave had struck oil and rather than buy a bus to take the family for an airing, had purchased a glassed-in hearse where the children rode in safety, sanctity and sanitation.

By the way, Brother Bill Farnum received something of an ovation in Hollywood recently for a remarkably colorful performance in a civic presentation of "Julius Caesar."

OVERHEARD by Montague Love in the dark confines of Grauman's Egyptian Theater as "Don Juan" was being unspun. Monty, as you will recall, is the Borgia's boy friend who duels Barrymore. He is now playing a villainous rôle in the Fitzmaurice-Goldwyn picture, "Night of Love," but the girl, an extra on the latter picture, didn't recognize the man on the screen as the one who now fences with Ronald Colman.

"Gee!" she breathed as Monty lunged at Barrymore, "that guy ought to come over on our set and give lessons to the fellow who's supposed to duel with Ronald Colman. Colman's great, but the other guy is rotten."



This is the mysterious gentleman who kidnapped the woman evangelist and took her to De Russey's lane on the night of Sept. 14, 1922. Who can it be? Just to relieve the suspense, we'll tell you that it's Ben Lyon wearing a Benda mask

What is the relation between clothes and complexions?



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And this of Monty who is one of Hollywood's fencing experts.

LITTLE Hope Wilson was having her picture made at Harold Dean Carsey's studio. She's the five year old daughter of Carey Wilson, the scenarist, and the precocious offspring of a brilliant father and a beautiful mother.

"What," she asked Carsey, pointing to a huge brass plaque on the wall, "do you eat out of that?"

"Soup," answered Carsey. "What do you eat out of that?" pointing to a smaller size.

"Mush." "What do you eat out of that?" A still smaller size captured her attention.

"Oh . . . pie." "What do you eat out of that?" seeing a very small plaque.

"Meat." "You must be dieting," said the Hollywood-wise miss.

Blind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

happiness—was still afraid—by telling her story to this man, with his stern, Britannic aloofness.

"Don't you ever dare call yourself old, or question my love, Allen," she said fiercely in shaken impatience. "You are the wonderful one. You, to take poor me, and make all of this possible. . . ." She waved her hand in the direction of the great room. "I think that is why I am so afraid I cannot hold your love."

"Joan!" Allen faltered in amazement. "What on earth are you talking about? What makes you so queer this evening? You, not hold my love? When I live in daily fear of losing you? It is ridiculous! I'll have Doctor Wilbur drop in on you tomorrow; your nerves are all shot to pieces."

A man stepped out on the balcony. "Well, dash it all!" he exploded to Allen. "Fancy finding you out here alone with your wife. After seven long years of married life, too."

Joan and Allen laughed, although rather embarrassed by the raillery.

"Joan was a little bowled over by the heat," Allen explained. "That's why we are out here."

"Yes, Mr. Wellington," Joan added, "I have never seen such a crush."

Wellington gave a happy sigh. "It has been a wonderful night!" he said. "The most wonderful concert we have ever had. I'll have a nice sum to give you for your Tommies, Allen. And by the way, I have about persuaded Alden to let you operate some time the first of the month, or maybe sooner. He thinks it is hopeless, of course, but since I have told him some of the wonders you have done, he is willing to have a try at it."

Joan felt an icy catch at her heart. For an instant she had an insane desire to scream her story to the world—to hurl a challenge at this blind man—to dare him to try and regain his sight by her husband's skill. . . . But Wellington was speaking to her. . . .

"I must not forget that I came out here to ask a favor of you, Madame Joan," he was smiling.

"A favor of me?" she asked bewildered. "Yes," he nodded, "a very special favor; and I hope you are feeling 'fit' enough not to disappoint me. Mr. Alden's accompanist has become suddenly indisposed. Will you accompany him in his last number?"

Joan sat as if turned to ice. Play before that mass of people with Peter? She almost laughed aloud, hysterically, at the irony of it. What would Peter say if he knew? She, Joan, the discarded—the unwanted—drawn by fate to

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play with him on the night of his triumph. She felt as if she must be asleep, dreaming it all.

"You will, won't you, Joan?" she heard Allen saying proudly. "Think what a compliment Jason is paying you. . . ." But Wellington interrupted him. . . .

"It is not as a compliment that I ask Madame Joan to play with Mr. Alden," he said, somewhat impatiently. "It is because she is a musician."

Slowly she got to her feet; some impulse over which she had no control forcing her to say: "Yes, I will play for Mr. Alden. Why not?"

LIKE one walking in her sleep, she followed Wellington into the room. One thought pounding in her brain. . . . To meet Peter face to face after twenty years—to talk to him—play with him and not have him know it. . . . Again that insane desire to laugh. . . .

"Mr. Alden," Wellington's voice came to her as they reached the stage, "this is Mrs. Ramsey, of whom I spoke. She has consented to accompany you."

Still in a daze, she placed her hand in Peter's—felt the firm, warm clasp—heard the well-remembered voice thanking her. . . . Then, seating herself at the piano, she waited while someone placed a sheet of music on the rack before her. . . . Massenet's Meditation. . . . This. . . .

Her fingers ran lightly through the opening bars of the exquisite old aria—the music was unnecessary—how many, many times she had played it in the old days. . . . Then, on and on until, at the end, she almost expected to feel his lips on hers. . . .

The thunder of applause brought her sharply back to the present; and dazedly she bowed and smiled down on the sea of faces below her. "One more!" the throng cried; jerked out of their Britanic reserve. "One more!"

Once again they played the Liebesfreud—Love's Joy. . . .

What an utter, ghastly joke the whole thing was. Almost too incredible to be true.

Finally it was all over; and she was safe at home. But was she safe? Would she ever feel safe again? It was hard—hard—when she had been so sure the past was a sealed book.

"Joan," Allen said, one morning several weeks later, "I have a request to make, dear, and I hope it will meet with your approval." Again that icy dread caught at her heart;

there was hardly a day now that she did not feel it.

"Any request that you make, Allen," she said firmly, "meets with my approval."

He gave her his quick, sweet smile.

"My Joan!" he said fondly, then: "As you know, dear, it has been just three weeks since I operated on Mr. Alden. . . ." He paused. Joan stiffened—what was coming next? What did he want? Not. . . . Surely not. . . . But he was speaking again: "In another three weeks I shall remove the bandage—in the meantime—I want him to stay here."

He was smiling at her and she wondered dully if her terror showed in her face. Here! Peter here! "No, no!" she said wildly to herself. "It must not be. It shall not be. He must not come here." But she must say something—must answer Allen in some way.

"I know," he was saying again, "that we have rarely had a private case here before; and I have noticed that you do not seem to care for Mr. Alden; but I have staked so much on this case. . . . It means so much to me—to the world—that I am anxious to watch him every minute."

In the past many of the blind soldiers had stayed with them—cases that needed special attention and care, and she had always been as interested in them as Allen. How could she refuse him this, his greatest case, and not tell him why?

Again the question—should she tell him all? "No, I cannot tell him," she thought wildly. "He would not understand."

Trying to still the terror within her, she got up, and, crossing the room, stood looking out on the peaceful garden. . . .

"Bring him by all means, Allen," she said in a voice she tried hard to make sound natural. "You know, my dear, any case that you are interested in—I am more than glad to have here."

"Ah, Joan," he thanked her, "what a wonderful woman you are! No man has ever had such a wife."

SO the swift days sped away. Peter had been there three weeks, and tomorrow morning the bandage was to be removed. Tomorrow morning she would know! What would it mean to her? Almost, she had been tempted to tell Peter—to throw herself on his mercy. . . . But suppose he did not recognize her? . . . Twenty years was a long time. . . . Or suppose the operation was not successful? . . .



Our gums lead a lazy life!

IN these days of soft food and delicious cookery, it's not remarkable that dentists lay so much stress on the care of the gums.

For dentists know that these widespread gum disorders are in large measure due to the lack of natural roughage in our food—to the almost total absence of those coarse, fibrous elements that invigorate the gums and keep them in sound and sturdy health.

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In the evening after dinner they were sitting on the terrace waiting for Allen. She was restless—uneasy—and Peter talked only in snatches.

"You have a wonderful talent, Mrs. Ramsey," he said suddenly after a long silence. "Many people play, even well, but few have the perfect understanding of music that you have. It is a rare gift. I have only known one other who had it" He paused abruptly.

HER heart raced madly. What would he say next? But he seemed to have forgotten her; to be lost in a deep reverie.

"If the operation is successful, what will you do?" she asked him, unable to bear the silence a second longer.

"If the operation is successful?" he echoed vaguely, as if awakening from a long sleep; then slowly: "But it cannot be, you see. For, in spite of Doctor Ramsey's great skill, I shall always be blind—and none are so blind as those who will not see. . . ." His voice trailed off again into silence.

What did he mean? Was he thinking of the old life? Of the time when he had left her for his career?

"I have been so happy here," he was saying again, a tired note in his voice, "so much happier than I ever expected to be again," he added as if in afterthought—"whether the operation is a success—or a failure—I want you to know that, and for it, I thank—you. We rarely appreciate the real things in life until too late. . . ."

Hearing Allen's voice, she was spared an answer, and in a few minutes he joined them, taking Peter off to bed.

Lying awake far into the night, Joan went over Peter's words to her—over and over again. Was he the same old Peter—taking all and giving nothing in return? Would he, knowing that Allen had taken him into his home as a friend, take her from him as he had taken her years ago, only to leave her if she stood in his way? Oh, if she had only told Allen! If she had the courage to tell him now—before what tomorrow might bring forth. She was haunted by the thought.

In the morning she awoke filled with dread; wishing with all her heart it was all over. Going downstairs, she found that Allen, wanting

to remove the bandage before the light was too strong, had taken Peter into the room he used for his patients.

Wandering around, too nervous to stay in one place, thoughts kept crowding her mind. Almost, she found herself hoping the operation would not be successful. Her happiness would be safe for all time. . . . But what would it mean for Allen? The bitter disappointment of defeat. . . . And for Peter? . . . A lifetime of darkness.

"No, no!" dismissing the thought almost as soon as it had come to her, "that must not be. It must be successful even if it means the giving up of my happiness—for Allen's sake."

Suddenly a wild desire to run away and hide until it was all over seized her. If she could only go, now that the time was so near. She could not face it! But even as the thought flashed through her mind, she heard Allen calling her.

Running swiftly toward his room, everything forgotten in her desire to be with him no matter what the result of the operation might be, he met her in the hall, catching her to him.

"Joan, Joan!" he exclaimed. "We have won! He can see! Oh, he can see!"

"Even as I knew he would, dear," she answered, smiling at him, although her heart seemed suddenly to die. It was over, she knew, and realized at the same time how much she had really hoped against it!

AND Peter? Peter was still standing in the center of the room, too dazed—too overcome—to believe that it could possibly be true. Would he awaken as he had done so many times in the past, only to find it all a dream?

A little set smile on her lips, but with hopeless eyes, she followed Allen into the room. Hearing someone moving behind him, Peter turned and faced her. . . . Would he know her?

A slightly puzzled frown gathered his brow as he stood looking at her—deep into her eyes—looking—looking . . .

Did he recognize her? . . . Was all happiness to be taken from her again? If he did recognize her, would he read the wild appeal in her eyes?

Allen slipped his arm around her slender body.



It is a real girl and she seems to be perfectly happy in the goldfish tank. Can you figure out this illusion? Tod Browning is explaining the trick to John Gilbert. The illusion will be used in "The Day of Souls"

"And so we have won, Mr. Alden," he said, laying his other hand affectionately on Peter's shoulder. "You are free! Free from the fear of darkness. After a time of complete rest, you may resume your studies or do 'most anything you please. It has been a wonderful, wonderful case!" He was all the surgeon now. "And I only hope many others will benefit by it."

With a little start, Peter withdrew his eyes from Joan's face, and drawing a long breath, turned to him.

"I cannot yet believe that it is true," he said speaking slowly, haltingly. "To be able to see! To stand on a stage and see the faces before me as I play . . . ah, Doctor Ramsey, you can never understand the glory—the wonder of it! . . . And I have only you to thank. But can I ever thank you? Can mere words express how I feel—!" He broke off abruptly; his eyes again resting on Joan for a fleeting moment and then closing as if trying to imagine himself once more in darkness. . . .

THAT he had recognized her, Joan knew, now. What would he do? Would he, in gratitude for what Allen had done for him, leave her in peace?

"What are your plans, Mr. Alden?" She heard Allen's voice questioning. "Have you made any, or were you sure that we would not win?"

She held her breath—agonizing—waiting for his answer. . . . What would it be?

"Plans?" he repeated; then a great light appeared in his eyes, and he continued softly: "The rest of my life shall be given to those who love my music. I have been blind in more ways than one—you have made my eyes see again, Doctor Ramsey—now I must try to teach my soul to see as well—"

Fighting the Sex Jinx

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

is too late. In their eagerness, they would go to extremes and play guiltless lilies.

But there is dissatisfaction in the other camp. Too much virtue is also a curse. Like extreme wickedness, perfect virtue passes the border of credibility.

IF the public can no longer believe in the sinfulness of Theda Bara, neither can it swallow the innocence of Mary Miles Minter. The early type of ingenue is as out-of-date as the hobble skirt.

Ladies who have achieved a reputation that is a little too spotless are stamping their feet at managers who would make them too good. Alice Joyce has flatly declared that she will no longer be the respectable mother on the screen. It is great to be a respectable mother off the screen, but it is a tiresome professional job. Women go to see Alice's gowns, because they are always in perfect taste, and they go to watch her charming manners. But they seldom have any real and vital interest in the parts she plays.

Miss Joyce, remembering Blanche Sweet's performance of *Anna Christie*, hopes for shabby clothes and strong meat. Figuratively speaking, she is willing to wear the Green Hat, the Scarlet Letter or Salome's dancing shoes. She is willing to be anything but the impeccable Society Matron with the wayward adolescent daughter.

May McAvoy is tired of being the Little Pal of the hero who stands by while the hero sows his wild oats. May longs for a few mouthfuls of wild oats for herself. May has been cursed by being blue-eyed and tiny.

Lois Wilson wants to play *Carmen*. In her revolt against too much virtue on the screen, Lois has taken to snappy dressing, snappy conversation and snappy friends. If she has to visit every night club in New York, Lois is go-

Watch This Column

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

I think "*The Fourth Commandment*" will be one of Universal's most entertaining pictures this year. The theme is strong and I can assure you the picture is a human drama which might fit any home anywhere.



BELLE BENNETT in "*The Fourth Commandment*"

The story, written by Emilie Johnson, has its origin in a situation that is common in many families—the presence of the husband's mother in the household, and the jealousy of the wife, which, in this case, flames into a consuming passion with dire results.

BELLE BENNETT is starred in "*The Fourth Commandment*" and in stories of the heart she reigns supreme. She portrays the varying phases of a young girl in her twenties, living in luxury, and then runs the cycle of human emotions in an amazing role. There is a remarkable and thrilling climax, but I leave it to you to see. In my estimation, the work of the star is a little short of marvelous.

This is an Emory Johnson production. The supporting cast includes those excellent and popular folks—MARY CARR, ROBERT AGNEW, HARRY VICTOR, JUNE MARLOWE and KATHLEEN MYERS.

Unquestionably this is going to be a UNIVERSAL year. The list of *extraordinary* pictures is pretentious. In particular your attention is directed to "*Les Miserables*" and "*Michael Strogoff*." They are two of the world's most magnificent productions. You will see acting that will put you on your toes.

In "*Michael Strogoff*" for example, IVAN MOSKINE, one of Europe's leading players, portrays Jules Verne's great hero. As a result of his marvelous work I wanted to be the first American producer to bring him to Hollywood, and I am proud to announce that this great artist will soon be a Universal star in American made pictures. Watch for him in mighty "*Michael Strogoff*" and you will know what wonders are in store.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next month)

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ing to prove to the producers that she is not as white as she has been painted.

The vogue of the superlatively good girl may last longer than the vogue of the vamp, but the ending is just as ignominious. The reputation of an ingenue is a sensitive plant; it cannot stand too much heat. Mary Miles Minter became involved in a murder mystery and an implied love affair and the public would have no more of her.

Wanda Hawley was smothered by sugar and the public decided that too much sugar is bad for the system.

The appeal of the "good girl" on the screen is the appeal of the ideal. The girl who plays such roles lasts in favor just as long as she can convince audiences of her sincerity; just as long as she can persuade the audience that the ideal which she represents is not grotesquely impossible.

For some strange human reason, great virtue is more plausible than extreme wickedness, therefore the good girl keeps her vogue longer than the vamp. Provided, of course, that the

temptations that assail her are picturesque and not tiresome.

When May Allison felt that her heroines were beset by too many routine situations, she changed neatly to more sophisticated parts and convinced directors that she was cleverer than the rôles she had played. Like Miss Joyce, Miss McAvoy and Miss Wilson, hers was not so much a revolt against the ideal itself as against the unimaginative treatment of the ideal.

Woe to the ingenue whose sincerity is challenged! When the public begins to doubt her, she can never again look a kitten in the face before the camera. When an ingenue acquires ten pounds and three husbands, she is lost to the world of Little Nell.

And woe, too, to the vampires who acquire reputations for being happily married and good to the folks!

Screen audiences are intolerant of the sex abstainers and they are just as intolerant of the sex bacchantes. Enduring popularity only comes to those actresses who can take sex or leave it alone.

The Truth About Breaking Into the Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

every capacity, clerks to stars, are beautiful in Hollywood. They become the rule, rather than the exception as in other communities. "I'll attend to you in a minute," she said, but it was twenty before she regarded me again. Then when I murmured I had come about casting, she plunged a knife through me with her eyes. "Outside around the corner," she stated with slow, sarcastic emphasis.

There was a kindlier girl behind the casting window. "We get everyone through Central," she told me.

"Please," I said. "I'm not listed there. If you'll just take my name and address. . ."

"We get everyone through Central," she repeated, and smiled.

"But. . ." I started.

"We get everyone through Central," she said again. So then I left.

Some distance away, against the sky, I saw the sign of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Culver City, movie-born, is not really a romantic movie city, as you would expect. It is a little country village of tiny stucco bungalows and small somnambulant country grocery stores.

The studios stand out of it like strange monsters.

The exterior of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is cold grey cement. Everywhere there are signs. "This way to the studio of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer." "This way to the lunch room of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer." "This way to the casting office of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer."

The casting office is a tiny bare room with a fence running across it. On one side is the mob, on the other an excited young man and a doorway to heaven, reading "Office of Clifford Robertson, Casting Director."

The excited young man walked up and down. "Those of you with pay checks, step forward," he shouted to the packed mass of humanity before him. "The rest of you get out."

The pay check people crowded forward. The rest did not move. The pay check people got their money, but only a few of them went away. The rest stood as silent, as expressionless as tired horses.

"Get out," screamed the young man. "There's nothing doing." No one stirred. I



Reversing the usual order of things, Gilda Gray wears all her curls on the front of her head—



While the back of her head is closely clipped with a neat little part running right down the middle



Just a typical casting director's face. This one happens to be Dan Kelly's, but they're all alike. Imagine trying to sell such a guy on the news that you were only sweet sixteen

noted there were three other women besides myself. I tried to get forward, into line with the young man's eye, but I couldn't. "There's nothing doing. What are you waiting for? Get out, get out." Nobody moved.

The outer door opened and a tiny figure came into our crowded corral. "There's nothing doing," the young man started, and then he saw her. "Oh, hello," he said.

She was about five feet tall and her lips were crushed strawberries and her eyes were much too meek. "Hello, yourself," she lisped.

"Come right in." The young man held open the gate. "There's nothing doing," he screamed at us. "Get out, all of you." He put his arm across the girl's shoulders and they disappeared into the inner office.

The crowd slowly began to dissolve. A bearded man standing next to me smiled. "Work yesterday?" he asked.

"No," I said.
 "Or the day before or the day before that?" he asked. I shook my head. "Well," he said, "I'm big hearted. I just made three-fifty. So I'm going to treat you four girls." He dug into his pocket and brought out several little rolls of mints. "Every girl gets one," he said.

I HAD noticed a gaunt woman next to me. Now she rushed forward and clutched at the man's hands, grabbing the little packages.
 "No, you don't," he cried. "Give those back. You can only have one."

She paid no attention to him. She was already stuffing those candies in her mouth. To her, plainly, they were food.

I was trembling a little as I walked down toward Hal Roach's studio. There was a very pert and very beautiful girl behind the telephone switchboard. "Central Casting," she flung at me over her left ear and went back to pushing plugs.

Eleven o'clock. I stood by the roadside, thinking. How, oh how, was I going to break in? How does any girl ever break in?

A flivver stopped beside me. The driver was a nice looking man and he said he would be

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OPPORTUNITY MAGAZINE
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glad to take me down to United Artists' on Santa Monica Boulevard. He told me about himself as we rode along. He was a carpenter and married. "But I've got her so trained she don't say a word if I'm missing a couple of nights," he confessed. "How about our having dinner together tonight?"

"Well," he said when I had replied I feared I couldn't, "I guess you'd better get right out here."

I was, at least, back in Hollywood. I plodded along through the sunshine that beats down like bright copper pennies. A black satin dress, high heeled slippers, a tiny close hat of Austrian velours are a smart ensemble in New York. During a California afternoon they can become a menace. I was so hot and so thirsty and so tired.

"Come back around the middle of November," they encouraged me at United Artists. Several blocks farther. "Central Casting," said the telephone girl at Educational. Miles farther and no shade anywhere. "We're not doing a thing," said the girl at the Fine Arts studio. She smiled most pleasantly. "I'd help you if I could, but we haven't got a company working." She spied a woman behind me. "Oh, come in, Miss Nelson," she cried to her. "We're casting and Mr. Jones will be so glad to see you." She looked back at me. "We're not doing a thing," she said.

Miles and miles and miles, literally, back to Fox's where I met exactly the same situation, where a red-haired young person went into a studio I had just been told was closed.

That was one day. The next I started out early for Sennett's which is in Glendale.

"Try yourself out on a scales, kid," said the man in charge. "You've got to be a shapely mamma to get by us." I rode back to Hollywood, transferred and got another bus for Universal City. A gay and smiling youth took my name. "Registered at Central, Ruth?" he asked.

I WAS getting desperate. "You can get me on their list if you will," I pleaded. "Please help me."

"Well, come around some time next month and bring your pictures," he said. "I guess I can fix it up for you then."

Back again to Hollywood. I got to Metropolitan the hour the casting office was closed. Many casting offices do close for certain hours every afternoon, but as none of them close at the same time, you can only learn each one's schedule for yourself. A weeping girl was coming down the steps at Warner's. "Don't go in there," she cried at me. "It's always the same in there. Either the casting director's out, or there's nothing doing, or they've got a new director, or something. You never can get in, even for a moment." She went sobbing away. Her beauty in any other city would have stopped traffic.

That was a second day. At F. B. O. and at Lasky's they see all comers every morning. I was at F. B. O. at ten. "Say, I like 'em little," remarked the assistant-casting director, looking me over. "Why weren't you around yesterday? I could have given you a break. Now I don't know when we'll have a thing for girls—we're making war pictures. But I do like 'em little—so you keep in touch with me."

Silly as that was, it bucked up my spirits. By foolish words that man had made me less a commodity, more a person. Lasky's is close by. I entered there happily. When, out of the jumble of more than sixty there, the boy weeded me out and took my name, I laughed with joy.

I forgot I was a newspaper woman getting a story. When I got that summons to see a

real live casting director, I was convinced I had personality, ability, even beauty. That's what Hollywood does to you in three days. Going down the boulevards you see the backs of sets against the sky. You see fenced off spaces, "These cars belong to the employees of Blank's studio." You see bright lights burning fiercely at midday and occasionally you catch a fleeting glimpse of some wide, vacant, beautiful face that is set to earn its owner a million dollars. And a sort of madness comes upon you. You believe it would be more wonderful, more beautiful, to be on the inside of a studio, just to belong, in any way, in any capacity, than to do anything else in the world. You know why girls stay there and starve. You know why boys rob to remain. It takes so much and so little to get in. Success is an accident. Failure is an accident. The mirage occurs. You sniff the gold dust and your sense of values is destroyed.

I know because I went in to see that casting director, expecting anything, prepared for anything. Why I survived the mob, I don't know. I shall never know, for he turned me down immediately. "Go back home," he told me quietly.

IT was the fourth day. I was subdued. I climbed very quietly on the bus for Burbank and the new First National studios. I hadn't been out there before, since that studio is so far away from any other. The girls at the club had told me only one company was working. In New York I would have held such a trip hopeless. But in Hollywood I didn't dare, any more than any other girl there dares, to be hopeless. I couldn't permit myself to fail. I had to take this last chance.

The First National Studio is the most beautiful one in the West, the first great studio to be built as a unit with complete modern movie equipment. I stepped slowly off the bus and stopped to see the roses blooming riotously before the low Spanish buildings which are the studio offices.

It was my last chance. I walked up the path to the casting office slowly. I wanted to cry. I had noticed, getting off the bus, that there were two holes through the toes of my slippers, and the cap was gone off my left heel, new shoes worn out in my four days job hunting.

"You can go in to see Mr. Kelly," said the office boy. There was no one else about.

I walked into an inner office. I was so blue and low I hardly could look up. It would have been something of a joke in the beginning to admit to my editor I had been beaten by Hollywood. But the joke was gone now.

"I may have something for you in a month or so," said the casting director.

I looked at him very directly. "Do you mean that?"

He smiled. "No," he said.

"Then why say it?" I asked.

His name is Dan Kelly. "When I don't," he said, "the girl or boy trying to break in hangs on anyway. They stand here and argue with me. They take up much more time than if I hand them out pleasant lies. And, besides, I don't know positively that I won't be able to use them in another month. I never can tell what calls I'll get from the studio. All things are possible here."

"Listen," I said, "I'm a newspaper woman. I must break in. Please give me at least a day's work."

"That's a new gag," said Kelly. "Why don't you call yourself a countess, too?"

I produced my credentials. "That's different," he admitted. "You can work tonight, if you want to. Come at seven and I'll put you on Miss Moore's picture as a street walker."

Next month you will see the inside workings of a studio through Ruth Waterbury's eyes, read about her crashing into Central Casting's good graces and learning the almost ghastly statistics that office has to offer.

1927, According to the Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

Ramon Navarro, like Richard Dix, is in for a particularly fortunate period of his career. Also like Dix, he will come before the public in a rôle that will add greatly to his popularity. During the spring months, Mr. Navarro will be especially happy in his work and there is another good cycle ahead of him in the fall of 1927.

The Professor had seen Ramon in "Ben-Hur" and was an admirer of his work. But when he predicted the fortuitous rôle for Ramon, he didn't know anything about the ambitious plans for starring Ramon in "Old Heidelberg." Ramon was born in Durango, Mexico, on February 6, 1890.

Marion Davies' horoscope was immensely interesting to the Professor. Marion was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on January 1, 1900. In the past, things haven't been so happy for Marion. Her younger days were not particularly fortunate. Marion has a great sense of duty and she was born to take on her shoulders the responsibilities of others.

WHILE the stars gave Marion some handicaps, they also gave her definite assurance of wealth and success. The Professor finds that she should stick to comedy and not attempt drama. And she is a born leader.

Clara Bow, born in Brooklyn on July 29, 1905, is swayed by Leo the Lion. Don't blame Clara for her flapper ways; blame Leo the Lion. Leo is an emotional animal and all his subjects are emotional. Clara is destined to lead a sunny, happy life and she will shake off her troubles. Leo the Lion also roars in the horoscope of Colleen Moore, born in Port Huron, Mich., on August 19, 1902. The emotional Leo is a good sway for an actress and there are some good rôles and some good pictures ahead of Colleen. Colleen, too, is a good leader and she has a sympathetic, tactful and diplomatic personality.



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This is a photograph of a character that helped make American history—the *Uncle Tom* of Harriet Beecher Stowe's great novel. James B. Blythe, noted colored actor, has been chosen to create the part in Universal's special production of the classic

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Special Price to Dealers

Professor Meyer advises Gloria Swanson to watch her health carefully during 1927. Gloria was born under the same sign as Mary Pickford and both girls were destined, from the start, for eventful and checkered careers.

But, the professor says, Gloria must guard against nervous disorders and trouble with her eyes, teeth, head and heart during the coming year.

And just in case Gloria wants to know definitely when to be careful, the Professor warns her to be on her guard during the latter part of March and the first of April, late in June and early in July, late October and early

November and the latter part of December. Unless Gloria heeds this friendly tip from the stars, says the Professor, she will have much to regret. Gloria was born in Chicago on March 27, 1898.

Of course, if you don't believe in this star business, that's your own affair. But if you don't believe that others believe in it, just ask any star-gazer to tell you, in confidence, how many clients he has who are leaders in the business, professional and social world.

And, anyway, since Jupiter is such a good pal of the movies for the year 1927, why not give the planet a little credit?

Just a Little Fella Trying to Get Along

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

next spring I may produce a stage play. Maybe on the Coast. Maybe here in New York. Anyway, I have a little play I'd like to produce."

And then I remembered that Roy D'Arcy married Mrs. Laura Rhinock Duffy, daughter of Joseph L. Rhinock. Mr. Rhinock died recently, leaving an interest in Loews, Inc., and some more interests in the Shubert Enterprises.

first starring picture. I can't tell you much about the story except that it is a combination of 'Variety' and 'The Last Laugh'."

"That," I commented truthfully, "ought to be good."

SO, if you follow me, the actor who happened to make a hit in "The Merry Widow" is now, in the language of Broadway's gross materialists, "sitting pretty."

It makes one a little dizzy.

"As for pictures," again the flashing teeth, the hypnotic eye, "I have just begun. I have just served my apprenticeship. I could have been starred before this. But, no, I didn't want to be starred. I said to Louis—that's Louis B. Mayer, you know,—I said, 'Just give me lots of parts in lots of pictures. I want to stick around and learn. Just let me do my stuff. You may cut me out if you want to. But just give me the parts.'

"Good, yes. But maybe not good box-office. However, you never can tell."

"You see," and Mr. D'Arcy pinched the ends of his waxed moustache, "some critic wrote in a Los Angeles newspaper that I smile too much on the screen, that I don't use enough expressions. This man said that I only use two expressions.

"So when that sap came to the studio, I took him aside and told him a few things. 'Look here,' I said, 'Why should I use all my expressions at once? Why should I give my public everything at once? No, no; the secret of success is holding something back. Some day I shall be a star and I shall want something left. And when I am a star, I shall use all my expressions.'"

TO paraphrase the advertising slogan: when better expressions are used, Roy D'Arcy will use them.

"Yes, yes," and those hypnotic eyes flashed again, "I may be just a poor little fellow trying to get along, but I use every trick I can think of to put myself over in a picture. There is nothing I won't do before the camera to attract attention.

"I have just finished 'Valencia' with Mae Murray. We have made a knock-out. 'Bucko' has done a really big thing. That's Buchowetzki, you know. It's a masterpiece. The best thing 'Bucko' has done.

"Of course, I am just a poor little fellow trying to get along. The studio was strange to me and so were the movies. But I have learned a lot, hanging around and watching.

"Maybe I am only a beginner, but whenever I have anything to say, I speak right out. If I have any suggestions to make—anything to improve the story or put punch into the picture—I go right to the director and give him the idea. If he wants to use it—fine! If not, what's the difference?

"I have been all over the world—traveled in all countries. I speak six languages—French, German, English, Spanish, Italian and Portuguese."

"Then, naturally, you want to be a director?" But, really, it isn't necessary to ask such questions.

"Yes, indeed," answered Mr. D'Arcy and his eyes lighted up. (Don't forget that the word is "hypnotic.") "I have written a story which I want to direct myself. It will be my

For years and years, I have been waiting for an actor to say something like that. For years and years, I have waited for somebody to tell the whole, strict truth about picture-stealing.

It remained for Roy D'Arcy to say it. There you have it at last: the Whole Truth About Actors.

And there, plus hypnotic eyes, plus sideburns, plus waxed moustache, is how poor little fellows trying to get along develop into stars.

And there, plus hypnotic eyes, plus sideburns, plus waxed moustache, is how poor little fellows trying to get along develop into stars.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

MYRTLE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—I am so kind that some day I know I shall grow wings. Virginia Lee Corbin is the blondest blonde I ever saw—and I have seen plenty of blondes. Irene Rich has dark brown hair. Write to Helene Costello at Warner Brothers Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

G. G., SEATTLE, WASH.—Ben Lyon is a swell dancer, and he likes it, too. You have a good start on your career; it isn't so bad to be a lit'ry critic. Don't wait so long before writing to me again. Age has mellowed my style; I was only an impulsive young thing when you wrote to me before.

S. B., SEATTLE, WASH.—Very few hairs of any kind—gray or brown! Ramon Novarro was born Feb. 6, 1899. He is five feet, ten inches tall. Brown hair and brown eyes. Ramon is now working on "The Great Galeoto." Conrad Nagel is married to Ruth Helms. Raymond Keane has black hair and brown eyes. He is six feet tall and weighs 168 pounds.

A FRIEND, TAMPA, FLA.—Richard Dix never gets more than a two weeks' vacation so he can't find time to go to Europe. You see, Richard's pictures are very much in demand and he has to keep at work. So you want him to stay single. Well, he seems to be obliging you. I don't know why he changed his name; for convenience, probably. John Barrymore is married. He was born Feb. 15, 1882.

F. G. P., BRYN MAWR, PA.—Slower, slower! Only five questions at a time. Come again with the rest of your requests. Bebe Daniels was born Jan. 14, 1901. She is engaged to Charlie Paddock. Monte Blue is married to Tova Jansen. Corinne Griffith is twenty-five years old. She is five feet, three inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Married to Walter Morosco. Bill Boyd and Elinor Faire were married Jan. 19, 1925. Some of his pictures are "The Road to Yesterday," "Eve's Leaves," and "Jim, the Conqueror." His hair is straight but sometimes he has it curled for pictures. Elinor Faire was born Dec. 21, 1904. She is five feet, four inches tall and weighs 118 pounds.

ESTELLE, NEW YORK, N. Y.—Ben, shave off that beard! This lady doesn't like it. Mr. Lyon is unmarried, as yet, and was born Feb. 6, 1901.



Will she try to come back? Mary Miles Minter has not completely abandoned her hopes for a place on the screen. She has been trying to reduce. Mary has sailed for Italy for a vacation. Maybe she will appear in a foreign film

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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

We Are Taking Lessons

Washington, D. C.

Having been an ardent motion picture fan since the old Biograph days, I had an opportunity during the last week to visit no less than six cinema theaters. Of the six, four showed first-run American films, and two, UFA specials, and I have been pondering the difference in the two styles of productions ever since.

Confession must be made that the foreign photoplays brought a keener enjoyment, although one was the expurgated "Variety," which seems nothing more than a work-over of the *Pagliacci* story. It was, in fact, good drama on the screen.

"The Waltz Dream" was the other, and its straight comedy and sentiment allow excellent illusion.

One of the American pictures, "Diplomacy," was well thought out and directed, but was too politely extravagant.

I am all American, but art is slipping when the illusion of the drama or the photoplay becomes more like delusion—for instance, some of our slapstick comedies. Perhaps the difference between the two sets of films is the same as that between an ornate musical comedy and a successful drama—the distinction between mere recreation and art. If this country can produce "The Big Parade," that "greatest" which came to an American out of a soul-searing experience, must we forever soothe our public with dressed-up fairy tales? Is there no way to introduce dramatic art into Hollywood except through the von Stroheims?

GRACE GREENWOOD.

The Wise Theater Manager

Richmond, Calif.

I noticed a most peculiar thing the other day. An odd, almost unprecedented thing in the matter of advertisements. It was a sign outside a local theater. This especial line caught and held my attention: "In spite of its title, 'The Marriage Clause' is one of the outstanding productions of the season." Notice anything peculiar about that? I did. Just this. The title is one that would ordinarily be associated with a cheap sex picture. It is a title that, a few years ago, would have been called a big box office magnet.

However, the more discriminating fans (and their number is daily increasing) now demand good pictures. Pictures about real people, and with sound values. And the manager of the better class theater knows this. Hence that unique advertisement. Are motion picture audiences improving? That advertisement is a sign that they are.

VERA HOGUE.

Orgies of Close-ups

Corte Madera, Calif.

"The play is the thing." This was said by Shakespeare, the world's greatest dramatist! And that is as true today as it was in Shakespeare's time, but in motion picture plays it has been parodied to—the close-up is the thing!

Why, oh why must we see picture after picture spoiled by the stars stealing valuable footage from the play itself with the everlasting close-up? The plot suffers and scenes are cut and eliminated to permit bigger and better close-ups. The play itself gets lost in a perfect orgy of close-ups, not of the cast, but of the star!

The tempo of the picture limps along. The precious lines of communication between actor and audience are lost in a desert of close-ups. In the spoken play do you find a scene acted and then stopped while the star laboriously grimaces through precious minutes that SHOULD belong to the play itself? You do NOT.

Then why in the moving pictures?

A moving picture should MOVE and not die of stagnation in an orgy of close-ups. Perhaps the secret of the public tiring so quickly of the stars is that they get them in too big doses in the frequent close-ups, that stars demand and GET! Many pictures fail and their failure can be laid at the door of the close-up because the story is buried under them. Plot and characterization are sacrificed to this Golem. Let us have moving pictures that MOVE and not those that die in their tracks standing still wasting precious film on close-ups.

HELEN GIMMINI.

Bang at the News Reels

Rochester, N. Y.

I have long desired to present in this department my ideas concerning the news reels shown in every movie house today. Practically every week I am bored by seeing several lion cubs being adopted by a dog, a venerable warship being sunk, or the two White House collies. To my mind such things as these have become quite *cliché*. Quite occasionally I am forced to sit through a visit to Yellowstone National Park, where the starving deer are coming down from the mountains for a drink, a tour about the Grand Canyon, or an airplane view of the White House. This sort of thing was acceptable a few years ago, but it is now grown so trite that I make a request for its cessation for the next ten or twelve years.

A. N. HARTSHORNE.

To Keep Peace in the Family

Toronto, Canada.

This is to be neither a brickbat nor a bouquet but, with sublime nerve, a suggestion.

I have just been reading about the English criticisms of "The Big Parade" and feel that a great big effort should be made on the part of peace-loving citizens, of all countries, to stamp out this horrible narrow-mindedness that is still painfully present, even in this day and generation.

It is a good thing for the movies that you refuse to divulge the religion of the different actors and actresses, or these narrow-minded persons would have a bad time remembering who is an English church member, who is Methodist, Presbyterian, Catholic, etc., and which ones they should or should not go to see.

Now here is the great suggestion: You know what an influence the different film favorites have over their admirers. Why not let some of these folks write, in PHOTOPLAY, their ideas on narrowness of thought and of intolerance. All the Sunday school superintendents and ministers in the world could not make a young man quit drinking or gambling if he was so inclined, but if he reads that his screen favorite, some real he-man, scorns these things, just see how quickly the young fellow puts an end to his folly.

Do you get my idea? It is very badly put, I admit, but I'm sure that a few little talks by some of the best-loved idols, told in a human, probably humorous manner—not sermons, heavens, no!—would cut a lot more ice than anything else could.

To my mind the greatness of "The Big Parade" lay in the fact that there was nothing in it for anyone of any nationality—not even German—to take offense at. But trust some people to find fault. By criticizing you Americans they do just what they accuse you of doing.

Where's the "brotherhood" we are taught to practice?

A CANUCK COUSIN.

Speaking of Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

Beautiful and spacious studios replace the wooden shacks.

Magnificent homes of picture millionaires dot the Beverly Hills. Skyscrapers rear along the business streets.

UNIFORMED butlers at "Pick-fair," the palatial home of Mary and Doug, now receive the hats of Duke and Lord with more indifference than Levy's check girl received the hats of Mack Sennett's comedians. No motion picture star worthy of a twenty-four sheet poster but has a tennis court carved out of a Beverly hillside, a swimming pool of tile, a four car garage, and a private projection room that costs more than the average motion picture theater did in those good old days.

Charlie Chaplin has become one of the world's great artists. "Vanity

Fair" proclaims the slapstick comedian a genius. The fifty dollar a week cowboy is paid fifteen thousand a week. Harold Lloyd's income is computed at two million a year.

Famous authors sit patiently awaiting their turn in the offices of producers, who now realize that the public will tolerate a sense of humor in the blackest villain—a little bad in every hero.

The studios have become cosmopolitan.

THE great artists of Europe, those who have contributed most to the screen in every nation, are brought here to add their resources and developments to ours. They are not foreigners any more. They are fellow workers keeping the fire bright under the melting pot.

Of All the Luck

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

It is best to let Helen tell her own story; it is an enthralling tale and she tells it well—coolly, calmly and impersonally. She draws it off with a Southern accent that is too tricky to put into type.

"You see," explained Miss Mundy, "it was like this: Karl Brown and Captain Paul Wing had gone down into the Carolina mountains to make a native drama of the hills for Paramount.

"They planned to pick the whole cast from the mountaineers and they found all the characters they wanted except the girl to play the heroine.

"Well, Captain Wing came back to Knoxville on business and also to look around for a girl.

"But he couldn't find the right type anywhere and he had to rush back to the rest of the company in the morning.

"So Captain Wing dropped into a drug store near my school to buy himself some razor blades. And he said to the girl who waited on him:

"Say, do you know of any girl around here who is movie-struck? It just happened that the girl he asked had always waited on me. So she told him my name.

"Now, this is the funny part. I never had been really movie-struck. I had planned to be a dancer. I used to dance in lots of the local entertainments. But the girl thought of me because there was a poster with my name on it hanging in the drug store. The poster was advertising an entertainment to be given by the Kiwanis.

"Just as they were talking, I came into the store with a bunch of the girls. The drug store had a tea room in the back and a lot of us used to go in every afternoon after school for a soda. So the girl pointed me out to Captain Wing and he came over and asked me, straight off, if I wanted to play the leading part in a movie.

"Well, naturally I thought it was some kind

of game and I just laughed and started to walk away. But the man kept talking very fast and begging me, until I began to think he was crazy. I told him flat that it was all a lot of nonsense and made another start for the tea room.

"Then he grabbed me by the shoulder and that made me mad.

"So I pushed his hand away and went back with my friends.

"When I told the girls about it, they all began to laugh and kid me and called me a 'movie queen.' Poor Captain Wing! None of us believed that he was a real movie man.

"AFTER the soda, I went home. Mother wasn't there. I was going to a party that night and I started to take a bath. Every time I got into the tub, the telephone rang. So when I finally finished and was almost dressed, I was pretty mad when the door-bell began to ring. It was a chauffeur with a note written on a card. A man was asking me if he couldn't see me that night at eight o'clock on business. It's funny, but it never occurred to me that the call might have something to do with the man I had met in the drug store. I thought it was something about dancing at the entertainment, so I told the chauffeur to tell the man to come around, as mother would be home by that time.

"Eight o'clock came and so did Captain Wing. And he started the talk about the movies again and he argued and argued and argued.

"At ten o'clock, I definitely said 'No.' At half-past ten, I said 'Yes.' At five o'clock the next morning, I was on the train and headed for the Carolina mountains.

"It was like this: I had been working pretty hard at school on the April examinations and mother and I figured out that a rest would do me good. We never thought I would get the part. We thought that I would go to the

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mountains, take a few tests, be refused the part and sent home.

"The night I decided to go into the movies, I was going to a party with a boy friend. He was to call for me at my sister's house, across the street. I forgot all about it and the boy is still mad at me."

Helen Mundy went to the mountains for her free vacation and she stayed there over five months. Her tests were taken, submitted to New York and accepted. The company worked all summer in the hills; an ideal life of fishing, riding and swimming. The scenes were filmed without make-up and without lights.

When the finished picture was sent to New York, Jesse Lasky wired for Helen Mundy to report immediately at the studio to sign a contract. Miss Mundy came and the contract was presented to her, figuratively at least, on a silver platter.

As Miss Mundy is only sixteen years old, it was necessary to get her mother's signature on the document. So back to Knoxville she went.

"Of course," I commented, when Helen reached this part of her story, "you were very proud, returning in triumph to the home town."

But, quite unexpectedly, Miss Mundy's eyes filled with tears—sudden, hot tears.

"I had been going with a boy—the only boy I ever really cared anything about. When I went back to Knoxville, we had a date for every night in the week. On Saturday night

he was killed. His roadster turned over and crushed him to death.

"The next morning the papers had the story of his death and the story of my signing the contract—on the same page."

Success is like that; it usually demands swift and unexpected payment for its gifts.

As for New York, Miss Mundy likes it not at all. So she lives in Jackson Heights where one may keep a cat and see a few green, growing things. For in the midst of all her wonderful luck, Miss Mundy is experiencing the pangs of homesickness and loneliness. A black cat, brought up from Knoxville, is her mascot and friend. On account of the kitten, Miss Mundy was refused permanent residence in three large New York hotels.

At the studio, Miss Mundy has found Richard Dix, Florence Vidor and Ricardo Cortez the most sympathetic and friendly. As for her own hopes for the future, she knows quite definitely what she wants.

"I want," Miss Mundy says, "to be a character actress. It is no use trying to pretend that I am beautiful. I am not and I couldn't hope to compete with the pretty girls. Anyway, the 'pretty, pretty' parts are tiresome and the public gets tired of the actresses who play them all the time.

So I want to play character parts, small ones at first, of course."

And with this sane philosophy, plus a black cat, plus a five-year contract, Miss Mundy's future ought to be a safe gamble.

Romance and a Hard-Boiled Shirt

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

and a lot more stuff like that, but I knew what really thrilled them was the sneakin' up. If Romeo Montague had called on Miss Capulet—those were the program names and I'm not guaranteeing 'em—in the regular way with his cutout wide open nobody would have paid any attention to him and the show would have been a flop.

When I was a right young feller workin' on a ranch, romance always appealed to me a heap. I once read a piece of poetry in a book about a young western feller named Lochinvar that I thought was the best of the brand. It seems this young feller lived somewhere down on the border and liked a girl whose father

wasn't hankerin' none after him as a member of his family. So young Lock just rode up to the house one day and grabbed her off without waitin' for no permission. I used to picture him ridin' up past the corral, jumpin' the picket fence around the ranch house, callin' the girl out on the porch, settin' her up behind him and goin' down that trail so fast that her father couldn't catch him noway. I always strung along with that young feller because I was sort o' hent that way myself and beside the book said he come out of the west, same as me, and I was grateful he made a good getaway.

For years this young Lochinvar feller was my idea of a real romantic gent. I don't mind



A home-made Topsy. Otherwise Betty Bronson in a scene, with Henry Walthall, from "Everybody's Acting"



Betty simply refuses to look pretty. Here's another one of her trick get-ups in Marshall Neilan's comedy

addin', confidential-like, that I used to picture myself doin' the same thing with a certain young woman who lived on an Oklahoma ranch 'bout half an hour from where I was workin'. But nothin' serious come of it because I found out her father wasn't the objectin' kind and would have staked almost anybody to a getaway horse if he'd take the girl along and promise to feed her.

But my trip to England sure robbed me of my Lochinvar illusion. They took me to see a famous paintin' by a feller named Ben West which showed Lock ridin' off with his girl. In the first place I didn't like his ridin' clothes and if what I saw was a fair picture of the horse he rode, he couldn't have got away from a good burro. The poem allowed as how "in all the wide border his steed was the best" and if that was true it was a rotten horse country.

If I had been ridin' my horse Tony with the girl, and the old man chasin' me had been settin' on the horse Lock had in that picture, he'd have arrived around in time for the first christenin'.

At Christmas time down on the ranch, we boys got more kick out of givin' our gal a celluloid hand lookin' glass in a velvet case, that they held us up four-fifty for, than any rich man ever got out of presentin' his better half with a fifty thousand dollar string of pearls. I know, for I'm one of the birds has played both ends of the string and is willin' to admit it.

The first present I ever give Mrs. Mix cost less than twenty dollars—how much less I hope she'll never know. What Mrs. Mix's last present cost only me an' the bank clerk and the jeweler will ever find out. But she liked it and that made it cheap at any price. But she still keeps the little manicure set with the mother of pearl handles in the red plush box on her dressing table along side of the French enameled gold toilet outfit I grabbed off for her in Paris. Say, one of them little knives you use to fix your finger nails with in that French set costs twenty times as much as the whole manicure set. But between you and me, I get more kick when I notice that when Mrs. Mix is packing her jewelry to put it in the safe deposit box while we're away she always puts in the red plush box with the manicure set in it first, than out of anything I know. The day she puts her diamond dog collar in first I'll know romance is dead.

WHEN I first come to Los Angeles and worked in pictures as a cowboy for five dollars a day, I used to buy my clothes on Main Street. Right here I want to admit I always had a weakness for nice clothes. An' I reckon the Indian in me come out pretty strong when it came to selectin' color schemes. As a cowboy, I remember I always had the reddest shirt and the greenest and yellowest handkerchief on the ranch. Down in Ponca, Oklahoma, a man named Isidore Einstein operated the New York Dry Goods and Clothing Emporium, and he used to say he'd never get stuck with a suit of clothes because it was too loud as long as Tom Mix was around. He sure said the truth. What's more, I was always ready to try to lick any guy that didn't agree with my taste in such sartorial matters. Well, a little maturity has toned me down some, but I got

to admit I've still got a hankerin' after plaid suits.

I used to go window shoppin' on Main street in Los Angeles before I finally bought me a suit. Savin' money for me was considerable effort. I know a lot of boys that sported white jackets and aprons that weren't barbers. Anyway, after resistin' temptation to spend my money on other pleasures, and after pickin' me out the right raiment, I'd take it home and try it on in front of a two-foot square mirror, and then I'd canter out in the firm belief that Solomon and I was rivals and I had him licked.

Now I get my clothes made in London and New York and by gosh there's no use denyin' it, I don't get half the thrill out of them.

I want to tell you about the first time I arrayed myself in what was then known as a full dress suit. I had rented it from Wolf and Bean. I was takin' a young female out to the Oriental cafe on Main street, which was supposed to carry class to spare.

The only taxis Los Angeles could sport in them days were Ford sedans. I rented me one as near the gal's house as I could find it, hopin' by that diplomatic procedure to cut down the bill because I wasn't holdin' none too strong, and pretty soon me and the gal rolled up in state.

Since then I've been driven up to some of the most exclusive eatin' joints on this continent and Europe and in cars that'd stack up even with the taxi and the cafe thrown in, but they never succeeded in givin' me no such thrill. Say, even the girl—and you know when women are mixed up in anything it never comes out accordin' to Hoyle—though she's been around a lot since, still says that supper at the Oriental cafe was the great event of her life.

Anyway, she went in there free and unattached, but when she come out I sure had my brand on her for fair and we got married not very long afterwards.

NOW Mrs. Mix plays bridge and we've a butler, but there's a certain night in the year when we leave our string of cars feedin' in their stalls and rent us a Ford Sedan. We always drive down Main street and look at the buildin' that used to house the Oriental cafe. It's the least expensive evening we spend in the whole year, but it's the one we enjoy the most.

That's what I am aimin' at when I mentions previous about keepin' romance. You can't buy romance. But if you use a little ingenuity and don't get too hard-boiled, you can keep it sproutin' quite a while, as I've proved.

Personally, I got the idea that most folks consider it a heap wrong and indecent to admit to enthusiasms and enjoyments. They regard a poker-face as the proper expression with which to face life, and I'm not arguin' that they're wrong.

But for myself, I'm for romance and a lot of excitement and I hope I won't quit gettin' a kick out of anythin' and everythin' until I'm through kickin' altogether. I'd rather be all dead than half dead myself.

It's harder to find romance in a hard-boiled shirt than a flannel one, I tell you that that straight and honest, but it can be done—if you get a little cooperation.



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Can a Genius Be a Husband?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

films, the great comedian whose art alone has won certain great critics to include the motion picture among the arts at all.

I don't know exactly what is back of the present split between Charlie and his girl-wife, but I am convinced that whatever the particular trouble is, the real trouble lies in those tremendous difficulties that always beset the marriage of genius.

Which brings us face to face in the flesh with some of the most interesting psychological questions in the world.

Should a genius marry?

What is it like to be the wife of a genius?

More specifically in this case, what has it been like to be the wife of the greatest comedian in the world?

As far as I know, Lita Gray Chaplin has

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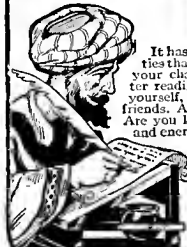
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never told anyone. She is very, very young and neither very analytical nor very articulate.

But it is possible just the same to get an awfully clear picture of the thing and to feel somehow a great throb of sympathy for them both, the little girl-wife and the great genius.

Any marriage is a great and dangerous adventure to a girl in her teens.

Marriage to Charlie Chaplin would, therefore, be a thousand and one adventures.

For to be married to Charlie Chaplin must mean living with all the known or imagined eccentricities of genius since the world began. Nobody who knows Charlie Chaplin can doubt that.

The strange aloneness that always marks genius exists to the *nth* degree in Chaplin. His soul stands off from his fellow man, wistfully, a little sadly. You see it in his eyes in the midst of a crowd. You see it in the amazing mixture of egotism and humility in his conversation. He can never find the happy medium, that common ground upon which exists the normal.

It must be an awful thing to live with a person whose soul you can never touch, either in its joys or its sorrows. It must give you an unbearable sense of strangeness and loneliness, like living in a solitary house without clock or calendar.

Somehow, I have a picture of Lita Chaplin watching her husband with those great, dark eyes, her young throat tight with tears.

No marriage can be a real success without some spiritual union.

SPIRITUAL union with a genius like Chaplin is almost impossible. The hypersensitiveness, the introspection, the nervous suspense, the colossal selfishness of all creative genius makes it a task only a superwoman, lit by the fires of a great passion, could accomplish.

Still, some marriages do manage to get by without being a huge success—that is, marriage manages to be a pleasant and convenient thing, without achieving great heights.

I think everybody has hoped very deeply that the Chaplin marriage would thus survive.

Two things will make that difficult in the case of the Charlie Chaplins.

One is that Charlie is the most supreme individualist I have ever come in contact with.

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, for instance, have made a beautiful thing of their marriage by the great modern commandment

of 50-50. They are comrades, equals, giving and taking, exchanging, sharing. But neither one of them is a genius.

Charlie Chaplin, like every man endowed with that glorious and spontaneous ability to give out the new and fresh and unexpected, wants 00.01% all the time.

And just here, lest you misunderstand Charlie's side of this tragedy—for any broken marriage where there are children is a tragedy—let me explain just a little of what Charlie Chaplin means to the motion picture.

To the public, he is just the great comedian, who makes them laugh and weep.

To those of us working to make motion pictures, he is the way-shower, the trail-blazer. He is the master. Almost every new step in motion picture technique, every advance step in motion picture art, has come from Charlie Chaplin. He is the creator of the new forms, the new ideas. To the greatest directors and the greatest stars his pictures are like a text-book. I know directors, for instance, whose names stand at the very head of the list, who went ten and twelve times to see "The Gold Rush." And, when I asked them why, they explained that it was the greatest example of perfect motion picture timing ever seen, and that it opened new fields in that direction just as "The Woman of Paris" opened new dramatic and directorial fields.

His mind, therefore, is like a giant sponge, taking in everything, sucking up every idea, suggestion, emotion. And nothing stops him. Nothing.

For instance, I have known Charlie to do things like this. He has a friend—a young man of decided artistic talents—who lives in a funny house on a hillside, with a lovely balcony overlooking the whole of Los Angeles, from the mountains to the sea. The young man is a good listener, he has original ideas. Charlie will go to visit him and they will settle in the wicker chairs on the balcony and sit there—literally—for three days. A little Jap boy who understands these matters will bring them food and drink on a tray whenever it occurs to him. They will go off to sleep in their chairs—and awake to continue the idea where they left off.

LITTLE Mrs. Chaplin will sit at home, perhaps, watching the clock, listening to the sounds outside, just like any other wife. Charlie has forgotten her. He has forgotten



Here is the only existing picture of the two children of Charlie and Lita Grey Chaplin. Master Charles Spencer Chaplin is shown with his baby brother, Sidney Earle Chaplin

himself. He can't help it. The tremendous sincerity of the man in pursuit of his ideas makes you forgive him.

Charlie is just as reliable, in big things and little things alike, as a young hurricane. Time does not exist, so far as he is concerned. Nor do people, in the ordinary sense.

Yet when he finds a human brain that has something to give, or a human character that is new and worth studying, he grabs it like an octopus.

He may bring home a tramp, a great psychiatrist, a colored washwoman, an English duchess, and spend hour upon hour talking with them.

His moods are mad, terrific, uncontrollable. Sometimes he is gay as a diamond, he will hold everyone spellbound for hours with his wit, his mimicry, his delicate and ever-fresh clowning.

At other times he will be almost in tears with nerves and depression, unable to say a word, trembling with strange apprehensions, his face a mask of tragedy.

All this a woman can understand and forgive, if she is big enough. And there is so infinitely much of the maternal in Lita Chaplin that I think she has the understanding heart.

But that isn't enough.

A woman married to a genius must be wise enough never to let him know he has been forgiven. She must be clever enough not to bore him with her sweetness, and yet not to annoy him with reproach. She must be an individual and still be only 00.00% of a marriage. She must have charm, but never intrude it and she must be a lightning change artist in moods to follow his.

And then it won't be enough.

Did Lita Grey ever have a chance—has she still a chance—to make a success of her marriage to Charlie Chaplin?

Let us consider this Lita Grey Chaplin, who has tried, like the Empress Josephine, to be the wife of a genius.

In the first place, she is still—after three years of marriage and two experiences of motherhood—at the age when most girls are being graduated from high school.

She is a slim, dark beauty. For she is a beauty. She has now the perfect and arresting loveliness of a rosebud. Her eyes are enormous and dark as a blackbird's wing in her white face, and her dark curls cluster close about her perfect head. Her mouth is almost heart-shaped and she has slim legs, like a gazelle's.

Everyone likes her, and feels a little sorry for her. She is gentle and sweet, she is a nice little thing, quite interesting to talk to. She dresses with exquisite taste. I think she would have made a marvelous wife for almost any man, for she instinctively desires to please and there is much about her that is pleasing. Her nature is happy and placid and kindly. Her disposition is obviously domestic and maternal.

If she does succeed in averting this threatened break, it will be because she has developed, through suffering and motherhood, to the selflessness necessary to the wife of a genius.

At first, domesticity appealed to Charlie Chaplin. It was a new role. It soothed his heart, worn and frayed by intense and frequent emotional upheavals.

But as an ordinary man loves life, so a genius loves many lives.

THE wife of a genius must either be great enough to supply all these herself—and the woman who can do that is rarer than a

mermaid—or she must be willing to sit at home and keep the fire burning and the children fed, until her husband returns.

Return he will. I believe that Charlie Chaplin loves Lita, his wife, as much as he could love any wife. I believe he means to be kind to her, and I know that he loves his children.

But that is not and can never be enough for him. He must be free—free to allow those impulses that bring created art into the world.

If Lita Chaplin can leave him free, if she cares enough to leave him free and to realize that she is playing a great part in great things by doing it, the marriage may still come through.

Tom Mix once made a profound remark to me. Tom is a profound thinker.

He said, "There are many things a woman may be to a man, some of them good, some bad. But there is only one thing she must be to him, if their love is to be successful—and that is an inspiration."

If Lita Chaplin can grow to the measure of that—but I do not know whether one woman could ever inspire Chaplin. His sense of the dramatic is so intense that he must have an entirely new phase of womanhood to inspire each new phase of his work. He is like Napoleon in that.

THE greatest marriage of genius of which I know was that of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Personally, I am not yet convinced that Browning was a genius, but certainly Mrs. Browning was, for she wrote poems of a beauty surpassed only by Keats himself.

And to me she put into words the sort of love that must exist to make marriage to a genius a success, the sort of love without which no genius should ever marry.

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. I love thee to the depth and breadth and height

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.

I love thee to the level of everyday's Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.

I love thee freely, as men strive for Right; I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.

I love thee with the passion put to use In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,

Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and if God choose,

I shall but love thee better after death."

That's the only kind of love that can surmount the tremendous temperamental obstacles a woman encounters when she marries a genius. And it is the love of a superwoman, it is the divine fire that strikes, but too seldom into mortal clay.

If Lita Grey Chaplin is inspired with such a love, she may win through, and refine and inspire and increase the Chaplin genius. If she is such a superwoman as Elizabeth Barrett Browning was, she may be the thousand women in one woman, or the saint-and-mother woman, who alone can make a success of marriage to a genius.

Otherwise, this separation will be permanent, for the genius who burns up his whole heart and soul and mind in his work has nothing to give to help make a marriage a success. That must all be done by the woman.



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The Girl Who Is Getting the Breaks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

comedy leads with a small company, but they were leads—in six months.

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in "The Johnstown Flood." Janet was sent for and asked to weep. She Niagaraed so effectively they gave her a contract. When

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the film was released, Janet stood out of it as a balmy day stands out of the month of February. She followed that with "The Shamrock Handicap" and "The Midnight Kiss," inconsequential films both of them, in which she was perfectly delightful. That is the sum total of her experience up to "Peter Grimm."

She came to take me for lunch one day in Hollywood, a slim little girl in a plain little sweater and skirt. She might have been any little girl in any little town in America. Not a little city girl, by any means, but one of those gazelle-eyed small town girls who can create so much havoc in any good frat house. She has a little freckled face and a snub nose. Her eyes are very bright and rather wise and her hair is red and curly. She is just five feet tall and properly thin. She is rather gamin, but looking at her, the last thing in the world you can conceive of her being is an emotional actress.

Fay Wray? She and Fay had started about the same time and more or less kept step.

The cake was quite exhausted. Had I seen Olive Borden? Lucky Olive, beautiful and full of personality. It must be awfully nice to be like Olive. Should we go to a movie? She loved going to movies.

We went, stopping on the way to purchase some candy. We kept the bag on our laps and munched throughout the feature. Janet didn't think much of the picture and neither did I. Then I walked back to the little white house where she lives with her people and where supper was nearly ready, and as I saw her go hopping up the steps I simply couldn't believe that kid was an emotional actress.

That night John Roche and Elizabeth Patterson, distinguished troupers both of them, with long experience on the Broadway speaking stage, rang me up and asked me if I would go to the pre-view of "Peter Grimm" with them.

Identification of Pictures on Pages 60 and 61

1. Mrs. Daniels' only child—**BEBE**—at the charming age of seven years.
2. Mrs. Hersholt's little boy—**JEAN**—at the solemn age of four.
3. Mrs. Purviance's **EDNA**, posed by a photographer out in Lovelocks, Nevada.
4. That pretty little Compson girl—**BETTY**. Seven years old, but already taking violin lessons.
5. Mrs. Ray's handsome baby—little **CHARLIE**. And the pride of the home!
6. Little **BLANCHE ALEXANDER**, who changed her name to **SWEET** when she went into those funny movies.
7. Young **OLA CRONK** of Cawker, Kansas. She is now **CLAIRE WINDSOR**, you know.
8. Mrs. La Plante's daughter—**LAURA**. A serious child and no trouble to anybody.
9. **HOUSE PETERS** at the age of nine—a victim of bad direction and overdressing.
10. Mrs. Joyce's daughter, **ALICE**, always did know how to wear clothes.
11. Mrs. Boardman's **ELEANOR**—and the smartest child in the Philadelphia schools.
12. And Mrs. Barthelme's boy, **RICHARD**. Just the model boy of the neighborhood.



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The restaurant, on top a Hollywood hill, was quiet and cool. It used to be a religious center. Janet played with her salad and tried hard not to wiggle. It was, she said, her very first interview. Not that she had a theory about life or art or anything. Murnau wanted her to bleach her hair for "Sunrise." He wouldn't hear of her wearing a wig. He wanted her to be one of those pale, peasant girls, and her freckles were to show. But she had been at the hairdresser's three solid days. Everything had been on her hair from ammonia to white henna, and it simply wouldn't take, that's all. She pulled a crinkly little end of it from beneath her hat to show me.

Wonderful, though, her playing for Murnau. He didn't direct you. Just talked, quietly. It was a wonderful chance. Would I think it terrible if for dessert she ate a piece of cake? We both had a piece of cake. Had I seen

I went along and saw Janet. I can not explain it. She was wonderful. Her work in that tense, emotional, difficult rôle could not have been bettered. "Isn't she amazing?" whispered John Roche. "She's absolutely right in every gesture, every movement."

"The technique it has taken us years to learn," sighed Elizabeth Patterson, "that child knows by instinct. She doesn't need direction. She simply is an actress."

We sat, tears in our eyes, and watched the final fade-out. We were silent for several minutes.

"I think the best thing I can do," said Elizabeth, "is to go back to Broadway. That marvelous child."

Two years in the business. She is getting the breaks and gaining the experience. I am wondering a great deal about Janet Gaynor's future.

Snatched from Slapstick

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

chin, re-living the moment. "But I knew it was right for me to have that part.

"Mr. Von Stroheim's office has two rooms, maybe you know?" The two tapering brows were lost in query under the jaunty brim of the red hat. "Two rooms, rather dark. Mrs. Schley went with me. She is the woman who was responsible for the interview.

"He sat in one of the rooms. In a corner sat his secretary. He didn't talk to me at all, but I knew he was looking at me. He talked to Mrs. Schley, and I sat there, in that semi-darkness. Presently he said, looking at last at me:

"Are you sure you can do it?"

"I know I can." And I did.

"Then Von Stroheim swung about in his swivel chair.

"Whom does she look like to you, Mrs. Westland?" he asked.

"Miltzi," answered his secretary. Not a word more. That was all.

"It seemed that the darkness grew heavier. Not a word was spoken. Von Stroheim arose and approached me. He put his hand over mine:

"Good-bye, Miltzi!"

Fay's eyes grew misty under that audacious red hat. It became a hateful, taunting thing—that crimson bonnet. Her hand, the restless one, clenched the passive left for a moment and she continued:

"I cried. I couldn't help it. That part was right for me. I knew I would get it. But when Mr. Von Stroheim said 'Good-bye, Miltzi,' it was just too much.

"Mrs. Schley cried. Mrs. Westland cried. Tears came to Mr. Von Stroheim's eyes. They left me and I sat in that dark little room and cried until it seemed I could cry no more."

And Fay smoothed the gay little black-and-white checked skirt so it completely covered the gold and pale green of the period chair that had been made for Gloria Swanson's dressing room. The voluptuous sleekness of the black satin chaise longue, that had also been made for Gloria, sprawled before her eyes. Something of the spirit of Gloria seemed to pervade the tiny mauve-paneled interview room.

It might have been reflected in the almond-shaped, but not oriental, eyes of Fay, strangely like, and yet unlike, Gloria's. In the parted rosy lips. In the delicately arrogant set of her head upon her slim young shoulders.

Certainly the spirit of Gloria insinuated itself into Fay's remark:

"It is great . . . it is grief . . . it is marvelous!"

Not only the spirit of Gloria, but the spirit of every motion picture actress who has found herself at the top of the film heap was in those naively spoken words. It is great—the joy, pride and happiness; and it is grief—the sorrow, misgivings, heartaches. But it is marvelous, if you can forget the greatness and the grief.

"I waited two months without hearing a word from Mr. Von Stroheim. I knew he wouldn't forget. I made a Western. My heart wasn't in the rôle. Then came my first scene in 'The Wedding March.' I was so happy. Happy, you know, to think that I really had the part. It was the courtyard sequence. Everything was pink apple blossoms.

"Mr. Von Stroheim okayed the very first shot without a retake. I was so happy I didn't notice it. The cameraman came over to me:

"Say, do you know how lucky you are?" he asked. 'Von has okayed your first scene.' I didn't know, then. I was too happy to understand. And Harry Carr nodded his head in approval.

"It seemed quite natural, quite right that he should. But I didn't understand it then, like I would now."

The red hat was again a flagrant thing. A crimson crepe over a saddened oval face. Fay knew greatness and grief. But in the distance was this marvelous thing of fame, which to a girl not long graduated from the Hollywood High School is the most priceless thing on earth.

Then came a smile that made her look very, very young, and with the slightest sigh, Fay remarked:

"Do you like the new shade of red they are wearing this winter?"

Here Are the Winners

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

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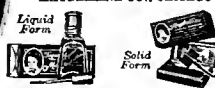
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Amazing April

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

threatening to shoot themselves. But they won't, because they never do! And I'll ask them in and give them tea and they'll think better of it. And she won't get married until she's old—twenty-five, perhaps—because it will be such fun for us to watch her spend all your money having a marvelous time."

Now, in the usual course of things, April grew up. And as she grew her parents wondered.

She was a beauty. No doubt of that. But with the pale, placid, slightly vapid beauty of a Botticelli angel. She gave an impression of folded hands. As a matter of fact her hands were rarely at rest, for at an early age she discovered needles and spools and became, under the delighted tutoring of a fat German governess, a very accomplished needlewoman. She also cooked and baked, at thirteen, an entire dinner, including a master loaf of bread. And at sixteen she demanded the equivalent to the household keys and, upon receiving them, ran the great house and every one in it with a quiet practicality and a really alarming economy.

Cherry, who couldn't thread a needle and who would have starved to death if left alone with a range and raw material, was horrified. "I can't think where she gets it!" she said and, for the hundredth time, "How on earth did we produce her, Jack?"

Jack, who smoked less because April said it wasn't good for him and who had given up tennis because April had suggested that it wasn't quite dignified in a parent of his age,

looked gay and gloomy at the same time, which is a very hard thing to do.

"Did you ever have a missionary in your family, Cherry-ripe?" he asked.

"Two. Aunts. Nice women. One got eaten by cannibals," answered his beautiful wife.

Jack groaned a little. "And I had a great uncle. Died of fever in China. That explains all. She's a throw-back."

They were both a little relieved. After all, it hadn't been their fault if you accepted that easy explanation.

April did not care to dance, and men bored her. She went in for social service a little heavily, she visited the poor, she taught Sunday School, and exhibited a keen mind for ethics and philosophy and comparative religions. And she grew more lovely every day and every day she reformed her parents.

She'd a perfect manner with them. She was deferential, she never "answered back," she humored them slightly, she looked reproach beautifully, she left the room when the atmosphere grew too light for her to breathe. And dearly as they loved her, it was hard on Jack and Cherry.

Things had changed. Bridge was in, so was golf. The Masters played both together, with all the verve of twenty years. Women were smoking openly. Cherry had a hundred eccentric holders. Her clothes were French and her skin magnificent and carefully tended. Her figure stayed a figure, pliant, corsetless, slim-

mer than April's own—and her hair remained red, without any synthetic air. She was still a great beauty—and still Cherry.

Nor had the years taken from Jack. They'd added, to his money and his charm, his grace of hearing, his good looks—and—day by day—to his love for his wife and hers for him.

April tolerated the bridge and the golf. But cigarettes made her ill and Cherry took to bathroom smoking when April was about. Makeup the child detested and said so. And as for her ancient parents kissing behind doors when any one might come along and see them, she thought it silly and a little abnormal. And so, in a way, the presence of a filial chaperon in their house added to the legal and wedded love of April's parents a certain spice, a piquancy. It seemed almost intrigue, they had to be so careful. It amused them to be a little brazen at times, flirt outrageously with each other, hold hands. They knew just how it would affect their progeny—how she would sigh patiently, withdraw discreetly, close the door with a slight but firm bang of disgust. . . .

"Dear thing," Cherry murmured, on such an occasion, "I wonder if she will ever fall in love? And if she does, will she spare us an understanding—and perhaps apologetic—thought?"

To which Jack, irrelevantly, "You're the loveliest thing in the world! Come here at once and sit on my knee. April your child? It's absurd! You aren't more than nineteen and we've been married just ten minutes!"

WELL, in a way you couldn't blame April with this spectacle of middle-aged turtle doves constantly affronting her cool young eyes.

When April was nineteen herself, they took her for a winter at Palm Beach. They had a wonderful time—Jack and Cherry did. They swam and golfed, wheel chaired and walked, they danced, mornings at the Breakers, afternoons in the Cocoon Grove, they gambled and won, they gave luncheons and dinners at Bradley's and the clubs, they reveled and frivoleed and grew younger every minute. And were careful to see that April met attractive men and charming girls.

Only she wouldn't stay met, as it were. She engaged herself in war work—for it was wartime—she knitted and rolled bandages and spent the evenings over mufflers and stayed alone, at unfashionable hours, on the beach. She had, you know, a really rotten time. Cherry said that. April wouldn't.

When they went home Jack, feeling about eighteen, went to war. He couldn't get over, but he could be useful in Washington, so he went there. Cherry went with him. April, who had no unwomanly desire to drive an ambulance at the front, stayed at home with a companion and ran Red Cross chapters and was horribly efficient.

Jack and Cherry enjoyed Washington. But they never knew just when April would run down for a day or two and see how things were progressing. Jack said he had all he could do to keep her out of the White House. Had she gotten in, the war would have been run differently.

Then, suddenly, there was no more war and Jack and Cherry felt a little flat and a little lonely, for they had worked hard and had made themselves part of it all, and so they came on home and found April with a suitor.

Such a suitable suitor. Her first. You see, for all her clear beauty she startled men a little. She reformed them so soon that they lost interest. But Professor Warren liked reforming, as he didn't need any personally, and he loved April—mildly. He was a dark, thin young man, with a clever face and spectacles and his wooing was conducted with a decorous seriousness.

Cherry asked him to stay with them a time, after discovering that April had met him in her work—he was Y.M.C.A. to her Red Cross—and so he stayed. They had the little library evenings to themselves and I regret to state that Jack and Cherry took turns at the key-

hole. What they heard turned them pale—long, ardent, passionate discussions of evolution. Kant, biology, sociology, Labor. . . .

"My God!" breathed Jack, in real reverence, straightening up with a kink in his broad back after five minutes of this vulgar eavesdropping.

He repeated some of the things he had heard to Cherry, who stood beside him stemming giggles with a scrap of lace. Then, sincerely shocked, they went hand in hand and on tiptoe upstairs to Cherry's little boudoir. Once there they locked the doors and lighted cigarettes and Jack with a desperate gesture went to a cellorette and poured himself a stiff, and Cherry a little, one.

It was too much.

The professor departed for the Western College in which he held the chair of philosophy. And wrote regularly. April, reading his letters at the breakfast table under the black and blue fire of four curious eyes, would smile quietly and fold up the sheets and return them to their envelopes—when she didn't hand them over with the remark that they were of "great interest." Then Jack and Cherry would read them dutifully and understand about six words in ten.

A few weeks after this, on a gorgeous spring day, Cherry met young Howard Andrews at a party in the Ritz. Young Andrews was rougher and faster than any boy of his age—which was twenty-four—in New York. He'd been an aviator and had returned with medals and a limp and a fixed determination to get all there was out of life, having seen death a little too often. So he knew the value of living flesh and blood.

It so happened that he had never met Cherry until this momentous occasion and with the promptness that characterized him, he fell in love with her. He was just off with an old love—it had lasted six weeks—and had left the lady to console herself with her art, which was that of the Voiceless Undraped in the Follies.

Andrews, at a loose end, became enslaved.

A day or so later he appeared in Westchester driving an English car and when his card was brought to Cherry she gave a little scream.

"It's that bad Andrews boy!" she said with delight to Jack and the impassive butler, "Show him in, Hodges."

That began it. And when he'd left she said to Jack, a little wistfully,

"Our son—really."

JACK nodded. For young Andrews was all they'd planned for Junior—gay and generous, a little wicked, terribly appealing, as charming as a prince out of a fairy tale.

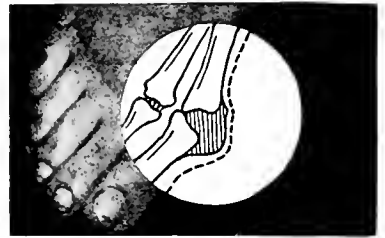
And he was motherless, which touched Cherry very much.

He came often. He did not meet April, for April was visiting a war work friend in Cleveland and indulging in a perfect orgy of some kind of research work. He met Jack, however, on every occasion and tried to hate him, but couldn't and only envied him instead.

"He's in love with you!" said Cherry's husband.

"Perhaps, poor boy. . . ." said Cherry with half a tear in one eye; "I wish he belonged to us!"

Now, you'll say, that was a reprehensible attitude for Mr. Masters to take. A careless "He's in love with you!" and no more, uttered with an air of "it's happened before, it will happen again and it's rather flattering, if anything." But as a matter of fact Jack had seen so many men fall in love with Cherry, with her gay sweet eyes and her friendliness and her vivacity and her beauty, that it didn't disturb him at all. Cherry could handle them. She never made an enemy, she never encouraged a scene, she never let a man down or showed a grain of malice or greed or meanness. Jack knew her too well to bother. He was only sorry, he said, for the poor devils who couldn't have her—he likened her to an alluring bakeshop display, with small, hungry boys standing outside on a cold street, their noses against the pane. And Cherry, who loved her own man so



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much that she was kind to all men but thought of them as bloodless shadows, tweaked his nose, kissed him behind the ear and said, "Nonsense!"

Then April came home, unheralded, on a day when Jack really had to go to business. He had no business, as you may have guessed, but sometimes he cut coupons and took his brokers to lunch.

April had a latch key. She didn't need it, with a million sleepless servants in the house, but she had it as a symbol. She therefore let herself in at the tea hour and walked straight into the smaller drawing room just as young Andrews slid, very gracefully for a wonder, to his immaculate knees and with Cherry's hand against his cheek, made a heartbreaking declaration.

"Oh!" said April.

Young Andrews rose, still with grace and not at all abashed. Cherry, who had just patted him on the head with her free hand and who had just opened her mouth to say that she thought he was a dear and was quite glad he cared for her, only he mustn't be silly because that would spoil things and would he dine with her and Jack tomorrow? sat quite still and never turned a red hair. Not feeling guilty she didn't act it. Instead, she said, in a pleased tone:

"April, my darling! Why didn't you phooe for a car?"

Young Andrews was presented, tea came and talk was general. Then Jack arrived with a stiff right arm from welding scissors and greeted his guest and his child. And there sat April, outwardly serene, but with her cold young heart flaming for the first time in her life, and flaming with a real passion. A passion of horror, of disgust, of wrath, at her mother, of pity for her father, and maternal anxiety for the poor duped youth whose dark head had shone so sleekly in the afternoon sunlight, whose dark eyes had been so full of other flames—flames she had not felt, and could not understand.

When April had gone, conscious of anticlimax and a little puzzled, and when April had gone to her own room to think things out, Cherry sat still in the smaller drawing room and gave Jack a graphic account of April's entrance.

"If only she'd come a minute later," she sighed. "Now, I'll have it to do all over again—Howard, I mean. He's such a dear—he doesn't really mean a word he says. But he's lonely—I wish we could do something for him."

She pondered and Jack laughed and frowned over her recital, and then the great black eyes shone with mischief and something softer—"Listen!"

She put her head on the shoulder so near her and whispered for five minutes. When she was silent Jack was speechless with admiration.

"Now if you had directed the late war—" he suggested, respectfully.

Young Andrews came often to the house in the hills. It was plain to April that he was being encouraged. Her father remained "blind." She struggled, poor young thing, with her conscience, her distaste for the unconventional, her loyalty, her real love for her "mistaken" mother. Struggled—was silent, until one day, her mother being out, she received young Andrews alone, clothed in some straight blue thing that fell in lovely lines about her body, with her face above it as pale and stern as that of a young archangel, and crowned with a halo of pale gold hair.

This was, she knew, her opportunity.

Now young Andrews, as Cherry very well knew, had grown a little tired of worshipping at the shrine of a gay goddess who was never serious and never sentimental. He had been so tenderly laughed at for his pains and pangs. Had been made an intimate of the household, so much a friend of his older host. And he was a nice boy, really. He was lonely, as Cherry had guessed, and he loved beauty. There was no vice in him, no real harm. Only boyishness and an effort to live up to an exaggerated repu-

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Puzzle Manager, GENTLEWOMAN MAGAZINE,
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tation. He wanted sympathy. He wanted—all the warm reach of humanity. He'd been in a war and he'd looked on things he couldn't forget. So he'd come home, a little reckless and feeling a little cynical. Just now he'd reached a stage when confession would be very good for his soul.

And April helped him—as Cherry had known she would.

There she sat now, in a great high carven chair, her pale head a flower against the dark background—and after a moment or two of banalities she spoke, hardly stirring, her long hands held hard in her lap—

“Mr. Andrews—”

He was sitting, a little gloomy and *distract*, on the couch opposite. He looked up quickly from the brown hands clasped around his knees and smiled.

“Miss Masters?”

“I think,” she said with the austerity of a nun and the sweetness and chill of ice-cream, “I think you come here too much.”

He brightened. Gloomed instantly.

“Your mother has said so—?”

“No—”

She paused, then went on, evenly:

“My mother—and I am not disloyal when I discuss her with you—my mother is used to admiration. She has always had it, she is a very beautiful woman. She is not—serious minded. She does not realize that she encourages people—”

Young Andrews broke in there.

“Then I'm not the first to—?”

“Oh, no!” She lifted her hand, looked at it, ticked off the roll call on the slender fingers, “There was Stephen Peters—and Tommy Lord—and Sir Henry Marshall—and the Frenchman whose name I've forgotten—and the Washington man and the Belgian attache and—oh, dozens,” she said hastily. “I shouldn't name them—you must understand there's never anything—sordid in it—it's only that she loves to be admired and my father doesn't seem to care—”

“I've noticed that,” said young Andrews, with even deeper gloom.

He rose and crossed the room and stood before her.

“You're right. I come here too much,” he said. “But she's very lovely—and I do care for her. Help me,” said young Andrews, with real appeal, “help me to get over it!”

SHE looked up at him. He was so young, so virile, so amazingly engaging. To her astonishment, she felt the rare color creep to her neck and cheek. Under young Andrews' melancholy and ardent eyes she bloomed as a pale rose blooms, to scarlet life. For one shining moment she had flashed from what he had secretly characterized as a pretty stick into a human, breathing girl, very lovely, very much aware of him. Young Andrews felt his heart miss a beat.

“If I can,” answered April, falteringly, un-sually.

He drew a hassock close beside her and sat at her knees, a worshiper at a saint's shrine.

“You're lovely—” he said—“so cool and sweet—”

It came over him suddenly, as it does to all normal young men in like circumstances, that he was a very sad dog indeed, stained with the world's dust, wholly unworthy to touch the hem of that heaven-blue garment. With this feeling of self abasement, paradoxically his self-respect came back. Damn it, he was a rotter, unfit and spoiled. That's how she made him feel. Cherry, on the other hand, made him feel like a little boy, a child whose lisp arouses tolerant laughter, about as wicked and as dangerous as a precocious cherub. In a word, April had given him back his manhood, his perilous, dark manhood.

He bent a little closer and laid those wicked lips against the cool white hand and then rose to his feet.

“May I come again . . . and often . . . to see you?”

And April said yes.

When their engagement was announced to April's parents there was rejoicing. Oh, but young Andrews was head over heels in love . . . and April, was she sure?

Her mother questioned her, the night of the announcement.

She went to the girl's white-and-rose room and sat beside her on the bed.

“Oh, yes . . .” said April, with eyes like stars. “I'm sure! You see—” she turned and laid her hand on her mother's—“you see, he needs me so much—he hasn't been *bad*, not really—he's just never had anyone to help him.” She stopped and blushed a little, blushing came so easily now, and added, in a rush, “Women have spoiled him—you too, Mother—you know he thought he was in love with you?”

Her mother held her close.

“No, my dearest, he was in love with love! Who would want December,” she asked smiling, “when he can have—April?”

“Oh, Mother!” April was shocked.

“December? Why, you're only just middle-aged!”

Cherry went to Jack for consolation.

So young Andrews came into safe harbor and never recognized the hand on the wheel. And quite sincerely told Cherry that he would be a son to her. He felt it. She was, after all, the mother—the gay, pretty, understanding mother he'd always wanted. Merely, when he met her his emotions got a little mixed, they were so used to running in one channel that he didn't quite recognize the difference in the current.

Something of this he told her in a long talk they had together.

HE TOOK April away from them and the big house in the first flushing of Autumn. When the car had gone and the farewells still rang in their ears . . . “Take care of mother!” (that was April) and “I'll be good to her, Dad!” (that was young Andrews, feeling pleasantly unworthy and radiantly happy), and after the guests had departed, Cherry and Jack sank into armchairs in the disordered room and looked at the wilting flowers and at each other.

“Cigarette!” said Cherry.

He gave her two. She lit them both and smoked them alternately. She kicked off her beaded slippers and put her slim silken feet in her husband's lap.

“If he hadn't needed reforming she would never have married him,” she said.

Heartless, middle-aged creatures, listen to them laugh.

Jack put her feet carefully on a cushion, departed, and then returned with two small glasses bright with an exotic liquor.

“Here's to them,” he said, tenderly, “bless 'em.”

When the toast was disposed of and they were sitting in one chair, Cherry asked:

“Happy?”

He kissed her.

“Will *they* be happy?” she pursued.

Jack pondered.

“Yes. She'll always have him to look after, he'll always be fetching his moral rubbers and she'll always feel that if it weren't for her he'd be a Very Bad Man indeed. Yes, they'll be happy. Much as I love our child, I confess she's been hard to live up to. Howard won't have to do that. She'll do all the living up for both of them.”

Cherry clapped her hands suddenly and spilled ashes in all directions.

“Grandchildren! Lots of them! Bad ones! Throw-backs . . . just like us!”

At this they clasped each other and rocked to and fro in a silent rapture. Now they could plan again.

“How we'll spoil them!” said Cherry, sleepily.

“Meantime,” said Jack, holding her very close, “meantime, my darling—you look about sixteen—kiss me, April's not here. . . . Alone at last—” he added, as she, with considerable enthusiasm, graciously complied.



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The Gentleman Known as Lew

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

best friends are writers . . . there's Odd McIntyre and Billy de Beck and Don Stewart. 'Bugs' Baer, too. All great fellows. . . Yes, I like writers."

And, as a matter of record, Lew does. But he also likes actors, directors, musicians, singers, dancers, vaudevillians, clerks, bank presidents, producers and just people. And they like Lew. He has no apparent enemies. On the other hand, he has no intimate friend. Plenty of acquaintances, plenty of people who mill around him, yes. But no particular confidant.

He shoots through the heaven of Hollywood like a comet, leaving in his wake a wide swath of admirers. Lew is the symbol of what most men would like to be.

A dilettante of life, sipping at its splendors. A thoroughly likeable chap, obliging and generous.

HE is always being called upon to officiate at premieres, at benefits, at bazaars, at beauty contests, at dance hall openings. And Lew is always there, debonair, wholly charming and witty. Idolized by the women, admired by the men.

And so funny, my dear, you'd die! Funny with that charming easy way of his that makes no one feel uncomfortable, as you do when awaiting a diamond-tipped barb from the lips of a John Barrymore. But funny, you know, like the time of the opening of "The Merry Widow" when Lew made a long and exceedingly complimentary speech about a rising young actor and then introduced himself! And then said that Norma Shearer couldn't come to the opening because her mother wouldn't allow her to stay up so late. Which was ridiculous, and everyone knew it.

They laughed so heartily that Marcus Loew, who was to make the next speech, had to wait until the laughter crept to the back of the house and made its exit. It wasn't so much what Lew had said, you must understand, but how he said it.

And there was that time—Lew laughs about it yet, and so does Jack Mulhall and "Buster" Keaton and Lloyd Hamilton—that they all went to New Orleans to be present at the opening of a new Loew theater.

Lew was master of ceremonies. He introduced Jack and "Buster" and Lloyd and they got their applause.

Then he launched into an introduction of "a little lady whom you all have seen on the screen many times. A little lady whom Hollywood loves as much as you do. Our favorite child actress—Baby Peggy!"

And onto the stage was trundled "Buster" Keaton with sunbonnet and nursing bottle, legs hanging over the side of a perambulator. "Baby Peggy" was followed by "Ham" Hamilton, alias "Pola Negri," in Spanish shawl and rose, and he was supplanted by Jack Mulhall as "Nita Naldi."

You see how resourceful Lew is. But that is not all. There was the grand chase that took place between Lew and "Ham"—I have forgotten the cause—but Lew did a Brody from the stage to the aisle and chased "Ham" around and around the theater amidst the exciting cackling and loud guffaws of the first night audience.

Lew chased him through an exit, down the street and caught him two blocks from the theater.

Still the fun was not ended. Not with Lew and "Ham." They ruffled their hair, untied their collars, Lew grabbed a fire hatchet from the lobby of the theater, and again the chase started.

The audience was gasping for breath. "Stop it, boys!" ordered Marcus Loew, whose speech had been interrupted by their

reappearance. It seems that Lew is forever cramping Loew's style. So Lew and "Ham" contented themselves with crawling up and down the aisles on all fours, whispering in stage tones:

"Here you are, folks! Popcorn and peanuts! With every nickel bag of peanuts you get a copy of Marcus Loew's mustache!"

You see what a very funny man Lew Cody can be if he wants. And he can be very romantic and very boyish, each at the right time and under the right circumstances.

He can be romantic when he talks of his first meeting with Mabel Normand, whom he recently made his fireside companion. He can be romantic and sentimental and boyish and wholly charming as he says he met her "years and years ago," and then smiles under that teasing mustache, "years ago, you know, when we were very young.

"Mabel promised to meet me on a certain street corner in New York at a certain time. I'm still waiting. But when I met Mabel again in Hollywood I vowed I'd make her pay. I did. I married her. And Mabel says she never enjoyed paying any debt more.

"We intended to take ourselves quite seriously—Mabel and I. Then one of our friends told Mabel that she certainly had married a big laugh, so," with a shrug of the shoulders, "we couldn't be serious. After all, we're both comedians. Why not laugh? It's nice to be able to laugh, together."

And it is, isn't it?

Cody can also be a bit bashful and embarrassed, as he was that night at the Wampas dinner for Irvin Cobb, when Lew, who is the mascot of the publicity men's association, was to follow the illustrious speechmaking of George Jessel and Marc Connelly and Irvin Cobb. It was the same Lew who is so brilliantly clever on other occasions who fumbled with his water glass, said a very few words and sat down with almost an apology on his lips.

Perhaps it was the weather, or perhaps it was the mood, but whatever it was, Lew's presence was greeted with the same warmth as though he had given his famous French-Canadian monologue for the first time.

There must be something genuine in the Wampas' affection for Lew. They gave him a hip flask, all hammered silver, on which was engraved:

"To Lew Cody, for no good reason." Lew uses it to carry chocolate malted milk.

"Have you heard of my stinkin' dinners?" There being a negative nod, Lew continued: "Every once in a while I get the press boys together for dinner at my house . . . a stinkin' dinner. I have corned beef and cabbage and plates of young onions and radishes. For dessert we have cheeses—Limburger, Roquefort, all the smelly cheeses I can get. A real stinkin' dinner—reminds me, I must have one soon."

NOW it's up to me when I see the long slim girl with the blue, blue eyes and the gold, gold hair and the long, long lashes, to tell her all that I have told you. I will tell her, too, that Lew was born in Berlin, New Hampshire, for she will be interested, and that his name was originally Cote. That he was educated at McGill College in Montreal and studied medicine. Then he turned to the study of dramatic art and went on the stage. Eventually he owned five stock companies and played in vaudeville.

When pictures were very, very young he came to Hollywood. I will tell her of his marriage. That will crush her.

No longer will I have to introduce her. Which is lucky when you consider Lew's tantalizing eyes, that teasing mustache, that devil-within cleft in the chin.

Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"HOTEL IMPERIAL"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Lajos Biro. Directed by Mauritz Stiller. The cast: *Anna Sédlak*, Pola Negri; *János Farkas* (*Almasy*), James Hall; *General Aschkievitch*, George Siegmann; *Elias Butlerman*, Max Davidson; *Tabakowitsch*, Michael Vavitch; *Anton Klinak*, Otto Fries; *Baron Fredrikson*, Nicholas Soussanin; *Maj. Gen. Sultanov*, Golden Wadams.

"FAUST"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Based on story by Goethe. Manuscript by Hans Kyser. Directed by F. W. Murnau. Photography by Carl Hoffman. The cast: *Cherub*, Werner Fuetterer; *The Evil Spirit*, called *Mephisto*, Emil Jannings; *Faus*'s, Gosta Ekman; *Marguerite*, Camilla Horn; *Her Mother*, Freida Richard; *Her Brother Valentine*, Wilhelm Dieterle; *Her Aunt Martha*, Vvette Guilbert; *The Duke*, Eric Barclay; *The Duchess*, Hanna Ralph.

"WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Monty Brice. Scenario by John McDermott. Directed by Edward Sutherland. Photography by Charles Boyle. The cast: *Knockout Hanson*, Wallace Beery; *Sinky Smith*, Raymond Hutton; *Captain Smithers*, Chester Conklin; *Sailor Percival Scruggs*, Tom Kennedy; *Radio Officer*, Donald Keith; *Madelyn Phillips*, Lorraine Eaton; *U. S. Admiral*, Joseph W. Girard; *Admiral Puckerlip*, Max Asher.

"RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, THE"—WILLIAM FOX.—From the stage play by David Belasco. Adapted by Bradley King. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Peter Grimm*, Alec B. Francis; *Fredrik Grimm*, John Roche; *Catherine*, Janet Gaynor; *James Hartman*, Richard Walling; *Andrew MacPherson*, John St. Polis; *Rev. Henry Bartholomey*, Lionel Belmore; *Mrs. Bartholomey*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Marla*, Bodil Rosing; *William*, Mickey McBan; *Annamarie*, Florence Gilbert; *The Clown*, Sammy Cohen; *Tob*, the dog, Hank.

"UPSTAGE"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Walter De Leon. Scenario by Lorna Moon. Directed by Monta Bell. Photography by Gaetano Gaudio. The cast: *Dolly Haven*, Norma Shearer; *Johnny Storm*, Oscar Shaw; *Sam Davis*, Tenen Holtz; *Divie Mason*, Gwen Lee; *Miss Weaver*, Dorothy Phillips; *Mr. Weston*, J. Frank Glendon; *Wallace King*, Ward Crane; *Stage Manager*, Charles Meakin.

"EVERYBODY'S ACTING"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Marshall Neilan. Scenario by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by Marshall Neilan. Photography by David Kesson. The cast: *Doris Poole*, Betty Bronson; *Michael Poole*, Ted Sterling; *Anastasia Potter*, Louise Dresser; *Ted Potter*, Lawrence Gray; *Thorpe*, Henry Walthall; *Ernest Rice*, Raymond Hitchcock; *Clayton Budd*, Stuart Holmes; *Peter O'Brien*, Edward Martindel; *Paul Singleton*, Philo McCullough; *Bridewell Potter*, Jed Prouty; *Barbara Potter*, Jocelyn Lee.

"SYNCOPIATING SUE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the stage play by Reginald Goode. Adapted by Adelaide Heilbron. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *Susan Adams*, Corinne Griffith; *Eddie Murphy*, Tom Moore; *Arthur Bennett*, Rockcliffe Fellowes; *Joe Horn*, Lee Moran; *Roge Adams*, Joyce Compton; *Laudlady*, Sunshine Hart; *Marjorie Rambeau*, Marjorie Rambeau.

"LOVE'S BLINDNESS"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story and adaptation by Elinor Glyn. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The

cast: *Vanessa Levy*, Pauline Starke; *Inbert Culverdale*, Eighth Earl of St. Austel, Antonio Moreno; *Alice* (*Duchess of Lincolnwood*), Lilyan Tashman; *Benjamin Levy*, Sam de Grasse; *Charles Langley*, Douglas Gilmore; *Marchioness of Hurlshire*, Kate Price; *Marquis of Hurlshire*, Tom Ricketts; *Col. Ralph Dangerfield*, V. C., Earl Metcalfe; *Oscar Issacson*, George Waggoner; *Madame De Jainon*, Rose Dione; *Valet*, Ned Sparks.

"MILLIONAIRES"—WARNER BROS.—Suggested by the story by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Screen story by Raymond L. Schrock. Directed by Herman Raymaker. Photography by Byron Heskins. The cast: *Meyer Rubens*, George Sidney; *Reba*, Louise Fazenda; *Esther Rubens*, Vera Gordon; *Maurice*, Nat Carr; *Ida*, Helene Costello; *Lew*, Arthur Lubin; *Lottie*, Myrna Loy; *Detective*, Otto Hoffman; *Helper in Tailor Shop*, William Strauss.

"MAGICIAN, THE"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Somerset Maugham. Adapted and directed by Rex Ingram. The cast: *Margaret Danney*, Alice Terry; *Oliver Haddo*, Paul Wegener; *Dr. Arthur Burdon*, Ivan Petrovich; *Dr. Porhoel*, Firmin Gemier; *Susie Boyd*, Gladys Hamer.

"PRIVATE IZZY MURPHY"—WARNER BROS.—From the story by Raymond L. Shrock and Edward Clark. Scenario by Philip Lonergan. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Photography by Virgil Miller. The cast: *Izzy Murphy*, George Jessel; *Eileen Cohanigan*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Sara Goldberg*, Vera Gordon; *The Shadchen*, Nat Carr; *Jacob Goldberg*, William Strauss; *The Monahan Kid*, "Spec" O'Donnell; *Cohanigan*, Gustav von Seyffertitz; *The Attorney*, Tom Murray.

"MIDNIGHT LOVERS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the stage play by J. E. Harold Terry. Scenario by Carey Wilson. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Major William Ridgewell*, R. F. C., Lewis Stone; *Diana Fothergill*, Anna Q. Nilsson; *Owen Ffolliott*, John Roche; *Moriarity*, Chester Conklin; *Heatley*, Dale Fuller; *Wibley*, Purnell Pratt; *Archer*, Harvey Clark.

"EXIT SMILING"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Marc Connelly. Scenario by Sam Taylor and Tim Whelan. Directed by Sam Taylor. The cast: *Violet*, Beatrice Lillie; *Jimmy Marsh*, Jack Pickford; *Olga*, Doris Lloyd; *Orlando Wainwright*, DeWitt Jennings; *Macomber*, D'Arcy Corrigan; *Cecil Lovelace*, Franklin Pangborn; *Jack Hastings*, William Gillespie; *Dave*, the *Stage Hand*, Carl Richards; *Jesse Watson*, Harry Myers; *Canada Phillips*, Tenen Holtz; *Phyllis*, Louise Lorraine.

"SO'S YOUR OLD MAN"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Julian Street. Adapted by Howard Emmett Rogers. Directed by Gregory La Cava. Photography by George Webber. The cast: *Samuel Bisbee*, W. C. Fields; *Princess Lescauboura*, Alice Joyce; *Kenneth Murchison*, Charles Rogers; *Alice Bisbee*, Kittens Reichert; *Mrs. Bisbee*, Marcia Harris; *Mrs. Murchison*, Julia Ralph; *Jeff*, Frank Montgomery; *Al*, Jerry Sinclair.

"RED HOT HOOFS"—F. B. O.—Story by George Worthington. Continuity by F. A. E. Pine. Directed by Robert De Lacy. Photography by John Leezer. The cast: *Tom Buckley*, Tom Tyler; *Frankie Buckley*, Frankie Darro; *Frances Morris*, Dorothy Dunbar; *Gerald Morris*, Stanley Taylor; *Jim Morris*, Harry O'Connor; *Battling Jack Riley*, Al Kaufman; *Al Skelly*, Barney Furey.

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"LONDON"—BRITISH NATIONAL PICTURES-PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Thomas Burke. Directed by Herbert Wilcox. The cast: *Matis Hogan, Dorothy Gish, Artist, John Manners; Paul Belmond, Adelqui Millar; Kate, Elissa Landi; King of Chinatown, Gibb McLaughlin.*

"OUTLAW EXPRESS, THE"—PATHE.—Written and arranged by Ford I. Beebe. Directed by Leo D. Maloney. The cast: *Miles Wayburn, Leo Maloney; Ann Townsend, Joan Renee; Sheriff Townsend, Melbourne MacDowell; Carl Larson, Albert Hart; John Mills, Henry Otto; His Secretary, Paul Hurst; Ma Homsteller, Evelyn Thatcher; "Chaw" Egan, Nelson McDowell; "Borax" Jones, Fred Burns; "Blackie" Lewis, Bud Osborne; Scott, Frank Ellis.*

"BELLS, THE"—CHADWICK.—From the play by Ereckmann-Chatrain. Directed by James Young. The cast: *Mathias, Lionel Barrymore; Koweski, Fred Warren; Jesmerist, Boris Karloff; Frantz, Gustav von Seffertitz; Annette, Lola Todd; Christian, Eddie Phillips.*

"COLLEGE DAYS"—TIFFANY.—Story and continuity by A. P. Younger. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Photography by Milton Moore and Mack Stengler. The cast: *Mary Ward, Marceline Day; Jim Gordon, Charles Delaney; Larry Powell, James Harrison; Phyllis, Duane Thompson; Kenneth Slade, Brooks Benedict; Louise, Kathleen Key; Bessie, Edna Murphy; Mr. Gordon, Robert Homans; Kent, Crauford Kent; Bryson, Charles Wellesley; Carter, Gibson Gowland; Prof. Maynard, Lawford Davidson; Coach, Pat Harmon; Dean, William A. Carroll.*

"THAT MODEL FROM PARIS"—TIFFANY.—Suggested by the story by Gouverneur Morris. Adapted by Frederica Sagor. Directed by Louis J. Gasnier. The cast: *Jane Miller, Marceline Day; Robert Richmond, Bert Lytell; Mammie, Eileen Percy; Morgan Grant, Ward Crane; Lila, Miss Dupont; Monsieur Martel, Arthur Hoyt; Henry Marsh, Crauford Kent; Mr. Katz, Otto Lederer; Katz & Katz's Cashier, Sabel Johnson; Office Boy, Leon Holmes; Masseuse, Nellie Bly Baker; Grant's Valet, George Kuwa.*

"SHAMEFUL BEHAVIOR"—PREFERRED PICTURES.—Story by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Adapted by Douglas Bronston. Directed by Albert Kelley. Photography by Nicolas Musuraca. The cast: *Daphne Carroll, Edith Roberts; Custis Lee, Harland Tucker; Jack Lee, Richard Tucker; Mrs. Calhoun, Martha Mattox; Joan Lee, Grace Carlyle; Sally Long, Louise Carver; The Butler, Hayes Robertson.*

"HIS NEW YORK WIFE"—PREFERRED PICTURES.—Story and screen play by Leon Abrams. Directed by Albert Kelley. Photography by Nicholas Musuraca. The cast: *Lila Lake, Alice Day; Philip Thorne, Theodor Von Eltz; Alicia Duval, Ethel Clayton; Lila's Aunt, Edith Yorke; Julia Hewitt, Fontaine La Rue; Jimmy Duval, Charles Cruze.*

"SPANGLES"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Nellie Revell. Adapted by Leah Baird. Directed by Frank O'Connor. Photography by Andre Barletier. The cast: *Spangles, Marian Nixon; Dick, Pat O'Malley; Bowman, Hobart Bosworth; Mlle. Dazie, Gladys Brockwell; Vincent, Jay Emmet; Zip, James Conly; Bearded Lady, Grace Gordon; Armless Man, Paul Howard; Giant, Tiny Ward; Dwarf, Charles Becker; Fat Woman, Nelle B. Lane; Kaulzins, Clarence Wertz; Strong Man, Harry Schultz; Skeleton, Herbert Skelly.*

"THERE YOU ARE"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—From the novel by F. Hugh Herbert. Adaptation and continuity by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. Photography by Maximilian Fabian. The cast: *George Fenwick, Conrad Nagel; Joan Randolph, Edith Roberts; William Randolph, George Fawcett; Anita Grant, Gwen Lee; Eddie Gibbs, Eddie Gribbon; J. Watson Peters, Phillips Smalley; Mrs. Gibbs, Gertrude Bennett.*

"PLEASURE GARDEN, THE"—ARTLEE.—From the story by Oliver Sandy. Adapted by Eliot Stannard. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. The cast: *Patsy Brand, Virginia Valli; Jill Cheyne, Carmelita Geraghty; Levit, Miles Mander; Hugh Fielding, John Stuart; Hamilton, George Snell; Prince Ivan, C. Falkenberg; Mr. Sidney, Fred Martini; Mrs. Sidney, Florence Helminger.*

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

THAT MODEL FROM PARIS—Tiffany

HERE is a fairly amusing number of the office plain Jane who poses as a model from Paris. Bert Lytell is the gay son of the owner of the establishment and he falls hard. The villainous Ward Crane does his dirty work and Bert loses faith in the girl. Later the lovers are reunited and then—the final clinch. Sounds rather interesting, eh—well, the pleasure is yours.

THERE YOU ARE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

POP is the kind of a fellow that has a very efficient Bohby secretary. Daughter is the kind of a girl who has her say-so in everything. She decides the secretary is all wet and under her guidance what a guy he turns out to be. They elope with the usual chase by the pater and everything turns out hunky-dory. It really is quite amusing—and we can think of duller ways of spending your evening.

HIS NEW YORK WIFE—Bachman

THE little country girl again comes to New York to become a success in life. She takes to writing plays—but is unsuccessful. Then

she accepts a position as a secretary, which demands that she pose as the wife of a rich college youth. She falls in love with the lawyer who tries to buy her off—lots of complications, but little entertainment. Alice Day, Theodor Von Eltz and Ethel Clayton are in the cast. Fair.

THE OUTLAW EXPRESS—Pathe

CURSES, curses, curses! Mail robbers again. Will the great open spaces never be cleared of these bold unscrupulous marauders? But wait—a stranger appears and the plot thickens as he falls in love with the sheriff's daughter. You've heard all this before? Yes, so have we. Leo Maloney, the hero, is far from any young girl's fancy. The best that may be said of this piece, however, is that it is just a picture.

THE PLEASURE GARDEN—Aywon

PROBABLY one of the worst of the foreign pictures that was ever put together—even though it does boast of two American players—Virginia Valli and Carmelita Geraghty. Poor direction and lighting, over-acting and an inexcusably bad story. When this comes to

your local theater spend the evening at home with the kiddies for it doesn't contain any nourishing food for grown-up intellects.

COLLEGE DAYS—Tiffany

THE football season is on! It's the same old story of the smart aleck freshman who falls in love with a sweet little girl. He makes the team but breaks training the day before the big game. At the proper time he is allowed to play and the day is saved for the dear old Alma Mater. It's good entertainment if

you haven't been fed up on the football entertainment already.

SHAMEFUL BEHAVIOR—Bachman

TALK about laughing at your own jokes—we didn't begin to realize that this was a comedy until we read the press sheet. It states, "The laugh picture you've waited for! A gay burlesque of censors and reformers that's farcically funny." But don't believe everything you see and hear. This is far from being a comedy knock-out.

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

MRS. P. C. L.:

I wouldn't wear brown, if I were you, but any of the tan shades should be flattering to you. The more delicate pastel shades belong to the blondes, but you should be able to wear the yellows and those bordering on red. The simplest styles are always the best styles. You can adopt that for a shopping rule and never go wrong.

A. J. M.:

You don't need to gain weight. You are heavy enough now. You can wear white, relieved with some other color: golden brown; blue; green; blue gray; darkest purple; no red; pale pink and soft rose. If you are serious about taking up stage dancing, you should go to New York, for it has the best dancing instructors. Of course you don't have to be coarse to be a chorus girl. There are some very nice chorus girls these days.

MARY ELLEN FOX:

It wouldn't do any particular harm, Mary Ellen, for you to use one of the light mascaras like Maybelline on your eyelashes. Don't use so much that it is particularly noticeable. Used regularly, it has a tendency to dye the lashes. Your red eyelids are probably due to a combination of two things—a lack of physical tone and putting your eyes under some strain in reading or work. If you build up your general health your eyelids will go back to normal.

BUNTY:

No, I do not think that you are lucky in not having a mother, though you are lucky your father is so kind to you. But every girl's mother is one of the most important factors in her life. Yes, I think you're pretty young to go to parties with boys, but if your father approves it probably is quite all right. Dark, rachel powder would be the best for you. You can wear white, relieved in some other color; golden brown; blue; darkest purple; no red; pale pink and soft rose. The following formula is very effective for freckles: Oxyschloride of bismuth, one dram; calomel, one-sixth grain; peroxide of hydrogen, one dram; lanolin and vaseline, four ounces each.

MRS. H. L. B., WORCHESTER:

You are quite right in your choice of colors. Bright red is delightful for an occasional change. You could wear violet nicely and pale green. I like such colors in lighter materials. Yellow is very cheery and would become you. With your fine complexion, use very little powder. Natural color is a great asset. Don't cover it up.

BEATRICE L., CHICAGO:

Unless your skin is very fair, rachel powder is best with your black hair. Don't touch-up your hair. It will look artificial then and be a continual nuisance and expense to you. You are washing your hair too often. Brush it more. Simplify your diet, exercise more and drink sufficient water. I believe that will do away with your skin trouble.

G. M. L., DETROIT:

You should be thankful that nature has endowed you with a distinctive personality. Don't try to look like everyone else. That isn't an asset, and your black hair and almost eyes sound fascinating. I would use rachel powder. Correct diet and exercise will reduce any one. Eliminate potatoes, candy, white bread and pastries from your diet. Eat green vegetables and salads. Exercise all you can.

REBECCA H., NORTH CAROLINA:

The best thing to use on your hair to make it glisten is a hair brush. Brush and brush, and your hair will grow thicker and shine beautifully. You should be able to wear almost any color. Grey would be splendid with your eyes and it is a fashionable color this year. The lines around the mouth may only be laughter lines.

BLANCA M.:

Never, never put powder or vanishing cream over old powder. It clogs the pores and only adds to the oily condition of your skin. There are special cold creams made for oily skins and also astringents that will help correct this condition. After you wash your face with warm water, be sure to rinse it thoroughly, first with warm water and then with cold. Or you can rub your face with ice, being careful not to allow the ice to remain on the skin too long. The cold water will close the pores. Bathing the face with witch hazel is another excellent remedy.

EVELYN:

I am not surprised that you suffer from that "dull feeling." It is the result, I imagine, of plunging into a sedentary life after your interest in athletics. But why not keep on with the sports that you enjoy? Walk all you can, play tennis and seize every opportunity you can for being out in the open air. Choose your companions from friends with similar interests. Also watch your diet. Eat fruits and green vegetables and don't eat too much. You are leading a quiet life and it's a great temptation to eat too much and exercise too little. As for the young man, he sounds jolly and friendly, so why give up a diverting friendship?

QUESTION BOX:

Yes, you are six pounds overweight. And once again, I must recommend plenty of exercise in the open air. And watch the starchy foods! The creams you mention are excellent for the skin and the depilatory is safe and effective. Do you rinse your face thoroughly after washing? Use first hot water and then cold. Too many rich foods will make your skin oily. You can wear golden brown, blue, blue gray, pale pink and soft rose. Use natural face powder and a coral color lipstick. And your eyebrow stick should match the color of your hair. High-heeled slippers aren't correct for daytime wear, except for afternoon parties. The medium heel is better for ordinary wear. If you want to look taller, wear dresses with long, straight lines.



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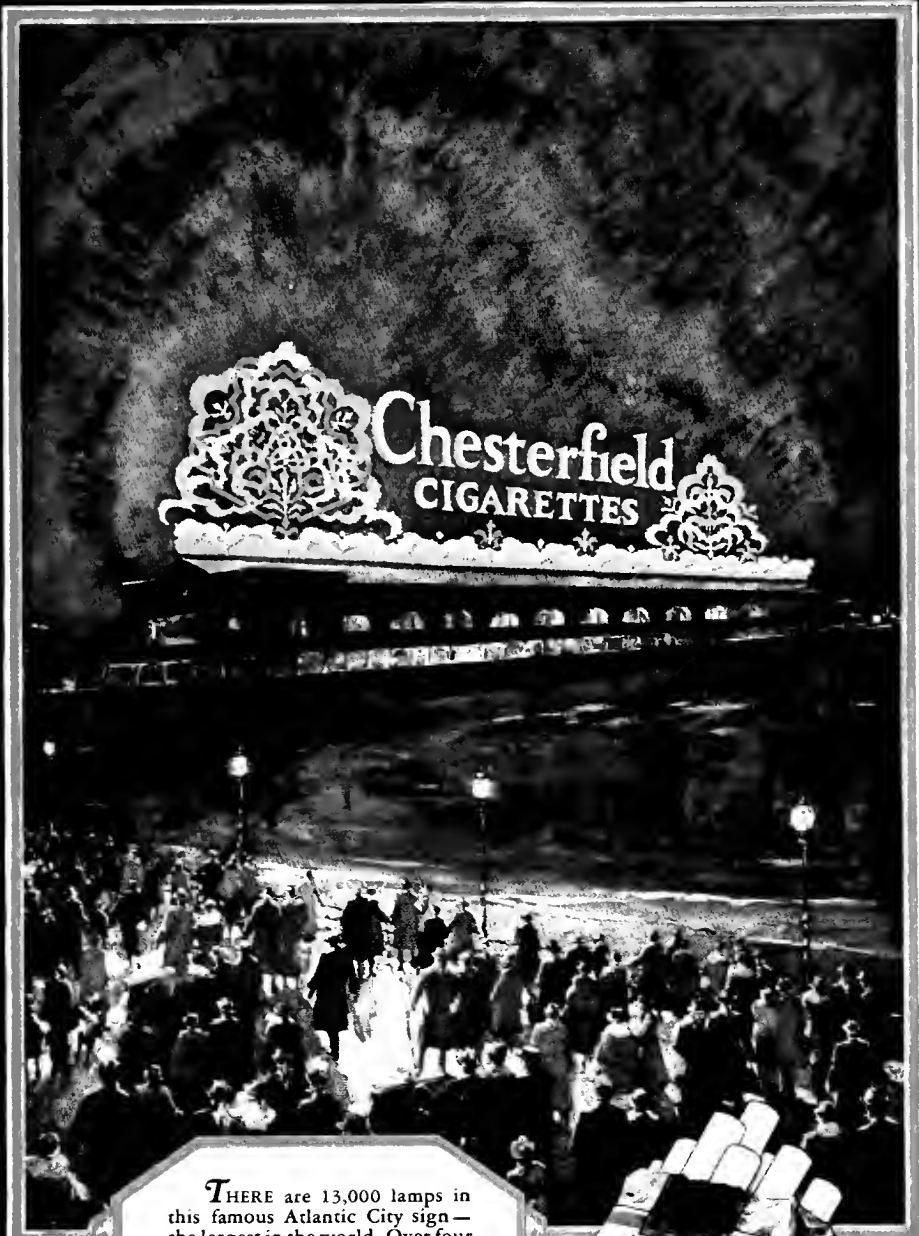
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Choose Your Age—

Don't accept the verdict of the years

This simple rule in daily care is preserving youthful charm for thousands . . . follow it for one week, note the difference that comes

THERE are proved ways and unproved ways in skin care. The wise woman chooses the proved way.

The rule printed in the text at the right is probably responsible for more naturally clear and youthful skins than any other method known.

It is one any one can follow without expense or bother. Its results are proved on every side.

"BE forty if you must, but never for an instant look it," is the modern woman's doctrine.

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The right way is the natural way. It starts with soap and water, with pores kept clean and open so as to naturally perform their functions.

Do that in the right way, with the right kind of soap, and you will be surprised at the results that come. Leading skin specialists have learned that proper cleansing is probably responsible for more youthful skins beyond the allotted time than any other method known. Try this for a week and note the result.

The rule and how to follow it

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the

evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

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Good cooking is an art, and whether we dine in our homes, or take our dinner out, our palates are tempted by things to eat that melt easily in the mouth.

We delight in the smoothest sauces, in tender juicy viands, in the creamiest concoctions. Our vegetables, our fruits and our grains are over-refined and stripped of fibre, devoid of roughage—even before we cook them.

And only the dentist rises to protest. Observing the plague of gum disorders, studying their causes, treating their effects, the dentists declare, in a voice almost unanimous, that this modern diet, this soft, creamy food that we enjoy so much, is at the root of all these troubles which so beset our gums in this day and age.

**Why our soft food brings on
"Pink tooth brush"**

The gums, like all living tissues, need exercise—and stimulation is what our soft diet utterly fails to give them.

No longer does the act of mastication, by natural stimulation and massage, speed to the gums fresh blood, to nourish and sustain them. And as if that were not enough, our national habit of hasty eating adds to the life of lethargy so damaging for our gums. In consequence, our gums grow flaccid and lopy. They become soft and tender and unhealthy. "Pink tooth brush" appears, a

Wherever or whenever you dine—your food lacks roughage and fibre. Modern food does not—it cannot—give your gums the exercise and stimulation they need to keep them in health. That is why the dentists are turning to massage and to Ipana Tooth Paste.



warning of more stubborn troubles to come.

That is a frank statement in a layman's language of the dentists' findings. But, very logically, as they name the danger and point out the cause, they indicate, too, a remedy that is both simple and effective.

**How Ipana and massage help to
restore the gums to health**

We must give back to the gums, the dentists argue, the stimulation soft food has taken from them. We must stir up the circulation and speed to the weakened tissue, fresh and strengthening blood. In short, we must massage the gums.

And if you will ask your own dentist, prob-

ably he will advise that with this massage, you use Ipana Tooth Paste because of Ipana's content of ziratol. He knows ziratol—an antiseptic and hemostatic that for years has been valuable to dentists in allaying bleeding and in toning weakened gum tissue. He knows Ipana. Our professional men have demonstrated its virtues to 50,000 dentists, and they, in fact, by introducing it to their

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Paramount Pictures



Paramount Guide to the Best Motion Pictures

Check the ones you have seen, make a date for the others, and don't miss any! Your Theatre Manager will tell you when.

TITLE	PLAYERS	DATE
SO'S YOUR OLD MAN	Starring W. C. FIELDS. With Alice Joyce and Charles Rogers. Directed by Gregory La Cava.	
THE GREAT GATSBY	Warner Baxter, Lois Wilson, Neil Hamilton, William Powell and Georgia Hale. Directed by Herbert Brenon.	
EVERYBODY'S ACTING	BETTY BRONSON, Ford Sterling, Louise Dresser, Lawrence Gray, Henry Walthall and Raymond Hitchcock. Directed by Marshall Neilan.	
WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW	Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton. Directed by Edward Sutherland.	
THE CANADIAN	Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. Directed by William Beaudine.	
LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM	Evelyn Brent, Louise Brooks, Lawrence Gray. Directed by Frank Tuttle.	
STRANDED IN PARIS	Starring BEBE DANIELS. With James Hall and Ford Sterling. Directed by Arthur Rosson.	
Zane Grey's MAN OF THE FOREST	Jack Holt, George Fawcett, El Brendel, Georgia Hale, Tom Kennedy. Warner Oland. Directed by John Waters.	
THE POPULAR S'N	Starring FLORENCE VIDOR. With Clive Brook, Greta Nissen, Philip Strange, Andre Beranger. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair.	
LET IT RAIN	Starring DOUGLAS MACLEAN. Directed by Eddie Clive.	
PARADISE FOR TWO	Starring RICHARD DIX. With Betty Bronson. Directed by Gregory La Cava.	
THE POTTERS	Starring W. C. FIELDS. Directed by Fred Newmeyer.	
BLONDE OR BRUNETTE	Starring ADOLPHE MENJOU. With Greta Nissen and Arlette Marchal. Directed by Richard Rosson.	
GOD GAVE ME 20 CENTS	Lois Moran, Lya de Putti, Jack Mulhall. Directed by Herbert Brenon.	
LONDON	Starring DOROTHY GISH. Directed by Herbert Wilcox.	

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IVAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXXI

No. 3

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February, 1927

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The Port of Missing Girls

By
**Adela Rogers
St. Johns**

The first of a remarkable series of six short stories will appear in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY. No one knows Hollywood so completely as Mrs. St. Johns. These stories are taken from life.

Hollywood! That's the Port of Missing Girls

What becomes of the thousands of beautiful and charming girls who seek glory and fortune in the movies? Mrs. St. Johns is going to tell you in

Photoplay

=

**March Issue
On the Newsstands
February 15**



Golden Hours with Greater FBO

MIGHTY Epic of Boyhood — the Boy Scouts! With the Greatest of Western Stars and His Gallant Horse Racing With Love! Death! Victory! Across Cactus Lands Toward the Setting Sun.

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THOMSON

and
SILVER KING

in
"A REGULAR SCOUT"



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Comedy Sensation!**



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Kit Guard

Al Cooke

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JOSEPH P. KENNEDY presents

H. C. WITWER'S Carnival of Comedy

Her Father Said NO!



Distributed by
GREATER



Directed by JACK McKEOWN

Adapted by AL BOASBERG

From the H. C. Witwer Collier's Magazine Story "Charlotte's Ruse"

Produced and Distributed by Film Booking Offices of America, Inc.



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

AGE OF CADS, THE—Paramount.—Just missed being one of the six best. Menjou, Alice Joyce and Luther Reed's sane direction make it interesting. (December.)

ACROSS THE PACIFIC—Warner Bros.—The old native gal was just as vamps in the days of the Philippine insurrection as she is today. You'll be bored to death. (December.)

AMATEUR GENTLEMAN, THE—First National.—It's not Dick Barthelmess at his best—but who gives a hook about story or anything else as long as we have Dick. (Nov.)

***BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Your season won't be complete unless you see this picture. It's safe enough for the children. John Gilbert and Eleanor Boardman head the cast. (Nov.)

BATTLING BUTLER—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Here's an amusing number presented by Buster Keaton. Check this a must. (Nov.)

***BEAU GESTE**—Paramount.—Percival Wren's best seller has been followed with fidelity. The screen's best mystery story. (Nov.)

BELLS, THE—Chadwick.—An old favorite with some real Barrymore acting by brother Lionel. If you like heavy drama, here is your meat. (January.)

BETTER MAN, THE—F. B. O.—Richard Talmadge with his usual bag of tricks. That's all. (September.)

***BETTER 'OLE, THE**—Warner Bros.—Svd Chaplin makes a picture which is to comedy what "The Big Parade" is to drama. It's the type of comedy that Charlie made, years ago. (December.)

BIGGER THAN BARNUM'S—F. B. O.—Here's the old circus formula again. Not good enough and not bad enough to create a stir. (September.)

BLARNEY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—If it wasn't for Renee Adoree this certainly would be a lot of blarney. (December.)

BLUE EAGLE, THE—Fox.—A fair picture. (Nov.)

BORN TO THE WEST—Paramount.—Lives up to its name in exciting fashion without a thrill left out. A good Zane Grey Western. (September.)

BREED OF THE SEA—F. B. O.—Be sure to see this fascinating, romantic and adventurous sea tale. (December.)

BROKEN HEARTS OF HOLLYWOOD—Warner Bros.—It's just as bad as it sounds. (December.)

BROWN DERBY, THE—First National.—Good light entertainment for those who prefer the sudden loud laugh to the slow smile. (August.)

BUCKING THE TRUTH—Universal.—A story of the great West with quite some riding and excitement. Pete Morrison is the star. (August.)

CAMPUS FLIRT, THE—Paramount.—Not to be outdone by the football heroes, Bebe Daniels shows the feminine side of college life in a neat running suit. Amusing. (December.)

CHASING TROUBLE—Universal.—Just Western bokum. (August.)

CLINGING VINE, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A goofy plot, trite and tedious. (September.)

COLLEGE BOOB, THE—F. B. O.—Lefty Flynn, in a popular college football affair. It will please the youngsters. (October.)

COLLEGE DAYS—Titanic.—Once again the day is saved for dear old Alma Mater on the football field. But isn't it about time to desert football for chess? (January.)

COUNTRY BEYOND, THE—Fox.—Another of James Oliver Curwood's stories of the great North makes good screen material. (December.)

COWBOY COP, THE—F. B. O.—Don't miss the delightful combination of Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro. They're good. (October.)

DANGEROUS DUB, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—Buddy Roosevelt does some hard, fast riding—with little else to recommend. O. K. for the kiddies. (September.)

DEAD LINE, THE—F. B. O.—Stay home. This is terrible. (September.)

***DEVIL HORSE, THE**—Pathé.—A picture that is worth your money. A family picture—one that we recommend. (August.)

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

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

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

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

DEVIL'S ISLAND—Chadwick.—At least we can recommend the performance of Pauline Frederick. The rest of the picture is the bunk. (October.)

DIPLOMACY—Paramount.—Sardou's play had its fate lifted by Marshall Neilan—unsuccessfully. (Nov.)

***DON JUAN**—Warner Bros.—A picture that has great acting, thrilling melodrama and real beauty. With the Vitaphone, a real film event. (October.)

DUCHESS OF BUFFALO, THE—First National.—Connie Talmadge in a brisk, racy and lightly amusing farce. (October.)

ELLA CINDERS—First National.—Colleen Moore breaks into the movies in this enjoyable Cinderella story. Take the children. (August.)

***EVERYBODY'S ACTING**—Paramount.—A great cast, an entertaining story and some of Mickey Neilan's happiest direction. A refreshing and amusing tale of stage life. (January.)

EXIT SMILING—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A comedy story that fails to "jell." Plus Beatrice Lillie, a stage cut-up, who fails to register. Sorry. (Jan.)

FAMILY UPSTAIRS, THE—Fox.—Take the whole family to see this enjoyable picture. (October.)

***FAUST**—UFA-M.-G.-M.—An extraordinary adaptation of Goethe's poem, with Emil Jannings as *Mephisto* and Camilla Horn as *Marguerite*. Miss Horn runs away with the picture. It's a fine achievement. (January.)

***FIG LEAVES**—Fox.—A slender little story built around a gorgeous fashion show filmed in colors. Olive Borden runs away with the picture. (Sept.)

FINE MANNERS—Paramount.—Gloria Swanson is delightful in one of those rôles she does so perfectly—that of a shabby working girl who loves devotedly. (October.)

FLAME OF THE ARGENTINE, THE—F. B. O.—A change of scenery is about the only new thing in Evelyn Brent's latest. (September.)

FLAME OF THE YUKON, THE—Prod. Dist. Corp.—A magnetic story of the adventures of the gold-seekers in the far North. Only for the big folks. (August.)

FOOTLOOSE WIDOWS—Warner Bros.—How to win a millionaire husband—according to the movies. This belongs in the "quite interesting" list. (Sept.)

FOR ALIMONY ONLY—Producers Dist. Corp.—A light sophisticated domestic comedy for grown-ups. (December.)

FOREVER AFTER—First National.—All the ingredients of a box-office picture—sweet girl and boy romance, football and war. Passable. (December.)

FOURTH COMMANDMENT, THE—Universal.—Cast your eagle eyes over the pictures we recommend and forget that such a thing as this was ever produced. (December.)

FRONTIER TRAIL, THE—Pathé.—A red-blooded Western with Harry Carey. If you like swift melodrama you are sure to like this one. (August.)

GAY DECEIVER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Plenty of glitter of the Paris variety in this entertaining piece. (Nov.)

GENTLE CYCLONE, THE—Fox.—Not up to the standard of the usual Buck Jones feature. (August.)

GIGOLO—Producers Dist. Corp.—Rod La Rocque's fine performances rescue this from the lukum class. (December.)

GLENISTER OF THE MOUNTED—F. B. O.—Lefty Flynn in an Arthur Guy Empey story of the Mounted Police. The same as the other 6,462. (August.)

GOOD AND NAUGHTY—Paramount.—A flippant farce comedy with Pola Negri, Ford Sterling and Tom Moore. Sterling steals the picture. (August.)

GREAT DECEPTION, THE—First National.—This is sadly lacking in entertainment value. The secret-service again. (October.)

GREAT K & A TRAIN ROBBERY, THE—Fox.—A fast and furious Tom Mix picture. Need more be said? (December.)

HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson and Silver King make this an interesting picture. (August.)

HIER BIG NIGHT—Universal.—Some inside dope on the movies. Quite interesting. (Nov.)

HER HONOR THE GOVERNOR—F. B. O.—Pauline Frederick and Carroll Nye waste masterly performances on celluloid claptrap. Their work is worth seeing, but the film itself is a disappointment. (October.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

To Men Getting Bald I Say!

No matter how fast your hair is falling out—no matter how much of it is already gone—I make this amazing guarantee! I'll end dandruff—stop falling hair—grow new hair in 30 days—or you don't pay me a cent! No strings attached! No "Ifs", "Ands" or "Maybes"! New hair or no pay! And you are the sole judge!



By ALOIS MERKE.

Founder of the Merke Institute, 5th Avenue, New York.

SAVE yourself from baldness! Stop falling hair! Grasp this "no risk" offer to grow new healthy hair in 30 days!

Here's My Contract!

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Here's My Secret

Years of training and research and day after day experience in treating thousands of cases of loss of hair at the famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, N. Y., have taught me many valuable facts about the hair—and this, the most amazing of all—that in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead, but merely dormant—asleep!

You're wasting your time—you're throwing away money—when you try to reach these dormant roots with ordinary hair tonics, oils, massages and salves. For such measures

treat only the **surface skin** and **never ever** get to the roots, the **real** source of trouble. How could they ever **possibly** grow new hair?

My Method Reaches the Roots

It's no use trying to make a tree grow by rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark. You must get to the roots!

And that's just why my scientific treatment is so tremendously beneficial! It penetrates **below** the surface of the scalp. It quickly reaches the **cause** of the trouble—the dormant, starving hair roots. It awakens them. Hair begins to sprout again. It takes on new life and color. It becomes stronger and thicker. And in a surprisingly short time—sooner than you ever imagined possible—you have a new healthy growth of hair—OR I PAY ALL COSTS OF THE TREATMENT MYSELF.

And best of all, my system is so simple that it can be used in any home where there is electricity without the slightest discomfort—and for just a few cents a day!

New Hair or No Cost

Thousands claim seeming miracles for my treatment. I don't. I admit some cases of loss of hair are hopeless. Only remember this—these cases are so very rare and so many hundreds of others have regained luxuriant

hair through my method, that I am willing to let you try it for 30 days—AT MY RISK!

Then if you are not absolutely delighted—say so. And I'll mail you a check immediately—refunding every cent of your money—and the treatment will have cost you NOTHING!

Free Booklet Tells All

The very fact that you have read this announcement shows that you are anxious about the condition of your hair. So why not investigate? Find out for yourself. If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon I will gladly send you without cost or obligation a wonderfully interesting booklet, which describes in detail my successful system, which is growing new hair for thousands all over the country. In addition it tells all about my iron-clad guarantee which enables you to take my treatment without a penny's risk. Clip and mail the coupon today. **Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 392, 512 Fifth Ave., New York.**



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 "Having used your Thermocap Treatment for 30 days, I find a new growth of hair coming back on bald spot. It is growing in very fine. The Thermocap is a Treatment that every one who is losing his hair should buy."
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 "I want to tell you how wonderful your treatment is. The first week my dandruff left entirely, and by the third week a new growth of hair could be seen all over my head."
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 "I have been partly bald for the last 10 years and have used your treatment only four weeks to date, but I can already see a new crop of hair coming in."
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Last Minute News from East and West

As

we go



to Press

FAMOUS PLAYERS sign Dorothy Arzner, the girl who cut "The Covered Wagon," and "Old Ironsides," to direct. Miss Arzner will be Paramount's first woman director, besides being the first woman to become a director in ten years.

LYA DE PUTTI has gone to Hollywood to appear under Erich Pommer's supervision.

GILDA GRAY starts work in New York on "Cabaret," an original story of the Manhattan cabarets. Robert Vignola is directing.

HAVING invaded the navy and the army, Wallace Beery is going to do a comedy of the air, with airplanes and parachutes as co-features.

RAOUL WALSH selected to direct William Fox production of "Carmen," starring Dolores del Rio.

NORMA TALMADGE is well along on her modernized version of "Camille," with Gilbert Roland as *Armand*, Lilyan Tashman as *Olympe* and Rose Dione as *Prudence*. Fred Niblo is directing.

CONNIE TALMADGE is going to make "Her Social Secretary," once filmed with sister Norma as its star.

THERE'S a boy in the Fred Thomson-Frances Marion home.

VIRGINIA VALLI to play opposite Adolphe Menjou in "Evening Clothes."

RAYMOND GRIFFITH and his silk hat are working in a comedy with the enticing title of "Beautiful Women."

ANOTHER change in the title of Warner Brothers' version of "Manon Lescaut," starring Jack Barrymore. First they called it "Manon." Now it's "When a Man Loves!"

ED WYNN is making his film debut in "The Perfect Fool."

RUMORS about Corinne Griffith and a new contract with United Artists continue. It is said that Miss Griffith starts with United Artists in March at \$13,000 a week. It is said, also, that First National, Corinne's old boss, may oppose the move. Anyway, Corinne Griffith and her husband, Walter Morosco, are now on a vacation in Europe.

METRO-GOLDWYN will follow its new success, "The Fire-Brigade," with a film glorifying the activities of the police department. And now will someone come along with a story about the heroes of the revenue service?

HERBERT BRENON may go to England to film "Sorrell and Son" for Paramount.

"QUALITY STREET" probably will be the Marion Davies picture to follow "Tillie the Toiler."

LILLIAN GISH was a visitor to New York recently. She returned to the Coast to begin work in "The Wind," under the direction of Clarence Brown.

ANTONIO MORENO sails for England to play opposite Dorothy Gish in a British film.

RAMON NOVARRO'S forthcoming "Old Heidelberg," directed by Ernst Lubitsch, looks highly promising. Jean Hersholt will be the beloved old tutor, *Dr. Zuttner*, and Chester Conklin will be *Kellerman*. The role of *Katie* rests between May McAvoy, Fay Wray, Marceline Day and Norma Shearer.

D. W. GRIFFITH made a flying trip to California. Now comes the fairly definite report that Griffith will produce again for United Artists and that Carol Dempster will continue as his star.

METRO-GOLDWYN re-signs Aileen Pringle.

HAL ROACH has signed Stan Laurel, the comedian, under a long term contract.

IVAN MOSKINE, the Russian actor, has reached Universal lot to start work. First to be "Moscow."

EVA NOVAK returns from six months in Australia and Tasmania. Has been working in an Australian film, "For the Term of His Natural Life."

WITH an unexpected shift in Alaskan weather, indicating that the big thaw will come earlier than usual, Metro-Goldwyn is rushing preliminary work on "The Trail of '98," the Klondike story to be directed by Clarence Brown.

BETTY COMPSON signed by Chadwick Pictures for a series of pictures.

JACK HOLT'S five-year contract with Famous Players expiring. Holt is likely to go with another company.

LOIS MORAN sneaked off for a month's vacation in Switzerland. She is back home now and will play in "Soundings" for Paramount.



D. W. Griffith—back in California, scene of his early triumphs, after a seven years' absence. With him is Seena Owen, a Griffith discovery of Fine Arts days



GLOYAS WILLIAMS

SUPPOSE IT WERE AGAINST THE LAW TO LAUGH!

SUPPOSE you didn't dare to laugh! Suppose that a good, hearty laugh would land you in jail! Absurd, you say, to have a law against laughing? Of course. You can't stop people from laughing—and no one wants to.

Which leads us to inquire—How much do you laugh? Do you laugh as you used to when you were a child? Do you get at least one good laugh every day? If not, you're missing the greatest tonic in the world. The one thing which, more than anything else, would keep you young.

So, if you've got the blues—or the cook has left without notice—or there's another installment due on the radio—or your fiancé has lost his job—forget about it—and laugh!

It's easy. All you have to do is to grab your hat—and see one of *Educational's Comedies*. You'll enjoy a whole flock of laughs, and your troubles will melt away like mist in the morning sun.

Educational's Comedies lead the field. You'll find them in the largest motion picture houses—and the smallest. Millions of people in this country alone see them—and laugh over them—every day.

Neither time, talent nor money has ever been spared in making *Educational's Comedies* the best that could be produced. For clean, wholesome fun they are unrivaled.

Educational's supremacy in the Short Feature field does not end with comedies. It includes all those features for which *Educational* is famous—news-reels, novelties, scenic pictures of rare beauty, and the exquisite *Romance Productions* in natural colors. You will enjoy them all.

* * * * *

January has been designated by the motion picture industry as "Laugh Month." In consequence, theatres everywhere are cooperating by featuring comedies of unusual merit. Join in the fun. Treat yourself to a good hearty laugh. And because laughs are meant to be shared, take along the whole family!

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
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- BILLY DOOLEY COMEDIES
- JIMMIE ADAMS COMEDIES
- MERMAID COMEDIES
- (Jack White Productions)
- CHRISTIE COMEDIES
- JUVENILE COMEDIES
- TUXEDO COMEDIES
- CAMEO COMEDIES

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FELIX THE CAT CARTOONS

ROBERT C. BRUCE SCENIC NOVELTIES

CURIOSITIES LIFE

The Movie Side-show Cartoon Comedies

KINOGRAMS

The NEWS REEL Built Like a Newspaper



The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views



Brickbats and Bouquets

LETTERS from
PHOTOPLAY READERS

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

The Monthly Barometer

THERE is decidedly a new development and that is that there is a new movie hero about—none other than the well-known galloping ice-man, "Red" Grange. The fans are clamoring about "Red" and asking to see more of him. Stepping out of character for a moment, we beg to announce that if all comes forth as promised, "Red" will be making a new flicker by the time this reaches print. So, let not your hearts be troubled.

The Valentino letters are still pouring in, great sadness written into each one of them. A kind fan sent us a clipping from London with the court findings concerning the girl who was reported to have shot herself over Rudy. The court proved Rudy's complete innocence in the matter, as is told elsewhere in this issue of PHOTOPLAY.

"The Three Bad Men," with George O'Brien, is winning much praise. Gloria Swanson's last picture, "Fine Manners," seems to be much better liked than any other of her recent releases. John Gilbert's "Bardelys the Magnificent" is also coming in for high approval. Of the producers more comedies and better stories are requested.

Lon Chaney still holds his high position of not receiving a single brickbat. Close to him in the same praise class come Lloyd Hughes and Harrison Ford.

\$25.00 Letter

College View, Neb.

When the babies have cried all day and the cake has fallen and I'm so tired and cross I could weep, then the joy to sink down into a deep, deep theater chair at the movies and lose my real self for an hour or two! Heaven was never so near as this!

I hear all the evils of the age, dancing, smoking, petting, loose morals, laid to the movies, but I do not believe movies are a menace. I believe they are a priceless help. Faults they have, but I have never sat through a movie, however bad, but I could find some enjoyment in it.

To me the movies are the way out from the humdrum monotony of the commonplace.

I believe there are many millions of people

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about 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.

who watch a picture with a definite feeling of detachment. They step into that picture as into another world and for a delightful all-too-short time, they play at the intriguing game of make-believe.

For myself, always, I am "the girl," the hero my lover, the boy of my sweetheart days. My present surroundings are forgotten. My husband goes with me. He likes thrillers. I like romance. Thrillers for men. Romance for women. How wonderful the movies are, because in them we see portrayed the things we would secretly like to do, the people we would secretly like to be.

HELEN BROOKS.

\$10.00 Letter

San Francisco, Calif.

I have been wondering about what seems to me a most illogical state of affairs. Lately one reads so much about the tremendous artistic superiority of European made films over those of the U. S. It seems that Germany, in particular, occupies the position of a calmly amused grown-up enjoying the antics of a giddy child (the U. S.).

Now, for one thing, if this is true, why the Foreign Invasion? Why did Pola Negri, Vilma Banky, Greta Garbo and Greta Nissen (to mention just a few of the many) leave the studios of Europe?

At least half of the Hollywood directors are foreigners, men who seem to understand the value of artistic success. Surely they would not have come here, if they, too, believed that American films are all cut from the same pattern, all bedtime stories punctuated with bedroom scenes and adorned with hugely impossible sets.

No. It is impossible. These people are too intelligent to have come here unless hoping to better themselves. Our "Broken Blossoms," "The Four Horsemen," "The Covered Wagon," and "Ben-Hur" are not quite devoid of truth, of subtleties, of beautiful, tragic life.

FLORENCE NICOLAI.

\$5.00 Letter

Los Angeles, Calif.

Esther Ralston cited for stellar honors, and we sigh, Selish? Perhaps. But after Miss Ralston's notably fine work in her recent pictures we would be the losers did she follow the lead of so many of her cinema sisters whose idea of stardom is, that having attained it, all further efforts automatically devolve upon: "MY press-agent, MY manager, MY director, MY costumer."

Too often have we seen promising young actresses, after having achieved stardom, lapse into a state of deadly indifference, arousing themselves only long enough to demand all of the worth while scenes which, very inconsistently, they made no efforts to act up to.

No real artist ever achieves, to her own satisfaction, that which her art seems capable of giving. For art, cunning task-master, ever beckoning, ever receding, leads to greater and greater endeavor those whom he calls his own.

So we hope that as a star Miss Ralston, as an example to all the little starlets, will not disappoint us by writing "finis" to her artistic efforts, but that she will keep up her good work, her enthusiasm, her nerve, and continue to give us stirring performances of real live heroines.

G. A. HIGGINS.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 88]

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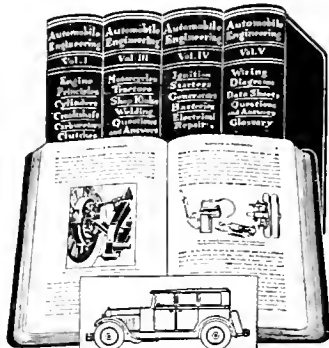
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]



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HIDDEN WAY, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—Another weepy affair that isn't worth the famous twobits. (October.)

HIS NEW YORK WIFE—Bachman.—Well, it seems there was a little country girl who came to New York to fight for success—i. e., tal. There's more plot than entertainment in this one. (January.)

HOLD THAT LION—Paramount.—The usual Douglas MacLean farce. Fair. (Nov.)

HONEYMOON EXPRESS, THE—Warner Bros.—Some more currying-on of the younger generation. It's not so bad. (October.)

HOTEL IMPERIAL—Paramount.—At last Pola Negri has an unqualified success. Credit her new director, Maurice Stiller, with an assist. It's the story of an incident between the Austrian and Russian lines during the war. Highly recommended. (January.)

ICE FLOOD, THE—Universal.—Don't waste any precious moments on this. (Nov.)

INTO HER KINGDOM—First National.—Don't waste your money on this atrocity filled with flowery similes, stupid symbolism, bad photography and commonplace direction. (October.)

IT MUST BE LOVE—First National.—A light bit of nonsense. A good cast—Colleen Moore, Jean Hershold and Malcolm MacGregor. (Oct.)

IT'S THE OLD ARMY GAME—Paramount.—W. C. Fields is disappointing as starring material. His comedy—fair. (September.)

JADE CUP, THE—F. B. O.—Do you know your movies? Then you know what to expect from Evelyn Brent. It will pass. (September.)

KICKOFF, THE—Excellent Pictures.—A splendid football picture featuring George Walsh and Lelia Hyams. (Nov.)

KID BOOTS—Paramount.—Eddie Cantor brings a new face to the screen. And such a face! As slapstick, this film is very funny—and too, it has Clara Bow as a shining light. (December.)

KOSHIER KITTY KELLY—F. B. O.—The funniest of the carbon copies of "Abie's Irish Rose." (December.)

LAST FRONTIER, THE—Prod. Dist. Corp.—Here is another and feeble version of "The Covered Wagon" plot, with the long trek over the plains, the buffalo stampede, the rascally Redskins, the battle and the brave young hero. (October.)

LEW TYLER'S WIVES—Preferred Pictures.—If you're serious minded, this faithful screen version of Wallace Irwin's uncompromising story of a weak man whom three loved will interest you. It's too adult for the children. (September.)

LILY, THE—Fox.—The sisterly love stuff presented in a weepy manner. Yep, Belle Bennett sobs throughout the entire piece. Fair. (December.)

LONDON—Paramount.—Rags to riches in the London slums, played by Dorothy Gish. Filmed in England. Come on home, Dorothy. (January.)

LOVE THIEF, THE—Universal.—The marriage of convenience is dressed up in royal garments with Norman Kerry and Greta Nissen in the royal robes. Passable. (August.)

LOVE'S BLINDNESS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Written, supervised and dominated by Elinor Glyn. The old stuff with a change of names and Pauline Starke as the owner of it. (January.)

LOVEY MARY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The famous "Cabbage Patch" does not provide good screen material. It's harmless and we'll guarantee it won't overtax the mentality of The Tired Business Man. (August.)

LUCKY LADY, THE—Paramount.—Could you think of a better way to spend an hour than gazing at the fair Greta Nissen and William Collier, Jr., forming the love interest in this wholly effective melodrama? (September.)

MAGICIAN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Rex Ingram messes around with some more weird characters and with some weirder emotions. Except for Alice Terry, a foreign cast. (January.)

MAN IN THE SADDLE, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson always proves himself a hero all the time. You can always depend on Hoot if you're in the mood for a Western. (September.)

MAN OF QUALITY, A—Excellent Pictures.—A good mystery yarn with George Walsh. (December.)

MANTRAP—Paramount.—Clara Bow's excellent performance makes the film version of Sinclair Lewis' latest novel good entertainment. (September.)

MARRIAGE CLAUSE, THE—Universal.—One of the most appealing stories of life across the footlights. Billie Dove gives a splendid performance. (August.)

MARRIAGE LICENSE?—Fox.—The tear ducts will be let loose in this weepy affair. Alma Rubens' performance is worth seeing. (Nov.)

MEET THE PRINCE—Producers Dist. Corp.—Not much of a picture, this. Don't waste your time. (September.)

MEN OF STEEL—First National.—Don't miss this interesting picture that has the sweeping background of a huge steel mill in operation. It is a whole picture of good performances. (September.)

MICHAEL STROGOFF—Universal.—A spectacular Russian importation that cannot be compared with the recent successful foreign pictures. Passable. (Nov.)

MIDNIGHT KISS, THE—Fox.—A nice little movie with a nice little plot well enacted by a nice little cast. (October.)

MIDNIGHT LOVERS—First National.—Proving that Lewis Stone can be as funny as any of the comics. In spite of the cheap title, there are a lot of clever moments in this picture. (January.)

MILLIONAIRES—Warner Bros.—More Ghetto stuff and more tenth-rate hokum. Stick to the Vitaphone, boys! (January.)

MISMATCHES—First National.—The cast is the only interesting thing: Doris Kenyon, Warner Baxter and May Allison. The story is the bank. (Oct.)

MISS NOBODY—First National.—Another example of a good story gone wrong. If you can think of anything else to do, pass this up. (August.)

MORAN OF THE MOUNTED—Rayart.—The title tells the story. Reed Howes makes it quite interesting. (October.)

MORE PAY LESS WORK—Fox.—Splendid entertainment. Need more be said? (September.)

MY OFFICIAL WIFE—Warner Bros.—Terrible cheap sex stuff—we don't even recommend it for the older folks. (December.)

MYSTERY CLUB, THE—Universal.—If you like your movies thrilling and chilling don't overlook this. (December.)

NERVOUS WRECK, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—The easiest way to spend an evening. Thoroughly amusing. (Nov.)

NO MAN'S GOLD—Fox.—A good Tom Mix picture—what more could be said? (October.)

OH, BABY—Universal.—A lot of fun for everybody. (October.)

ONE MINUTE TO PLAY—F. B. O.—Red Grange is a real screen personality in this football picture—the very spirit of youth and good sport. It's a gem. (October.)

OUTLAW EXPRESS, THE—Pathe.—Of all things! A Western story about bad men, sheriffs and sheriff's daughters in the great open spaces! (Jan.)

PADLOCKED—Paramount.—Superior entertainment. Honest, mature drama, in its presentation of a young girl's life nearly ruined by the severity of hypocritical morality. (August.)

PALS FIRST—First National.—Don't be annoyed. (October.)

PARADISE—First National.—This isn't worth a dime unless you're keen about Milton Sills and Betty Bronson. (December.)

PARIS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Leave before the last reel and you will find this an absorbing tale of love. Charles Ray, Joan Crawford and Douglas Gilmore are in the cast. (August.)

PLEASURE GARDEN, THE—Aywon.—A foreign picture. And "can they make wiener schnitzels? Yes, they can make wiener schnitzels." Two American girls—Virginia Valli and Carmelita Geraghty—got in this one by mistake. (January.)

POKER FACES—Universal.—Edward Horton, the director, and cast try desperately hard to be awfully funny with a disastrous result. (September.)

PRINCE OF TEMPTERS—First National.—So much camera artiness that the humanness is overlooked. Lya de Putti is the world's worst vamp. (December.)

PRIVATE IZZY MURPHY—Warner Bros.—Abie's Irish Rose joins the Big Parade of War Pictures, and the result is nobody's business. George Jessel's film debut is just so-so. (January.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

PUPPETS—First National.—You won't go wrong on this. An interesting vehicle because (and we're glad to say it) of the fine performance of Milton Sills. (September.)

***QUARTERBACK, THE**—Paramount.—Richard Dix in a real football classic. It's a WOW. (Dec.)

RANSON'S FOLLY—First National.—Richard Barthelmess in just another movie—that's all. (August.)

RED HOT HOOFS—F. B. O.—A "Western" with a real story and a sense of humor. Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro are featured. (January.)

***RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, THE**—Fox.—An effective translation of a charming stage success, with young Janet Gaynor contributing some fine acting. (January.)

RISKY BUSINESS—Producers Dist. Corp.—Trite can be marked against this one. (Nov.)

***ROAD TO MANDALAY, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—It's not the story but Lon Chaney's fine performance that puts the ginger in this cookie. (Sept.)

ROMANCE OF A MILLION DOLLARS—A. Bachman.—You'll like this—if you aren't too fussy. (October.)

RUNAWAY EXPRESS, THE—Universal.—Nothing like the good old-fashioned railroad melodrama. This is worth-while. (October.)

RUSTLER'S RANCH—Universal.—The usual Art Oostad stuff that the children like. (August.)

SAVAGE, THE—First National.—An insult to the human intelligence to think such a story is plausible. Ben Lyon and May McAvoy are in the cast. (Oct.)

***SAY IT AGAIN**—Paramount.—A grand and glorious tee-hee at all the mythical kingdom yarns. Good stuff. (August.)

***SCARLET LETTER, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Hawthorne's classic and sombre study of the New England conscience has been just as somberly translated to the screen. For the older folks. (October.)

SEA WOLF, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A thriller—taken from the famous Jack London story. It's rough and ready, as are most sea stories, but darned good. (September.)

SENOR DARE-DEVIL—First National.—Introducing Ken Maynard as a First National star. Better than most Westerns. (September.)

SHAMEFUL BEHAVIOR—Bachman.—Shameful behavior to any audience that is coaxed into seeing this one! (January.)

SHIPWRECKED—Prod. Dist. Corp.—If you haven't been sleeping lately, try this on your insomnia. Terrible. (August.)

SHOW-OFF, THE—Paramount.—An amusing study of a smart fellow, played broadly but expertly by Ford Sterling. (Nov.)

***SILENCE**—Prod. Dist. Corp.—The finest melodrama that the screen has shown for years. Only for adults. (August.)

SOCIAL HIGHWAYMAN, THE—Warner Bros.—This purports to be a comedy but it's a tragedy and vice versa. Don't be annoyed. (August.)

***SON OF THE SHEIK, THE**—United Artists.—Rudolph Valentino's last effort before the silver screen. He was the old Rudy again and his work grand at the top of the best performance of the month. Long will this picture remain in the memory of those fortunate enough to see it. (October.)

***SORROWS OF SATAN**—Paramount.—Marie Corelli's novel, a shocker of thirty years ago, makes real old-fashioned cinema "melodrammer." Carol Dempster, Adolphe Menjou and Ricardo Cortez are excellent. (December.)

***SO THIS IS PARIS**—Warner Bros.—Another variation of the domestic infidelity theme presented by the sophisticated Ernst Lubitsch. The weakest of the famous director's efforts to date. (September.)

SO'S YOUR OLD MAN—Paramount.—An amusing tale of a disreputable small town who becomes the pal of a haughty visiting princess. W. C. Fields and Alice Joyce make it worth your while. (Jan.)

SPANGLES—Universal.—Romance under the Big Top. Also a murder thrown in, just to make it exciting. (January.)

***SPARROWS**—United Artists.—Watching the antics of Mary Pickford and a bunch of other kids is a safe bet for an enjoyable evening. (August.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

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“The Brown Derby” is the speediest comedy of them all. Speed boats! Speed cars! And a romance that will take your breath away.

“Sure Fire Flint”—Fast and furious comedy of the troubles of an ex-service man. The big war was child’s play compared to the fights and thrills that Johnny gets into.



“The Live Wire”—Delights for all as Johnny comes dancing along at the head of a big circus parade. Action and excitement all the way through!

“The Early Bird”—Johnny as a milkman supplies more laughs than Borden does milk. A whirlwind of action and thrills.



THE American family’s favorite laugh-provider—that’s Johnny Hines.

Rousing, clean fun for all whose hearts are young!

Millions have delighted in the distinctive Johnny Hines brand of film entertainment—uproarious comedy, rapid fire thrills, youth’s winning spirit—all warmed by the inimitable Johnny Hines smile!

And now all who saw “Burn ‘Em Up Barnes,” “Sure Fire Flint,” “Conductor 1492,” “Speed Spook,” “Early Bird,” “The Crackerjack,” “Little Johnny Jones,” “The Live Wire,” “Rainbow Riley,” or “The Brown Derby” will flock to see his latest and best—“Stepping Along.”

A delightful comedy romance of New York’s East Side and Broadway’s stageland, with Johnny as a peppery politician who grafts a thousand laughs.

It’s coming soon to all leading theatres . . .
 Make a date now to see it!



A First National Picture

Takes the Guesswork out of “Going to the Movies”

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



“Little Johnny Jones”—This time it’s horse racing, carrying American colors in a great English turf classic. Established him as the “Yankee Doodle Comedian.”

“Burn ‘Em Up Barnes” — From road tramp to racing champ. Johnny Hines whizzes through the fastest marathon of mirth ever run over the full distance of six reels.



“The Speed Spook”—Starts in high and never lets up. Smashing, crashing, dashing along in a whirlwind of laughs and mystery. 60 miles per minute.

“The Crackerjack”—The humorous adventure of a young advertising genius, whose colossal nerve and sense of humor stopped a South American revolution.



“Rainbow Riley” has more laughs than the rainbow has colors. Typical Johnny Hines fun all the way through. And that means the best there is in comedy!

ZASU PITTS, *who has "the most dramatic hands on the screen,"*

says:

"Hands tell more than faces.

"Hands are expressive—full of romance.

"Intelligent actresses know this, and use their hands quite as much as their faces in portraying various emotions.

"Every woman should keep her hands soft, smooth, and youthful looking.

"The regular use of a skilfully blended preparation like JERGENS LOTION is a positive necessity for the woman who would have beautiful hands."



ZASU PITTS, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, whose wonderful hands have charmed hundreds of audiences

YOUR HANDS can be beautiful!

Today thousands of women are keeping their hands soft, smooth, delicately white, by means of a new preparation, especially made to heal and protect the skin.

This new preparation is Jergens Lotion, a fragrant, silvery liquid containing benzoin and almond, two of the most healing skin restoratives known.

Use Jergens Lotion every time

you have had your hands in water—and all your difficulties about keeping your hands in good condition will disappear!

Jergens Lotion takes away every bit of roughness or redness, giving

the skin a beautiful, smooth, silky-soft texture—preserving its fresh, youthful appearance.

Get a bottle of Jergens Lotion today—50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter. Or send today for the new, large-size trial bottle!

Now—the new large-size trial bottle

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,
3403 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 6 cents—please send me the new, large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, "Your Skin and its Care."

Name

Street

City..... State.....

If you live in Canada, send to The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 3403 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.



Soft, smooth hands that keep their power to charm—you can have them now



Contains two of the most healing skin restoratives known



Kenneth Alexander

*New
Pictures*

PORTRAIT of a lady with a larger collection of adjectives in her scrap-book than any of her contemporaries. Lillian Gish has more pretty phrases to describe her than Lon Chaney has make-ups. Therefore, why add to the collection?



Ruth Harriet Louise

AN expert in the art of wearing clothes—Claire Windsor. She dresses as though she had been born in Paris instead of Cawker, Kansas. Another triumph of the exotic environment of Hollywood over the heredity of the stern prairies!



George P. Hommel

AN expert in the art of not wearing clothes—Greta Nissen. This beautiful treat for the eyes is now playing one answer to the vexatious problem, "Blonde or Brunette?" It is a big year for the golden-haired girls of the movies.



Harold Dean Carsey

THE name of her new picture is "No Control." Phyllis Haver plays the title rôle. Naturally, it is a light comedy. Why should a girl with a sense of humor like Phyllis break her little heart in the serious drama?



Russell Ball

A PACEMAKER among the stars. According to the enthusiastic vote of movie theater managers, Colleen Moore is the most popular actress on the screen, winning the honor away from more spectacular beauties and more pretentious names.



Melbourne Spurr

SPECIALIZING in the Better Class of Villains—John Roche. Mr. Roche wanted to be an opera singer and he spends a large part of his salary on singing lessons. He hopes some day to crash the Metropolitan Opera House.

Half the Fun of Sports, Depends on Figure Support

Slide—glide—the musical sound of skates speeding over blue-white ice—cheeks red—hair blowing—supple bodies bent to the wind!

How the athletic girl appreciates the pliancy, the buoyant, constantly yielding suppleness of Gossard combinations! No matter what her favorite sport, her enjoyment is increased when her figure is supported—every move she makes is confident, her sport-loving qualities have a background of physical reliance—and her natural vanity is pleased with her delicately curved silhouette.

Be sure to see this striking new Tedetite, model 3676. Lovely—boneless—soft—yet moulds and holds the figure in perfect, natural lines. \$5.

In a new group of Gossard garments Charmosette is featured. Charmosette is the new, superior, tested elastic that is used solely in Gossards. More buoyant, more durable, more supple, more moulding than any other elastic ever made. Ask for it by name—Charmosette has no equals.



The Gossard Line of Beauty

The H. W. Gossard Company, Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Atlanta, Dallas, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires



Utterly different . . . in appearance, in results

Tissue-thin, transparent diamonds . . . *they have saved America a billion dollars*

SYMBOL of value—the diamond-shaped Lux flakes! Symbol of purity—their transparency!

Each year from the diamond mines of the world come thousands of gems worth fifty million dollars. Yet department stores say truly: *In the last ten years Lux diamonds have saved American women twenty times that sum—probably more than a billion dollars!*

Millions of silk stockings and sheer lingerie saved from dangerous alkali and hard rubbing—for of course, in these tissue-thin transparent Lux diamonds there can be no alkali! Miles of tub silks kept from yellowing! Thousands

upon thousands of woollens saved from shrinking! In such ways Lux has piled up its savings to American women.

Today women who first found Lux perfect for fabrics know that it keeps hands safe from the "dishpan look". No longer does dishwashing make their hands red and rough. And one teaspoonful does the dishes for the family.

Different—diamond-precious—modern washing magic.

In every country of the world Lux is sold only in the familiar Lux boxes—never in any other form. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

If it's safe
in water
it's safe in Lux

PHOTOPLAY

February, 1927

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

"THE BIG PARADE" was standing them up in London. The crowds stretched in lines down the street. This was their answer to the critics who fanned it unmercifully, denouncing it as vaingloriously American.

Inside, a loud mouthed individual arose to his feet and cried: "Who won the ruddy war—America?"

And a cheerful cockney voice replied: "Naow, matey, Mamwoyselle from Armentaire."

"THE BETTER 'OLE" shows on Broadway, and the lives and loves and antics of the happy-go-lucky Tommy Atkins is one of the most popular laugh producers of the year.

Not one New York reviewer thought the less of it, or even called attention to the fact that it was a tale of the lives and loves and antics of the happy-go-lucky, fighting Tommy Atkins.

LUBITCH'S best picture, "Du Barry," was imported just after the close of the war. Passing through Ellis Island it acquired the caloric title of "Passion" and any lingering hatred of Germany was forgotten in the rush to the box offices. "Variety," Herr Dupont's picture, will gross half a million dollars here, and Murnau's "The Last Laugh" captured Broadway and was proclaimed high art.

THAT'S just about how much the average American picture goer cares who makes the pictures or what nationality is heroized so long as they are entertained.

For a few months some of our hundred per cent American producers—strangely enough they were not the most prosperous ones—screamed "Foreign Invasion," but the wise Mr. Zukor and others merely sent men to Europe with instructions to hire the directors and stars who have accomplished anything, and ship them out to Hollywood.

YET in England there has been an awful hullabaloo. Their producers were crying baby and demanding that the government do something about it. American films are showing in their theaters about seventy per cent of the time, and it is not long since that a member of the House of Lords publicly viewed with alarm the domination of our pictures in their colonies and the disastrous effects on British trade.

The screen, he said, had influenced the style ideas of

Asiatic countries so completely that English manufacturers of clothes and shoes were forced to change their products to suit the Americanized Orientals.

YET the good folks of England go right along patronizing our films because they like them, and the theater owners of the British Isles go right on buying our pictures because they must please their audiences.

GERMANY, where the trade influence of the movie has always been recognized, has put in the "kontingent" system to protect their picture industry. One picture must be produced in Germany for every American picture released there, and the German market is so profitable that the system is working, after a manner.

Italy and France are equally disturbed and concerned, but seem to be so far behind in production facilities and accomplishment that they content themselves with making it as difficult as possible for the invading celluloids.

I CANNOT believe that the English exhibitor is tremendously upset over the situation, nor that his patron feels any tremendous interest in whether the film that entertains him is American, German or English, so long as he spends a pleasant evening. For, after all, population is almost all audience today, and it is a trade problem rather than a nationalistic dispute.

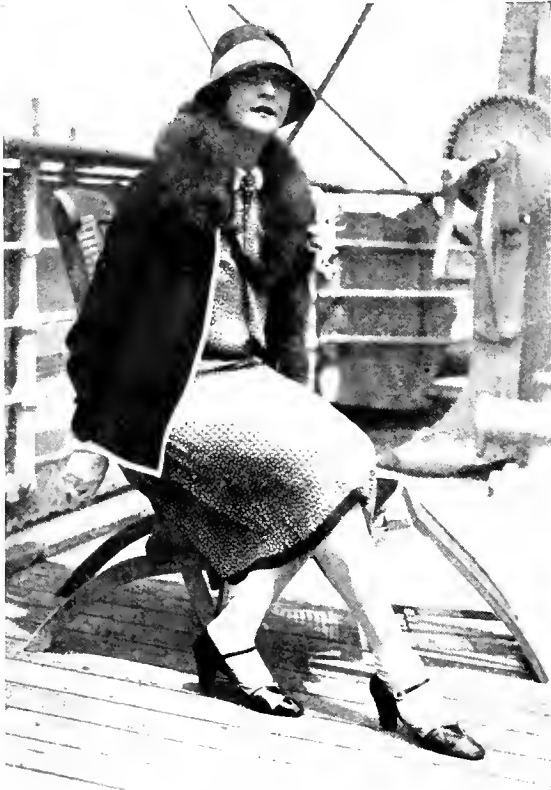
On this side the nativity of a picture is of even less importance to the audience that pours into theaters at the rate of ninety millions a week. But our audience would be more vitally interested than it knows if this silly controversy were carried to extremes. For if all foreign sales were cut off it would mean the amputation of the profits of all American motion picture companies, with the result that we would see poorer pictures at the same or higher prices.

MORE volumes of Shakespeare, Scott, and Dickens are sold here than of Washington Irving, Fenimore Cooper, and Hawthorne, and if there is any national prejudice against English theatrical productions we haven't noticed it. British productions must stand on their own merits just as every picture produced here must stand on its merit in England, Canada, and Australia.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 72]

How to Hold

An amazing article which age nor birthdays wither the



Anna Q. Nilsson — after sixteen years in films and a life-time of hard work, she's still a young woman. An unretouched photograph



Fannie Ward — over forty years on the stage and always the flapper. Her spirit is as young and carefree as her un wrinkled face

THERE is no such thing as growing old gracefully. There is only growing old ungracefully.

The woman who looks young and feels young, but who conceals her real age, is a benefactress to humanity and a model for other women.

Never celebrate birthdays. The mere passing of Time cannot age you.

When you reach thirty, thirty-five or forty, don't slump into middle age. Don't excuse yourself by saying that it is God's will that you should look or feel old. It is God's will that, with the help of science and common sense, you should remain young in appearance and feelings as long as possible.

Old age is not a disease. It is disease. And all wrong.

These are the precepts of Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, medical director of the Life Extension Institute. Paste them on the mirror of your dressing table. And remember



Blanche Sweet, without lights or make-up. As young as ever

that they are not the dictates of fashion, fad or vanity, but sound scientific guides of good living.

The most earnest prayer of every modern woman—or man—is "Let me remain young." Women are franker and more candid in their desire to hold to their youth than men. But, for economic reasons, the feeling is even deeper in men. Science is doing everything in its power to answer the prayer for a longer life, a happier life and a wider span of youth.

In the first place, you must get it out of your mind that there is anything silly, vain or frivolous in the desire to hold onto youth. This feeling is the driving force of life. Speaking as a physician and a scientist, Dr. Fisk believes that the modern woman's desire for youth is a beneficial thing for the race. The woman of forty, actively en-

Your Youth

By
Agnes Smith

proves that years cannot
woman with common sense

Mae Murray has
been starring
since 1908



Gilda Gray has passed
her thirtieth birth-
day, but she is as lithe
and graceful as her cat

average span of life. And this in spite of a discouraging start. During the years of 1910 to 1920, the modern woman lost out. For the first time, there were more deaths among women than men, between the ages of fifteen and thirty-two. The influenza epidemic added to the death-rate. But Dr. Fisk also thinks that, after centuries of protection, sudden freedom found the modern girl unprepared and uneducated in looking after herself.

But the modern girl has learned her lesson and learned it well. Not only has the girl learned to hold onto her youth, but she is outdistancing the men. Dr. Fisk thinks that the business and professional woman stays young longer than her inactive sister. For obvious economic reasons the actress, for instance, simply cannot afford to be sick or to grow old.

In order to attack this problem of holding on to youth in a scientific way, we must first find out the physical and mental causes of old age. Dr. Fisk enumerates them as follows:

Heredity, which in some individuals definitely limits the life span. Infection—acute or chronic, by bacteria or parasites. Poisons, from within or without. Food Deficiency: general, as a lack of sufficient food; or specific, as in a lack of some particular food substance, such as vitamins. Food Excess: general, as in over-eating; specific, as in excessive consumption of meat, sugar, starches.

Air Deficiencies or Defects: Excess humidity; lack of motion; temperature changes. Hormone Deficiency or a lack of some substance or group of substances in the glands. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]

Alice Joyce—a wage-
earner since childhood
—but not a line on her
face, not an excess
pound



"I insist that my friends be optimists," says Mary, the eternal child

gaged in a business or profession, who looks as young as her daughter, is a far more heartening sight in the eyes of a scientist than the woman of forty who has gone into black silk, spectacles and a bonnet.

For the scientist knows that the woman of forty who looks young is going to be more vigilant in guarding her health than the bonneted lady who believes that rheumatism is an invention of a spiteful Providence.

Has this craze for youth among women had any real results? Dr. Fisk says that it has. In the past fifteen years, women have added seven years to their

When 10¢ Was Big

By Frederick James Smith

Here Is the Most Human Diary
of a Screen Star Ever Published

RICHARD DIX has just been given a new film contract by Famous Players. It provides him with a weekly salary of \$4,000. Today Dix is one of the three or four leading male stars of the screen. He is known and idolized throughout the globe. He has arrived.

Back of Dix's popularity lies a very human story. Dix literally has fought his way to the top. Not a single step of the path was made easy by luck. This remarkable story is best told in four little books hidden in one of Dix's trunks. These books are the diaries kept while he was struggling to succeed.

It is the privilege of PHOTOPLAY to present extracts from these diaries. The diaries have never been opened to the public before. You will not see them quoted again.

In order to get accurately the full drama of these quotations it is necessary to present a brief summary of Dix's career. He was born in St. Paul, Minnesota. He attended the schools of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and then startled his family by saying he wanted to go on the stage.

Dix attended a dramatic school. E. H. Sothorn came to town. Dix managed to get a hearing from Sothorn, recited a bit of "Richelieu," and was offered \$18 to play small parts. Richard didn't have the courage to leave his family then, but Sothorn's interest gave him courage. He won a place in a St. Paul stock company.

It was while Dix was playing in stock in Pittsburgh, Pa., that the diary, from which the following extracts are taken, was started. Mary Hall was the star of the company, while her husband, Frederick Esmelton, was the director, besides playing the heavy rôles. Charles Meredith was a member of the organization. The Fatty referred to in the various extracts will remain nameless. He was a minor member of the company. When the world war

FROM DIX'S DIARY

A little word to you, Dix. I'm young, but for my age I've got a good chance and I'm going to work and win.

Have eaten one ten cent meal today, coffee and doughnuts to keep me alive.

Banked \$15 today. Starting first account. Have \$17 all together.

Still sick from the effect of that strong cigar.

Played pool. 50 cents. I'm through with pool. Costs too much.

Fat and I told about our ideals in women. Tried to figure out mine but too sleepy.

Left, Richard Dix at the time he started his remarkable diary, when he was playing small rôles in a Pittsburgh stock company



Below, Richard as a boy in St. Paul, Minn.



came he enlisted. Dix met him once on Broadway afterwards. Then Fat went across. At Chateau Thierry he was reported missing. He has never been heard from since.

Here is the diary:

I talked a guy down and got four shirts for \$3.50. Wrote to ma and the folks.

Paid room rent \$3.50. Bought trunk \$4.25.

Rehearsed—took a walk. Went to a movie. Certainly like Maurice Costello.

Heard from Bruce McRae about Actor's Equity. It's a new association and I'm going to join.

Going to have my striped suit altered.

A little word to you, Dix, I'm young but for my age I've got a good chance and I'm going to work and win. I wouldn't want to be any older or younger. I'm satisfied.

Went to hear Billy Sunday. Couldn't get within a block of the place.

Got a 6 by 6 picture of myself in the Sunday Post. My first picture since I went on the stage. I bought ten for ma and me.

Going to read for a while and go to bed. P. S.—You must start to save money. Believe me, you're going to from now on.

Tailoring bills, etc. I am broke. Maybe, I'll save money now.

Worried a lot. Afraid I can't get away with this part. (The rôle was in "The Light from St. Agnes".)

To movies. Saw Edwin August in "The Lion's Pit."

Bought two newspapers with notices, one for ma and one for me. Could not afford more.

Bawled out. Guess I am rotten.

Got up at 9:15. I am going to work now. I know in the future I am going to laugh at this, but now, My God, I am worried.

Lost fifty cents in a pool game. Will have to borrow from Fatty.

Money



Richard Dix has just had his old contract torn up by Famous Players. His employers have given him a brand new one, calling for \$4,000 a week. But read here of the old days, when a half dollar was a big event in Richard's life

Paid Fat the 25 cents I owe him.
Saw suit of clothes for \$5.50 and may buy it.

Got no newspaper notices whatever. Guess I am rotten.

Got up, ate, went over to Ohio Street and bought that suit of clothes for \$5.50. I don't know how good it will be, but it is a cinch I can't be beaten out of much.

I must change my character.

Have eaten one ten-cent meal today, coffee and doughnuts to keep me alive.

Bought two books and am going to improve my mind.

Bought four-dollar meal ticket and it should last me a week.

At the show tonight I was the cripple and ran off too soon. Everyone was sore, so I have the blues.

I am damned blue because someone says I may be fired.

Saw Esmelton. Had a long talk. Says I have a future. Am a member of Actor's Equity. Got my card.

Have spent five cents in three days. Now I am saving. Name was in *The Dramatic Mirror*. First time, as a member of Actor's Equity. Hurrah!

Banked \$15 today. Starting first account. Have \$17 altogether.

Mary Hall told me that I had a great future ahead of me, if I worked. Great!

A word, Dix, Miss Hall has complimented you so much, aren't you going to win. Work, work, work!

Still sick from the effect of that strong cigar.

Banked \$10 today. That makes \$27.

Fat and I just had a porterhouse steak. Big feed—50 cents.

I am a rotten actor. Too impetuous.

Played pool. 50 cents. I'm through with pool. Costs too much.

Banked \$8. Paid Fat \$2. Had \$2 left on me.

I'm going to make the supreme effort to improve my mind and manner. Reading. That's it. Good literature.

I went to a spiritualistic medium. Rotten. (The medium told Dix that his brother was either dead or dying. Note the future developments of this.)

Saw Forbes Robertson as *Hamlet*. Gee, what an actor.

Mr. McCoy says that I might be made heavy man of the company. Almost fainted.

Fat and I told about our ideals in women. Tried to figure out mine, but too sleepy. Went to bed.

Smoking again. Cut it out, Dix.

Rehearsed. I am rotten. They excused, saying, "But he is young." Won't do. Go to work. Read good literature.

I smoked, but now I am through with the weed forever. I am still sick from it. Have read the Bible and am all cleaned up.

I am studying the Bible, Shakspeare and American literature. Atta boy, Dix.

Fat paid me fifty cents he owed me.

Fat is getting as independent as hell. Says he will never borrow from me again. I dunned him for the \$5.50.

I might possibly be made second man in the company. Hopes.

If I ever get to be anything I am going to be like our leading man. He has a good word for everybody.

I am homesick and hard up. I will not touch what I have in the bank.

Dotty and I had egg phosphate and then went up to her room and talked spiritualism.

I've tried to break off cigarettes three times and they have got me. By God, I'll quit—I'm man enough.

Bought a light overcoat at \$11.50. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]

Up Speaks a

John Gilbert loved and lost the beautiful Greta—



THE conventional thing to say is, "Yes, we are going to be married and I am the happiest man in the world."

But the brave thing to say is, "No, we are *not* going to be married. Nevertheless, she is the most marvelous person in the world."

Since John Gilbert cannot say the conventional thing, he gets up his courage and says the brave thing.

A great many stories have been broadcast concerning the romance of Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. The scenario, according to Hollywood's most reliable gossips, runs something like this:

John met the beautiful Scandinavian and immediately started an impetuous courtship. He made no secret of his devotion for the lovely Greta. He accompanied her to all the parties. He lunched with her and dined with her. He worked with her in a picture called "Flesh and the Devil." He proclaimed his intention of marrying her.

As for Greta, she seemed to enjoy the rush. And then, when everyone was all set for another Hollywood wedding, Greta walked out. There was no quarrel, no scene, no hard feelings. Greta simply announced, in cool but bad English, that she had no intention of marrying at all.

But John Gilbert sticks to his story. She is a wonderful woman. A delightful woman. And the most fascinating actress in pictures.

As the Pig Woman remarked to Senator Simpson, on the occasion of another defeat, "Can you beat it?"

Greta must be wonderful. Any girl who can inspire a rush of adjectives to the lips of a gentleman she has gently thrust from her life must have extraordinary qualities. When a lady suddenly calls a halt to a "rush," the break usually leaves the gentleman cold and disillusioned—and sometimes cruel.

But, even in the face of Greta's apparent fickleness, John Gilbert can describe her so glowingly that you want to take the first train for California.

"She is," says Mr. Gilbert, "a mountain of a girl. She is like a statue. There is something eternal about her. Not only did she baffle me, but she has baffled everyone at the studio.

"And dangerous, too. When she comes into a



The romance of John and Greta got a whirlwind start in "Flesh and the Devil"

Gallant Loser

But he still insists that she is a wonderful girl

By Agnes Smith



"No one understands Greta Garbo except Stiller. I was never Stiller's real rival with her"



room, every man stops to look at her. And every woman, which is more remarkable. She is capable of doing a lot of damage—unconsciously, of course. Upsetting thrones, breaking up friendships, wrecking homes—that sort of thing.

"At the studio, no one understands her, no one really knows what she wants. They say she's temperamental. But she doesn't make scenes; she simply walks away and hides, for days and weeks at a time.

"It is almost impossible to do business with her. The officials were trying to get her to play a certain rôle. They argued with her for three hours, until they were congratulating themselves that she was finally convinced. But at the end of all the talk, she merely said, 'I tink I go home.' And walked out.

"That's her final word on everything. 'I tink I go home.' She does. Once she had been missing for days and I went to see her. Her maid told me that she had gone to the beach. I jumped in my car and motored for miles—way out beyond Santa Monica.

"I found her at last. She was all alone and just coming out of the surf. She didn't see me, so I watched her to see what she would do. She stood on the beach, all by herself, and just looked out at the ocean. And she remained so, without moving, for fifteen minutes.

"And that's when she's really happy—standing alone watching the ocean. There isn't another girl in Hollywood—or in this country—capable of such complete repose.

"Greta has no idea of the conventional courtesies of the studio. A certain director once wanted her to play in his picture. Greta met him, in the lobby of her hotel, quite casually. But he immediately cornered her and argued, interminably, like a self-winding phonograph, as to just why it was to her advantage to work under his direction.

"After all his talk, she turned to him coldly and said, 'But I do not wish to work for you.' Naturally, he was horribly insulted. After he walked off, I told her that she really ought not to speak so bluntly. 'But,' she insisted, 'I do *not* wish to work for him.'

"Greta is that way. There's no convincing her of anything. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]



DOUG and Mary haven't put unnecessary burdens on their married life. They don't make their hours together a dumping ground for every inharmony and discord of the day. That, fundamentally, is the basis of success in their marriage, says Adela Rogers St. Johns,

Adela Rogers St. Johns' Story of

The Married Life of Doug and Mary

THE most successful famous marriage the world has ever known is that of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford.

It comes as near being perfect as any human relationship I have ever encountered in this imperfect universe.

To go into their home and see them together is one of those things that gives you back your lost dreams, your riddled faith in romance and the beautiful.

They are living a great love-poem in the practical, difficult, much-discussed relation of modern marriage.

What is the answer?

How do they do it?

In this day of light marriages, of disrespect for marriage, in this time when the very foundations of the institution of marriage seem trembling, as the recorded increasing percentage of failures proves—what is the secret of this amazing marriage?

Is there a formula; are there rules and precepts that can be passed on to others?

Not quite that.

And Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks themselves do not like to discuss it. They have a great sense of its sacredness. And I think, too, they are just a little bit superstitious about it, as the ancients went softly in great happiness, for fear of making the gods jealous.

But after making a careful study of the married love story of Doug and Mary, after talking with those who know them best and with those who have had only brief glimpses within the happy portals of Pickfair, I think I can tell you a great deal about it.

Mary and Doug have not been afraid to regard their marriage as a sacrament.

They have not put too heavy burdens upon it.

They have constructively and earnestly tried to make it a success, putting even more love and thought and endeavor into it than into their work.

They have regarded it as their crown of happiness and they have used the wisdom and the experience of their whole lives to keep it bright.

I do not wish to wax sentimental. I will not wax sentimental. But there is something about Mary Pickford as a wife that is too lovely for mere words to express.

D. W. Griffith once said, "I never saw any human being approach wifehood with the sacred trust that Mary Pickford has. It was like a bright aura around her. She was like a madonna—she always will be like a madonna."

I like to think that what Charlie Chaplin, who is their best friend, says about them is true. It is something like this: "Mary is the eternal madonna—the eternal mother of the world. She was born like that. She was like that when she was born—when she was a child. Douglas is eternal youth. There is a great deal of Peter Pan, even now, in Douglas. He will never grow old. What more natural than that eternal motherhood and eternal youth should make a perfect mating? If you will read the story of Peter Pan and Wendy, you will know a great deal more about Mary and Doug than you do now."

I like that tremendously—don't you? It is exactly the concept that [CONTINUED ON PAGE 134]

When Mary Wouldn't Dance With a Prince

Prince George, son of the King of England, asked Mrs. Fairbanks to dance with him.

Mary blushed and said, "I thank your Highness, but I don't dance."

The prince was amazed.

"Well," added Mary, "I do and I don't."

His Highness was more puzzled than ever.

"You see," continued Mrs. Fairbanks, "I have never danced with anyone but my husband."



"Marriage should be you and your wife—and the rest of the world outside," Doug has said of matrimony. Doug and Mary have proven the supreme wisdom of this philosophy

Illustrated by
May Allison
and
Charles Ray

Old-time Courting

25 Years ago~

The start of a heavy courtship. Twenty-five years ago, when a feller began flinging nickels around the ice cream parlor, it was a sure sign that he was "keeping company" in real earnest. And when he boldly ordered a "vanilly soda with two straws, please," it was just as good as a declaration of love



The neighbors had something to gossip about when the feller hired a rig from the livery stable and took the girl for a buggy ride. And maybe you think he didn't ask for a horse who would stand along the road without hitching!



The wedding photo—teamed up for life. Of course, he'll discover that those golden puffs are only held on with a hair-pin. And she'll learn that he's making only \$17 a week. But despite that they'll live happily ever afterwards

and a Red Hot Date and Today

Photos by Stagg

Settings by
William Fox Studios



Today, the fun starts at sixty miles an hour. He met her only five minutes ago and he doesn't even know her last name, but it is beginning to dawn on him that the struggle is hopeless. She's a blonde and he's a gentleman and the cards have been stacked against him from the very start



They celebrate their first wedding anniversary at the court-house where a big-hearted judge tells them that they are free to go out and make more mistakes. They part the best of friends, to live happily ever afterwards—but not together



Everything is hotsy-totsy when he learns that the little girl totes her own firewater. But the first cloud looms over the romance when he begins to wonder if he'll have enough money, after paying the covert charge, to buy a marriage license

Does Rudy Speak

By Frederick James Smith



Natacha Rambova, in an unusual camera study suggesting the psychic. Miss Rambova recently returned from Paris and announced a series of spirit messages from Valentino

WHEN Natacha Rambova, the former wife of Rudolph Valentino, arrived in America recently she won a place on the front pages of the newspapers of the country by declaring that she had been and was receiving spirit messages from the famous film star.

Most of the nation's newspapers dismissed the statement lightly. But, among Rudolph Valentino's intimate friends, the statement aroused much comment. It is a matter of record that both Rudolph and Natacha were interested in the psychic during their marriage. S. George Ullman, Valentino's manager, refers to the fact in his book, "Valentino as I Knew Him":

"I had observed that both Rudy and Natacha were inter-

(PHOTOPLAY wishes to make clear its position in presenting the so-called spirit messages of Rudolph Valentino. These messages are presented as a matter of news. The many questions of spiritualism, theosophy and reincarnation cannot be discussed here. It must be noted, however, that many scientists and men of world wide prominence, including Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, William James and others, believe in the possibility of receiving authentic spirit messages.

On the other hand Houdini, who devoted his life to exposing spiritualistic fakes and who died recently, never has communicated with his wife, although a series of signals had been arranged. Other spiritualists have claimed to receive communication from Houdini but they fail to reveal the secret code the magician had given his wife).

ested in something supernatural," he writes. "Just what it was I did not know. Afterwards it turned out to be automatic writing and a form of the psychic. Before making any move, they consulted this power."

Miss Rambova explains that the so-called messages from Valentino came to her with the aid of George B. Wehner, a trance medium. These messages began to come three days after Rudy's death, she says, while she was in South Europe, completing the work of illustrating a special edition.

PHOTOPLAY submitted a set of questions to Miss Rambova. These, with Miss Rambova's answers, are presented in this article. She explains that they are summarized from a series of messages, which will appear in their complete form in a book Miss Rambova is now completing. This book, at present titled "Rudolph Valentino Intime," will consist of two parts. The first will be devoted to Miss Rambova's personal recollections of Rudy, presenting hitherto untold stories of the actor in the Hollywood days when he was striving for success. The second portion will be given over to the so-called spirit messages.

Here are PHOTOPLAY's questions and Miss Rambova's replies:

Is Valentino happy?

"At first he was anything from happy. That was immediately after his passing. Three days after his passing I received his first message. Incoherent as it was, it showed Rudy as resentful and bitter at the height of his career. The spirit of his mother spoke, too, protesting at Rudy's terrible unhappiness. Then the tone of Rudy's message changed. Not, however, until after his final burial service in Hollywood. Concentrated public thought had held him earthbound. The prolonged cross-country funeral had held him in the agonies of the spirit in passing.

"Rudy, of course, saw his funeral. He was torn with unhap-

From the Beyond?

Natacha Rambova tells of the Spirit Messages she claims to have received from Valentino

piness as New York mobs fought for a view of his body. He realized his great popularity as he had never realized it and knew what he had lost by being taken. To him it was wonderful but cruel.

"He was lonely, too. He could not reach his friends. He could not touch their sorrow. He tried to talk to them but they could not hear.

"Of course, he felt the loss of adulation. Soon, however, the interests of the astral world began to hold him. Now he is radiantly happy, anxious to begin his work there."

Whom has he met?

"He has named Wallie Reid, Barbara La Marr and little Olive Thomas. He has been most interested in meeting and talking with Enrico Caruso. Caruso, of course, was the idol of all young Italians. When Valentino first came to America, to make his living as best he could, Caruso was at the apex of his operatic career. To Rudy he represented all success and all greatness. You can imagine, then, his joy at meeting the great tenor over there. Caruso has taken Rudy to the opera and to hear astral concerts. Rudy, too, has met the personal friends with whom we used to communicate by means of automatic writing."

What have they said?

"They have explained the astral world to him. He is slowly coming to comprehend the sublime qualities of the new life about him."

Does Valentino know of the sorrow that swept the world at his death?

"Naturally, he was conscious of the world's sorrow. It was visible all about him. It tortured him in those earthbound days."

Valentino has referred to the opera and the spoken drama on the other side. Can he tell more of this?

"Opera and drama, sublime things of radiating tones, moods and colors, he says, are presented in massive theaters built of thought-substance."

Valentino has said there are no movies. Why?

"Because the films are a mechanical perversion of the drama. In the astral world there is nothing mechanical. There is a point here I want to make clear. All inventions are created first in the astral plane. As earth-people perfect themselves and achieve the point where they can reach across, they snatch these inventions from the astral. Everything earthly is a materialization of something conceived in the astral plane. Motion pictures, on the other hand, require mechanism for presentation. Mechanism is material and consequently not of a part of the astral scheme of things."

What earthly successes does Valentino remember now?

"He remembered all, at first. Rudy wandered the film theaters where his last film was being shown to sorrowing



One of the last portraits of Rudolph Valentino. Natacha Rambova, his former wife, claims to be in receipt of a number of spirit messages from Rudy via a trance medium

audiences. He walked his old haunts on Broadway, particularly around 47th street, where he used to spend many hours of his old penniless dancing days. He suffered because his old friends used to pass him by, unknowing. Yes, he tried to speak to them, without avail. He shouted 'I am Rudolph Valentino' but they did not hear. It was hard for him to understand. He was just as alive, but in a different vibration. As Rudy has grown in astral knowledge, however, these earthly recollections have lost their appeal. The old glamour of the earth-people is passing. Our world is growing fainter."

Has Valentino any message for his old host of worshippers?

"Yes. He has a message for [CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]

The Truth About

Installment Three in which our Heroine Loses her Bet but Actually Gets Some Work

By Ruth Waterbury

Gaze on the giddy knock-out your correspondent wore in "Twinkle-toes"



WHEN my editor bet me five hundred dollars that I, a member of the PHOTOPLAY editorial staff, posing as an unknown extra girl, couldn't break into the movies, I accepted his bet with great calmness and started off for Hollywood. I was very sure of myself.

My advent, however, did not rock Hollywood with excitement. My face proved fatal only to myself. No more extra girls were wanted by anyone, of my kind or any other. In the eyes of Hollywood I was no more valuable than a used postage stamp.

I discovered Central Casting Corporation, the employment office organized by Will Hays, controlled the extra situation. I called there and didn't even make a dent. I tried the studios. I visited every one of them and succeeded only in wearing out my shoes and nearly breaking my girlish heart.

First National was my last stop. I couldn't have my editor hand me the merry razz, so I begged Dan Kelly, First National's casting director, to let me play on a set, if only for a day. I confessed to him I really was a reporter. Dan told me to come around that night and he would let me work with Colleen Moore.



The newest killjoy of the extra girl's dream—Central Casting Corporation. Dave Allen, standing in center, presides over it. If a girl's name isn't known to "Central," the chances of its ever being known to fame are very slight

AT Central Casting Corporation, the only office in Hollywood to which calls for extra workers come and the only office from which the extra can get work, there are more than 4,000 men registered; more than 6,500 women, more than 3,500 children, some 14,000 people in all. From this group there is an average daily call for 483 men, 195 women and 20 children, 698 jobs a day for 14,000. These are the facts of the extra situation in Hollywood today.

I was wildly happy as I walked across the First National lot. I, that night, was one of those 195 women, 195 selected from all classes of extra women, from beautiful girls of sixteen to character women of sixty, one of the 195 out of 6,500. Proportions like that give false value.

Breaking into the Movies

I was inside, on the lot, going to work, going to win a pay check. I was wearing a make-up which a character actress at the Studio Club had put on me, carrying a make-up box one of the girls had instructed me to buy, running along with a key of Dressing Room 15, Women's Dressing Room Building 2, in my hand, on the lot, in the movies, ready for night work, momentarily victorious.

It is a thrill. I defy anybody to escape it. I defy anybody once put in touch with it all not to feel it. All that dreaming, all that romance, all that wealth, and all that beauty mean are present on a Hollywood movie lot. California with its exotic atmosphere is exquisite when clothed in the darkness of night. I walked across the lot in the cool, blue-black air, the scent of roses and mimosa floating up to me. The vague outlines of sets were visible, the vague bulk of covered stages, occasional swift flashes of light, and the subdued chatter of voices. How poignantly, at that moment, I understood the girls who starve and steal and suffer shame to get into movies, to remain in them.

WHAT a real newcomer would do at First National I don't know. Obviously the first law of the extra world is shift for yourself. I had been told to be there at seven. I was, but no one was in the casting office except the boy who had given me my dressing room key, and a Central Casting check, which I had to present at the wardrobe department to get my costume.

There was no one in the wardrobe department save the property man, who looked me over as he might a horse, disappeared, and came back with a costume, complete from shoes to hair switch, all the right size; handed it to me without a word.

There was no one on the lot when I left the wardrobe and went along looking for the right dressing room building. I passed the little bungalow which is Colleen Moore's dressing room. I passed the leading players' building, the men's building. Finally I discovered Building 2, and Room 15, a neat, brightly lighted little dressing room with a window that opened on a rose garden.

I fancied many bright things in that dressing room, imagined everything except that which really happened.

The character actress had given me a good make-up, but my costume extinguished

me completely. Dan Kelly had told me I was to be a London woman of the streets. I looked it completely. I had been instructed to be on the set at seven-thirty. The time came and went, but nobody called me. The dressing room building was silent, except for an occasional slamming door. I ventured out finally in the direction of the lights.

The set was a series of streets in Limehouse, London, drab little alleys winding crookedly into one another. The narrow sidewalks edged themselves past tiny shops with dull windows dressed with Chinese curios. Street lamps burned

Read on, little movie aspirant, who believes work in the movies to be romantic, easy and golden. Here is a graphic report of the work and wearying hours demanded of extra workers. Every word of it is absolutely true. Study it thoroughly before you buy your ticket for Hollywood.

JAMES R. QUIRK

around doors and boxes. The extras did not notice. They just waited to be called to work. There were no stars, no leading actors, to give the scene life. We waited.

I had come prepared to act for the glory of "Tinkletoes." I had expected to see camaraderie, bohemianism. Now I tried to still my excitement, which somehow seemed unmannerly, excessively naive in this assemblage. I felt that surely some sparkling person would come along and vitalize us. We waited. I spoke to one or two women near me. They were polite, but I met with no encouragement, and the conversation died. The night lay dark and blue over the hills as the moon climbed the sky. I looked at my watch. We had been waiting two and a half hours.

SUDDENLY there was movement. Charles Brabin, the director, came on the set. Women, who had sat with their eyes staring out at nothing at all, were swiftly vivacious. Men, who had not even smoked, slapped one another on the back. Their fierce, terrible desire to please, to be noticed, was heartbreaking.

The assistant rushed about giving orders. "You two," he said, grabbing me and a tall woman, "come out of this store as I count 4. Walk into the center of the road, turn and disappear through that second gate over there."

The tall woman eyed me. Her [CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]



With what art—and a broom—I played a French peasant in "The Silent Lover!" The ritzy gal is Natalie Kingston



The Lark of the Month

THE annual football classic between the University of Southern California and Stanford attracted eighty thousand gridiron fans to the Los Angeles Coliseum.

Thousands of automobiles jammed the roads, and motorists made the trip to the Coliseum at a snail's pace. Arrangements had been made, however, for Harold Lloyd to enter the grounds by a special gate, thus avoiding the jam. This was a special favor accorded to the comedian because he had starred in the famous football comedy, "The Freshman," and because his studio work necessitated a late arrival.

Lloyd reached the Coliseum gate in his Rolls, when an official

stopped the car. "My name is Lloyd—Harold Lloyd," the comedian told the man.

"Don't kid me," replied the guardian of the gate. "You're the fifth guy that's been here today claiming he's Harold Lloyd. Why, you haven't even sense enough to wear glasses. Nothing doing!"

Just then Zack Farmer, manager of the Coliseum, happened along, and everything was fixed for Lloyd. However, the comedian says he is going to don a pair of cheaters when he makes special entrances after this. Without glasses, Lloyd is never recognized in public.

You Must Make Men Behave

says
Arlette Marchal
to
Ivan St. Johns

"BUT what ees all thees—thees bunk they haf tol' me about American men?"

Arlette Marchal opened her brown eyes very wide, made a question-mark of her expressive white hands, exclamation marks of her perfect eyebrows, and threw the entire gamut of French emotion, accent, and fascination into her lovely voice.

"I can't imagine," I said, helping her to another chop—it seemed the proper thing to order when lunching with a beautiful French actress—"what was it?"

I wasn't going to commit myself. There are too many different varieties of bunk handed out about us American men for me to go bursting right in on this one.

"Zat zey are all for buzziness, zat zey do not 'ink of lofe, or know how to make lofe. Always, always, I haf heard thees things about the American men. Oh—they care only for buzziness—and golf, eh? And now, I haf come to America and what do I see, eh? What ees it I find?"

Right here, now that the story is really getting exciting, I'm going to abandon the attempt to reproduce Arlette Marchal's accent. It can't be done. But if American women sound like that in Paris when they speak broken French it's a wonder the Frenchmen ever let them come home. So you must just use your perfectly good imagination from now on, which will be very good for you because nobody's imagination really gets enough exercise nowadays, and try to hear the fascination of her speech for yourself.

"Well, what do you find?" I asked, very politely, signalling the waiter at the Lafayette, where we were lunching, to help mademoiselle to more spinach. Seems the French are very fond of spinach.

"I find that they make love divinely—but divinely! They are as tempestuous as—as Spaniards. They have the combination of the hotness of the Spaniard and the finish of the Frenchman and the strength of the Englishman.

"My goodness, how I was deceived.

"Why, it is much harder to make American men behave than any others, I should think. And you must make men behave. Oh, yes. It is just the same in America as it is in Europe. You must make men behave."

I was torn between a little feeling of elation that at last we poor downtrodden [CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]



A big vote of thanks, please, for Miss Marchal. "American men make love divinely," says the beautiful French woman. "They have the hotness of the Spaniard and the finish of the Frenchman." Now will all the blushing boys come forward and make a pretty bow?

STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP



James R. Quirk, publisher of PHOTOPLAY, gives John Gilbert the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal of 1925. Upon his arrival in California, Mr. Gilbert presented the medal to Marcus Loew, producer of "The Big Parade." This photograph was flashed by wire across the continent



The Brigand Belt originated on the Riviera, which is apt enough as any tourist will tell you. Bebe Daniels wears the first of the importations to reach Hollywood. The belts are eight inches wide and fastened with a huge silver buckle

OF course you know that the Chaplin marriage has now gone down among the famous failures of history. Lita Gray Chaplin and her two children departed from the Beverly Hills home, after a scene only surpassed by the exhibits of Mr. Pain, the Fireworks King. Soon after their exodus, Charlie inserted a legal notice in the Los Angeles newspapers to the effect that his wife had quit him and that he would be no longer responsible for her debts, etc. As every woman knows, those words mean business.

TO put it discreetly, Hollywood is not exactly surprised at the Chaplin rift. According to Charlie, the immediate cause of the quarrel was a noisy party, sponsored by Lita, which kept his household awake until two o'clock in the morning, when Charlie called a halt. Lita says that Charlie has been cruel to her and that she is willing to prove it in court. Of course, she will ask a lot of money to soothe her injured feelings and the custody of the two children. Charlie objects strenuously to giving up the babies, for which you can hardly blame him.

Meanwhile, production on "The Circus" has been suspended. Charlie has circus enough at home, what with lawyers and relatives trying to patch together the fragments of his busted bliss.

A DOWNTOWN theater in New York revived one of the old Chaplin comedies for a week's engagement. According to "Variety," the sleuth-sheet of Broadway, the theater introduced the film with this title: "This comedy was made when Charlie Chaplin had only one motor car, no baby carriages and his mind on his work."

A HOME, a little sister, a daddy and a mother came to small Donald LaMarr, Barbara LaMarr's adopted son, the other day when ZaSu Pitts, who has been caring for the boy since Barbara's passing, signed legal adoption papers for the four-year-old lad. Tom Gallery, ZaSu's husband, and tiny Ann Gallery, their only child, were present at the proceedings.

I'LL never announce Clara Bow's engagement again. Nor will I ever trust a red-headed gal. Just as everyone confidently expected that Clara had made up her mind to flap to the altar, along came the news that all was off between Clara and Victor Fleming.

Now if Clara wants to convince me that she really means to settle down, she will have to show me the marriage license to prove it.

SNAPPY headline in a New York newspaper: "Milton Sills Prefers Semi-Costume Stories." Here, here! Who doesn't?

ALLA NAZIMOVA'S beautiful estate, the one far out on Sunset Boulevard, has been converted into a residential hotel of twenty-five separate Spanish villas, and Madeline Hurlock is the first picture celebrity to occupy a unit. Rooms over the great garage of "The Garden of Alla," as it is now called,

EAST AND WEST

By Cal York

As a protest against overalls and the old straw hat, Charles Ray rushes to this extremely ritzy costume. The barefoot boy is now wearing spats and the gangling rustic is going in for double-breasted waistcoats and "diplomat" collars. And notice the hair-cut!



A new and smart accessory for the feminine motorist. Dorothy Phillips has a vanity case set in the steering wheel of her car. Now it is possible for her to repair her make-up while speeding along at sixty miles an hour. But she doesn't let the traffic cop catch her at it

DO you know that one about the handsome actor who greets every introduction thusly: "Don't tell me I look like John Barrymore! I know it! It's my curse!"

NIGEL BARRIE is practicing a lullaby and Mrs. Barrie is wondering what the feminine of the name Nigel is. It's all because of a baby girl, weighing eight pounds and six ounces, that arrived the other day. Baby Barrie's mother is a non-professional, being formerly Mrs. Gertrude Pocklington.

MARY HAY BARTHELMESS, four year old daughter of Richard Barthelmess, is always amazing her best friends by her unusual use of words. The other afternoon when her very dear friend, Mrs. John Robertson, called on her at the Beverly Hills hotel, Mary said, "Aunty Jo, there are three of the cutest rascals in the hungalow next door. Real rascals! A blue rascal, and a black rascal, and a gray rascal. Come see them."

Mrs. Robertson followed, somewhat bewildered, and Mary led her into Theda Bara's adjoining bungalow and proudly pointed to three kittens curled up in a basket.

"Why, darling," said Mrs. Robertson, "those are kittens." "They're not," said Mary, positively. "They're rascals. Her husband (Mr. Brabin)," pointing to Theda, "told me so. He said, 'Come see my cute little rascals!'"

THE month's most unimportant news: Sari Fedak, former wife of Ferencz Molnar, arrived in this country with a gentleman she introduced as "Valentino's successor." The ship news reporters, however, didn't think they were seeing a ghost. He's a Hungarian with the sort of name one forgets immediately. He's never acted before on stage or screen. Sari found him rowing on the Danube. No, Geraldine, not rowing like a lion.

WE are strong for the sentiments of Vilma Banky. Vilma declares that she will never, never appear in a picture with any person who designates himself as "Valentino's successor."

NO end of discussion and much disbelief is heard in Hollywood about the spirit messages that Natacha Rambova claims to have received from Valentino. Alberto Guglielmi,

have been transformed into a studio where Nazimova lives. At the moment, however, Madame is making vaudeville appearances.

"I'M not a Freeman, I'm a free woman!" declared Pauline Starke when I asked her about her reported engagement to Donald Freeman, magazine editor. "He's charming," continued Pauline, to whom I would apply the same adjective, "but somebody's imagination went riot.

"We're not engaged."

That is what comes of being so popular when one goes to New York.

Pauline just finished a picture there.



Hobart Henley says it with flowers. This floral typewriter was presented to Marion Davies when she started work on "Tillie the Toiler," a comedy glorifying the American stenographer. Henley is the director



In "Sunya," Gloria Swanson is introducing some new faces to the screen. And here is a profile view of one of the newcomers—John Boles, in a scene with Miss Swanson. Mr. Boles was singing in musical comedy when Gloria convinced him that silence is sometimes golden

Rudy's brother, says by way of refutation, "I think Rudolph would have communicated with his own brother if he had any message to send from the other side." But, of course, there is always the chance that the astral switchboard operator got the wires crossed.

Neither Pola Negri nor Guglielmi have heard of George Wehner, the medium who transmitted the messages, and Pola thinks the subject is too sacred, anyway, to be commercialized.

"QUALITY STREET" will probably be the Marion Davies picture. King Vidor's next will be "The Mob," a story of a white collar man. John Gilbert says he wants to play the leading rôle. He insists he has a white collar.

THE new Paramount Theater in New York is now doing business at 44th Street and Seventh Avenue. And what business! This enormous theater is the largest in the world—at the present writing. It is not only a show house but a museum, with vast rooms and promenades filled with all sorts of treasures gathered from every corner of the globe.

The opening was a great occasion; every notable in New York managed to be there. The program began late and lasted until all hours of the morning. You know how such things are.

Mayor Walker made an amusing speech. He reminded that audience that three hundred years ago, the island of Manhattan had been bought from the Indians for twenty-four dollars. "And," said the Mayor, "today you couldn't rent a shelf in this building for that price."

THE two most interesting persons at the opening were Thomas A. Edison and Adolph Zukor. Edison was coaxed from New Jersey for the occasion and sat in a loge box. When the audience greeted him with a wave of applause, Mrs. Edison was obliged to tell him that he was receiving an ovation. The inventor is almost totally deaf. But when he finally stood up and bowed, he looked as pleased as a child.

As for Mr. Zukor, he was quite overcome by the success of the opening. Even in a business of almost fantastic successes, Mr.

Zukor's career is incredible. The enormous theater stands as a monument to the industry, vision and courage of this immigrant boy.

And so the Paramount Theater is one of the buildings in New York that really means something in the life of the city. Its beauty stands as a sort of permanent justification for the existence of Ellis Island.

THE Paramount Theater was barely completed in time for the big opening. One hour before the audience arrived, carpenters were still busy removing scaffolding. "At half past seven," announced Eugene Kelcey Allen, Broadway's wise-cracker, "somebody threw a handful of fish in the gold-fish bowl and then opened the doors."

THE other day a little old lady sat in one of the loge seats at the Paramount Theater. To the audience she was just somebody's grandma.

In reality she was Mrs. Jesse Lasky's great-grandmother, who had made a trip from Boston just to see the theater. She is ninety-one, but she wouldn't let her great-granddaughter send her car to the theater for her. She likes New York taxis, she says.

GRANT WITHERS announced his engagement to Alberta Vaughn, and Mrs. Grant Withers, his former wife, announced that she was going to take steps to collect the \$300 back alimony he owed her before any wedding bells pealed out. Alberta denied they were to be married, but that didn't change Inez Withers' mind regarding the alimony and she went to see her attorney.

It was one of those young impetuous marriages, that of the Withers, and Mrs. Withers secured a recent divorce. Grant and Alberta are really very fond of each other. I shouldn't be surprised if there would be an early wedding.

THE marriage of Dorothy Mackaill and Lothar Mendes gave everyone a lot to talk about. Mendes was directing Dorothy in "The Song of the Dragon" when suddenly First National informed him that he would be replaced by Joe Boyle. As soon as Dorothy learned that the megaphone had been snatched from Lothar's hands, she announced her intention of marrying him, *pronto*. Which she did, with romantic speed.

Dorothy spent her honeymoon at the studio, working in the picture so suddenly deprived of Lothar's direction. And after a few brief weeks of married life, Lothar went to Hollywood, to



Joseph Hergesheimer and H. L. Mencken show aspiring writers how to sell scripts to B. P. Schulberg. Just walk right in and tell him your story is the greatest ever written. Then try and prove it. It's easy—if you are Hergesheimer or Mencken. But others!

accept a position with Famous Players-Lasky, it is said. Dorothy will go West soon to make more pictures for First National.

ONA BROWN rushed home from Hawaii upon hearing it whispered that she and Clarence Brown, the director, were separated. And Clarence, who became an honorary fire marshal in her absence, rushed to San Francisco to meet her. The gossip ceased with their fervid embrace at the dock.

RICHARD DIX says he'd dropped into a Broadway store to look for a hat.

An anxious young man dashed in. "Gimme a derby," he demanded.

"What size?" asked the clerk.

"Don't matter," answered the would-be buyer.

"No size," gasped the bewildered clerk.

"Naw," said the man. "It's for a trombone."

BOB CUSTER and Anne Cudahy both admired fine horses, so they decided to get hitched for life and gallop down an eternal bridal path. Bob, in case you don't know, is a Kentuckian whose real name is Raymond Glenn, and Anne is daughter of the late Jack Cudahy, wealthy Chicago packer. Bob carries his love of horses to the *nth* degree. He is a Western hero who rides a mighty steed for F. B. O. gelatins.

THERE is something about bobbed hair that makes 'em sassy. Consider Kathleen Key and Lois Wilson. Kathleen wore her hair long for years, because she was all tied up in the filming of "Ben-Hur" and she couldn't change her coiffure in the middle of such an important film. Now Kathleen has treated herself to a shorty, boyish clip.

"Why did I do it?" she asked. "That's simple. I got tired of playing the hero's good little sister. No more sister stuff for me."

AND Lois Wilson has flatly and firmly refused to play the virtuous pioneer gal in any more Zane Grey western stories. Lois is through with being the flower of the desert.

"I didn't bob my hair for nothing," announces Lois. "I am tired of being the good but dumb heroine."

To tell the truth, an amazing change has struck Lois. Lois is now living in a smart apartment, wearing ultra-fashionable clothes and "doing" the night clubs.

She has, to be blunt, turned too "hotsy totsy" for the estimable Zane Grey.



Elinor Glyn's idea of the flapper of the future—demonstrated by Clara Bow. The new siren will be a cross between a nun and Queen Marie. And her appeal will be purely intellectual—almost, says our authority

Richard Dix gave a party for Lois recently and that revived all the old engagements rumors. There were the usual weary denials from both parties concerned.

ENGLAND seems to be attracting our screen folk. Antonio Moreno has sailed across the ocean to play opposite Dorothy Gish in a British film. And there is talk that Herbert Brenon may go to England to direct "Sorrell and Son" for Paramount.

THERE is a leading man whose face doesn't quite match. That is to say, his profile, from the left, is merry and twinkling.

And his profile from the right is sour and sad.

"Do you know," his director told me, "that's the secret of the fellow's success? He has never done any real acting; he doesn't have to do any real acting. When you want him for a comedy scene, you photograph him from one angle. When you want him to register sorrow, you just turn him around."

AFTER all, Mary McAlister did pursue the right course. When in doubt the wisest thing to remark is "I have nothing to say." And that's just what Mary said when her friends questioned her about the huge square-cut diamond on the correct finger.

"I have nothing to say," answered Mary, demurely, as is her way, so no one knows whether Mary and "Red" Grange are engaged. They do know that the fraternity pin from which dangles a little golden football is the gift of the pigskin kicker. "Red" and Mary played together in his first motion picture, you know.

LADIES and gentlemen, the magnascope! Broadway had its first glimpse of the new magnascope at the premiere of "Old Ironsides."

Suddenly at the end of the first part of the picture, when the gallant old *Constitution* comes

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]



GLORIA SWANSON has no fear of age—at least in motion pictures. She played a garish elderly female in "The Coast of Folly" and she is portraying a prematurely aged school teacher in her forthcoming film, "Sunya." However, Gloria has four other characterizations in "Sunya": an Egyptian girl, a modern young woman, a prima donna and the wife of a millionaire. "Sunya" has a large cast—and Miss Swanson is a third of it.

Adam's Other Apple

By Frank Condon

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

A studio apple and a
Hollywood romance
that ended as applesauce



As Ben plodded down Hollywood Boulevard toward the studio, he encountered Charley Stimson, his deadly rival. "I'm lucky," Charley declared. "Your girl is engaged to me"

"THEY say," remarked Mrs. Gillespie to her son Ben, over the supper dishes, "that Charley Stimson is going to marry Lola."

Benny continued calmly to dip a triangle of bread into his tea, studying the moist result with interest. Mrs. Gillespie glanced up.

"I said," she repeated mildly, "that they tell me Charley is going to marry Lola."

"I heard you," answered Ben. "Maybe so. Charley's a smart lad."

"Yes, but Lola's too good for him," continued the mother.

"Sure," Ben agreed. "Why don't we have green tea any more? Why is it we're always having black tea these days, when I hate black tea?"

This shift in the conversation was immediately effective and Mrs. Gillespie went at once into the subject of tea and the outrageous prices thereof, and from that to foods in general. She was, admittedly, the finest cook in West Hollywood, a motherly, kindly soul and proud of her son.

On the back porch of the Gillespie bungalow, Ben presently lighted a cigarette and stared at the moon. It was a large, silly-looking moon and Ben regarded it with grim hostility.

"And maybe Charley Stimson won't marry Lola," he grunted. "Funnier things than that have happened."

He uncoiled the garden hose and proceeded to water the lawn, for the flowers needed moisture and West Hollywood was enjoying one of its dry spells. Watering the lawn gives a man time for serious reflection, and Ben had his problem, because, regardless of Charley Stimson and his matrimonial plans, Ben had been in love with Lola Emory ever since he could remember; since the days in high school and even before. Charley had come into the arena later on.

"I'll have a talk with her," Ben decided, dousing the geraniums. "This has gone far enough."

The Gillespies knew and liked the Emorys and the Stimsons, and all three were peaceful and respectable families of West Hollywood. Each lived in a neat bungalow, with fancy lamps in the living room, flowers on the lawn and a flivver in the garage. Lately, the Stimsons had gone in for a brilliant eight-cylinder car, but that was because Charley was in the automobile business, drawing sixty dollars a week and heading rapidly up. He belonged to the Business Men's Lunch, studied the rise and fall of money in New York and talked about bank clearings.

Ben, on the other hand, was making twenty a week. He was a property man over at the studio, and there is no money in being a property man, although one has a chance to study the movies at close range and prepare for better things.

Charley was four years older than Ben and had always been a hustler. When he settled into the automobile business the neighbors prophesied that he would end up rich, and Lola Emory was duly impressed, particularly when Charley drove around to the house one night in a sedan with red plush seats and a cut glass skoglag full of flowers.

"Fifty-five hundred," announced the proud Charley on that occasion. "There's a swell job, Lola."

And Lola, reclining in soft luxury, agreed that it was a swell job and that Charley Stimson was a go-getter, a man who would get somewhere in life and no mistake.

Still and all, there was Ben for her to think about, and Ben unquestionably had his points. He was handsome, rosy-checked, bright-eyed and exuberant, and he had the curliest tow hair of any lad in Hollywood. Also, he knew how to make love, which is always a desirable thing in a young man. Charley

didn't. Charley talked to a girl without excitement, using practical words and discussing problems such as life insurance, wall paper, dry cellars and the advantage of not having children for the first six years.

But when Ben Gillespie talked of an evening, graceful things came to his tongue, the delightful nonsense a girl likes to hear, and there was a romantic magic about him that Charley lacked utterly. Charley talked facts, but Ben was likely to hold Lola's hand and tell her that her eyes were strangely beautiful and that her hair glistened in the sunshine like the fluffy side of an angel's wing. He was accustomed to vowing that her voice, just her ordinary tone, was as the lilting of heavenly flutes, which is not a sensible statement, of course, but which has its value in the moonlight.

"Do you like Charley better than you do me?" Ben asked, not once, but with the ardent repetition of infatuated youth.

"I don't know," Lola replied. "Sometimes, I'm sure I like you better. You appeal more to my spiritual nature. Of course, Charley's simply grand to me. I know *he* loves me. Why, he'd give me anything in the world that I wanted."

"So would I," said Ben. "And you know darned well, I love you. Gee whiz, Lola, you know that."

"I'm never so sure about you. Charley would cut off his right hand for me, but sometimes I think you're not serious when you're talking to me."

"I'm clear crazy about you, Lola. I'm not making much now, but I will be later on. I want you to marry me, but not until I can give you fine things to make you happy, and that can't be done on my pay."

"I know it," agreed Lola. "Let's wait."

So they waited, and now it was being noised in the neighborhood that Lola was intending to marry Charley Stimson, which, as Ben viewed it, was ridiculous. The flowers being thoroughly watered, he laid aside the hose, passed into the house, and after making sure his mother was out of hearing, he telephoned Lola.

"I'd like to come over tomorrow night," he said.

"Fine," said Lola, in her pleasantest manner. "I'll be glad to see you, Ben. You've been neglecting me lately."

"Well, you got Charley, haven't you?" jokingly.

"Don't be silly," said Lola, which means anything, anywhere, any time, when said by any girl.

YOUNG Ben Gillespie kissed his mother after breakfast and hurried off to the studio with the unpainted fence, where he changed into blue overalls and a shop sweater and was ready for the day's serious work. He was connected with a drama company, which, at the moment, was engrossed in the spectacular complications of a motion picture portraying life in high society.

The director was Luke Couzens, who knows all about butlers, what wines to pour at a formal dinner and whether a gentleman should keep his gloves on when calling upon a lady. The male star was Victor Moody, famous in Celluloidia for his chaste profile, and the lady star was Marian Reynolds, who has risen so swiftly to success that she no longer consorts with or recognizes the lowly bathing girls with whom she started and who showed her how to plaster on the yellow make-up.

The company was ready to begin and Ben unlocked a drawer in the property room and drew forth therefrom a red apple, which he examined with a critical eye and carefully polished by rubbing its glossy hide against his sleeve. He had been admiring and polishing the apple for two days, waiting patiently for the moment when it would be needed in the picture.

Director Couzens, a stickler for perfection, had first spoken to him about it.



"Go out and get an apple," he commanded in the lofty manner of true directors, "and have it ready for Miss Reynolds."

"Yes, sir," said Ben.

"A fine, big, red apple," continued the chief, "because I'm going to have Miss Reynolds give it to Mr. Moody in their big love scene by the fire-place."

"Yes, sir," said Ben.

"And I'm not going to take any close-up of this apple," instructed the director, "so I want it to be large enough to show that it is a red apple, even in the long shot. I mean, an unusually good apple."

"Yes, sir," said Ben Gillespie, feeling a glow of pride at the thought of being thus entrusted with a small, but obviously important detail.

"I'll shoot that tomorrow," Couzens said, and so, at the hour of lunch, on the day of the first apple talk, young Ben removed his studio overalls and sallied forth into the byways of Hollywood, seeking an apple fit for its part; a regal apple, with

Ben showed the perfect fruit ready for tomorrow's scene. "Give me that apple," Lola said, "or I shall marry Charley Stimson. He will always give me what I want." Poor Ben was torn between love and duty



and at the finest of bananas, pomegranates, apricots, nuts, peaches and apples; and there, hiding away behind a little igloo of lesser fruit, was the loveliest, largest and shiniest apple Ben had ever seen. It was, as the Italian explained, a splendid and rare thing.

"That's the one," Ben declared. "How much?"

"Thirty cents."

"Pretty stiff for just an apple, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied the smiling son of Napoli, "but there are few apples like this. See, I have no other quite like it. It

is not often seen in Hollywood, and it is called the Scarlet Nonpareil."

"I'll take it," Ben announced, and the deal was consummated.

IN the afternoon, at the studio, Ben displayed his paragon apple and it was admired. Mr. Couzens approved, with a word of commendation. Miss Martha Dickenson, the hard-working script girl, declared it to be the finest apple ever used in a movie.

"When does that scene come?" Ben naturally inquired.

"In a little while," answered Martha, looking through her pages and indicating the love scene at the fire-place. "We will probably shoot the apple business late this afternoon."

Of course, Ben had other duties, but the Scarlet Nonpareil remained in his pocket, ready for [CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]

a shining skin; a spotless, speckless, robust apple, perfect fruit of some perfect tree and worthy to lie gleaming in the damask palm of lovely Miss Reynolds and be handed to Mr. Moody in a long shot. Not many apples can be thus captured in long shots. The ordinary apple requires a flash of close-up, else the customers in the Little Gem Theater later on cannot tell with certainty whether the lady is handing the gentleman an artichoke or the knob of a door.

Of course, the lady could say in a subtitle: "Sir Gregory, here is a rosy apple," but that is an obsolete manner of making movies, and Luke Couzens is the last man in the world to stoop to such clumsiness.

Ben Gillespie searched high and low among the fruit dealers of the Boule' Hollywood, scanning their wares with a sharp eye,



THE NIGHT OF LOVE—Goldwyn-United Artists

THE Night of Love" is full of beauty, emotional thrills, and good acting, and, praise be, it is a new story. Vilma Banky is ravishingly beautiful and Ronald Colman is the perfect gypsy hero. What a combination, those two.

It's a gypsy story of the seventeenth century, but do not let that stop you, for it grips you from the first foot of film until the last. It's over all too soon. The tale is woven around the feudal right of the Duke of a Spanish province to hold all brides at his castle on their wedding day while the poor vassal groom gnashes his teeth in rage, and Montagu Love plays the Duke with such realism that you're unhappy until the gypsy lover puts an end to his rascally life. George Fitzmaurice's direction is exquisite.

Don't miss this.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



FLESH AND THE DEVIL—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

HERE is the picture filmed when the romance of Jack Gilbert and Greta Garbo (see Jack's story in this issue) was at its height. Naturally, the love scenes (and there are several thousand feet of them) are smolderingly fervent.

Based upon Sudermann's "The Undying Past," the tale revolves around the devastating *Felicitas*, wife of an elderly count. *Felicitas* is one of those sirens who move through life with the destructiveness of a Missouri cyclone. She is faithless to her husband and she well-nigh breaks up the life-long friendship of *Leo* and *Ulrich*. Indeed, she dies, just as the boyhood pals face each other in a duel. Miss Garbo gives a flashing performance of *Felicitas*, Gilbert is a dashing *Leo*, although he does overshadow some of his scenes, and Lars Hansen is excellent as *Ulrich*.



OLD IRONSIDES—Paramount

JAMES CRUZE need not care who makes the laws of this country as long as he can make its historical films. "Old Ironsides" pictures this country's pioneering as a sea power, just as "The Covered Wagon" showed our winning of a land empire.

It's a glorious story of a glorious achievement. The hero is the frigate *Constitution*, the lone vessel that freed the sea of Tripolitan pirates. The heroine is the barque, *Esther*, rescued by the *Constitution*, from the pirates. There is a human love story, too, a poetic romance of a landlubberly boy and a girl who is the embodiment of the sea. And there is gorgeous comedy in the adventures of two sailors and a colored cook, played with salty gusto by Wallace Beery, George Bancroft and George Godfrey. Also on the honor roll are Charles Farrell, a newcomer, and Esther Ralston.

The greatness of the film lies in Cruze's sure grasp of the principle involved—"Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute"—and in his uncanny ability in recreating the very spirit of the times. He makes you see America as a young and vital nation, before she was concerned in dollar diplomacy and Sunday School legislation. It's a stirring ideal and the screen ought to be proud to hold it before the public.

A feature of the showing in New York is the Magnascope, a device that widens the screen to give more scope to the magnificent battle scenes. But "Old Ironsides" is in itself a magnascope, for films like this double the dimensions of the power and influence of the screen.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

OLD IRONSIDES WHAT PRICE GLORY
THE NIGHT OF LOVE
FLESH AND THE DEVIL
LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM
TWINKLETOES

The Best Performances of the Month

Victor McLaglen in "What Price Glory"
Wallace Beery in "Old Ironsides"
Vilma Banky in "The Night of Love"
George Bancroft in "Old Ironsides"
Edmund Lowe in "What Price Glory"
Colleen Moore in "Twinkletoes"
Charles Farrell in "Old Ironsides"
Lois Wilson in "The Great Gatsby"
Montagu Love in "The Night of Love"
Greta Garbo in "Flesh and the Devil"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 138



WHAT PRICE GLORY—Fox

A LOT of laurels are to be distributed on this film. First, William Fox and Winifred Sheehan deserve wreaths for filming "What Price Glory" when everyone said that it couldn't be done satisfactorily. Raoul Walsh, the director, must get a large share of the credit for his sincere handling of the picture. A lot of credit goes to the cast. At least one member of it, Victor McLaglen, emerges from "What Price Glory" to stardom.

"What Price Glory" follows the original stage play of Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings with surprising fidelity. Just after the Broadway hit of this play, Metro commissioned Stallings to write an original war story. "The Big Parade" was the final result. However, "What Price Glory" reaches the screen after its offspring.

As a spoken play, "What Price Glory" attracted instant attention because of its caustic and bitter shafts aimed at the futility of war. The drama, too, was studded with profanity. A spade was called a spade in every other line. The film version follows the spoken play in presenting the life-time enmity of two marines. Most of the clashes have been over girls. In France the old flame bursts out again over a peasant girl, *Charmaine*.

The profanity of the hardboiled marines' conversation remains entirely in pantomime, however. Director Walsh has developed his story with a great deal of power. The scene in the dressing station after the battle is highly compelling. Aside from McLaglen, praise goes to Edmund Lowe, Leslie Fenton, Dolores del Rio and Barry Norton.



LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM—Paramount

YOU have seen life "back stage" at everything from the Follies to the royal courts. Here's an amusing yarn of what goes on out of sight behind the counters of a big department store.

There are two sisters: one hard working and self sacrificing; the other a cute, spoiled and unscrupulous little grafter. The hero is a window dresser. Through the background stalk flirtative floor walkers, girl welfare workers and all the rest of a big store's personnel.

Evelyn Brent is very satisfying as the good sister, while Louise Brooks romps away with a hit as the hardboiled *Janie*. This Miss Brooks is beginning to act. Still, what's the difference? She goes to the store's masquerade ball as something decorative *sans* skirts. And she does a Charleston!



TWINKLETOES—First National

THE promises given by Colleen Moore in "So Big" have been made good in this screen version of Thomas Burke's story. The picture itself is an achievement, its delicate romance growing like a lily against the wicked background of London's Limehouse.

Miss Moore's characterization is a work of art. The subtle yet deep change in *Twinks* after she realizes her love for *Chuck*, the tender pathos of the scenes with her father, the gay comedy, the despair of her disillusionment and the tragic fear as she faces *Chuck's* unveiled lust in the theater manager's rooms, are done as only a dramatic artist could do them.

Kenneth Harlan gives the performance of his career as *Chuck*.

**STRANDED
IN PARIS—
Paramount**



YES sir, this is our Bebe at her best, going it a smile a minute. Bebe starts as a clock puncher in a department store. She spends two dollars for a book on concentration and when she sees a free ticket to Paris promised a lucky girl she believes she'll get it and, by gosh, she does. There her purse is stolen, her suit case swiped. Due to mistaken identity, she gets the title "Countess" and a bunch of gorgeous clothes. Ford Sterling is the count. Need we say more? See this.

**THE FLAM-
ING FOREST
Metro-
Goldwyn-
Mayer**



THIS James Oliver Curwood yarn of the Northwest has epic pretensions—but that's all. It starts out to show how the Royal Mounted began and reveals the first officer to be torn between love and duty. Stilted, unreal and conventionally directed. Even Renee Adoree is unconvincing as the girl. Tony Moreno is the Royal Mounted sergeant. Gardner James overacts as the heroine's dim-witted brother. The cameraman, Percy Hilburn, alone emerges with glory.

**THE EAGLE
OF THE
SEA—
Paramount**



OLD lace and crinoline, swashbucklers and ships, masked balls and love in the moonlight, these are "The Eagle of the Sea." The story is a well-plotted tale of the love of a handsome pirate for a beautiful New Orleans lady. Frank Lloyd's direction is very good. Florence Vidor and Ricardo Cortez head the cast, but somehow the production doesn't make the grade. There is a pleasant hour's entertainment here, but somewhere in the making, the thrills got lost.

**THE CITY—
Fox**



TAKEN in its entirety this piece is pretty slim film nourishment. A family from a small town move to the big city. The son runs for public office and is blackmailed by a friend of his father's. All the vices of the big city are depicted, and not until the family return to the rural country town do they find peace and happiness. We have seen better entertainment. Robert Frazer, May Allison, Walter McGrail and Nancy Nash are in the cast.

**THE GREAT
GATSBY—
Paramount**



FSCOTT FITZGERALD'S novel of the great war's aftermath presented unusual film difficulties. Herbert Brenon, the director, has managed to retain much of the feeling of the story. *Gatsby* comes out of the war to achieve a fortune unscrupulously. He falls, of course, in the end, finding that happiness can't be won that way. Lois Wilson runs away with the film as the jazzy *Daisy Buchanan* who flashes cocktails and silken you-know-she-wears-'ems.

**GOD GAVE
ME TWENTY
CENTS—
Paramount**



A CHANCE for something fine killed by too much plot. Fancy all this—a bride, saved from suicide by finding two phoney dimes, dropped by the woman stealing her husband, gets trapped in the same police raid with the love thief, sent to the same hospital, weeps the same tears and whatnot. Coincidence can go no further. Herbert Brenon's direction and the sincere performances of Lois Moran and Jack Mulhall may make it worth while to you.

TIN HATS—
Metro-
Goldwyn-
Mayer



EVERYBODY is doing comedies of the war and armistice days. This one is pretty good. Three buddies get lost from their regiment in Germany and are welcomed as the advance guard of the army of occupation. One of 'em, Conrad Nagel, wins a beautiful enemy baroness, otherwise Claire Windsor. There's a lot of comedy stuff in a trick castle. Nagel's pals are comedy privates. If you can take your probabilities or leave 'em alone, you will get laughs.

**LADIES AT
PLAY—**
First National



SIX million dollars is the heroine's, provided she marries within three days a sutor approved by her horse and buggy aunts. Some quick thinking on the part of the girl makes this one grand and glorious laugh from start to finish. Louise Fazenda and Ethel Wales, as the inebriated old-maid aunts, are the hit of the film. Titled, directed and acted in the finest style. You can't go wrong on this. It will provide you with a pleasant evening's entertainment.

VALENCIA—
Metro-
Goldwyn-
Mayer



FRANKLY, one of the worst films of the year. No story and bad acting. Spain. A gay, gay dancer falls in love with a sailor but the sinister governor, who covets the gal, stalks into view. Nothing happens, save that Mae Murray gives a poor performance of *Valencia*. Lloyd Hughes, despite marcelled hair, is utterly miscast as the romantic seaman and Roy D'Arcy is almost funny as the highly dental governor. He's still hiding that other expression.

**JUST
ANOTHER
BLONDE—**
First National



AN excellent director, Al Santell; four peppy principals, Dorothy Mackaill, Jack Mulhall, Buster Collier and Louise Brooks; a fine title, yet "Just Another Blonde" is just another movie. The real plot must have got lost on the cutting room floor. It's chiefly about a woman hater who falls for the first girl he sees. Ah, well, now that the holidays are over, it will do you good to stay home and rest one evening for there'll be better movies.

**THE WHITE
BLACK
SHEEP—**
First National



JUST another fair Barthelmess film drama. You've heard the plot before—the one about the strong silent Englishman, falsely accused, who goes into the desert and fights for dear old Britain—but that isn't the worst. Dick makes love, is tortured, saves a garrison and melts into a fade-out with Patsy Ruth Miller. The action is packed with hokum thrills. Dull and badly directed. How much Barthelmess needs a good picture!

**THE
CANADIAN—**
Paramount



HERE'S Tommie Meighan, as a Canadian farmer, though there is really nothing of consequence in this tid-bit. The direction and acting are good but the story has no objective—with the result that it relies on the appeal of its star for its popularity. The love sequence becomes sloppily sentimental—resembling the usual Glyn affair—that there must be hatred and disillusionment before husband and wife love one another. If you like Tom, all right. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]

How to Reign When

Mons. Wallace Beery shows you pink tea tricks

Always cater to your guest's desires. "Two, three or four lumps?" signals Mons. Beery, the perfect host. "Nein," murmurs Herr Schimmelstrausser. "There ain't that many in the bowl," replies Mons. Beery and hands him tea, straight. Little courtesies like this are unforgettable



Right: "Hasn't the weather been charming?" queries Mons. Beery, as he deftly thumbs his guest's tea. Regrettable as it is that our host has lost the tea-taster, etiquette demands him to risk scalded anatomy to test the temperature



"Cream?" demands Mons. Beery. "Cream? Say when!" Which is all right unless your guests demand lemon. That's another problem

You Pour *By Wallace Beery*

"What! No Oolong?" The guest wants Orange Pekoe. Does Mons. Beery unhook the napkin from his chin, uncrook his little finger and get it? He does not. "No Orange Pekoe," he smiles. "How about a little hot water, sweetened?" It is not the costly things, but such an inexpensive little gesture that marks the perfect host



Left: Always make your guest feel at home, even at the risk of an eye. Mons. Beery's guest is a glass eye salesman, drumming up a bit of trade. But our host, who is really an embalmer, has fooled him. The tea is flavored with strychnine



If worse comes to worse, there is the saucer. Perhaps the guest wears spectacles and fears the spoon will crack the glass



Mr. Nobody

Lon Chaney has lost
his own identity

By



Ivan
St. Johns

SHE was a nice little thing. From Des Moines, Iowa, I think. And very much interested in the movies.

She had a letter of introduction from a pal in New York—one of those "She's a nice kid, show her a movie star" letters—so I was giving her and her mother lunch at the Montmartre.

I pointed out Charlie Chaplin to her. Alice Terry, in a big, black picture hat, stopped and said hello to us.

The girl from Iowa was so thrilled. May Allison and Blanche Sweet and Bessie Love, in bright sport things,

Lon Chaney is a man with a monomania—of make-up and characterization. He doesn't think of himself. He has no other interest in life than to transform himself beyond recognition

giggling and having as much fun as three school girls, waved across the dance floor.

"Aren't they too sweet?" said the girl from Des Moines.

I was glad Blanche couldn't hear her.

Colleen Moore, made up for "Twinkletoes," floated past and the girl said, "She's my favorite," and stopped eating altogether.

And behind Colleen came a little man in a plain gray suit. The girl's eyes fluttered over him, past him, never even noticing him.

"And that," I said, "is Lon Chaney."

"Where?" eagerly asked the girl from Des Moines.

So I pointed. It is perfectly proper to point when you are showing movie stars off to eastern visitors at the Montmartre. Everyone expects it. It ruins their appetites if nobody points to them.

"That man in the gray suit?" she asked.

"Yes!"

"But—he isn't a bit—"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 136]



Few know where Lon Chaney lives. He makes no personal appearances. He is Hollywood's mystery man

The Story of Christ in pictures



ALTHOUGH the picture is not yet completed, there is the widest public interest in Cecil B. De Mille's production, "The King of Kings." Perhaps no picture ever made had such an intensely interested audience awaiting its appearance. In this great religious work, Mr. De Mille bridges the gulf between the church and the theater by filming a picture which expounds a spiritual ideal, as well as telling a human and dramatic story.

Because of the importance of this new step in film making, PHOTOPLAY is presenting on these pages some of the impressive scenes from "The King of Kings."

"Blessed are the Meek: for they shall
inherit the earth"
H. B. Warner as the *Christus*



"Lazarus, Rise and Come Forth!"
The Raising of Lazarus in the pres-
ence of the Disciples Andrew, John,
Simon and Matthew, and Mary and
Martha of Bethany

The Last Supper

*"This is My Body
which is given
for you:
This do in Remem-
brance of Me!"*







“Get Thee Behind Me, Satan!”

The Rich Stranger points to the riches and power and glory of this world

More Sinned Against than Sinning

Before and after taking the boat for America. Here is the local version of Lya de Putti

Lya de Putti Explains Her Blemished Present

By Ruth Waterbury



I CAME to roast Lya but I stayed to appraise her.

For Lya is human. Lya is charming, intelligent, and appealing, and certainly Lya has never been allowed to be any of that on our local screens.

I had visions of sin and vice about Lya. Imported for the express purpose of destroying American males—before the camera, of course—the papers whispered much. They told of Lya's jumping out of her Berlin hotel window. They told of her temperament. The very syllables of her name connoted the exotic. All was set for her screen seductions which in "The Sorrows of Satan" and "The Prince of Tempters" were as suave and scented as hot afternoons in a boiler factory. I was fully prepared for a couple of house leopards, a tame cobra and Lya writhing in black satin.

Instead she rushed in—heaven help the star tradition, she was even on time—from the great outdoors which that day were doing their stuff in the form of a small blizzard—a tiny little girl in flat heeled shoes and a big fur coat, her eyes sparkling and her hair hung with snowflakes.

Fancy a vamp hung with snowflakes! It seemed too bad to be true. Fancy a vamp in flat heels and wool socks! Yet in that moment I understood Paramount's faith in Lya. Definitely, to meet her is to fall for her.

A little luring is a dangerous thing, and somewhere in her career Lya has acquired that fatal lure, the compelling, egotistic simplicity that marks the true artist.

She rushed up to me. "I coom to you queek now to talk interview," she promised. "I haf been valking in this vunderfool New York of yours. Looks, I haf on two sweater under my coat. Yust a moment. I get us coffee and cakes. Vait. I coom right away."

If Paramount can get in her

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]



This still from a German picture plainly shows things were easier on Lya abroad—the lights, for instance. Her bob is better and they didn't make her a vamp. Lya says, revealing the sharp line of her jaw, "Thees line, he is very bad. But they cut my hair over my ears joost the same"

Start the Year

Heebee Jeebies? Visit the J. D.'s—Doctors of Joy—in the bunch below. January's the month.



Here's old Doc. H. Lloyd, the best blues banisher in the world



Life seem dull? Gaze on this girlish giggle gusher, Audrey Ferris



Whoops! Try keeping sad at sight of a map like Billy Doolley's — and fail

The gentleman mirth maker, Douglas MacLean, prescribed for Aunt Sus and Cousin Nellie



Reggy Denny. No tear can touch him. He brings Universal joy



IT was the comedy companies who started this. They named January laugh month.

A new year. That's a laugh. Christmas behind you. That's another. No shopping to do for eleven months. Bills before you. What a laugh! Well, why not? You might as well laugh. It can't hurt you. It may do you some good.

You can get sick if you don't laugh. You can get well if you do. It's a fact. Doctors are beginning to recognize it. A laugh is the best kind of safety valve for our overwrought systems. The ability to laugh takes the measure of a man's character. Who ever heard of a censor laughing? And look at the darn things!

In our complex civilization, while our emotions go on secreting glandular fluids to keep our bodies running, we are called on more and more to curb our emotions. Result of such curbing, too much sugar in the blood, high blood pressure and lots of internal disturbances. Why, if you really want to get serious about this, hearken to Dr. William Estabrook Chancellor, former head of the schools in Washington, D. C., and where can a laugh be more needed than in Washington, full as it is of prohibitionists and things. Says Dr. Chancellor, "There is a positive physical value to amusement. Work wears upon definite brain areas. These overworked areas need rest. They get it by laughter and joy. There are but two ways to avoid social friction. One is to relieve its causes and the other is to oil and patch the bearing. Laughter does this."

When you come from work all tired out, what do you do? If you're a man and married and have the kind of wife you've read about—the kind they say used to actually appear on earth no farther back than the Victorian era—you are pushed

With a Laugh

Any movie theater's the place. They'll kid you until you can't take your liver pills seriously

Old jokes? Not from Big Boy, the baby bandit of the mirth menagerie



Toy Gallagher is an Educational Mermaid. And what, we ask you, could be sweeter?

We know you, Al St. John. You're Educational also, just plain sob suicide



A funster from England—Lupino Lane—and highly amusing, old bean



Wow! Bobby Vernon. Clown and the world clowns with you, Bobby. Hamlet and you ham alone

gently into a big easy chair, your slippers are brought for you and you are supposed to rest.

But do you? The evening paper or a magazine cannot always divert you. You don't want to be a self-starter in your recreation—maybe the effort of reading appears like work.

So about nine o'clock you give up, go to bed and wake up the next morning at seven o'clock. But—not refreshed. Why? Because, while the body has been resting, the brain hasn't been having any fun.

Now, if instead of going to bed, you had got into a congenial, merry crowd, and stayed up until midnight, or even later, you would have felt much better on the morrow. Fun as well as love makes the world go 'round.

The best remedy for that tired feeling is a good laugh.

But the merry crowd isn't always at hand. Besides, how do you know that the gang is going to be merry? Often a long-anticipated social gathering turns out to be a dud.

So here the movie comedians hang out their shingles—J. D.—doctors of joy. There are 100,000,000 movie patrons each week attending the theaters in this country. It's a poor movie that doesn't bring ten laughs.

When body and spirit are weary, there's nothing quite as potent to dissipate the depression as the laugh makers of stage or motion picture. And when you seek out your favorite screen laugh-maker you know that you're going to be amused.

A billion laughs a week in America. And we're the richest, healthiest nation on earth. Don't be sour-faced all your life. C'mon laugh. And it's a great life if you keep on smiling.





SOMETHING new in negligees. Or is it an evening gown? Anyway, the lady is Alberta Vaughn. Miss Vaughn is the infectious comedienne who sneaked into popularity by way of a series entitled "The Adventures of Maizie." *Maizie* made such a hit that F. B. O. decided to star Alberta in more pretentious pictures. So you'll see her in "The Adorable Deceiver" and "Uneasy Payments."

Adonis of the Argentine

By Dorothy Spensley

I COMMENCED to learn English when I was sixteen and studied it for four years," Barry Norton said, and an amused light slid through his brown eyes.

He did not look like the "mother's boy" of "What Price Glory?" as he sat with his creamy yellow gloves, stitched, held carelessly in his hand. He looked young. Amazingly, gloriously youthful, yes, but not like the heartbroken little wounded soldier who staggered to the mouth of the dugout and said suddenly, beseechingly, "Stop the blood!"

Nor did he look like the little warrior, dead upon that same floor, who forced tears to the eyes of the old campaigner. He looked like a kid in "What Price Glory?" A seventeen or eighteen year old kid. Today he looked like the boys you do not see on Main Street. He looked like Champs Elysées, or Fifth Avenue or Bond Street.

"It's the haircut," said Barry, whose real name is Alfredo de Biraben, running his forefinger above the tip of his ear. "Now I let it grow longer." It slopes to a dark point on his neck; a jagged aristocratic hairline shows in front. "In the picture they cut it off very short as they do in the army. And



Here is the "mother's boy" of "What Price Glory?" For screen purposes his name is Barry Norton. But by birth, he is Alfredo de Biraben of South America—and Paris



Barry Norton of real life is not the ingenuous, pathetic young soldier you see on the screen. He is twenty-two years old—and an intelligent, distinguished and cosmopolitan Latin Youth

it made me look much younger."

Barry is not old. At sixteen, he says, he commenced to study English. He studied it for four years.

"That makes twenty," I suggested.

Barry nodded.

"And you have been two years in America?"

"Yes."

Barry is twenty-two. But such a twenty-two! Such a distinguished, intelligent, twenty-two! Four years in Paris, two years in North America, the rest of a life spent in South America, in the Argentine, in that most cosmopolitan city—Buenos Aires, in Brazil, Peru, Bolivia.

"My mother is from Paris. My father is from the Argentine, two generations. Before that, we are Spanish. He went to Paris and they came back, married, to Buenos Aires."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]



A one-piece frock of flat crepe masquerading as two pieces, gracefully poises a flower of self-material on one shoulder, and uses clever silk stitching to trim the bottom of the blouse. It may be ordered in tan, Palmetto green or Queen blue (open). Sizes 16-40. Price \$10.95

There is inexpensive smartness for the more mature figure in this flat crepe frock with wrap-around closing. The surplice line is both slenderizing and graceful. It may be ordered in Palmetto green, Queen blue, cocoa or tan. Sizes 34-44. The price is exceptional for a frock of this type, being only \$15.75

The slender girl can find no more charming style than the peasant frock of flat crepe sketched above, trimmed with hand smocking and cross-stitching in gay colors. It may be ordered in Grecian rose, gooseberry green, Mother Goose tan or navy. Sizes 16, 18 and 34-38. \$10.95

*Dress Like a Star on an Extra's Income
Through Photoplay's Shopping Service*

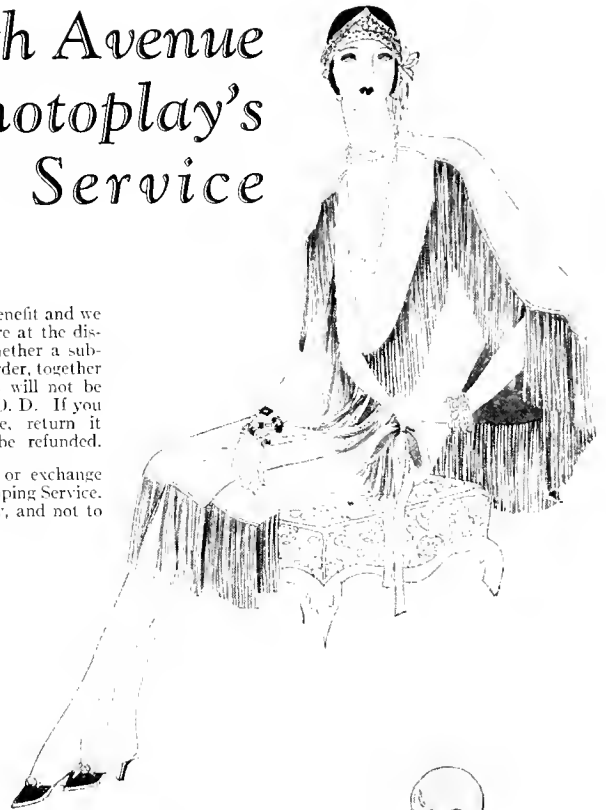
Buy on Fifth Avenue through Photoplay's Shopping Service

How to Order

THIS Shopping Service is for your benefit and we urge you to use it. Its facilities are at the disposal of every PHOTOPLAY reader, whether a subscriber or not. Send check or money order, together with size and color desired. Stamps will not be accepted. No articles will be sent C. O. D. If you are not pleased with any purchase, return it immediately and your money will be refunded.

IMPORTANT: Articles for credit or exchange must be sent direct to PHOTOPLAY Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, and not to the shop from which they were sent.

Slim frocks require smart underthings, and the attractive set above, of crepe de chine and lace, comes in flesh, peach, orchid, Nile and blue. Sizes 32-38. \$3.95

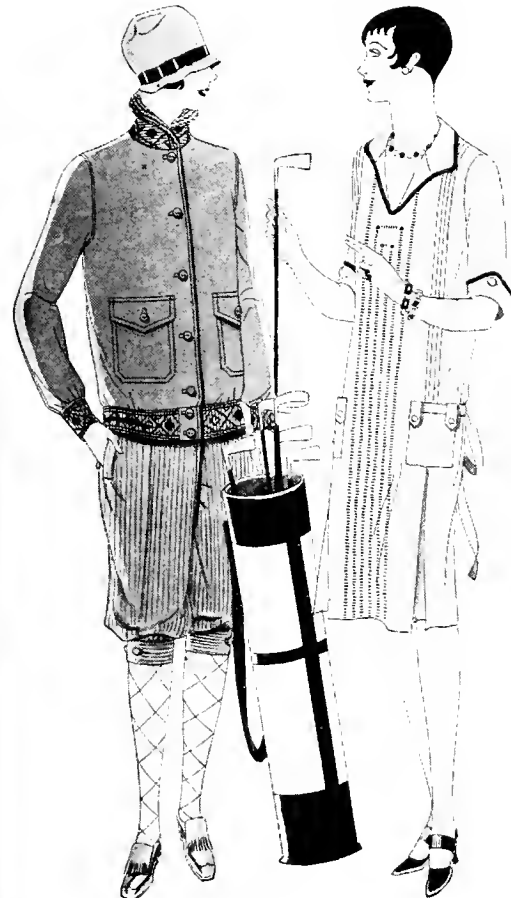


Deep silk fringe trims this newest crepe de chine negligee with a graceful cape back, which is worthy of an honored place in any trousseau. It may be ordered in any of the pastel shades in sizes from 34 to 44, and costs only \$10.95

The young lady sketched at the extreme left is well equipped for winter sports. Her suede windbreaker comes in green, brown or red, and her corduroy knickers come in shades of green and brown in harmonize (not match) with the windbreaker, or in grey tweed to contrast with the red windbreaker. Windbreaker, sizes 34-44, is priced at \$13.75. Corduroy or tweed knickers in 24 to 34 waistband cost \$3.95

The wintry young lady's companion has been basking under Southern skies in a hand-drawn linen frock which comes in peach, orchid, green, copen and white. 16-18 and 36 to 44. Price only \$5.50

At right is another one of those so-smart smocks, for which PHOTOPLAY readers clamor! This is of fine French cotton crepe, which requires no ironing, and is hand smocked and smartly cross-stitched. Practical and charming for home or office. Beautiful shades of green, rose, tangerine, copen or orchid. 34-44. \$2.95



Too Good to be True

St. Conrad of Hollywood
has much to live down

By Dorothy Spensley

MEN have been ruined by many things. Women, wine and song. But here is Conrad Nagel. His ruin was threatened by a trick phrase. A catch-line pounded out by some poor, struggling, addle-brained, penny-pinching writer who called him "the model young man of Hollywood."

Now being an ordinary model young man is lucrative and impressive. It smacks of Fifth Avenue and Bond Street and often lands one on the pages of "Vanity Fair," but being a "model young man," in the sense that was Conrad's, is practically ruinous. At least socially in Hollywood.



It inferred that Conrad was a demi-god. A cross between St. Francis of Assisi and Billy Sunday. A praying picture actor with one hand on the Good Book and the other on the grease-paint. A paragon who was so good he should have died young. And that's no way to ascend the primrose path of fame.

Conrad leaned back in the swivel chair. A sighing squeak resulted and he rubbed his head where it had communed with the wall. His eyes were as blue as the sky through the patch of window. His shoes were brown. His hair was blond and curly. His suit was dark. A red line of mouth showed around his teeth and a small scar slid from the lower lip and was lost in tanned determined chin.

"Look at Lew Cody," he said, just [CONTINUED ON PAGE 123]

A mean writer once labeled Conrad Nagel "the model young man of Hollywood." In spite of the fact that he has played in Elinor Glyn stories, the label sticks. Nevertheless, Mr. Nagel feels that personal morals—good or bad—are nobody's business. And he's more than just a good boy. He's a swimmer, a golfer, a tennis player, as well as a fifty-two-Sundays-a-year church-goer

The Beautiful DUCHESS de GRAMONT

*on keeping a lovely skin
• Nature's gift to Youth*



BEAUTY brilliant as crystal, shadowy as a fugitive moonbeam; the bearing of a woman unconsciously proud of her distinguished lineage—this is Maria Ruspoli, Duchesse de Gramont, acknowledged leader of Parisian society.

She moves in that exclusive circle which hunts and golfs in the *parcs* of the French *chateaux*, dines and dances in the gracious houses on the Champs Elysées in Paris. But last year she visited America where she was queen of the season at Palm Beach.

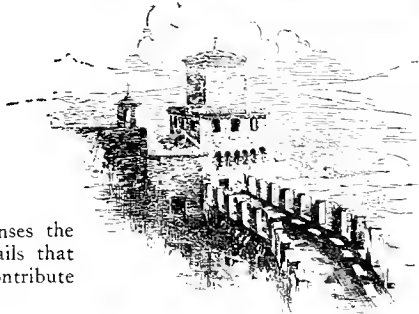
The Duchesse de Gramont senses the importance of the thousand details that make up the perfect whole, that contribute to charm, to *cachet*, to distinction!

THE creams she chooses for her skin like "the waxy whiteness of some tropic flower"—does she select them, with meticulous care? In her own words, let her tell you!

"A lovely skin and good colour are Nature's gift to youth but their possession must not be taken for granted. Rather they are to be protected and preserved by daily care. Pond's Two Creams afford an exquisite means of giving precisely the care a woman's skin requires today."

Thus another beautiful woman of the social world offers praise to the Two famous Creams made by Pond's! Compounded with scientific skill from precious ingredients, they should be used each day as follows:

Pond's Cold Cream affords a thorough cleansing. It should be used every night before retiring and during the day whenever the skin feels dusty and tired. Its fine oils penetrate the pores, bring-



The DUCHESS de GRAMONT

leader of Parisian society, is the widow of the late Antoine Alfred Agénor, Eleventh Duc de Gramont, of an important French family. Before her marriage the Duchesse was Maria Ruspoli, of the family of the Princes Ruspoli.

To left, an ancient Italian Castle belonging to the Duchesse, its towers and battlements overlooking Lake Maggiore.

ing to the surface all dust and powder. If the skin is dry, more Cream applied after the nightly cleansing, and left on until morning, will restore suppleness.

Pond's Vanishing Cream affords an exquisitely soft finish; holds your powder long and so evenly; and keeps winds, dust and soot from chapping, and clogging your pores. It should be applied lightly after every Cold Cream cleansing except the bedtime one.



These are the TWO CREAMS distinguished women have chosen.

Free Offer: Mail coupon for free sample tubes of Pond's Two Creams and instructions for using.

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. P
114 Hudson Street, New York City

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

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Speaking of Pictures *By James R. Quirk*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

THE American picture would never have reached its present high point had it not been for the foreign influence that today Europe regards as a menace to their commercial happiness. Up to the time that Italy produced "Caberia" and "Quo Vadis," no American producer dared attempt anything approaching the magnitude of those fine pictures. "Passion" started the importation of German technicians, and, to quote Robert Kane, "the splendid camera angles of 'Variety' put the American studios on wheels."

THERE is no reason why England, where the controversy is warmest today, cannot take a lesson from this. Unless it is that they just do not know and will not learn how to make pictures. A real Englishman would never admit that. Who can say that it is impossible that the nation that produced Chaucer, Shakespeare, Macauley, Scott, Byron, Dickens, Shelley, Wilde, Chesterton, Shaw, and Wells, cannot produce their relative counterparts in motion pictures?

NOR is the explanation in atmospheric and climatic conditions. For it is being demonstrated that the improved technic of the films demands well equipped interior stages where lighting is under absolute control.

The Fox company has just finished the interior scenes of "One Increasing Purpose" in their Hollywood studios after spending several months making the exteriors in London and rural England. There was no reason why that picture should not have been made by British producers. "Broken Blossoms," a story of the Limehouse District of London, also the work of a British author, Thomas Burke, was made, ninety-five per cent inside studios, by artificial light.

The three best of the more recent German successes, "Variety," "The Last Laugh," and "Faust," have few scenes that were shot without artificial light. The proof is overwhelming.

GEOGRAPHY has nothing to do with it. Nor can we claim it is a monopoly of brains. Nor right of discovery. Those four years, 1914, 1915, 1916, and 1917, while England and France were devoting every ounce of energy to winning the war, set them back, but during those years the Germans went right along developing the camera as a useful machine in the business of war, and settled right down to the business of making pictures immediately the armistice was signed.

IT cannot be said that the American producer has been inspired primarily by patriotic motives any more than Henry Ford has been in building his colossal factories and millions of flivvers to wave the emblem of Detroit on every thoroughfare of the known world.

ECONOMIC conditions, and the fact that America is seventy per cent of the world market, are vital considerations, but if the English government is so concerned with the trade influence of the motion picture, it is more in concert with the methods of their great empire builders of the past that they quit crying and use their best brains and gold to fight their way to a place on the screens of the world.

COME on, England, come on, France, come on, Italy! Speaking as an American film fan, and I believe I have a closer contact with their expression than any individual with the exception of Will H. Hays, I can say that we do not carry a flag to the motion picture theater. We go there for entertainment, but if that entertainment does not make us glad we are living and does not touch our hearts, we are not going.

IF you will make them, we American fans will pay to see them, and relegate an equal number of stupid native productions to the ashcan.

There's a "kontingent" system for you.

THEIR LIFE STORY IN PICTURES

THOUSANDS of families are now equipping themselves with small motion picture cameras. They are making their own films of children, friends, reunions. In the course of a few years they will have a marvelous diary, in pictures, of their happiest moments. With the March issue PHOTOPLAY is inaugurating a department of service to the users of these cameras. Write to PHOTOPLAY and find out how to earn one of these cameras without its costing you a cent.

Full details in March PHOTOPLAY.



"I WAS ADVISED TO GIVE UP SWIMMING ON ACCOUNT OF STOMACH TROUBLE caused by a cold settling in my stomach. Then I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. Not only did it banish my indigestion but I am now in the best of health and enjoy my swimming more than ever."

HELENE STYLES, Winnipeg, Man.



"I WAS SUFFERING FROM AUTO-INTOXICATION. I was tired and listless. My whole system was poisoned. Nothing brought relief. Then I tried Fleischmann's Yeast and now I feel entirely well."

GLADYS L. HALL, Jacksonville, Fla.

Health you stop to look at . . .

They have conquered constipation, skin and stomach disorders, found glorious health—by means of one simple food

Not a "cure-all," not a medicine—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. *For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.* All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 26, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system — aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.



"FOR TWO YEARS I WAS NEVER FREE FROM BOILS AND PIMPLES, on my face, my neck and back. The doctor said if I would take Yeast and keep taking it he was sure I would have no more boils. I started right away taking Fleischmann's Yeast and my face became clearer, my pimples dried up. I have never had a boil since."

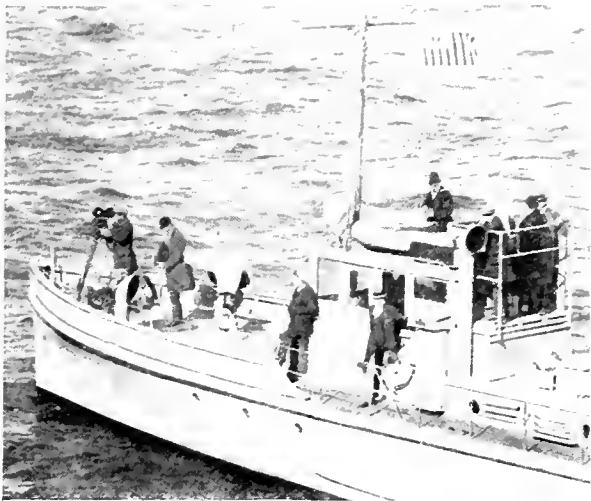
EUGENE BLACKMER, JR., Denver, Colo.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

A Saga of the Sea



The *Columbia* leading the *Henry Ford* by a length in the race filmed for the Gloucester screen story

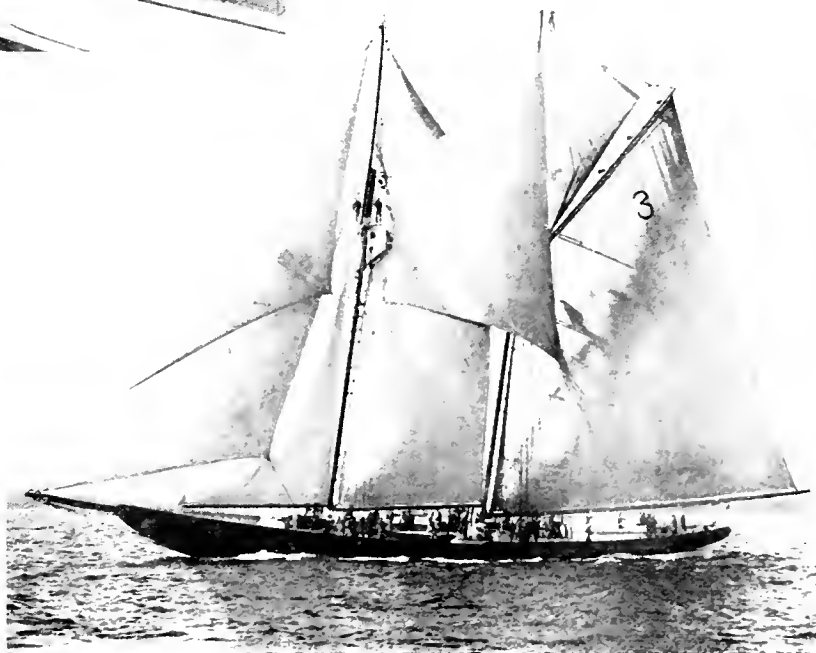


The U. S. Coast Guard Boat 153, from which many of the shots of the race were made. W. J. Miller, cameraman, is in the bow. The *Columbia*, with Captain Ben Pine as skipper, won from the *Henry Ford*. The annual races were shot on October 11 and 12

THE story of the Gloucester fishermen is to be told in films. John L. E. Pell, who wrote "Down to the Sea in Ships," the whaling epic filmed by the community of New Bedford, is the author of the Gloucester story, to be shot with the co-operation of the Massachusetts town and to be filmed and released by Film Booking Offices.

Work has started on the picture, as yet untitled. The annual race between the crack fishing boats of the banks, this year between the *Henry Ford* and the *Columbia*, was caught. These two schooners were selected as the fastest boats of the fishing fleet. Mr. Pell obtained the co-operation of the government in making the picture, several coast guard vessels being utilized in filming the scenes.

Just as "Down to the Sea" told the old trade of whaling, the new story will show the romantic industry of deep sea fishing.



The *Columbia*, here caught in what is termed a "spanking breeze," plays a stellar role in the Gloucester fishing picture, having proven itself the fastest schooner of the big fishing fleet. The race will be one of the features of the screen production



Made by the very method France uses for her finest toilet soaps

From beauty-wise France * *
the Gift of a Smooth Skin

THE country that understands women—France! For centuries the whole world has looked to that beauty-wise land for fine toilet soaps!

Small wonder that women wrote us, "Oh please make a soap as exquisite for our skin as fine French soap but not nearly, nearly as costly."

It was because France knew that her incomparable powders, perfumes, cosmetics, lose their magic if the skin itself is not smooth and exquisite, that years ago she developed her famous method of making fine toilet soap. And—because the makers of Lux are the world's largest

makers of soap—we were able to make "a soap as adorable as French soap but not so costly."

We made Lux Toilet Soap—we made it by the very method France uses for her finest toilet soaps. Quite differently from the white soaps you are used to.

The famous French method makes Lux Toilet Soap the firm fine-textured cake that your fingers recognize as true *savon de toilette*. Makes the creamy, bubbling lather, that even hard water can't quell, caress your skin—giving it the same satin-smooth feeling you used to adore after costly imported soap. Lux Toilet Soap tends your skin the true French way!

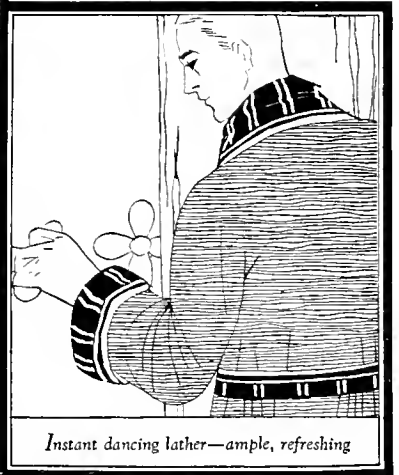
France with her passion for perfection—America with her genius for achievement! Ten cents for a cake of Lux Toilet Soap—generous, long lasting, delicately fragrant! Wherever toilet soap is sold you will find this *savon de toilette* for all the family. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



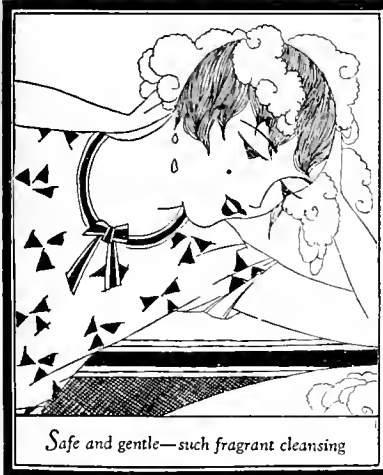
*Yesterday 50c for a fine French soap
Today the same luxury for just 10c.*

Such a dear delight to have a luxurious personal soap without extravagance! Not one qualm of conscience—but the whole family using it freely for toilet and bath!

For Face, Hands & Bath



Instant dancing lather—ample, refreshing



Safe and gentle—such fragrant cleansing

LUX TOILET SOAP

The Real Valentino



Jean Acker — the last woman to see Valentino



Natacha Rambova — the victim of her own ambition



Pola Negri—an enigmatic factor in his life

THE man who, for many years, was closest in the confidence of Rudolph Valentino, has written a book. S. George Ullman's tribute to his friend, "Valentino as I Knew Him," is perhaps the truest estimate ever written of Valentino. Or that ever will be written.

The publication of Mr. Ullman's book clears up a mass of conflicting stories that surrounded the figure of Valentino. It was, one imagines, an ardent wish to paint a clear portrait of his friend that led Mr. Ullman to write the book; to present him as he really was to a world that always loved him.

The value of Mr. Ullman's book lies, not only in his presentation of many anecdotes hitherto never related, but in its shrewd estimate of the persons and influences that surrounded this charming and magnetic Italian boy, who lived to become the greatest figure on the screen.

Mr. Ullman writes with praise-worthy candor and truthfulness. His estimates of the women who figured in Valentino's life are particularly interesting. Of Jean Acker, he says: "His (Rudy's) marriage to Jean Acker lasted but a short time, yet, in spite of the fact that they were divorced, they remained friends, each always saying kindly and appreciative things about the other. Indeed, I may say that the grief of Jean Acker was one of the most genuine things I ever witnessed. Feeling that the end was so near, and knowing that Rudy's last wishes would have been even more kindly than those which he always manifested, I allowed Jean Acker to come to his bedside. He was unconscious and knew no one.

"She had been his companion on many occasions during this last visit to New York, and I realized that there was a growing friendliness between them such as is often remarkable with those who are about to die. Thus Jean Acker was the last woman to see Rudolph Valentino in life."

To Natacha Rambova, Mr. Ullman is just, but hardly sympathetic. He admits her great power over Valentino and Rudy's great love for her. And he describes truthfully the causes that led to their tragic separation.

It was Miss Rambova's ambition that caused the rift, Mr. Ullman says. Her desire to become an important person in the movie world brought about all the trouble between them, according to Mr. Ullman.

Mr. Ullman writes: "From a passionate interest in his future and a desire to promote his best interest, Rudy now began to observe that her (Natacha's) fancy was straying into other paths and fastening itself to other objects and interests. A natural coldness now began to appear, which threw Natacha more and more upon her own resources. It caused her husband the most profound anguish, not only hurting, as it did, his natural male vanity, but injuring him in his deepest soul. He felt for the first time that his love was not appreciated, and he began to suspect that he had been married, not for himself alone, but partly as a means to an end.

"And that end was, first and foremost, Natacha's overpowering, unalterable determination to be a figure which the motion picture world could not ignore. That

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 142]



Mr. Ullman's estimate of the beloved Valentino is perhaps the truest ever presented

AMAZING EXHILARATION AFTER SHAVING



Like a cold shower!

The men are all talking about what a delight Listerine is after shaving.

It is impossible to describe its effect on you. All the thrill of a cold shower is there, with none of the trouble, and with a fraction of the time.

It starts you off with a bang and the whole world looks brighter. Just try it and see, and find for yourself why we are not taking a chance

in risking our money to tell you.

Douse it on, full strength, after the hot water. It closes the pores and draws up the muscles.

You look younger—even *feel* younger. And you are left with a nice feeling

of safety—because Listerine insures you against possible infection.—*Lambert
Pharmaceutical Co., St.
Louis, U. S. A.*

A New Broom

Listerine Tooth Paste
is sweeping the count-
ry. And like a new
broom—it sweeps
clean.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

head on towards the camera, the curtains were drawn aside and the animated picture grew larger, until it filled the whole screen, thirty by forty feet.

The effect brought the first night audience to its feet. It is obtained by using a magnifying lens attached to a special projector. The magnascope was used not only for the first part climax but to present the big battle scenes.

Famous Players is reported to have the magnascope sewed up through ownership and patents. The basic principle involves the use of a wide angle lens.

THAT very lovely girl Katherine Grant, whose beauty won her the title of Miss Los Angeles in 1922 and later won her a comedy contract, is slowly regaining health under the constant care of her mother and a trained nurse. It has been many months since an acute nervous breakdown snatched her from a very promising career and as yet no plans have been made for her return. Katherine must rest and wait until she is entirely well before she continues her picture work.

MRS. FRED NIBLO (Enid Bennett) had a most charming party the other evening to welcome back to Hollywood her younger sister, Catherine Bennett, who has been on tour with Ruth Chatterton, playing *Venice* in "The Green Hat." It was quite a gala occasion, for Cath Bennett is one of the most popular members of Hollywood's younger set. Among the guests were Miss Chatterton and her husband, Ralph Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Schenck (Norma Talmadge), Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, John Barrymore, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Franklin, Charles Christie and Ivy Shilling, George Fitzmaurice,

Mr. and Mrs. C. Gardner Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, and Carl Schmidt.

E. LLOYD SHELDON, in charge of the Lasky scenario department, was taken ill recently, and Hope Loring, in his absence, filled his editorial shoes. Hope is the wifely half of the clever Louis Lighton-Hope Loring story-writing team, and her first official act was to dictate a note to her husband, also at Lasky's, which read:

"The only right thing you ever did was when you married me."

SALLY O'NEIL, that sweet sprite of Ireland whose name was Chotsie Noonan until some idiot changed it, got a five-year contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for being a good little actress. Which proves that long experience on the screen doesn't mean a fat contract. Sally was discovered not long ago by Marshall Neilan and had never been before a camera.

Don't take this as a heaven-sent message to come to Hollywood, even if you have cute eyes and dimpled elbows. Sally just had a marvelously lucky break.

GLORIA'S leaving Hollywood. Turning us down flat for good and all. Her home, the one on that lovely corner in Beverly Hills, is to be sold. It had a walk, sliding obliquely from the street to the great thick door, that was lined with tall cannas, red and yellow in the summer, and with clumps of poinsettias, vivid in the fall.

She's leaving it for a little bungalow atop a

New York sky-scraper, where the grass on the tiny plot in front of her door takes root in the ceiling downstairs. She's happy there with her Marquis. After all, that's what counts.

ABSOLVED of his cinema sins,

Noah Beery is one of the finest men in pictures. Read what Ivan St. Johns wrote about him recently in this very publication. But maybe the little ten year old San Antonio kid hadn't seen the story. Anyway he set out to convert Noah who was on "Rough Riders" location in Texas.

Seeing Noah pacing the long verandah of the old southern hotel, the juvenile Billy Sunday walked up to him:

"S-s-say, Mr. Beery. Will you go to church with me tomorrow?"

Noah likes kids. He has a boy of his own.

"Sure thing, lad. What time?"

"I'll be here at ten minutes to eleven for you."

It happened that the company had a ten o'clock location call the next morning and Beery was absent from the broad verandah at the appointed time. As the small soul-saver marched alone down the dusty road he was heard to mutter, "Might o' know'n it. Can't do nothin' with a villain. Never do and never will keep their word."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]

The Amateur Movie Producer

WITH the March issue, PHOTOPLAY is inaugurating a new department of service to the makers of home and community movies. Thousands of families and clubs now own small motion picture cameras of their own. The making of personal movies is proving one of the greatest innovations in home entertainment and education. It bids fair to equal the radio in popularity.

Q The new department will be brim full of practical advice and suggestions.

Q If you don't own a camera of your own, PHOTOPLAY will tell you how you can earn one without a cent of cost to yourself.

Better order your March PHOTOPLAY now!



Claire Windsor and her camera

Watch the March
Photoplay
for announcement
of the first
big prize contest
for amateur
movie producers!



A Hint Worth Taking

When the chill blasts of winter keep you inside, there's always cozy comfort with **Baby Ruth** around.

The whole family—grandma, dad and mother, the young folks, even the tiniest tot—enjoys this delicious candy and finds real

nourishment and health-building energy in its wholesome goodness.

Baby Ruth more fully meets the popular favor than any other candy, at any price. Try it yourself! You'll heartily enjoy it!

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO
Otto Y. Schnering, President
Candy Makers to the American Nation.





WHAT DID THE DENTISTS SAY?

In the sensible care of beauty and health, authorities now insist on the importance of protecting The Danger Line from acids

FOR years E. R. Squibb & Sons have issued warning that the line where gums and teeth meet is in reality The Danger Line. That acids forming in the crevices along The Danger Line—particularly between the teeth—strike the most treacherous blow to your teeth and gums.

However, because of the confusion caused by dozens of conflicting theories—and because we believed the public should receive confirmation on a question of such importance—we decided to bring the matter before the only real existing authority, the dental profession itself. So we went to one of the greatest dental clinics in the world—where every year more than 100,000 treatments are given. We also asked practicing dentists everywhere to state the result of their experience. From both sources we obtained almost unanimous agreement on the following facts:

- (1) *Acids are the most frequent cause of decay and gum infection.*
- (2) *The most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth meet gums—known as The Danger Line—especially at that part of The Danger Line between the teeth where a tooth-brush cannot reach.*
- (3) *The best product known to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gum tissues is Milk of Magnesia.*

Isn't it logical, then, that Squibb's Dental Cream, because it contains more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in a most convenient and effective form, will definitely

help prevent the danger that menaces your teeth and gums?

Squibb's Dental Cream goes even further. Other tooth pastes may contain Milk of Magnesia and still not combine the other ingredients necessary to clean and care for your teeth and gums properly.

Squibb's Dental Cream cleans thoroughly, beautifully and safely. It relieves sensitive teeth and soothes sore gums. You can safely use it to brush the gums—which dentists say is very necessary—for it contains no grit. It will not harm the most delicate gum tissue.

Each time you use Squibb's Dental Cream tiny particles of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia are forced into every pit and crevice where acids can form. There they not only neutralize these acids, but remain to give protection long afterwards.

Squibb's Dental Cream is on sale at all druggists—40c a large tube.

**SQUIBB'S
DENTAL
CREAM**

© 1927

A Million and One Nights

TERRY RAMSAYE'S history of the motion picture, "A Million and One Nights," has just been issued in two volumes by the New York publishers, Simon and Schuster. This is "The Romantic History of the Motion Picture," which was published in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE during the course of four years, 1922, 1923, 1924 and 1925, and which caused such a sensation in the film and publishing world.

In its March, 1922, issue, PHOTOPLAY announced Mr. Ramsaye's history as follows:

"It is a romance transcending fiction; a tale of more wealth and color than a Klondyke or a Kimberly; more daring than the Spanish Main, more splendor than a Rome and as much humanity as the heart of the world contains.

"Seeking a writer most effectively equipped by a combination of experience and craftsmanship, PHOTOPLAY has commissioned Terry Ramsaye to perform this work, which has now been in progress nearly a year. Mr. Ramsaye is among the most authoritative of the writers on the motion picture—young enough to have the viewpoint of today, old enough to have an intimate personal contact with the motion picture through the period of its greatest and most significant development."

Mr. Ramsaye's Romantic History lived up to the significant announcement of PHOTOPLAY. It was a sensation in every sense of the word. Mr. Ramsaye's original commission called for twelve articles. It was soon apparent that the subject could not be covered adequately in twelve or even twenty-four articles. So the history ran finally to thirty-six installments, concluding in the issue of March, 1925.

Thus Mr. Ramsaye devoted five years to the actual preparation of the first draft. PHOTOPLAY had commissioned Mr. Ramsaye to get a complete story. This required trips from coast to coast, and to Europe, endless correspondence, thousands of interviews, month after month of research through old newspaper and letter files. The immensely valuable files of



Terry Ramsaye

Whose Romantic History of the Motion Picture has just been published in book form

PHOTOPLAY, extending back into the dim first days of pictures, played an important part in the history.

Now Mr. Ramsaye's history is published in book form, a superb example of typography and binding. Every person with a genuine and honest interest in motion pictures should have it, since it will prove of unceasing value as a reference work and of high interest as reading matter.

Many of the incidents related in the Romantic History are expanded in "The Million and One Nights." With the publication of the Romantic History in PHOTOPLAY, thousands of new suggestions and new facts were offered to this magazine and to Mr. Ramsaye. One of the most interesting new chapters concerns the poignant life story of Eadweard Muybridge, whose experiments with cameras in photographing the movements of a running horse contributed so much to the early development of the motion picture. Back [CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]

Announcing—

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF THE FILM GREAT

TERRY RAMSAYE, author of "A Million and One Nights," is starting a new and sensational series in PHOTOPLAY. "Little Journeys to the Homes of the Film Great" will present for the first time the real, authentic stories of the men behind motion pictures, actually as they are, in their own homes. Mr. Ramsaye will take you to visit Adolph Zukor, Richard Rowland, Marcus Loew and the other leaders in picture making. His stories will be of absorbing interest.

Friendly
Advice on

Girls' Problems

from

Carolyn Van Wyck



DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK. What do you think of gold-diggers? Do you think a girl should be one? I was brought up in the country and taught no nice girl would take gifts from a man, unless she was engaged to him, much less deliberately work him for presents. Now I am alone, a working girl in a large city. The girls in my office are constantly augmenting their incomes through men's pocketbooks, and getting away with it. They call me an idiot for not doing the same. What do you think?

M. A. B.

Whether or not to be a gold-digger! What a modern girl's problem that is! I get so many letters about it from so many girls dazzled by the apparent glamour of such a graft. There has been the tremendous success of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" with its hard-boiled *Lorelei Lee* to give this emphasis, and many a girl has recognized the bitter truth of *Lorelei's* observation that a kiss on the hand is thrilling, but a diamond bracelet lasts forever.

This gold-digger vogue marks an advance in practicality in women and a coming out in the open about their real intentions. It's much like the "to pet or not to pet" problem, only in this instance it advances to being "to pet profitably or to have a little romance." It is the business of a girl commercializing her social life as well as her working one.

When mothers told their daughters not to take presents from men unless they were engaged, I do think, with all due respect to those worthy mothers, that somewhere in back of that was the idea that the main thing was to get married and all other pleasures had to stay in line with the main objective. Today the value changes, since no girl need marry unless she wants to.

Yet old-fashioned as it may seem, I favor romance. There are styles in moods, as well as other things, and, at the moment, the vogue is to be a little hard and most unsentimental. But down underneath, no matter what the outward manifestation may be, human emotions

do not alter very much. Life and death and hunger still rule life, and love still remains the most wonderful thing in the world. Even the littlest moment of romance makes life worth the living, and romance and gold-digging are quite impossible together. Gold-digging is sex against sex, the male being made to give too much, the female refusing everything. You

traps are set. It becomes a warfare between the two to see which will outwit the other. The girl puts into her campaign a subtlety, a driving force, an actual amount of headwork that I believe, translated to her job, would make her an executive in a year's time. The man, particularly if he is a man of the world, puts intelligence into the game, too, and you have only to read the records of the police courts to know how very frequently the whole thing ends in disaster for the girl involved. But that is the unsuccessful side of gold-digging that isn't generally talked about.

I know in New York City a woman who has made marriage her career. She has married three times, with two divorces, and each alliance has been plotted out as strategically as a general plans a battle. With each marriage, she has gone up in the financial scale. Today at forty she has many jewels, motors and a beautiful home. She started out as a stenographer and she has attained just what she wanted. Yet it has taken her some twenty-two years and in all that time she has never once permitted herself the luxury of love or of friends. She always had to watch out for other women. She could never be friends with men, intending always to victimize them. Telling me her story, she confessed she had never once, in all those years, expressed her true opinions or her terrible boredom with the life she led. Her life has been as lonely as that of any other capitalist. She had beauty and a shrewd mind to aid her, but today she is bitter, hating all people and particularly men, hated in turn by her three living husbands, childless.

She says with certain pride that she won these things through gold-digging. I maintain that such a woman with her energy and driving force could have earned these same material things in the business world and not have lost every spiritual value.

So, there, really, is my objection to gold-digging as a career. I hate it on moral and on mental grounds. I dislike the things it does to

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]

GOLD-DIGGING

Is This Month's Problem

IT looks so fascinating from the outside with its twin promises for getting rich quick and gaining something for nothing. This month I am answering the questions of the girls who ask if the game is worth the scandal.

Complexions facing wintry winds need extra care. Send me your name and address and I will forward you my booklet on the care of the skin. Or if you're overweight ten cents will bring you my little booklet on sane reducing. CAROLYN VAN WYCK

simply can't get romance out of such a combination.

Regarding gold-digging simply as a money making scheme, I don't think its price is worth the spoils.

Take the ambitious little girl earning twenty dollars a week and the big butter and egg man who hints at diamonds. Actually few girls get the diamonds. The bait is always there and the

A Risk Women Have Learned Never Again to Take

This new way ends the uncertainty of old-time hygienic methods



Eight in ten better class women have adopted this NEW way which provides security that is absolute and banishes forever the problem of disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

DUE to modern scientific advancements, women's oldest hygienic problem remains a problem no longer. The hazardous and uncertain "sanitary pad" of yesterday has been supplanted with a protection that is absolute.

Thus social exactments no longer come ever as ill-timed. Filmy frocks and gowns are worn without a second's thought or fear. The woman of today meets every day unhandicapped.

Kotex—what it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.



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



① No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.

Easy
Disposal
and 2 other
important factors



② Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of cotton, and deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as cotton.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal. It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends all fear of offending.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

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

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes: the Regular and Kotex-Super.

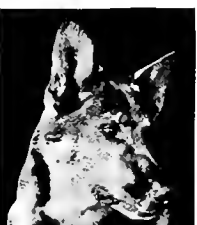
Kotex Company, 180 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen
Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen



③ Easy to buy anywhere. * Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

DOLORES
COSTELLOJOHN
BARRYMOREIRENE
RICHSYD
CHAPLINPATSY RUTH
MILLERMONTE
BLUELOUISE
FAZENDAGEORGE
JESSELHELENE
COSTELLO

RIN-TIN-TIN

Makers of Romance, Laughter, Adventure—Warner Bros. Stars

WHAT a parade of human emotions these Warner Bros. stars portray for your entertainment. A thousand lives, a thousand loves, adventure without end—that is the joy of picture-goers that see Warner Bros. stars at their favorite theatres. Builders of life and romance in the shadowy land of make-believe, they bring happiness to millions.

This year you should follow them more closely than ever because this year the pictures in which they appear reach a new high point of picture perfection.

"Don Juan"

The Greatest Lover of All Ages

The very sensation of the entire picture season—John Barrymore in "Don Juan." Hailed on all sides as the masterpiece of impassioned love and thrilling adventure, it is already playing in New York, Boston, Chicago and Detroit.

"The Better 'Ole"

Syd Chaplin's Laugh Sensation

"The Better 'Ole" with Syd Chaplin as the lovable "Old Bill" will be voted the greatest comedy of years. It is now the rage in Los Angeles, Chicago and New York. Both this picture and "Don Juan" will soon be playing in many other cities—watch for them and be sure to see them when they arrive.

Warner Bros. Pictures

Finer Than Ever Now

Note the other pictures listed at the right. All of them differ widely in appeal and for that reason each will prove to be a source of new delights. When you see them you will know why it is that Warner Bros. stars are now greater favorites than ever, and that Warner Bros. Pictures are the best entertainment to be found.



You must see
Warner Bros. stars in these great
pictures at your favorite theatre.

ACROSS THE PACIFIC starring Monte Blue.
MY OFFICIAL WIFE starring Irene Rich
and Conway Tearle.

PRIVATE IZZY MURPHY starring George
Jessel with Patsy Ruth Miller, Vera Gordon.

MILLIONAIRES with George Sidney, Louise
Fazenda, Vera Gordon.

WHILE LONDON SLEEPS starring
Rin-Tin-Tin.

DOLORES COSTELLO in The Third Degree.
FINGER PRINTS with Louise Fazenda and
John T. Murray.

DON'T TELL THE WIFE starring Irene Rich.

WOLF'S CLOTHING starring Monte Blue
with Patsy Ruth Miller.

WHITE FLANNELS

BITTER APPLES starring Monte Blue.

DOLORES COSTELLO in A Million Bid.

THE CLIMBERS starring Irene Rich.

THE GAY OLD BIRD

MATINEE LADIES

DOLORES COSTELLO in Irish Hearts.

DOLORES COSTELLO in The College
Widow.

WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW

TRACKED BY THE POLICE starring Rin-
Tin-Tin.

THE BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS starring
Monte Blue.

SIMPLE SIS with Louise Fazenda and John
T. Murray.

HILLS OF KENTUCKY starring Rin-Tin-Tin.

DEARIE with Louise Fazenda and John T.
Murray.

WHAT HAPPENED TO FATHER with Patsy
Ruth Miller.

THE BRUTE starring Monte Blue.

DOLORES COSTELLO in The Heart Of
Maryland

Ask the manager of your favorite theatre
when he will show these pictures.

Warner Bros. Productions

1600 BROADWAY ~ NEW YORK ~ N. Y.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. As a further aid, a complete list of studio addresses is printed elsewhere in this Magazine every month. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

R. C. L., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I am returning your compliment by putting you at the head of the class this month. Betty Bronson was born Nov. 17, 1906. Address her in care of the Paramount Studio, Astoria, L. I. Betty is playing opposite Richard Dix in "Paradise for Two." You may reach Richard at the same address.

M. J. H., PITTSBURGH, PA.—Yes, James Hall has just come into prominence. But he seems to be getting along nicely. Mr. Hall is now appearing in "Love's Greatest Mistake." How is that for a title? He also plays opposite Pola Negri in "Hotel Imperial."

D. E. F., PEABODY, MASS.—Leslie Fenton is his real name and he was born in Liverpool, England, March 12, 1903. Not married.

C. G., CATONSVILLE, MD.—A nice letter deserves a nicer answer. Here goes: Your friend is wrong. Gloria Swanson is her real name. Gloria has a young daughter—her own child—and an adopted son named Joseph. They are great kids, both of them. Milton Sills was born Jan. 12, 1882. Richard Dix's real name is Ernest Carlton Brimmer. He was born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18, 1895. Florence Vidor was born in 1895 and Norma Shearer Aug. 10, 1904. Don't forget your promise.

V. M., SALEM, O.—Write to United Artists, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif., for a photograph of Rudolph Valentino. Enclose a quarter with your request.

SWANSON FAN, SCHOFIELD, WIS.—Write to Gloria at 522 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. She has blue eyes and brown hair. Richard Dix's next picture is "Paradise for Two." John Gilbert is divorced from Leatrice Joy. Marion Davies' next picture is "Tillie the Toiler."

MARY ELIZABETH, BROOKLINE, MASS.—Sure, I think Thomas Meighan is wonderful. There's no one quite like Tommie. Alice Joyce was born Oct. 1, 1890. She's married—and happily. Louise Dresser also married and, I presume, happily. Richard Dix was born Aug. 18, 1895. Belle Bennett was born in 1891. Clara Kimball Young has just returned from Europe, and is planning to return to pictures.

DOROTHY AND BETTY, LOUISBURG, N. C.—"Buster" Collier is such a young fellow that he hasn't any "ancient history." William, Jr., was born in New York City, Feb. 12, 1902. He is the son of the famous stage comedian. "Buster" himself played in the "speakies" for four years. He made his first appearance in movies in 1914 as a kid actor. His newest film is "Just Another Blonde." Richard Dix's next picture is "Paradise for Two."

N. J., MERIDIAN, MISS.—Clara Bow has broken her engagement to Victor Fleming. She says she did not mean it. Blanche Sweet was born June 18, 1896. Married to Marshall Neilan. No children. Mae Murray's current film is "Valencia." Sure, she intends to make more pictures. The fans won't let her stop.

W. A., NEWPORT, R. I.—John Gilbert was born in Logan, Utah, July 10, 1897. Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia, Oct. 6, 1906. And Madge Bellamy was born in Hillsboro, Texas, June 30, 1903. Greta Nissen is a native of Norway. She was born in 1905. I can't tell you exactly how that scene was filmed, but it is safe to say they didn't really burn Mr. Barrymore's leg.

L. E. B., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Of course, good looks are a help in getting into the movies. But, in spite of all that is said on the subject, there are no definite requirements about the color of the hair or eyes. If you will notice closely, you'll discover that some of the most popular stars aren't really beautiful at all. But they have attractive personalities and—knockers to the contrary—they really know quite a bit about acting. John Gilbert is the gentleman's real name. He was born in Logan, Utah, July 10, 1897. Divorced from Leatrice Joy.

LAWRENCE GRAY FAN, SAN RAFAEL, CALIF.—How could I say anything against Lawrence Gray, after your enthusiastic "rave." Mr. Gray was born July 27, 1898. His next film is "The Song of the Dragon." He made his first appearance on the screen in "The Dressmaker from Paris." Renee Adoree is Renee's real name, as far as I know. Her new film is "The Day of Souls." Leatrice Joy's latest picture is "Nobody's Widow." Don't forget that actors and women are entitled to change their minds every now and then.

S. J. D., KANSAS CITY, MO.—Again paging Mr. James Hall! Yes, he is the man who played in "The Campus Flirt," with Bebe Daniels.

IN writing to the stars for pictures, Photoplay advises you all to be careful to enclose twenty-five cents. This covers the cost of the photograph and postage. The stars are all glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost of it is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted. The younger stars can not afford to keep up with these requests unless you help them. You do your share and they'll do theirs.

MRS. L. C., DELAVAN, WIS.—Lillian Gish is not married. Dorothy Gish is married to James Rennie. She has no children. Gloria Swanson has a daughter and an adopted son. Donald Keith was born in Boston, Mass., Sept. 5, 1905. Louise Glaum was born in Baltimore, Md.

I. B. P., GREENWOOD, MASS.—Back in Vincennes, Ind., where he was born, Buck Jones is remembered as Charles Jones. Vincennes first saw him in 1880. Buck is married. His newest picture is "Desert Valley." Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City—of all places!—May 9, 1897. Educated at Trinity College, and started in pictures in 1916.

"PAT."—Francis McDonald may be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif.

DOROTHY AND BILLIE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—This is the best I can do. All my letters are marked "rush." Lois Moran was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1909. She was educated in Paris and danced in the opera ballet for two years. Her first picture in this country was "Stella Dallas." She lives in New York, and her cousin, whom she has adopted as her sister, lives with her. Yes, that's her real name.

A. A., UNIVERSITY CITY, MO.—Greta Garbo was born in 1906. And Antonio Moreno was born Sept. 26, 1888. The Scandinavian-Spanish combination is a great one in pictures, isn't it? Both your favorites may be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif.

J. B., ST. CROIX FALLS, WIS.—Jacqueline Logan has Auburn hair and gray eyes. She is five feet, four inches tall, and weighs 119 pounds. Born in Corsicana, Texas, Nov. 30, 1902. Married to Ralph Gillespie. Claire Windsor's son is named Billy.

"GLORIA."—Welcome back! Write to Dorothy Mackaill in care of First National Pictures, 383 Madison Avenue, New York. She is

Mrs. Lothar Mendes now. Dorothy was born March 4, 1904. Yes, I answer personal inquiries when accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

JESS, CHICAGO, ILL.—Harry Langdon is an American—very much so. He was born in Council Bluffs, Iowa. What could be more United States? His wife is Rose Langdon. The last time I heard from them there was a divorce pending in the family. Ah me!

JOHN GILBERT FAN.—Mr. Gilbert was born July 10, 1897. Olivia Burwell was his first wife and Leatrice Joy his second. Sorry to keep you waiting.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]



Our national propensity to Colds

This common trouble can be traced, quite often, to the susceptibility induced by Auto-Intoxication.

OF all diseases to which the flesh is heir, colds are the most costly in lost time and in impaired health. And yet taken care of in time, a cold is not a trouble difficult to defeat.

A good rule with colds is to get at the source of the trouble, and get at it promptly. For unless a cold is quickly shaken off, it often develops into a more serious ailment.

Usually the real cause of a cold can be traced to stoppage of waste products in the intestines. When waste products are not promptly eliminated they start to ferment and to set up poisons which are spread through the body by the blood—producing a form of self-poisoning called Auto-Intoxication.

Auto-Intoxication weakens our bodily powers of resistance—it makes us easy prey for the germs of colds—it takes some part of health from nearly everyone.

* * *

Don't take a chance with colds. At the first sign of a "stuffed up," congested condition—correct the stoppage—clear out the intestines of poison-producing wastes.

For this, there is no better helper than Sal Hepatica. Sal Hepatica, a palatable, effervescent saline, attacks a cold at its source. It rids the system quickly of waste products, bathes away the intestinal poisons and aids in keeping the blood stream pure and in condition to destroy the germs of colds.

You may take Sal Hepatica on arising or, if you prefer, half an hour before any meal.

To learn more about self-poisoning and its relation to colds and to other common ills, send for our new booklet on Auto-Intoxication.

For booklet please address

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. G27, 71 West Street
New York City

Sal Hepatica



©1927



Louise Brooks, who has reached the top in a year

The Girl on the Cover

By Cal York

MAL ST. CLAIR says she is one of the finest actresses he has ever seen.

Adolphe Menjou agrees. So does the whole Paramount organization to whom she is under contract. The public is now chiming in. All this she has accomplished in a year's time.

It is hard to write about Louise Brooks. You have to see her. Ruth St. Denis saw Louise originally—it was somewhere in Kansas—and placed her in her dancing troupe. Louise got to Broadway and George White, after one glance, engaged her for the "Scandals." Ziegfeld spotted her for the next year. Then somebody in Paramount beheld her and gave her a bit in "The Street of Forgotten Men."

The men were forgotten in the rushes after a single glimpse of Louise. The beauty, the personality she had on the stage intensified ten fold when she got on the screen. Louise was promised a regular part in "The American Venus." She walked away with the picture, straight from under the capable noses of such troupers as Esther Ralston and Ford Sterling.

If there is any more poised young person in the whole movie world than Louise, she is yet to be found. Mere questions to Louise about where she came from and why, elicit no response and no interest from her. Evidently she regards herself as strong drink. You can either take her, or you can let her alone. Louise is not in the business of selling herself by means of any yarn about the old, old family or the so-dear ancestors.

Despite her playing opposite Menjou in "A Social Celebrity," her performance in "The Show-Off" and her rendering of "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em," there are those who intimate that Louise can not act. But there are those who intimate that Gloria Swanson and Mary Pickford can not act either.

Recently Louise married Eddie Sutherland, the director. She's very much in love and very happy. You can tell it by her work. It has softened it but rendered it no less delightful. Louise, definitely, is one of those little things the cinema needs.



Yours . . . this double aid to feminine loveliness

Don't envy those fortunate women whose delicacy of skin and daintiness of person seem gifts from the gods. You, too, can cultivate these two charming personal qualities.

Just try bathing your face and body regularly with warm water and Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

You will see how your complexion improves day by day as the delicate skin tissues are soothed, softened and toned up under Cashmere Bouquet's gentle cleansing action. You will sense the delicate clean fragrance you fairly breathe—a fragrance that is the very essence of feminine daintiness.

The wonderful cleansing action of Cashmere Bouquet Soap is largely due to rare secret essences that are part of its formula.

These essences help the soap to emulsify the dirt like magic. The light, delicate lather reaches deep into every pore, removing every trace of clogging dirt and every sign of extraneous oils.

Then it rinses away, swiftly and completely, leaving your skin as suave and bland as a rose petal, without any of the harsh, drawn feeling that often follows the use of soaps less skilfully blended.

And as for that second alluring charm of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—your sensation of exquisite personal daintiness—it lingers for hours. Not only are you luxuriously conscious of its elusive fragrance, but other people instantly sense its dainty feminine appeal. Send for free sample cake today!

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP



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 Please send me, free, a ten-day treatment size of Cashmere Bouquet Soap and a copy of "Nature's Way to Lovely Skin."

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The delightful fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet is also obtainable in:
 TALC • FACE POWDER • PERFUME • TOILET WATER • BANDOLINE • BRILLANTINE

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

Kind to Dumb Animals

West Conshohocken, Pa.

I am glad of an opportunity to express my views on actors and actresses in general. It seems sad, though, to see so much told about the human ones, and scarcely a single line of appreciation about the wonderful animals which assist in making so many interesting pictures to be enjoyed by all. So today I am sending a large bouquet to these. Surely appreciation is due Stroutheart, and Rin-Tin-Tin. Kazan, the Alaskan husky, bravely plodding an almost impassable beat in the blinding snow, and the faithful Tony racing for dear life to win back the old homestead. Even though they cannot speak, they perform their parts with an aptness and willingness that is marvelous in detail.

A. G. CARLIN.

Aunt Personality

Covington, Ky.

I have seen Lewis Stone in almost every picture he has made, and his personality is dominant in all of them. Without ever having had the pleasure of knowing him, I know he is a good sort and a real man.

Monte Blue, Harrison Ford, Ronald Colman each have a different personality from the other that shows in their pictures, that compelling personality. John Gilbert has it strongly, the "You must like me" kind; you know what I mean; I met a man like that once, to my sorrow.

Of the women Norma Talmadge ranks highest. Her personality illumines every picture she makes. Irene Rich is next. She was superb in "Lady Windermere's Fan."

Corinne Griffith would be much improved if she would get away from that languid way she has. Even when she deigns to smile it seems an effort. Alice Terry would be a better actress if she didn't pose so much. Her self-consciousness spoils her, and detracts from her good points.

About Barbara La Marr. She was so wonderful in "The Girl from Montmartre." As ill as she was her beauty and personality never deserted her for an instant. Let us never forget her.

MARGARET D. WATSON.

Private Opinions

Haverford, Pa.

The first of my bouquets goes to William Haines for his excellent work in "Memory Lane" and "Brown of Harvard"; the second to Flaherty for "Moana of the South Seas." For sheer beauty, this latter is unsurpassed.

As to Haines, his work in the above-mentioned productions has placed him second only to Ramon Novarro. His charm lies in the fact that he represents what we like to think is best in everyday American life. He is the type of person that one might meet anywhere; we can see in him a little bit of ourselves and of those about us, consequently we take an almost personal interest in him. Other tributes should go to Olive Borden, and to Lucy Beaumont for her work in a great picture—"The Greater Glory."

Brickbats should go to whoever is responsible for the continual miscasting of the really intelligent May McAvoy, and for assigning youthful roles to such as Conway Tearle or Eugene O'Brien. I also put myself on record as probably the only mortal whom "Ben Hur" left cold. Why are "big productions" so often concerned with the semi-gods of the past, rather than with the human beings about us? After all, they are the ones who matter today.

RICHARD BULL.

She Doesn't Like Sex

Cleveland, Ohio.

It's time this sex appeal stuff was made an end of. We fans put up for a lot of things, but it's gone too far. If the producers think they can stop our howling for better pictures by giving us the stuff Elinor Glyn writes, they're all wrong.

Poor old fellows! They think we're kids, I guess. They certainly don't give us credit for much intelligence, if they think the sexy movies can fill our order. What we want is something lofty and beautiful and noble, not "Heart Sorrows" or "Mad Women" and rubbish like that.

These films on sex appeal are the last word in crudeness. They show glaring defects in the directors and actors. There's nothing subtle about it. If there were, the pictures wouldn't be made in the first place.

Moreover, foreign countries won't respect us any more for our silly vulgarity.

Come on, fans! Aren't you tired of it, too? Raise a fuss and demand your rights! They say movies are for our pleasure, but that won't be true until they kick out every vestige of sex appeal.

FLORENCE E. BROOKS.

He's a Good Boy

St. Joseph, Mo.

Imagining all the theater goers gathered around a large bouquet table, and appointing myself toastmaster, I drink to the health, happiness and continued success of William Boyd. The toast is unanimously accepted, for he has enshrined himself in the heart of every real American lover.

His clean, manly appearance, light hair, twinkling eyes and winning smile make his appeal universal. His faultless characterization of the title part in "The Volga Boatman" ranks him with the highest and I hope we may see him in more of these clean pictures under the direction of Cecil B. de Mille.

A. F. MUELLER.

Ben's Bouquet

Providence, R. I.

I have long been a reader of the PHOTOPLAY and am greatly surprised that I hardly ever find much to read about my favorite actor, Ben Lyon. Although he is a new star, I think that he fully deserves great praise. In "Bluebeard's Seven Wives" he certainly did show his art in acting. Also in "The New Commandment."

I don't see why we read great praise about foreign and older stars instead of American and younger stars. Ben Lyon possesses all the merits and the art of acting of the foreign and older stars.

S. R.

For ZaSu

Marshall, Mich.

Of all the arts, acting is the most artificial. The most lacking in sincerity, an art that demands perfection of detail above all else. Therefore a true artist of the stage, a rare mime of the screen, must be one possessing technique. One who works, who strives for the ultimate effect, who believes no bit too small for consideration. An artist who visualizes the importance of making every rôle a cameo of perfection not even to be submerged by the star's reputation. One who works the tremendous power of restraint; whose every gesture has thought and meaning behind it; who snaps her fingers at the fly by night beauties of the screen, because her intelligence lets her understand the futile limitations of potherchitude.

Allow me to present to you, stupid fans who see so little, the one and consummate artist of them all—ZaSu Pitts.

V. STUART LOVE.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]



Prettier Lips .. at Palm Beach

Dear Nan:

If the older set haven't come to this resort, the Younger Set are here. Ciel! What exquisite clothes! What artists in beauty!

Every girl of every age is using a Lip Stick—and so many of the smartest ones are using Pompeian Lip Stick. Women are so clever today! They know this Lip Stick gives that natural, "cherry-ripe" color to their lips—that it is absolutely pure—and that it is very "chic."

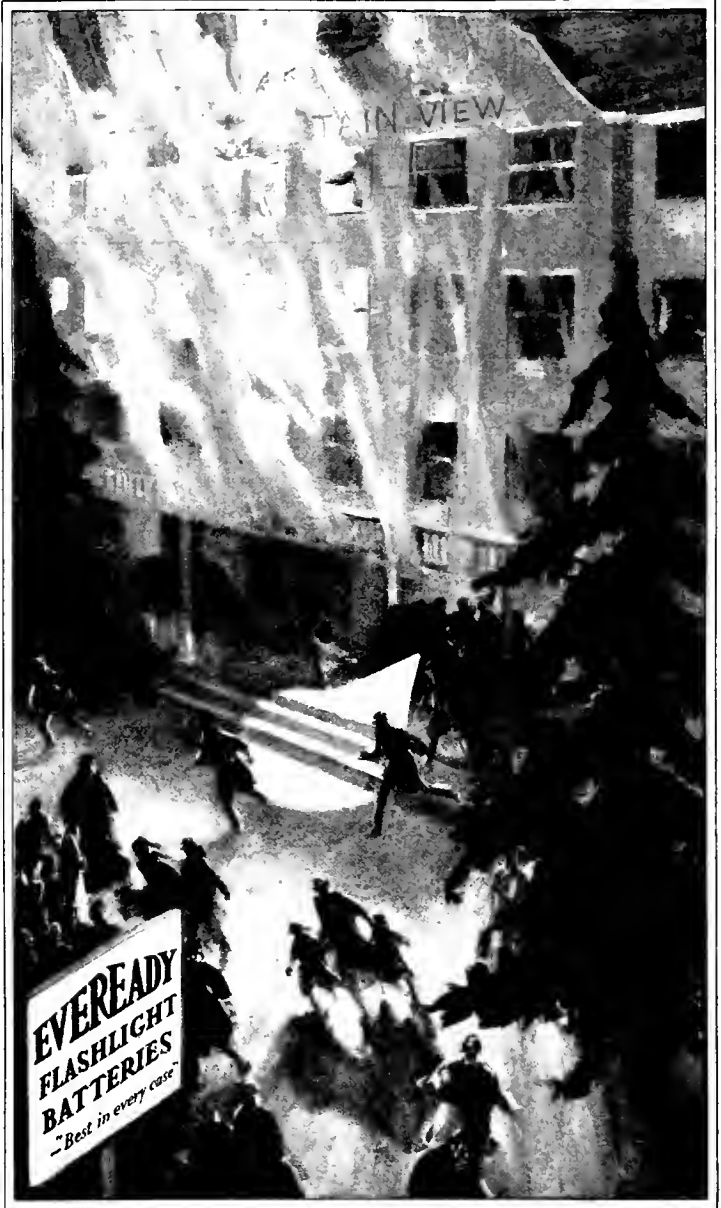
*Jeanette
de Cordet*



Pompeian Lip Stick gives natural, rosy tint—protects lips—pure and harmless—has desired chisel point for easy application.

Pompeian
Lip Stick

I thought I SMELLED SMOKE



REMEMBER the fire at the Mountain View last summer? You must have seen it in the papers. Well, I remember it. It comes back to me now like a nightmare.

Along toward early morning, I was awakened by the pungent odor of something suspiciously like wood smoke. I grabbed my Eveready flashlight, which fortunately was parked on a chair next to my bed. I snapped on the flashlight and, sure enough, smoke was seeping under the bedroom door.

I snatched up what clothing I could carry and made for the hallway. All about me was confusion. It seems that when the fire started, every light in the hotel had gone out . . . like that! Except for my Eveready, the place was in darkness. By the aid of its bright, penetrating light, I guided all the guests on my floor to safety before the entire structure broke into flames.

I had paid \$1.25 for that Eveready. It was worth a million dollars to me that night!

Take an Eveready Flashlight with you wherever you go. It is always a convenience and often a life-saver. Keep it loaded with fresh, strong Eveready Batteries, which fit all makes of flashlight cases and are "best in every case." Eveready Batteries are *dated* — you know they're fresh.

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"EXQUISITE MYSTERIES IN YOUR EYES"

(Letters from Lovers: V)

It was unforgettable... as if I saw you, through the opal disk of an Orient twilight... like a dream princess... gliding, in shimmering radiance, through a fragrant garden... with exquisite mysteries in your eyes.

FROM HER DIARY

"...And we seemed so much closer to each other... there was something wonderful in his eyes... I had burned temple incense... Could it have been that...?"

EVEN Cleopatra, in the marvelous palaces of ancient Egypt, gave her incomparable beauty the enchanting background created by temple incense. And the mysterious spell she used has been preserved in Vantine's Temple Incense for modern women to surround themselves with that atmosphere of romance which men find irresistible. Ask for Vantine's at any drug or department store.

Nine sample fragrances
sent on receipt of ten cents

A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC.
71 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

THAT gentlemanly globe-trotter, Norman Trevor, arrived from New York where he has been two-timing his art by playing in "New York" by daytime and "The Captive" on the stage by night, to be honored by Frank Lloyd. Now Lloyd is a director, and a good one, but he is not the King of England. Nevertheless he made Trevor a Duke for his next picture "Children of Divorce," which is a worthy reward for Trevor's fine performance as *Major Beaujolais* in "Bean Geste."

REMEMBER Dorothy Dalton? Dorothy, you know, is now the wife of Arthur Hammerstein, successful musical comedy producer. Dorothy is very much retired these days and very much the great lady. Her home on Long Island is a show-place. Her jewels are very handsome and very real. Her clothes are conservative. Her manner is correctly aloof. Dorothy is not very much in evidence at Broadway gatherings—unless they are very grand and formal.

Heigh, ho, for the former Flame of the Yukon!

SAVE the wedding present you were going to send Marilyn Miller and Ben Lyon. They're not going to be married. "The story is silly—there is no truth in it," says Marilyn, who must know. It means that she is not going to divorce Jack Pickford, and if she doesn't do that, of course she can't marry Ben. So there you are.

THE stampede to the altar is still on. It has been a record season for marriages. The latest couple to face the shower of rice is Dorothy Hughes and Phillip Payne. Miss Hughes is the original "Miss New York." She has been playing in Famous Players-Lasky films. And Mr. Payne, as everyone in New York knows, is the editor of the *Daily Mirror*. Immediately after the wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Payne went to Florida on a honeymoon, probably to escape from a deluge of congratulations.

HERE'S one about an ambitious lad whose aspirations are greater than his talent. While he may not be in shouting distance of the front ranks, still he has plenty of nerve and he gets rôles in quite a few pictures.

One day he approached a certain sharp-tongued star. "Did you see my latest pictures?" he asked, thereby courting disaster.

"I did."

"And how did I look?"

"Well, to tell the truth, you didn't look quite natural. There was something wrong about your appearance—makeup, or photography or something."

The ambitious lad gave one long, wounded look. "That," he explained meekly, "was supposed to be a character part."

AMONG those said to be hovering on the brink of matrimony are Marion Coakley and Lawrence Gray. Marion is a stage actress.

SLIPPING gracefully out of "Diamond Handcuffs," a story that had been written expressly for her, Mae Murray packed her husband, Prince David Divani, and her luggage and left the shores of America, bound for Georgia, a province somewhere between Zenda and Graustark, her hubby's homeland.

"Are you happy with the Prince?" an inspired reporter queried. Prince David is Mae's fourth.

"I never knew what happiness was until now," the Princess of the celebrated pont said. "All the rest was merely training."

ANOTHER amicable adjustment. Mabel Normand and Hal Roach studios have come to a parting. Quite friendly, please [CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]



Just an ordinary studio orchestra is usually sufficient for straight scenes. But when Greta Garbo wants to stage some heavy emotional acting, a singer is called upon, in addition to the orchestra. The girl with the megaphone is singing to Greta on the set. And probably the selection is "My Baby May Go Here, My Baby May Go There"



Youthful Beauty Instantly

by JEANNETTE DE CORDET
Specialiste en Beauté

AN amazing improvement in your looks is the immediate result of this special twin treatment for beauty.

So perfectly do the shades of these twin toilettries—Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom—accord with the tints and tones of the natural skin, that their combined use gives fresh, youthful beauty—*instantly*.

Pompeian Beauty Powder, soft and velvety—delicately perfumed—spreads evenly with an enchanting smoothness and stays on for hours at a time.

Pompeian Bloom, a rouge with youthful tones, looks as though it were your own coloring. It does not crumble or break—and comes off on the puff easily.

GET PANEL AND SAMPLES

Generous samples of Pompeian Powder and Bloom sent with beautiful new Art Panel for only 10c. This picture, "The Bride," painted by the famous artist, Rolf Armstrong, is reproduced in colors, size 27 x 7 inches. Art store value easily 75c.



Tear off now! You may forget

*Youthful Beauty
-instantly*

Pompeian

Beauty Powder *and* Bloom

Mme Jeannette de Cordet, Pompeian Laboratories
2800 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Madame: I enclose 10c (a dime, coin preferred)
for 1927 Panel and samples of Powder and Bloom.

Name _____
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Address _____

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Powder shade _____

Medium Bloom sent unless another shade requested



for strain or bruise

Rub in Absorbine, Jr.
—at once!

It will relieve the pain, reduce inflammation, and prevent the soreness and stiffness that would otherwise follow. Absorbine, Jr., is also a dependable antiseptic. If the skin has been broken, it will guard against infection. Use it for cuts and burns.

For sore throat, rub in Absorbine, Jr., outside, to break up congestion, and use it diluted as a gargle, to destroy the germs and heat the throat. Relief will follow promptly. Read Timely Suggestions packed with each bottle.

Send for free trial bottle
W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

At all
druggists
\$1.25

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

girls' minds, making them cheats and petty grafters, making them hard and destroying the beauty of love for them, to replace it with a dollar sign.

For what does it profit a girl if she lose all the real beauty of life and win a fur coat?

VIRGINIA HUNTER:

Waterwave your hair, by all means. That will restore its natural curl, but never let marcel irons touch it. Your weight is just about right for your height, but if you much prefer being thinner, you can lose four or five pounds without danger to your health. Your best dress colors, being a Titian blonde as you are, are black, cream or ivory whites, all shades of brown, darkest blues, pale greens, taupe with a pink cast, pale yellows and ambers.

PUZLED, FOREST HILLS:

I'm afraid, my dear, you are entertaining a crush on a boy who isn't interested in you at all. He's known you long enough now to make some advances in your direction, if he were anxious to know you better. He plainly hasn't done it. Forget him while you are still young enough not to have it matter.

JUST LOLLY:

It must be had diet affecting your skin. Eat more simply. Avoid pastry and candies and make most of your meals from green vegetables. Exercise will help, too. I really think you don't need to worry about being popular with boys at fifteen. Take time to develop your own personality. Study charm. Learn how to dress smartly. You can well give another three years to these things. Then at eighteen you may be ready to make a real conquest.

KATHERINE A.:

Poor little girl, I'm sorry you haven't a mother to give you that love you crave. Petting is so individual a problem and each girl's interpretation of the word is equally individual. At this distance I can only advise you, be discreet. You live in a small town and you can't afford to get yourself talked about. If he is a nice boy in whom you're interested, why don't you marry him? I feel sure that is the thing that will make you happiest.

E. DOUB:

Why do you wish to marry a man whom you can't keep true to you even during the days of courtship? Truly, my dear, such a boy isn't worth considering. Drop him before he breaks your heart.

ELIZABETH SHEELY:

I trust you got the booklet on reducing. I really don't believe you need it, for you are underweight rather than otherwise. Please don't begin worrying about your hips now, Elizabeth. You're really only a child and by the time you actually grow up they may be in style again.

W. M. E.:

You are worrying unduly. If your husband stays on his diet, his health may be very good for years. Diabetes is one of the diseases concerning which much has been discovered in the last few years. At such times as it is convenient, it would be very wise for your husband to see a specialist for a health inspection, but as long as he watches what he eats he is quite safe. Good luck to you and the new baby. I hope your married life will be a happy one. I fancy it will, too, for you sound like a sane, energetic girl.

KATHRYN BENSON:

Your problem isn't as general as you think, though I am both interested and amused by

your letter. I can only take up in editorials the topics I believe of most common interest. That extreme interest in a wife's feet occurs to some husbands. I would co-operate with it as far as possible, as it is one of those deep-rooted interests, like a prejudice toward certain colors. Your only danger, I think, is in switching to low-heeled shoes in the morning. After the extremely high-heeled ones during the evening, it is hard on the arches of your feet. You might better wear the stilts all of the time, or go barefooted about your own room.

WONDERING:

It is possible that the young man was just being unusually honest with the girl. Not yet through college, his business life ahead of him, it surely is sane of him not to be considering marriage at this time. The girl in the case should be glad of his gentlemanly friendship. Tell her to stick.

It may ripen into love, but either way she is not being deceived.

HARRIET TULL:

"Choker" necklaces are still being worn, the smartest being in gold, rather than in beads as last season. Any type of antique gold jewelry, which would suit your type beautifully, is very smart this year. The hat you wear with your black silk dress depends more upon the occasion than the dress itself. Little, tight, untrimmed felts are still smartest. Velvet is being worn somewhat, likewise velours. Velvet is the most formal of the three. "Russian style" dresses, like every other "picture" style, depend upon you entirely. You can wear them if you want to—if they are becoming and suited to the event. I wouldn't advise them for early daytime wear, however. The kind of fur coat one buys depends very greatly upon the amount of money you can afford for one. The New York tendency, at the moment, is to buy the new special furs—chipmunk, stenciled calf and such furs. They are smart and reasonably warm and the chief point in their favor is they are not so expensive you feel you must wear them several years. Fur repairs are so costly these days, buying more lasting fur becomes almost a bad investment.

BETTY FROM BOSTON:

Try this tonic on your eyelashes, only be careful not to get it in your eyes. Yellow vaseline, two ounces. Oil of lavender, 15 drops, oil of rosemary, 15 drops. Mix thoroughly. After washing the face at night, brush your eyebrows with a tiny eyebrow brush upon which a few drops of the tonic has been placed.

Get weighed frequently and do not allow yourself to get any heavier. You are too young to go out with boys to public places. But it is all right to go to mixed parties or invite the boys to your home.

BABS:

Avoid eating between meals, take plenty of exercise and cut down on starchy foods. But, remember, no strict dieting! A good, brisk walk every day ought to take off the ten extra pounds. You really have beautiful coloring. You ought to look extremely well in pale yellow, pale green, black, midnight blue, flesh pink or pale blue. Avoid red. Try this eye wash: Boric acid, 1 per cent; sodium bicarbonate, one gram; water camphor, sixty drops, and three ounces of distilled water. Apply with an eye cup. Or apply a warm cloth to the closed lids at night for several minutes. If you have any severe trouble with your eyes, consult an oculist.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]



LILLIAN GISH IN
THE SCARLET LETTER

Directed by
 VICTOR SEASTROM
 Adaptation
 and Scenario
 by
 FRANCES MARION
 from the story by
 NATHANIEL
 HAWTHORNE
 with
 Lillian Gish
 Lars Hansen

YOU will be amazed, thrilled
AT this magnificent, epoch making production—
AT the gripping, heart-stirring humanity of
LILLIAN GISH as Hester Prynne
THE heroine of Nathaniel Hawthorne's
IMMORTAL masterpiece
THE greatest love story ever filmed
FOR months it has been one of
BROADWAY'S main attractions.
AT \$2.00 admission
SEE it now at popular prices.



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

**Win
 John Gilbert's
 Valuable Prize**

YOU are my most critical audience. You often attend motion pictures. You have an intelligent interest in what is shown. Where others merely *look* at the pictures, you actually *see* them. You are really observing. I want you to have this valuable prize.

So, I am submitting six questions. For the man who sends the best answers I have chosen the cigarette lighter I use in "The Flesh and the Devil" as my reward. If it is a lady, Greta Garbo has promised the stunning umbrella she carries in the same picture.

And I have fifty of my favorite photographs ready to autograph for the next fifty best contestants.

Someone will receive this prize. Why can't it be you? I hope it is.

Good Luck to You.

John Gilbert

**John Gilbert's
 Six Questions**

- 1 What is the first authentic picture of our admirals in the making? Who is the star?
- 2 Who are the heroes of peace time? In what picture are they starred?
- 3 Which is your favorite M-G-M picture and why? (Not more than fifty words.)
- 4 What was the wager in Bardelys the Magnificent? Who won?
- 5 In what M-G-M picture was the star imprisoned in a windmill? How did she escape?
- 6 Have you seen "Tell It To The Marines"? If so, at what theatre and what did you think of the presentation?

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 February 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend the 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.

Winner of The Renee Adoree Contest of November

MISS MADGE HARNEY
 7427 Colfax Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Autographed pictures of Miss Adoree have been sent to the next fifty prize winners.



If your skin is "TEMPERAMENTAL"

—today, delicate, fresh, supple
—tomorrow, morose, disturbed.

Veritably can you blame your skin for behaving like a capricious prima donna, if you constantly tax it with new creams—strange cosmetics—applying indiscriminate conglomerations of warring chemicals on the delicate facial tissues?

The genius of HELENA RUBINSTEIN, internationally celebrated beauty specialist, has created a definite consistent, scientific technique in caring for your complexion.

Use the "Three Steps to Beauty"—listed below—the unequalled basic home treatment. Select from the special corrective preparations those which your skin may require.

THREE STEPS TO BEAUTY

1. Cleanse and mold
VALAZE PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM—the basis of beauty—removes dust and grime thoroughly—molds out "tired look"—keeps complexion smooth, protected, healthy. Unsurpassed for normal skins—the only cream that positively benefits oily, pimply or acne blemished skins. Excellent as a foundation for make-up. 1.00

2. Clear and bleach
VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKINFOOD—the skin-clearing masterpiece—lightens, purifies and refines the skin, bleaching away tan, freckles and sallowness. Creates a fascinating delicacy and whiteness. 1.00

3. Tone and brace
VALAZE SKIN-TONING LOTION—keeps pores invisible and tissues youthfully firm—obliterates fine lines. 1.25

CORRECTIVE PREPARATIONS

Lines, wrinkles, crowsfeet

VALAZE GRECIAN ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM (Anthonors)—richest of nourishing creams—feeds the underlying tissues, smoothing out lines, wrinkles, crowsfeet and filling out hollows. 1.75, 3.50.

Oily skins, blackheads

VALAZE BEAUTY GRAINS—a wonderful lather-forming wash—corrects oiliness—clears away blackheads, refines enlarged pores. 1.00, 2.00

VALAZE LIQUIDINE—absorbs oiliness and shine—especially on nose and chin. 1.50.

THE FINEST OF ALL COSMETICS

VALAZE POWDERS—ROUGES—LIPSTICKS intensely flattering touches of beauty... safe and protective for even the most delicate skin... in shades which enhance the charm of every type—1.00 to 5.50.

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Helena Rubinstein

46 W. 57th St., New York
PARIS CHICAGO BOSTON LONDON
DETROIT PHILADELPHIA NEWARK

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85]

R. O. OF IOWA.—Have a heart! I am only one lone Answer Man, and not a whole staff of experts. Well, to begin with, Lois Wilson was born June 28, 1896. She was studying to be a school teacher when she won a beauty contest and got a job in the movies. Lemme see: I think that was about eight or nine years ago. Lois's parents live in Hollywood, and she is the oldest child. She has two sisters, but no brothers. I suppose she has a secretary, but I can't say for sure. I don't know whether or not Richard Dix has any relatives in Des Moines. He was born in St. Paul, Minn., and has been the sole support of his mother and sister for many years. His mother is a widow. Richard doesn't give out his home address, so you will have to write him in care of the Paramount Studios, Astoria, L. I.

P. J. C., CHICAGO, ILL.—Anna Q. Nilsson is about thirty years old. Gloria Swanson was born March 27, 1898. Address Miss Nilsson at First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. And write to Miss Swanson at 522 Fifth Ave., New York. That's where Gloria has her own private office.

N. R. E., FLINT, MICH.—While it is not usual to show pictures of a star after the star's death, I think there will be an exception in the case of Rudolph Valentino. It is possible to keep pictures for many years, and it isn't likely that the producers who own Valentino pictures will destroy them. Write to United Artists, 729 Seventh Ave., for a photograph of Valentino.

BEVERLY OF DETROIT.—The glad hand is always out for newcomers. I never play favorites. Betty Bronson was born Nov. 17, 1906. I think she is a dear. Billie Dove played opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Black Pirate." Easy to look at, isn't she? Esther Ralston is twenty-four years old; Ricardo Cortez is twenty-seven; Louise Brooks is nineteen; Jetta Goudal is about twenty-eight; Conrad Nagel is twenty-nine; and Douglas Fairbanks is forty-three.

MAUDE, MONROE, WASH.—Here's that boy, Bill Haines, again! Bill is with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He was born Jan. 1, 1900, and is six feet tall. He has black hair and brown eyes. NOT MARRIED! George Lewis was born Dec. 10, 1903. And he's not married, either. Jack Pickford was born Aug. 18, 1896. Married, but separated from Marilyn Miller.

F. M. W., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Your little schoolmate is doing very well. Was she clever in her lessons? If you want to write to Fay Wray, address her at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Renee Adoree parks her make-up at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. She has brown hair and blue eyes and is five feet, two inches tall.

MONTREAL GIRL.—Hello, Canada! Glad to tell you a "few little things." Clive Brook is an Englishman; born June 1, 1891. He is married to Mildred Evelyn. Barbara Bedford and

Robert Frazer appeared in a picture called "Women Who Give." The name of Norma Talmadge's film was "The Woman Gives." Edmund Lowe played opposite her. I don't blame you for getting mixed on the titles.

M. L., BAKERSFIELD, CALIF.—So you don't believe I am old! Say, do I have to die of old age to convince you? I can't say which is the better looking, Richard Dix or Richard Barthelmess. Do you think I want to start a war? You and the girl friend will have to settle it between you. Bebe Daniels was born in Dallas, Texas. Her mother is of Spanish descent and her father was Scotch. But that doesn't make Bebe Portuguese.

V. M. S., MASSENA, N. Y.—June Marlowe was the girl in "The Night Cry." Richard Dix's latest picture is "The Quarterback." Esther Ralston is his leading woman. May McAvoy was born in 1901. She has curly black hair and blue eyes. Four feet, eleven inches small. Lloyd Hughes—"that wonderful young man"—is six feet tall and has dark brown hair and dark gray eyes. Born Oct. 21, 1897. Constance Bennett was born Oct. 22, 1905. She is five feet, four inches tall and has light blonde hair and blue eyes.

A. L. S., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—No trouble at all! Adolphe Menjou was born Feb. 18, 1891; he is five feet, ten and one-half inches tall. His first real part was in "The Amazons," a Paramount picture. Lawrence Gray was born July 27, 1898, and is five feet, ten inches tall. His first picture was "The Dressmaker from Paris," released in 1924. Elinor Fair's first picture was "The End of the Trail," for Fox, and her latest, "The Volga Boatman." Elinor was born Dec. 21, 1904, and is five feet, four inches tall. Don't you think I am a smart fellow to know all these fascinating facts?

D. E., WEST HAVEN, CONN.—Johnny Hines was born in Golden, Colo. That makes him a Boy of the Golden West. His birthday was July 25, 1895. Not married. He's five feet, nine inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. Address him at First National Pictures, 383 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A PHOTOPLAY READER, HANOVER, IND.—Billie Dove was born May 14, 1904. Married to Irvin Willat. No children. Is that all?

N. TRULUCK, LEBANON, TENN.—That's up to you, dearie. You will have to write Miss Valli and request her photo. She is now working at the Fox Studio, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. It is customary to enclose twenty-five cents for a photograph.

"A ROBERT FRAZER FAN," LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Robert was born in Worcester, Mass., June 20, 1891. He's married to a non-professional. You're a single-hearted woman.

M. C. B., EMPORIA, KANSAS.—Right you are—Wallace Reid starred in "Excuse My Dust." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]

Write Us Your Shopping Problem

BUSINESS girls, busy homemakers, let us simplify your shopping for you. Our shopper spends the hours you can not afford in the finest New York stores. She will make your purchases for you. If you do not like her purchases, you can send them back. Let us serve you.

Now, CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S True Life Story

As Never Told Before

By JIM TULLY

THE actual story of the great star's life, stripped of showmen's "publicity." Now the real truth of Chaplin's rise from early poverty to international fame. A genuine and fascinating romance, revealing a great deal of amazing information hitherto untold.

Jim Tully's sympathetic biography of Charlie Chaplin begins in the January issue of Pictorial Review on sale now. Don't miss the first installment.



CHARLIE CHAPLIN AS HE IS TODAY

CHARLIE CHAPLIN AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE YEARS



CHAPLIN AND ADOLPHE MENJOU WHEN FILMING "A WOMAN OF PARIS"



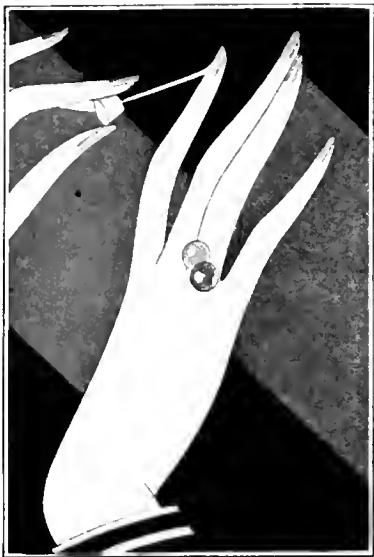
EDNA PURVIANCE, WHO PLAYED TEN YEARS WITH CHAPLIN

PICTORIAL REVIEW

For January 15¢ Now On Sale

Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]



For the final touch of elegance

This brilliant
liquid polish
perfected by the
authority on the
manicure

TWO SHADES

Deep Rose and Natural

LQUID nail polish lasts for days at a time. No wonder so many women now use it.

If you prefer the nail's natural soft brilliance, just such a liquid polish has been perfected by the originator of Cutex. For those who affect the sophisticated deep color and high brilliance, that, too, has been prepared. Both spread thin and smooth. When the polish begins to wear off, remove it with a drop of Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Price 35c each everywhere.



NORTHAM
WARREN,

Dept. Q-2

114 West 17th St., N. Y.

I enclose 10c
in stamps or coin
for samples.

understand, but over-production has caused Roach to exercise the sixty-day cancellation clause in Mabel's contract. Mabel has made five comedies and is to do one more. She was to have made eight.

Mabel wants to do feature length comedies and, I understand, is now reading another contract with an eye to signing it.

THERE'S a new art on Broadway.

It is lip-reading. The students of this fascinating pastime may be found at "What Price Glory?" "Beau Geste" and "Old Ironsides." It seems that there is a lot of hot language used in these pictures that doesn't crop out in the subtitles, for censorial reasons. However, any little bright boy—or girl—may discover the hot words by watching the lips of Messrs. McLaglen, Beery or Lowe.

This new sport is known as the "cuss word puzzle."

DAISIES and women won't tell. The latter, at least, when they are wagered roadsters for silence. Dorothy Gulliver, the little Universal leading lady, was married for six months to William DeVite, an assistant director, before anyone knew it. Then "Win," her husband, had to brag when his boss, Bill Seiter who married Laura LaPlante, spoke with authority on the subject of matrimony.

So Dorothy Gulliver DeVite, bride of six months, drives a new roadster because hubby just couldn't keep a secret.

SHE rode to her death valiantly, with a smile on her lips, just as she had come to Hollywood five months before with dreams of success as an actress. The little girl whose horse slipped on a wet pavement and threw her to tragic death, was Phyllis Leisenring, a college girl from Berkeley, known on the screen as Jane Stuart, whose clever work in "The Campus Flirt," scenes of which were taken in the north, caused her to come to Hollywood and a picture career.

Jane was pretty and young and animated—a typical college girl. It was for modern college girl rôles that Paramount was developing her. Then came the riding party, the tragedy and the short career of Jane Stuart was ended.

ANNA Q. NILSSON lost a bit of anatomy the other day when two large and annoying tonsils were removed. It was by way of vacation, for Anna Q. went from "Easy Pickings," her latest picture, to the hospital. She's all well now.

RICHARD DIX is reunited, in making his newest Paramount picture, "Paradise for Two," with Gregory LaCava, who directed successively three of the star's most successful pictures.

The first day's work on "Paradise for Two," therefore, was cause for as much of an "old home week reunion" celebration as the shooting schedule would allow. Congratulations and felicitations were offered.

Betty Bronson, the other half of the "Two" in the title, said: "I'm glad to be working with such a famous combination. Why, you're getting to be as inseparable as a miser and his money."

Edmund Breese, who portrays Dix's uncle, spoke: "Yes, this combination is just another Damon and Pythias."

Ray S. Harris, the scenario writer, added:

"They fit together just like pen and ink."

Andre Beranger simply murmured: "Pork and beans."

And then Dix spoke up.

"Look here!" he said. "This thing has gone far enough. Somebody will make a crack about 'ham and eggs' in a minute, and I won't let anyone call me a 'ham' actor."

PRINCESS ORSINI of Rome and her royal husband know now how the great American steno acts in her lair. And they were instructed by no less authority on key-ticking than Marion Davies, who is making a film of that funny comic-strip flapper, "Tillie the Toiler."

The Orsini, the Princess was formerly Mrs. Lewis Rowan of California, visited Marion on her set the other day and if Marion didn't do some exquisite and absolutely rib-cracking mimicry for them, I miss my guess. Her humor is droll and devastating. The Orsini were captivated.

PHIL PLANT and Constance Bennett are not separated. Don't you ever think it. Phil just took part of \$20,000,000 to which he is heir, and went for a little hunting trip in Africa. A casual outing, my dear, and nothing to get excited about. Connie, who was the flapper rage of Hollywood when she was in pictures, will join him in January.

HEDDA HOPPER has acquired a remunerative pastime. When she is not playing in a picture, she carts Big Beef and Pork men about the California scenery showing them choice lots. The charm Hedda exerts on the screen is invaluable to her as a realtor.

The other day she met a laugh. He was a Big Romeo from the Middle West. She was showing him a \$75,000 Beverly Hills bungalow.

"Do you like it?" he queried.

"I should say I do!" warmly answered Hedda, every inch the sales-woman.

"Would you like to live in it?"

"I certainly would!"

"All right, then. Marry me and you can."

Hedda didn't close the sale.

ALMA RUBENS, being fashionable, had her appendix removed the other day and is now eligible to any bridge club. Not that she wasn't eligible before, but to be able to talk about "my operation" is a social distinction that cannot be ignored.

Ricardo Cortez, her husband, rushed frantically from New York where he was making a picture, to be with Alma, who is now well on her way to health.

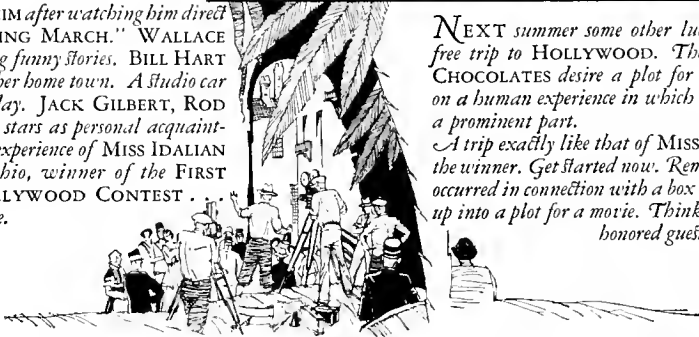
THE lady who tossed "It" to a waiting world is busy again. This time she is engaged in predictions. Elinor Glyn is forecasting the flapper of 1936. And how the girls will have to change if they want to be in style ten years from now! The flapper will be passé.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 107]

You too may visit Hollywood Free!



A CHAT with VON STROHEIM after watching him direct a scene from "THE WEDDING MARCH." WALLACE BEERY in navy costume telling funny stories. BILL HART recalling stock experiences in her home town. A studio car to and from the hotel each day. JACK GILBERT, ROD LAROCHE, and many other stars as personal acquaintances . . . that is the actual experience of MISS IDALIAN GAMBLE, of Alliance, Ohio, winner of the FIRST ANNUAL ROMANCE-HOLLYWOOD CONTEST . . . and now you have your chance.



NEXT summer some other lucky person will have a free trip to HOLLYWOOD. The makers of ROMANCE CHOCOLATES desire a plot for a motion picture, based on a human experience in which a box of chocolates plays a prominent part.

A trip exactly like that of MISS GAMBLE's is offered to the winner. Get started now. Remember some incident that occurred in connection with a box of chocolates and work it up into a plot for a movie. Think of the thrill of being an honored guest in the land of romance.

CONDITIONS

1. The winner will be the author of the most original, interesting, and practical synopsis or plot for a motion picture based on a human experience in which a box of ROMANCE CHOCOLATES plays a prominent part. Literary ability will not be considered, but in case of a tie, the neatness and attractiveness of the presentation will determine the winner. No manuscript shall be more than 1500 words in length.
2. The winner, and a companion of his or her choosing, will be given a trip to Hollywood, including visits to the studios during a week's stay there, with all expenses paid. In addition, the fifty most worthy plots will have careful consideration by the scenario department of one of the large distributing companies, and if any are purchased, the full purchase price will be remitted to the author.
3. The Judges will be:
MR. JAMES R. QUIRK, Publisher of *Photoplay*.
MR. ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, Editor of *Life*.
MR. FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, Critic for *Liberty*.
4. There is nothing to buy in order to enter the Contest. The illustrated booklet, "How to Write for the Movies," is simply to help contestants.
5. Entries should be sent to *Contest Manager, COX CONFECTIONERY COMPANY, Boston 28, Massachusetts*, and must be received there before the close of business on June 1, 1927.



MISS IDALIAN GAMBLE winner of the 1926 Contest with WALLACE BEERY in Hollywood, August, 1926



"How to Write for the Movies" may help you win the trip to Hollywood. It costs you nothing, for it is packed in every box of the famous ROMANCE SELECTIONS at the regular price of \$1.00. Selections contain 22 different kinds of centers, including liquid cordials and solid nuts

ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

IRISH:

Your weight should be about one hundred and twenty-four pounds. A few pounds difference, either way, is of no serious concern.

BOBBY:

You are about eight pounds overweight, but I shouldn't try dieting. It is up to you to correct your round shoulders. Don't allow yourself to fall into the careless habit of slumping or slouching. All the exercise in the world will not help you, if you do not sit and stand correctly. Here is an exercise for the fat on your shoulders: Lie face down on the floor. Keeping your heels together and your feet on the floor, lift your body upward from the waist. Then lower.

MISS DISCONTENT:

Yours is a thoroughly modern complaint. You seem to be just a little too popular. If people say things about you that hurt you, the only way to end the gossip is by proving that these things are quite untrue. Cultivate the friendship of serious, sensible girls and avoid the male and female gossips. Your angle on men is quite wrong; the worthwhile men who are accomplishing real things haven't time to waste in the "gay sets." The real men—the business and professional leaders of the future—are hidden away under the social surface. And they would be mighty glad to know a girl who isn't eternally demanding jazz parties. You have had your fling of popularity; now you can afford to be more discriminating in your choice of friends.

FLUFFY:

Your mother's objection to this boy simply because he is homely seems to me unreasonable. From your glowing description of him, he seems to be all that is desirable in the way of a beau. You are old enough to have some "say" in the choice of your friends. Why don't you

persuade your mother to meet him and talk with him? She probably would learn to like him, especially if you urged him to put on his prettiest manners when he calls. And you might tell your mother that most of the great men of the world have been downright homely. Have a frank talk with your mother. Tell her plainly, why you don't care for the other young men.

I think if you put the problem up to her fairly and squarely, she will be willing to give the young man a chance.

M. G. B.:

You are only four or five pounds overweight, at most. I think you will find the exercises and regime recommended in the September issue of PHOTOPLAY most effective. Wear black, relieved by white, all shades of blue, burgundy and dark red, orchid and canary yellow. Blues should be especially becoming to you.

TRIX:

You are about ten pounds overweight. Go at the reducing slowly, beginning with simple exercises at first. You can wear browns, pale yellows, pale pinks, pale blues and dark purple. In writing a business letter, put the name and address at the top. In a personal letter, this isn't necessary.

ELEANOR:

I daresay your "crush" won't last long. Don't let the boy tease you. Naturally, he will keep on as long as he sees that it upsets you so. There's a lot of small-boy mischief, even in a grown man. The next time he tries it, laugh at him. Don't take him seriously. Go out with other boys and enjoy yourself. And let him see that you are enjoying yourself. It will be good for his conceit. Don't let him see that you care too much.



Chapped skin can be avoided!

Chapped and roughened skin can be quickly softened, healed and revived by this one simple attention.

Frostilla repairs the damage of dust, dirt and exposure by thoroughly cleansing the pores, soothing the sensitive surface, and restoring the skin to a normal healthy condition.

Frostilla should be constantly used to remove the clogging residue of powders, creams and rouges. Just pat it on—ten seconds are enough—it leaves no sticky after-feeling.

Sold by all drug and department stores. 35c regular size, and \$1.00 for the economical household size.



FRAGRANT Frostilla

The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N. Y. Dept. 614: Please send me a generous trial bottle of Frostilla so that I can discover how easily chapped skin can be avoided. I enclose 6 cents in stamps.



If the girls of 1898 ever walked home from a ride in a horseless carriage, they would have reached their destination before the chauffeur. This bouncing buggy—a relic of the Nineties—is used by George Bancroft to take Irma and Kornelia and Iris Stuart to and from location

(An Electro Magnetic Invention)

A Delightful Road to Health



GAYLORD WILSHIRE,
Inventor of Wilshire's I-on-a-co

GAYLORD WILSHIRE, *originator of the Famous Wilshire Boulevard of Los Angeles*, Revolutionizes Treatment of Disease

"I am seventy-seven years old and have been for years a sufferer from Chronic Constipation, Neuritis, and Varicose Veins.

The Neuritis was cured inside of two weeks and, much to my surprise, the constipated condition was relieved in the first week and I have not since had to resort to laxatives.

Even my Varicose Veins have mysteriously disappeared. In fact, my general health and spirits have been so much improved I feel that I can truthfully say I have been rejuvenated."

JOHN MATTISON,
1000 Ashland Ave., Santa Monica, Cal.



A delightful I-on-a-co treatment involves no drugs, pills, powders, purgatives...no special dieting, no exercising. Sit down in your easy chair at home and place the I-on-a-co about your waist and over ordinary clothing. Press the button! I-on-a-co's delightful magnetic influence immediately begins permeating and cleansing

your whole system. Your iron becomes magnetized... becomes better able to carry on its vital work of helping oxidation. You feel a pleasant relaxation. A ten-minute treatment will give complete relief from fatigue and very often immediate relief from neuritis or any acute pain.

If you are ill, run down, or suffering from any ailment whatsoever, send for the free booklet which will tell you the wonderfully inter-

esting story about the I-on-a-co. It explains its scientific principles... gives the testimony of many who have found health and

happiness. You, too, may find a short, delightful road to health. This booklet is free and obligates you in no way.



"I also had been troubled very much with Insomnia and passed many sleepless nights. Now I sleep perfectly. Constipation also bothered me considerably, and it has departed. The stiffness caused by Arthritis in my knees and ankles has also quite disappeared. I cannot say how much benefit Ionaco has been to my general health."

Mrs. Jane Griswold,
237 W. 55th Street,
Los Angeles, Calif.



FILL IN AND MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY

THE IONA CO.,
831 Commercial Exchange Bldg.,
Los Angeles, California.

Without cost or obligation on my part, send me your book "The Short Road to Health," telling more about Wilshire's I-ON-A-CO.

Name _____

Address _____

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HEALTH without drugs, dieting, exercise, loss of time, or discomfort is amazing but true. For the secret of oxidation and a method of destroying the toxins in the body has been found; a secret which hitherto has baffled science!

Professor Otto Warburg, of Berlin, the great German biologist recently demonstrated before the Rockefeller Institute that it is the iron in our system which acts as a catalyzer, uniting the oxygen we inhale with our tissue cells. Wilshire's I-on-a-co magnetizes your iron, increases its catalytic value, and enables it to transfer an increased supply of oxygen to your tissues.

Everyone knows that the body is made up of billions of living cells... that these cells are constantly dying and new cells being created to take their place. These dead cells as well as the waste products of the living cells, if not eliminated, remain in the tissues, produce poisons and give you auto-toxemia, the starting point of practically all disease.

The first step toward the elimination of the waste products is oxidation. Is it not logical that a device which improves and accelerates oxidation should be beneficial? Hundreds of unsolicited testimonials are pouring in to offices of the Iona Company, telling of quick relief from all sorts of diseases... of new-found life and happiness.

Wilshire's I-ON-A-CO

Wilshire's Ionaco is distributed by district offices and by mail throughout the country

New York Chicago San Francisco Los Angeles

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

Here's a Challenge

Colorado Springs, Colo.
I started something when I announced to some friends that I didn't believe there were many good actors in the movies. The most, I insisted, were just charming personalities, but not actors in any sense of the word.

"Write that to some magazine," howled one of my combatants, "and see how many agree with you."

There must be a few people who are not so moved by a violin rendition of "Hearts and Flowers" and a little dark crease-paint that they cannot see how ludicrous it is to call Lillian Gish the "Duse of the Screen." Was Lillian's *Mimi* the dirty, sensual, fascinating gutter-snipe of "La Boheme" or was she lovely Lillian?

But was not Gilbert's *Rodolphe* the *Rodolphe* we knew before someone canned "La Boheme"? And was there any trace of the small town *Professor* we knew in "The Snob"? Nope! They were two distinct types played by a clever actor who submerges his personality into the part he is creating. Isn't that good acting? And can you name many others of the silver screen who can do that?

E. D.

And Why Not Censor the Stage?

St. Johnsville, N. Y.
Meanwhile, the motion picture progresses along its way—improving each year as the increasing number of splendid releases show. Why discriminate against any particular part which may or may not be suggestive, when the effect as a whole is good and the theater-goer has been pleasantly entertained?

"Evil to him who evil thinks." A film is bad only in proportion to the evil in the thoughts of those who witness it. Some insipid, plotless films there are, just as there are books and plays which have no excuse for being. If the movies must come under Federal Control, let every stage production be treated likewise.

There is not one picture in one hundred that the reformers could justly "take a crack at."

Why pick on pictures, anyway? The reconstructionists do not exactly know what changes they want, but they must meddle with something.

My bouquets are all for those who produce the "poorman's opera" and a big brick for the would-be reformers who would eventually reform nothing.

DAISY REED.

A Real Well-Wisher

Ogallala, Neb.

I have been a constant reader of PHOTOPLAY and read the Brickbats and Bouquets that are sent to the Editor with sorrow in my heart for some of the brickbats that are hurled against some of my favorites.

I am an old woman of sixty-five years and I enjoy going to the movies about as well as anyone on earth! I have my opinion of anyone who condemns them. I am also very much interested in the stars buying and building their beautiful homes and never tire of looking at the pictures of their homes. It proves to me that their hearts are in the right place.

My sorrow deepens when I read of the death of a favorite one and of the separation of wives and husbands. I am sure the stars all have worked hard and are doing their best to make us good entertainment. And why throw brickbats?

I enjoy them all and hope to, as long as I am able to toddle down to the movies.

MRS. C. A. EIKER.

More Drama, Colleen

Sorrento, B. C., Canada.

Why must our adored Colleen Moore be starred in such worthless, foolish pictures? Not long ago I saw "Irene." Colleen, as *Irene*, was perfect, as usual, and she was well supported as far as the cast went, but of all the silly, unoriginal plays—it didn't even boast a plot. The only thing that could be said of it was that it gave some of us, who are obliged to live in small hick towns, an idea of the spring fashions.

We don't want to see little Colleen as a clothes horse. We want the Colleen of "So Big," the real artist. Let her show what she can do. Give the public a real, honest-to-goodness Colleen Moore picture for a change and then watch out for the bouquets!

FLORA K.

Mademoiselle Is Right

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Since I am in the United States I regularly buy your magazine, which is the most sincere I ever read. Therefore I dare write you the following lines.

I cannot help feeling indignant about the way the movies present Paris life and French women to the American public.

Those responsible for this do not know Paris at all. They go to the Ville Lumiere (City of Light) with the intention of having a good time. Therefore, they go to places like the Folies Bergere, where no self-respecting Parisian ever goes. There our Americans meet some demi-mondaines and return to America knowing all about Paris and French girls.

Never yet have I seen a play able to make theatergoers acquainted with France's best people. I am far from thinking of the aristocratic; I think of the bourgeoisie or middle class. It is in the latter that the photoplay writers ought to look for the real French girl. She is far more interesting than the silly, idle, well-dressed vamp the movies have made of her. Not more than one in one thousand can be found who uses any make-up except powder.

I do not exaggerate at all. Ask Ricardo Cortez, who comes from Alsace-Lorraine and ought to know the dear, witty, charming and simple girl the Francaise is.

BLANCHE MICHEL GERARD.

A Ray Rave

Boston, Mass.

This is an appeal for Charles Ray, the one actor, who, in my opinion, can be classed as great.

Nearly every time an actor is fortunate enough to be cast in a picture of more than ordinary merit, there's a great rejoicing among some critics and fans heralding the new arrival. And if he is well cast in his next few pictures, some writer remembers a prophecy made and we have another "greatest" actor.

Ray is therefore at a disadvantage in having seldom appeared in a spectacular production. Excepting one, he has only program pictures to his credit. And yet in these program pictures, in stereotyped rôles, he has reached heights unattained by any other movie actor. Ray blazed paths in acting and directing.

I think the unassuming titles of Ray's pictures have been against him. For instance, his "Old Swimm'n' Hole" was noteworthy, but attracted very little attention. "The Girl I Loved" was Ray's best, and for that matter the industry's best, but on account of inadequate exploitation it did not attract as much attention as it should have. Ray has started over and I am confident of his success.

FREDERICK N. GORDON.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 143]



Rexall
Theatrical
COLD
CREAM
75 cents
FULL POUND



Thoroughly cleanses and freshens the skin. Leaves the complexion velvety smooth. Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores.

SAVE with SAFETY at your

Rexall
Drug Store

You will recognize it by this sign
Liggett's are also **Rexall** stores





Coming!

HARRY
LANGDON
in "Long Pants"

Produced by the HARRY LANGDON Corporation

You have lost touch with outstanding screen events if you have never seen the comedian who received the most overwhelming critical ovation accorded to any picture player in 1926.

"Superb"—"unparalleled"—"priceless"—"inspired"—said America's greatest film reviewers of HARRY LANGDON'S first full-length features, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" and "The Strong Man."

But to see him in his latest is to know him at his greatest. For in "Long Pants" he plays a lad whose voice and trousers are changing . . . And any Langdon fan will know in advance what gorgeous opportunities this offers for the display of Langdon's masterly talent.

Pathos . . . comedy . . . subtly intermixed with hysterical results. Coming soon to the most popular theatres.



A First National Picture

Takes the Guesswork out of "Going to the Movies"

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Your age revealed

in one of these 3 places



No. 1—Double Chin



No. 2—Relaxed Muscles
Crepey Throat



No. 3—Lines
and Wrinkles

BY discovering treatments and preparations which regain or retain facial youthfulness, Dorothy Gray has won international fame. Her Fifth Avenue Studio is the mecca of stage and society beauties.

Now her treatments are available for home application with careful instructions. These treatments will erase years from one's face, restoring it to youthful charm.

Dorothy Gray's three basic treatments, as well as her individual preparations, are for sale at fine department stores and quality drug stores, throughout the country. If such a store is not conveniently near you, you may order direct.

If you seek further information before buying, please check the coupon below for Miss Gray's personal advice.

DOROTHY GRAY

753 Fifth Avenue . New York
1637 Boardwalk . . . Atlantic City
1009 Conn. Ave. . Washington, D. C.
The Whitehouse . San Francisco, Cal.

DOROTHY GRAY 753 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please tell me how:

- to treat a double chin.
- to treat relaxed muscles and crepey throat.
- to erase lines and wrinkles.

Name

Street

City State..... 79

When Ioc Was Big Money

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

Now second man at the Pitt Theater. Hurrah!

(Week and a half elapses here.)

Got a telegram from mother: "Archie very low. Not much hope. Come if possible. Mother." (Archie was Richard's brother.)

Start home.

Arrived in Minneapolis. At first Archie didn't recognize me. Under anaesthetic for three hours.

Archie worse.

Phone rang tonight. Archie worse. Ma and I, Jack and Lance started in Ford. 2:35 in morning. Archie dead before we arrived.

Offered \$50 a week as leading man, Dallas, Texas.

"The Fourth Estate." My first lead. I like it. Nervous at rehearsal. Terribly nervous.

Pray for me, Dix, this is my big chance!

I was nervous but got through the opening. I love my work. Think of it. Me. A matinee idol. Two girls followed me all the way home. Ha, ha! I am some matinee idol.

(The company closed shortly after and Dix returned to New York.)

Waited in Packard Agency office 11 to 1. To see Faversham. No luck.

I am broke. I'M BROKE.

Heard from Belmore, Faversham's stage director.

No mail, no money. Desperate. Going to pawn my dress suit.

Pawned my dress suit. One collar. Didn't dare get laundry. Tried out for Faversham. He liked my work.

Walked around without a bite to eat.

Pawned another suit.

Walked for hours. Ate two fried rices. Re-hearing hard.

Broke again. Faversham taught us a dance to insert.

Had a chop suey. Appointed assistant stage manager.

Got \$10 from Pa. Bought a derby.

My feet are darned near blistered. Borrowed advance on salary. Got dress suit out of pawn. My feet ached. Had to run all day for props. Conway Tearle is new leading man.

Ate at Automat. Ate! Tearle seems like a good egg. I'm broke again.

To Albany for the show to open. Went big. As assistant stage manager had to watch them pack. Tired as the devil.

Show went off great. (This was "The Hawk".) Faversham said I had a future. Gabriel Dorziat, the leading woman, gave me a carnation. Dix!



The big crepe hair and mustache man from Hollywood. George Westmore, make-up man de luxe, handles three thousand extras a day on De Mille's "The King of Kings" set. He has twenty assistants. Two of them are his sons—Wallie and Monty, who are seen here. There are three more Westmore heirs, not apparent,—Percy, Ernie and Dorothy, also tonsorially talented

What is Collegiate?



THE small felt hat . . . the coonskin coat . . . the autographed slicker . . . the leaping lina . . .

Collegiate! That is to say, *youthful*. Irrepressible—jaunty as the flutter of a knee-length skirt. Not daring to be different . . . just *being* different.

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1 1 1

And in the same sense that *all* Youth is collegiate, College Humor is collegiate.

Our fun is the spontaneous, yet sophisticated humor of the campus.

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Writers who know Youth—its volatile loves, its moments of black tragedy, its sometimes shocking rebellions.

Illustrators who fill our pages with the warmth and charm of people

who are young and interesting.

1 1 1

If you have never looked into this quite unusual magazine, the February issue will surprise you pleasantly.

There is a glamorous novel by Katharine Brush, a clever sketch by O. O. McIntyre, a sport article by Westbrook Pegler, the beginning of a short humorous novel by Corey Ford, and short stories by Octavus Roy Cohen and Margaret Culkin Banning . . .

With illustrations by such men as James Montgomery Flagg, John Held, Jr., Arthur William Brown, Gaar Williams, and R. F. Schabelitz.

We believe you will especially enjoy this New Year's number.

You'll see its charming cover girl by McClelland Barelay on newsstands everywhere now.



College Humor

ON ALL NEWSSTANDS



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intelligently*

Science declares the
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“YOU cannot be clean without a good soap. The ideal soap is one which aids the secretions, removing just enough to take away the dirt and yet leaving enough of the oil to make the skin soft and flexible.”

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Please send me free trial of Resinol Soap and Ointment.
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Street.....
City.....State.....



Does Rudy Speak From the Beyond?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

everybody. He wants earth-people to know and realize that there is no death and no separation. He wants earth-people to miss his heartrending experience. He wants them to realize and believe in the beauty and perfection of this after-life.”

If Valentino were to live again, would he try motion pictures?

“He would try whatever circumstances permit. He would have to meet the problems of the earth-life.”

Miss Rambova, after giving her answers, elaborated upon them. She says that she believes firmly that the messages come from Rudy. “When we receive a telephone message from another city,” she countered, “how do we know who is speaking? From mannerisms, from thoughts, from the topics of conversation. Every message from Rudy undeniably has carried authentic earmarks.”

I ASKED Miss Rambova what relation marriage had to the astral. “Marriage is physical and of the earth,” she answered. “If, however, this union is sincere and real, the spiritual contacts remain the same after one’s passing.” To her spiritual closeness to Rudy, Miss Rambova attributes her messages.

I asked Miss Rambova regarding her use of mechanical writing during her marriage with Valentino. “Rudy was really psychic. We used to do mechanical writing a great deal,” she said. “One of our principal spirit contacts was an old Egyptian who calls himself Meselope. He gave us psychic lessons and prayers but never spoke of material things. Just once he spoke of the earth to me. That was the Friday before Rudy’s death. I had received that day a cablegram from Mr. Ullman, stating that the physicians believed Rudy out of danger. Meselope told me that night that Rudy would not recover.”

Miss Rambova believes in reincarnation. “We come back without memory to see if our lessons have been thoroughly learned,” she says. “Now and then we have faint, dim catches of previous existences. I believe that I lived in previous ages, as did Rudy. Undoubtedly we met. The memories and lessons of those existences are not clear, of course. If they were we would be at a point of psychic perfection.”



Emil Jannings' Last Laugh. Just before Jannings sailed for Europe his friends gave a party. And they served plenty of the sort of drinks that are forbidden in America but not *verboten* in Germany

You Must Make Men Behave

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

American business men had found someone to appreciate us, and the speculation as to whether my wife would think I had had anything to do with Mademoiselle Marchal's conclusion about making men behave.

You know how wives are.

"Well—there is this difference," she said, helping herself to the French pastry—"I did try to make the girl feel at home—"In France, the men mix everything up. A little business—a little pleasure—a little love. You see? Over here, the men have what you call—now wait—Somebody has told me that and I have made up my mind to remember because it is such an expressive one. Oh yes—men have a one-track mind. When they do business, they think of nothing else. Eat, sleep, business. Work all day, all night.

"But when the track is love—they are exactly the same. They get so much in love they think, eat, talk love. They concentrate." She was noticeably pleased with this word.

She paused, a little dreamily. "I think I like it," she decided. "But it is not good for the men. It would be much better to—mix it up a little.

"They would live longer.

"Maybe the men are responsible for this propaganda about themselves—that they do not understand love. Maybe that is a good way to keep the ladies happy at home, eh? Or maybe the American ladies wish to keep it a secret all for themselves. Or maybe they do not appreciate their men. Sometimes the peaches on the tree in the next yard look much better than those on our own."

She laughed and showed all her pretty white teeth.

"I HAVE been in America one year. I like it very much. But I have had many, many surprises. It is not at all as I had suspected. I find many men who understand love. I find many women who understand art. I find much culture and kindness.

"And the American girls, they are so beautiful.

"The most beautiful in the world, I think."

Miss Marchal was born in Paris and educated at a convent near Versailles. So you see she should know whereof she speaks. Those convent girls!

She played in pictures in France for three years and might be there yet if it hadn't happened that Gloria Swanson saw her and insisted on having her in "Madame Sans-Gene." Gloria certainly has done a lot for France. But then, it's been mutual. France has done a lot for her.

And certainly they reward her greatly, if Miss Marchal's gratitude is any criterion. Her eyes actually flooded with tears when she spoke of the Marquise.

"Oh, there is no other woman in the world like Gloria for kindness," she said, passionately. "She has the understanding heart. I love her dearly. She was so wonderful to me when I first came to this country. I could speak not one word of English and I knew nobody. Gloria made those first days livable. I shall never forget it."

Paramount has just renewed a long-term contract with Arlette Marchal, whose recent work as the Russian adventuress in "Diplomacy" got a lot of praise from the critics. She is now working with Adolphe Menjou and Greta Nissen as the brunette in "Blonde or Brunette."

As far as I'm concerned, I hope they'll make it for life.

I'm sure somebody will before long, what with her eyes and her accent and her opinion of American men.



The art of smiling charmingly is the art of caring properly for one's teeth. That is why Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities, is also universally placed by experts, these days, near the top of the list of modern beauty aids.

To Make Smiles Really Count

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MOST persons' teeth and gums are imperiled, say many authorities, by a film that forms on teeth.

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PEPSODENT

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Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

her place will be a discreet, intellectual, retiring elusive, "hard to catch" gal, and if Madame Glyn dictates her attire, she will resemble a cross between a nun and Queen Marie, all done up in a swathe of chiffon.

Madame Glyn tried it on Clara Bow, who accepted it amiably as part of the starring rôle of "It," Madame Glyn's current film offering. In her novel "New Woman," which appears simultaneously with the film, Madame Glyn points out that the flapper of today was created as a diversion for and by the tired business man. But poppa will become rested and want to pursue his mate through a thicket of intellect and woo her by the lake of mental equality. And so forth.

Run out and buy little sister a thesaurus, if you want her to be a social success in 1936.

BODIL ROSING is having a terrible time in Hollywood. Not that she is being snubbed by the producers or stars. Quite the contrary. It's her quaint old-world name that causes the trouble. She is Monte Blue's mother-in-law, you know, and was a Copenhagen actress of distinction twenty years ago. But more about the name.

At an opening the other night the announcer yelled, grandly including the left half of the auditorium in his wave: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is Bodil Rosing!"

Turning to the right, with large gesture, he said: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is . . . er . . . ah . . . Rodil Bosing!"

It's a cosy round-sounding little name, when rightly pronounced, and as charming as the Danish actress herself.

DONALD CRISP tells this one on himself. He was acting as master of ceremonies at a Grauman presentation of "The Black Pirate," which he directed, and was presenting members of the cast, among whom was Billie Dove.

Mr. Crisp doesn't admit that he was nervous, but these darned memories of ours play us the vilest tricks. "Ladies and gentlemen," he enunciated roundly, "I want to introduce one of the loveliest ladies on the screen. Her charm, her beauty and her talent you have observed tonight. May I present the leading lady of this picture, Miss Bessie Love?"

There was applause—of course. But it wasn't until, off-stage, Billie quietly said: "Mr. Crisp, you introduced me as Bessie Love."

What could the man do? "That's nothing compared to what I did," remarked a beautiful and famous blonde, who was listening. "I was giving a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Leslie Carter and I, too, made a speech. I said at the end of the glowing talk, 'And now I want to present our most famous American actress, Minnie Madern Fiske!'"

SOMETHING new in separations came with the Santell "friendly disagreement." Both Al, who is a director, and his wife continue to live in the same house, but there is a thick, thick wall of argument between them. Perhaps it will dissolve. There have been other arguments. Both say there will be no divorce. Several months after their marriage three years ago, Al filed suit for divorce, which his young wife, only 19 then, answered in a cross-complaint. She attempted suicide a week later and upon her recovery they were reunited.



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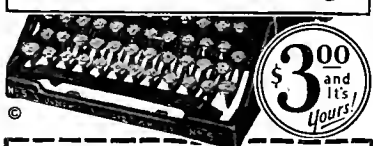


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ANOTHER honorary fire marshal in Hollywood social circles. Probably the smallest on record, too. Master David Herbert Rawlinson, very young and very much loved infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rawlinson, who made a recent appearance. Not only is David Herbert a fire marshal, but a member of the Masquers' Club, the actors' organization, of which Herb is a popular member.

Little Sally Ann, eighteen months on this earth, stays home with mother when the men go to their important meetings.

BRING on your rolling pins and crutches. Gertrude Short and "Perc" Pembroke are celebrating their first year of married bliss. An engraved and panelled announcement says so. Which reminds me that Gertie is getting a lot of glances, not garters, because of the unique bonnet she wears at first nights. It's shaped like a baby's, ties beneath the chin and is made of chiffon and soft lace. It makes Gertie's round young face look absolutely cherubic.

YOU'RE all wrong, Hector, if you think a movie director leads a nice quiet life. Not when he is filming a biblical spectacle. Look at C. B. De Mille, who is busy with "The King of Kings." There is this creed to offend and that sect to insult. There must be no partisanship. His enemies, and what successful man has no enemies? can harpoon him. But De Mille takes it philosophically, and with a dignified humor.

For instance the story came to him that a paper had made the announcement that "King of Kings" dealt with a "triangle" situation. That the triangle consisted of Judas, Mary Magdalen and the Christ.

The idea was preposterous, and De Mille remarked, slowly, when he heard it:

"They must have confused 'the triangle' with 'the Trinity.'"

A BRILLIANT and rather highbrow English novelist was dining at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John McCormick. Mrs. McCormick, as you probably know, is Colleen Moore.

After dinner they were sitting in the drawing room, and the novelist, being very chatty, remarked, "D'y'know, Miss Moore, there's one custom in America I can't understand. Dreadful habit, really—this gum chewing. Can't see how anyone could bring themselves to it—chewing gum, y'know."

Colleen scarcely restrained a blush—being slightly addicted to the "dreadful" habit in moments of excitement—and leaped to a safer subject. But Ben, her priceless Japanese butler, having heard the word gum, spilled the beans entirely by rushing out and returning with a fresh package of gum on a neat silver tray.

Having heard the word gum he had instantly invaded Colleen's private locker to procure some for the exalted guest.

"And if looks could kill," said John McCormick, "Colleen would be in jail right now."

JANET GAYNOR wins the handpainted umbrella holder for the month's best fan letter. It came from a man in Baltimore who had seen her in a picture. Janet, if you don't know, is one of those demure little persons who is born for flower-sprigged veils, flounced parasols and a rustic seat in a garden. The man got the same impression.

"Dear Miss Gaynor," he wrote, "I am worried about the flowers in my Pasadena estate. I think you are the kind of a girl who loves flowers. Would you mind going to Pasadena and looking at my garden? Perhaps, later, we could reach some sort of business arrangement whereby you could care for them. Please let me know."

"Sunrise," Murnau's first American picture, is occupying Janet's present time, so the poses will have to go untended.

KATHRYN HILL, the blonde with the limpid eyes, who was a Harrison Fisher model and posed for magazine covers before she went in pictures, has decided to get herself a divorce from Ira Hill, the Gotham photographer, so she may pursue illusive film fame. Perhaps you saw her in "The Wanderer."

Kathryn has been seen dining frequently with Adolphe Menjou, who was recently divorced, and there is a bit of Hollywood chatter about the matrimonial plans of the two, as there would be. Adolphe's choice of dinner partner gives an off-stage answer to his current picture, "Blonde or Brunette?" Kathryn Hill is a winsome, wistful, wonderful blonde.

LITTLE Danny Cupid and not Svengali exercised his mystic power and Trilby, whose last name is Clark, married Lucio Flamma the other day. In case you do not remember, Trilby is both of Australia and the Ziegfeld Follies, but more recently she was the utterly exquisite leading lady to Harry Carey when he made manful westerns.

When Trilby and her husband are not acting for the screen, they sign themselves Mr. and Mrs. Nicolo Quattrociocchi, a name which was changed to Lucio Flamma for a very obvious reason.

POLA NEGRI was the unwitting cause of a farmer boy having rainbow-tinted cream for breakfast. It wasn't Pola's fault, nor was it the boy's. It happened that "Bossy," a big bovine beauty, had a yen for interior decoration and succumbed to it, disasterously. Pola, who was in the countryside on location, left her make-up box by the road and upon her return saw the last of her greasepaint being swallowed by a brown-eyed cow. Rouge and lipstick had gone before.

Now the stable gossips about "Bossy's" colorful career.

SOME day if you are not too busy watching Ronald Colman or Jack Gilbert, please take a look at Otto Matiesen who, although not a leading man, is a darned good actor. Maybe you saw that little four thousand dollar picture, "The Salvation Hunters," and recall him as *The Man*, a very nasty slimy gent who sold joyous ladies to other gents. He was also *Hans*, the idiot, in "Bride of the Storm," with the lovely Costello. And he's played in many pictures, has the Danish Otto.

Now, so you will know where to find him when you look, he is playing *Olivier* in John Barrymore's newest, after John himself pilgrimaged to Matiesen's hillside home to tell him he was just the man for the part.

MILITARY honors marked the burial services of Tom Forman, former actor and director, who robbed himself of life at his parents' beach home. A nervous breakdown caused by overwork was the cause given for his act, and the picture colony grieved deeply for one of its most loved members. There was a military cortege and an air squadron attendant at the funeral, for during the war Tom was an aviation lieutenant, and many stars paid tribute to their friend and comrade. Tom leaves a Tom, Jr., who is six years old, and his wife.

THE death of John Fairbanks, brother of Douglas Fairbanks, is being mourned by the entire motion picture colony and has brought a particularly deep sorrow to Doug himself.

The two brothers had been unusually close, and John had long been associated with Douglas in his motion picture career as business manager and advisor. He was Douglas' most trusted confidant and was very active in the days when Mr. Fairbanks began producing his own pictures.



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His death came after a long illness that had confined him to his bed for many months. Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks (Mary Pickford) accompanied the body back to the Fairbanks home in Denver where burial took place.

A memorial service was also held at Pickfair, many screen celebrities who were friends of the deceased attending.

John Fairbanks is survived by his widow and two daughters.

EMIL JANNINGS got a great big dazzling greeting when he stepped from the train to make his first Hollywood picture. Purple posies, German friends, Murnau, Lubitsch, Stein, cameras, a battalion of theater ushers in white and gold, Mildred and Harold Lloyd, and a smashing sign that read "The American Film Guild Greets the World's Greatest Dramatic Actor." I'm glad John Barrymore is broad-minded. Seems to me he has worn that title, too.

And, if he wasn't exceedingly tolerant, he might make it unpleasant for Jannings, who occupies a neighboring bungalow on the Ambassador Hotel grounds.

Emil sighed and smiled at the welcome. His eyes and his hands moved heavenward and he uttered his only English sentence: "I am so happy!"

He should be. I understand he is to have Estelle Taylor as leading lady in his first picture.

SAM GOLDWYN was glad there was a snowstorm in Chicago the day Vilma Banky arrived, for it gave her an opportunity to become beautifully bewildered and utterly lost. And how beautiful Vilma can be when she is bewildered, as she often is at our American ways.

Vilma was really lost, however, out on the lake front where the wild winds blew, and gold coast matrons awaited her at a luncheon given in a loop hotel. Parading cadets and middies found her near the Soldiers' Field Stadium, but whether they escorted her to the hotel, I didn't learn.

BILL HART, as genuine and fine a western gentleman as I shall ever know, was so tickled at the frequent mention Earl Derr Biggers gave him in his novel, "The Chinese

Parrot," that he immediately dispatched the author one of his prized guns, with a letter that was typical of "Two-gun Bill."

I'm afraid Bill is starting something. Hergesheimer will probably get Bill involved with one of his superb fiction sirens, when he hears of it, just to get a Hart gat.

HERE is proof of realism in motion pictures. Von Stroheim was shooting an Alpine scene for "The Wedding March" on homemade Alps that raised their lofty salt-capped heads on the studio stage. Although the day was warm one electrician had a sweater collar cupped about his ears; Von himself, wore an overcoat, and a prop man, an ultra-realist, puffed on a Meerschaum.

OVER the after-dinner coffee cups at the Douglas MacLeans' the other evening, Doug was reminding Fred Niblo of the first picture in which he, Douglas, ever appeared for Mr. Niblo.

"It was a mining picture," said Douglas, "and Hal Cooley and I got a job to appear as a couple of miners. We were supposed to come dashing out of the depths of the mine just following some terrific disaster within, and stand horrified for a moment before dashing out of the scene."

"Hal and I talked it over at great length, for it was pretty important in our lives."

"I thought we ought to muss ourselves up a little, since we were supposed to be miners escaping from a disaster."

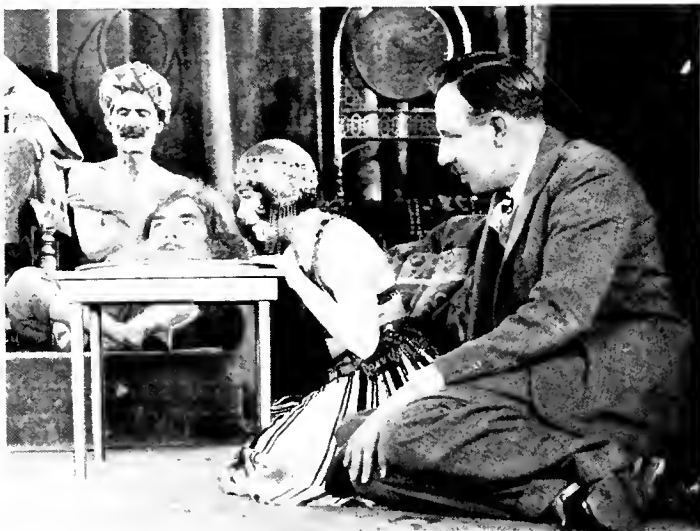
"But Hal insisted that the important point on all occasions before a camera was to look as nice as possible."

"So we had our pants creased and our ties cleaned and spent a couple of hours perfecting our haircombs."

"When Mr. Niblo saw us, he gently suggested that we ought to look more mussed up, but Hal just pretended not to hear him and I followed suit."

"Later we sneaked into the projection room to see this important footage run. Well, the place came and we dashed out of the mine, and then in the silence we heard Mr. Niblo say, 'Two of the nicest little miners that ever came out of Huyler's.'"

"That nearly broke our hearts, but it was worse when they cut the scene altogether."



The head on the platter belongs to a living, breathing, talking man. The rest of his body is concealed somewhere on the set. Renee Adoree and Tod Browning are trying to discover the secret of the trick. This optical illusion—used in "The Day of Souls," was made famous by Herrmann, the magician

Adam's Other Apple

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

instant action. They shot the scene wherein Mr. Moody, after a hard ride over the trackless desert, appeared at the heroine's marble home with the onyx balustrades and broke the news that the child still lived and that Sir Henry Quirk, the dirty dog, lay dead, with a bullet through his sinful skull.

This meant work for Ben Gillespie, because desert dust must needs be sprinkled upon Mr. Moody, so that he could shake it off before the camera. All afternoon Ben occupied himself with sprinkling dust upon Mr. Moody, or else brushing it off for fugitive close-ups.

Meanwhile he glossed the Scarlet Nonpareil upon his coat sleeve, admiring the lovely sheen when the lights struck it. Between apple-polishing and dust-sprinkling, it was a busy afternoon for Ben and he went home to supper, tired but happy.

"Going to the movies tonight, Ben?" his mother asked, helping him to a steaming plate of chicken fricassee, which was one of her prize dishes.

"No," he said with elaborate carelessness. "Gonna drop in on Lola. Haven't seen her in some time."

THE mother said nothing, but smiled down fondly upon his curly head. She had always been proud of Ben's curls.

In his new blue suit, he called upon Lady Lola, met her family with the strained gaiety of a young man calling, exchanged banter with the older brother and when the relations had respectfully departed, leaving the two of them to the solitude of the front room, Ben brought forth a two-pound box of choicest candies, embossed in silver foil and riotous with filagree.

"How lovely," said Lola, removing the foil and nibbling. She was a fair haired creature with smiling eyes and could throw a caressing note into her tones. She could torture Ben with the movement of her eyelids, and well did she know it.

"You know what that cost?" Ben asked cheerfully.

"What?"

"Three fifty."

"You extravagant boy!"

"Nothing could be too good for you, Lola."

She smiled and patted his hand, which lay casually upon the arm of her chair.

"Swell candy," Ben said admiringly. "Look at those raisin nuts."

"Um," said Lola.

"And wait until you taste those supremes, nougatines, truffles, frozen puddings and chocolate almonds."

"Um," agreed the girl, eyeing him with warm approval.

"But the main thing that I came over to see you about," he continued, "was all this talk about your marrying Charley Stimson."

A slight pause followed. The parlor clock clacked softly.

"My goodness, Ben Gillespie," cried Lola suddenly, pushing forward in her chair, "wherever did you get that darling apple?"

Women have been dodging thus, in critical instants, for six thousand years and will continue to do so until the crack of doom. Ben had, in his abstraction, removed the Scarlet Nonpareil from his pocket and was idly bur-nishing it upon his sleeve, his mind filled with thoughts of love and marriage and rivalry.

"This," he said proudly, permitting the light to fall full upon the royal fruit. "Oh, I bought it."

"And for me," surmised Lola, her voice vibrant with approval.

Ben hesitated.

"No," he answered slowly. "I'm using this apple. We're going to shoot it in the picture."

Lola had set aside the gay box of bonbons



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and had half raised one small, white hand in Ben's direction, expecting, as any girl would, immediate gift of the exquisite fruit.

"Why, Ben," she said reproachfully. "You know I adore apples."

"Yeah," said Ben, for the first time aware of a faint uneasiness. "But you see, Lola, I got to keep this for tomorrow. We shoot this in the love scene."

"Ben Gillespie!"

Maidenly reproach, disappointment, blasted hopes—everything was in the two simple words.

"I'll tell you what," he suggested brightly, "I'll trot over to the boulevard and get you an apple. Lola, I'll bring you back an apple that you'll like, because I know just where to go."

LOLA merely looked at her suitor. There was tragedy in her lovely eyes. There was incredulity in the lift of her chin. There was amazement and bitterness in the tone of her voice, when she spoke again.

"Do you mean to sit there, Benny Gillespie, and tell me you won't give me that apple, especially when I ask you to give it to me?"

Ben wriggled uncomfortably upon his plush chair.

"Now listen, Lola," he argued desperately.

He then explained about Director Couzens and what he had commanded and what he intended to do: about Miss Reynolds and Mr. Moody and how he, Ben, would have to stand on the morrow immediately outside the drawing room set, beyond the camera line and at the word from Mr. Couzens, hand the Scarlet Nonpareil to the star. Lola listened frigidly.

"You could get another apple," she said with maidenly coldness, which is the coldest coldness there is.

"No," he protested earnestly. "I couldn't. I hunted high and low for this one. I went all over Hollywood."

There was silence in the Emory's sitting-room—portentous and painful silence. Ben slowly polished the Nonpareil on his coat, and looked at Lola, as the miserable criminal in the dock looks at the judge. He hoped and half expected she would presently break into a merry laugh and tell him she had been joking—She did nothing of the sort. When she spoke again, it was quietly and slowly.

"Ben," she said. "I am glad you came to—"

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night, and I am glad indeed that you brought your apple, because now I can make a decision. I never knew before, definitely, but now I know. . . . I can never marry you."

"What!" Ben said, stunned.

"I know now that I am going to marry Charley Stimson, and until this very instant, I could never decide between you and him."

"On account of the apple?" Ben asked in stricken tones.

"Yes. Charley will always give me what I want. You have shown me, with your precious apple, the true inside of your character."

Ben groaned.

"What do I care about your silly moving pictures?" she demanded indignantly. "I know now that you are the kind of man who would always put other things ahead of me. If I were your wife and asked you for a new dress or a new hat would I get them?"

"Yes, indeed," Ben said eagerly. "You bet you would."

"Never. We would have this apple business all over again. True, I may be a trifle selfish, but when I want a thing I want it and Charley Stimson will always give me what I want."

Ben Gillespie rose up and made a powerful and touching plea amid the wreckage of his falling romance. He declared it was foolish to ruin two lives because of a trifling incident. He pointed to his true love for her and his ambition, which would in the end bring them riches, limousines and a high estate.

"No," said Lola sadly, shaking her head. "I will never, never marry you, Benny. I am sorry, because I have always been fond of you, but tonight you have opened my eyes to the real Ben Gillespie."

"If that's what you think of me, I'll be going," said Ben.

"And I wish you good evening," said Lola.

With a sinking heart, Ben went home and found his mother waiting.

"You made quite a stay at Lola's," she ventured.

"Yeh," he said. "We sort of talked things over."

"You and Lola are pretty good friends?"

"Yes, we always were."

He retired moodily to his room and went to bed, with the Scarlet Nonpareil reposing upon his dresser, where the moon could smile in upon its rosy magnificence.

ON the boulevard next morning, as he plodded to work, he passed Charley Stimson, who was lolling in a new sedan.

"Hello, Ben," said Charley.

"Hello," said Ben.

"Hear the news about me and Lola?"

"Yes. And she's an awful nice girl, Lola is."

"I'm lucky," admitted Charley. "Well, see you later, Ben, old boy. So long."

He drove off, with his new paint job gleaming—gleaming like the glossy coat of the Nonpareil in Ben's pocket.

At the studio, the young man moved about his duties sadly. You cannot lose a pretty, vivacious, hundred and twenty pounds of feminine perfection and maintain a gay exterior, and all day long the studio folk noticed that Ben seemed downcast.

"When do we shoot this business with the apple?" he asked the script girl.

"Maybe this afternoon," she answered.

Ben resumed his slow polishing of the Scarlet Nonpareil, whose brilliant skin was now as perfect as man and nature could make it.

All morning, he wandered disconsolately about the set, performing his duties mechanically. In the afternoon, he ventured to make inquiry of Mr. Couzens.

"How do I know when I'm going to shoot it," answered the director testily. "I'll tell you when the time comes. And quit bothering me about it."

The afternoon passed. So did another day, and on Friday afternoon young Ben once more sought enlightenment.

"Why," said Miss Dickenson, turning over the pages of her smudgy script, "we aren't going to shoot the apple business at all."



Dick: "Gad, she's fascinating! But seems to have no sense of humor."

Ned: "It isn't that, I've seen her often—couldn't keep my eyes off her, at first. But—well, the answer is, she's afraid to laugh."

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"What's that?" Ben demanded, refusing to believe his ears.

"Mr. Couzens decided the apple stuff wasn't any good," the script girl explained. "So we cut it out and used some business with a box of candy."

"Holy catfish," said Ben.
"What's the matter with you?"
"Nothing much. I've been carrying this apple around for five days, keeping it ready and now he isn't going to use it. Funny, isn't it?"

Miss Dickenson laughed merrily and called the head camera man over to tell him that Ben Gillespie had been going about with an apple and now they weren't to use it at all. The tale spread through the studio and various persons stopped Ben to jest with him. He went home for lunch, instead of eating at the studio cafeteria. It was Saturday. His mother greeted him with the usual words of cheer and gave him some news.

"They're having a party over at Lola's tonight," she said.

"Yeh?"
"I don't suppose you'll be going."

Ben shook his head.
"It's an engagement party," said the mother. "Lola's coming out and announcing her engagement to Charley Stimson."

"Yeh?"
Mrs. Gillespie paused and studied Ben with reflective eye.

"I used to think maybe you and Lola would hit it off together after you grew up. I've watched you both. You're a fine lad, and Lola's a fine girl. I used to think you might like each other, I mean in a marrying way."

"Lola's great," Ben admitted. "We've always been good friends—only—well—just friends."

"I'm baking another chocolate layer cake," Mrs. Gillespie continued, with a note of professional pride. "Mrs. Emory came over and asked me would I, and, of course, I said I would."

"Who could do it better?" asked Ben.
As a matter of rare truth, nobody could do it better, which was a fact known in West Hollywood, for if there was any one major triumph in Mrs. Gillespie's culinary repertoire, it was her chocolate layer cake with frosting. Patrick Henry had his oratory, Marconi had his wireless, Jack Dempsey had his right hook to the jaw and Mrs. Gillespie had her chocolate layer cake.

Whoever gave a party in Hollywood and could wheedle her into baking a cake did so, and had at least one essential of social success, because the Gillespie cake was more of a heavenly visitation than a comestible of sugar, butter and flour. It had made the name of Gillespie famous and, naturally, when Lola announced her intention of giving an engagement party, Mrs. Emory asked Mrs. Gillespie if she would be good enough to oblige.

Ben ate his lunch in silence and prepared to return to the studio. His mother was already busied with the important baking program of the afternoon and Ben lingered a moment in the kitchen.

"We gonna have apple pie tonight, mother?" he inquired.

"Of course," she replied. "It's Saturday night, ain't it?"

Saturday night supper in the Gillespie household meant apple pie, in mother's best vein. It always had meant apple pie, since the long gone days when old man Gillespie ran things about the place. He had started the Saturday night apple pie for dessert and it had come along as a family tradition.

"Well, mother," Ben said, with a wistful smile, "you might as well use up this one."

He drew forth the Scarlet Nonpareil, still magnificent in its beauty—the apple that hadn't got into the movies.

"My stars," said his mother, raising her florid hands in admiration. "Now ain't that the lovely apple? Where'd you get it?"

"I bought it," he said casually. "Chuck it into the pie."



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"I will that," she said.

And so the perfect fruit, which Miss Reynolds was to have handed to Mr. Moody in their love scene at the fire-place, but did not, and which Lola Emory had coveted from Ben, but had not achieved, was tossed into a drawer of ignoble small pie-apples, where it lay atop its lesser brethren. The very red of its patrician skin seemed to reflect scorn of its surroundings. Ben went along to work, leaving his parent in floury confusion over the important cake for Lola's evening party.

PROMPTLY at six o'clock, supper began in Ben's home and he sat down with the brisk appetite of youth. His mother chatted of this and that and of how the Sullivan's place caught fire and would have burned to the ground, but for Mary Ann; and presently, the moment of dessert arrived.

"I'll have an extra large piece of pie tonight, mother," said Ben, whose sentimental Waterloo seemed in nowise to have lessened his appetite.

Mrs. Gillespie looked suddenly aghast.

"Good gracious, Ben," she said in dismay. "I forgot to tell you. We're not having any pie tonight."

"No pie," exclaimed Ben, facing the incredible fact in astonishment.

"No. And this is why. For the first time in my whole life, I put too much butter in that chocolate layer cake for Lola. It was too rich and as sure as I'm here, when I took it out of the oven, it fell flat in the middle. It was ruined. I couldn't send a spoiled cake over to the Emory's, and them having a party, could I?"

"Of course not," said Ben.

"And so, knowing you wouldn't mind, I sent them the apple pie we were to have for supper."

Mrs. Gillespie smiled upon her son. He lighted a cigarette, stared up at the ceiling and thought.

"Did you put that big apple in it?" he demanded.

"Yes," said his mother.

"Well, I'll be darned," said Ben, viewing the plain workings of the hand of Fate. "When they want a thing, they get it, whether hell freezes over, or not."

"Benny dear, what do you mean?" his mother asked.

"Nothing much," he said.

He arose, pieless, and kissed her affectionately.

At that very instant, the pearly teeth of Lola Emory were descending upon a triangular slab of pie, an important and component part of which, integral you might say, was the pulpy and cinnamon-sprinkled form of what had been the cherished and protected Nonpareil.

"Um," said Lola, smiling upon her future husband. "What nice pie."



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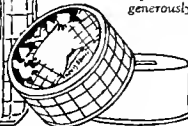
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PERFUMES OF YOUTH

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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]

MISS M., OBERLIN, OHIO.—That's a good line you pulled—"Necessity sometimes permits new rules." It ought to come in very handy when you get home late for dinner. Your two idols work at the same factory. Address them in care of Paramount, Long Island City. But be sure to send Betty and Alfred a quarter for their pictures.

I. T.—News of Ray Haller for you? All right. Ray was born twenty-six years ago, in the city Mr. C. Coolidge now lives in. He played on the stage for about five years and started in pictures in 1915. Ray is not married. Harrison Ford, your crush, comes from the great open spaces, otherwise Kansas City, Mo. Harrison was born in 1892. He played in stock before movies. He's divorced. Louise Dresser is thirty-eight. Billie Dove is twenty-two.



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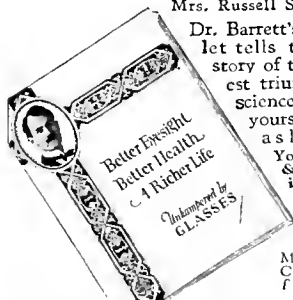
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How to Hold Your Youth

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20]

Hormone Excess—the state of glandular overactivity.

Physical Strain—which, coupled with organic poison or infection, is a potent cause of old age. **Physical Apathy**: Lack of muscular effort and faulty muscular development naturally have had degenerative effects.

And now for two extremely important mental causes of old age. The first is mental strain, which Dr. Fisk says is just becoming thoroughly understood. While some of the causes leading to a disturbed mental state may lie in physical deficiencies, it is nevertheless pathetically true that an overwrought brain may react upon an otherwise healthy body and cause old age. Fear, grief, and emotional excesses are more destructive than mental effort or mental work.

THE opposite psychic condition is Mental Apathy. And here it is a plain lack of interest in life that causes physical apathy and its attendant evils.

Perhaps all this sounds too scientific for the layman; nevertheless, it is simple condensation of an intricate subject. And it is extremely pertinent to this problem of looking and feeling young. You cannot, for instance, have the fresh, clear skin of youth if you are poisoning yourself with a heavy, badly chosen diet. Nor can you have bright, attractive eyes if you spend sleepless nights over foolish worries.

There are, as you can see, two aspects to this problem of staying young. The first is the physical side. The second is the mental side. And both aspects may be summed up in the old Roman precept: "A sound mind in a sound body."

Now there is no greater bore in the world than the person whose mind is constantly on the state of his health; no more tiresome woman than the one who is incessantly searching for symptoms. The individual who tries to be his own doctor, usually overestimates the importance of his own ailments and makes a great botch of the whole business.

The easiest and the sanest thing to do is to have regular physical examinations. Let an expert find out your weakest points—for none of us is 100 per cent perfect—and let him give you a rule for personal hygiene.

And when you leave the doctor's office, fol-

low his advice. But keep your mind off your bodily state. When you eat, taste your food and enjoy it; don't accept it as just so many vitamins and calories. Fresh salads, properly prepared, are things of beauty and works of art; the fact that they are also excellent for the body is a gift from nature. Look at your food in that light and you'll enjoy it—diet or no diet.

Don't be continually dosing yourself with medicines you may not need or with preparations of doubtful value. It's a sad medical fact that the diseases we take the most pills to cure are seldom the dangerous ones. It's the diseases we neglect, the diseases we fail to discover, that cause all the trouble. In other words, as an amateur medical expert, the average person is apt to be pretty much of a flop.

However, there is one thing you can do towards holding your youth that no doctor can accomplish for you. You can cultivate a cheerful, youthful habit of mind. Your brain is ageless. You may be young at ninety, if you wish. Or you may be, like W. S. Gilbert's "Precocious Baby," "an enfeebled old dotard at five."

YOUR brain controls your body to an amazing extent. Science is just beginning to trace the effects of this enormous influence. I asked Dr. Fisk what mental habit had the most ageing result on women. And, without hesitation, he told me that introversion is the mental state that causes the most havoc.

Although you may not recognize the quality under its psychological definition, it is a type that you all know. The introvert is a woman who makes herself the center of the universe. She is the woman whose mind is a churn of petty and personal worries. She is usually without any outside interests, except those that immediately concern her. She broods over trifles. She imagines insults, slights and persecutions. In brief, she has what is usually described as an "ingrowing disposition."

Dr. Fisk believes that professional women seldom acquire this habit. In fact, they are inclined to go to the opposite extreme and be absolutely dependent on some sort of exterior stimulus. Nevertheless, the sad fact remains that unnecessary worry, imaginary troubles and morbid thought bring more wrinkles and



In honor of Carl Laemmle, the employees of Universal donated this room to the Los Angeles Orthopedic Hospital. Mr. Laemmle paid a visit to the first occupant of the room—little Kenneth Stuart—and made him happy by the gift of a radio set

lack-lustre eyes than all the hard work, mental effort and physical activity in the world. It is not a pretty thought—and it sounds like the theme of a modern novel—but it is true that a large number of women are aged and poisoned merely by their own morbid thoughts.

In this first article, it is only possible to give a general survey of this engrossing problem of keeping young. Other aspects of the case, such as personal hygiene—with the care of the skin, hair and eyes—and proper costuming will be dealt with, in detail, in succeeding articles. In this article, there is only space to give you the causes of old age and to emphasize the two cardinal principles of youth: Keep your body free from disease and keep your mind young.

But in order to impress upon you that this dream of youth is neither impossible nor vain, it might be well to give you a few well-known models who may serve as patterns for the average woman. As Dr. Fisk points out, the actress who goes on with her work year after year, gaining in charm rather than losing it, acquiring new beauty instead of fading, is a healthy ideal for the woman who wants to keep her own youth.

SO, by way of parting advice, let us study some of the so-called "beauty secrets" of the women of the movies who, in spite of hard work and worries unknown to the average woman, have managed to remain the very spirit of youth.

Mary Pickford, for instance, is thirty-three years old. She has worked far harder than the ordinary girl. Mary's career began when she was a child. She has been an active wage-earner for the greater part of her life. And yet, today, Mary looks ten years younger than she really is—off the screen. On the screen, she is still a convincing child.

Mary's recipe for youth is very simple. "Think young," she says, "and you will be young. You can't be old when you are surrounded by optimists who don't worry about age. And I insist that my friends be optimists. After that I forget myself.

"I never have to worry about my weight. I eat what I please and never weigh over ninety-eight pounds. I suppose the hard work that making my pictures necessitates keeps me slender. At least, I never have had a systematic routine of exercise. I like to swim and recently I have taken up golf, but I do them both for the fun of it rather than for any physical benefit."

Another actress who has kept the very spirit of youth is Alice Joyce. Off the screen, she presents a serene, unlined face to the world. She is one of the most charming women in New York. And yet Miss Joyce is thirty-six years old and she has been in the movies for over fifteen years. Furthermore, before that, she was an artists' model. Don't forget, either, that she has a daughter ten years old.

Miss Joyce keeps young by keeping busy. When she isn't actively engaged in picture making, she is taking lessons in something, just for the fun of having her mind occupied. In her spare time she studies everything from French to domestic science. She likes to keep her interests varied.

Moreover, Miss Joyce believes in regular hours. She doesn't care for night clubs and she makes a point of resting at home several nights a week. In her career on the screen, she has seen many girls "party" themselves out of pictures. She doesn't believe that all the rest cures and diets in the world can make up for a fling of unbalanced living.

Elinor Glyn has been in the limelight for more years than it would be polite to mention. And yet Madame Glyn is the leader of Hollywood's "younger set." The lady may be a grandmother and yet she has more energy, more pep than almost any flapper in Hollywood.

And so Madame Glyn's advice is worth hearing: "There is no such thing as old age. Not if you pay attention to three important things. The first is your mental attitude. Don't think age and you will not be old. The second is to



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have knowledge of eliminations. Eat sparingly. But well, and keep your body free from wastes. The third is perfect attention to circulation. Exercise—I am very fond of dancing—is excellent.

"I eat plenty of fruit and drink much water between meals. For breakfast I have two bits of toast and some peach jam, a cup of coffee, without sugar or cream, which I immediately follow with a cup of unsweetened tea. In summer, I vary the peach jam with fresh water-cress, a plate of strawberries or half a grape-fruit. For luncheon there is a fish, just caught, and a boiled potato. And then a pineapple ice. For dinner I have a souffle.

"Another thought. Do not smoke or drink, and watch out for the frowns. They leave lines that pull down the mouth. For my skin, I use honey and peroxide, half and half, perfumed by rosewater. It leaves the skin soft and white.

"And there is the psychic influence. The force currents which cleanse and purify flow from the north. I always sleep with my head to the north and am nightly revived by the rays. To sleep with the feet to the north, causes stagnation and a sloughing of impurities to the head."

Fannie Ward, Elinor Glyn's rival in youth and pep, has an elaborate system of keeping young. But, of course, Fannie has had her face lifted and surgical operations are not yet within the reach of the everyday woman. Nevertheless, there is something deeper than superficial beauty in Fannie's youth.

Fannie doesn't smoke. When she is in Paris, she drinks sparingly of champagne. The "hard stuff" is not to her liking. She keeps hours that would kill Gene Tunney inside of a year. Dawn is bed-time to Fannie. And yet, mentally, Fannie is neither cynical nor world-weary. She, too, places extreme importance on youthful mental qualities. The basis of her physical regime are elaborate facial treatments and colonic irrigations.

Hard work has nothing to do with growing old. All the young women of the stage and screen have had abnormally active lives. When Anna Q. Nilsson was a child in Sweden, she worked like a man in the fields. She has been in pictures since 1911.

HERE is Miss Nilsson's advice: "The best beauty hint I know is not to worry. Don't hold grudges. Don't sulk. Don't brood. Temper and worry and doubt are little devils that etch bitter lips and sullen eyes. Of course, we can't all be even-tempered. I'm not wishing that on anyone. Even on myself. When I get angry, I get angry. Everyone hears



Victor Fleming is using a radio to broadcast his orders to a crowd of 2,000 extras used in "The Rough Riders." Receiving sets are placed on the settings to transmit the instructions to the players

about it. But it lasts only a minute. I explode, absolutely. I get it out of my system and it is gone.

"I violate all rules for keeping thin. My favorite exercise is reading. Give me a good book, a comfortable arm chair and a lamp and I'll sit up until four o'clock in the morning. Dinner guests gone after a long chat, I'll pick up a book and read until dawn.

"I am naturally fond of swimming, horse-back riding and walking, and do them all, spasmodically. But I have no set schedule.

"I am careful of my diet. I avoid too many starches and sugars, not to save poundage, but merely for the sake of common sense."

Mae Murray's rule of living is more rigid. Mae teaches herself very, very carefully. She is the "early to bed, early to rise" girl of Hollywood. And yet dancing, more than any other one thing, has kept Mae young. Dancing and a vegetarian diet, with plenty of milk. You may think that Mae's "no smile, no frown" rule has made her face a trifle expressionless, but don't forget that Mae was a star performer in Ziegfeld's Follies of 1908.

Blanche Sweet has an excellent and practical code of living. Not only is Blanche young, but she has grown younger in the last few years. Blanche has been in pictures for more than fifteen years. Like Mary Pickford, she was on the stage before the studios ever saw her. Nobody ever accused Blanche of having an easy life. At one time, in fact, Blanche was almost overcome with the tragedy of living. It was then that Blanche began to look old.

But there was a fighting spirit about Blanche and she triumphed gloriously over her imaginary woes. And once she had shaken the blue devil of the blues, she not only gained her former beauty but she acquired a new loveliness.

I think that most women will find real help in Blanche's rules for keeping her beauty. "In this thing of keeping fit, I give particular attention to my foods," Miss Sweet says. "Improper diet causes more mental and physical ills than can be imagined. I never eat bread and meat at one meal. They are too heavy. Nor do I drink water as I eat. It makes food soggy. However, I drink a great deal of water between meals. The first thing in the morning I have two eight-ounce glasses of water. Before luncheon and dinner, I have the same quantity, and still more between meals.

"MILK is the best natural food there is, so my breakfast is composed of two eight-ounce glasses of hot milk. At 10:30 I have a glass of cold milk, also at 4 and 4:30 in the afternoon. And often I have a glass of hot milk before retiring. Salads for luncheon and one meat with vegetables and a baked potato at night when I am at work.

"Eating is not all in keeping fit. There is exercise. I combine exercise with recreation. To me dancing is the perfect pastime. Gertrude Hoffman, when I was dancing on the stage, taught me that. I love modern dancing. In my bedroom I have a phonograph to which I dance 'the Black Bottom,' the fandango, anything—just so it's dancing.

"Ice-skating at the rink or Lake Arrowhead. Swimming, the year 'round. Plenty of water, inside and out. That's the best way I know to keep fit."

STAY MENTALLY YOUNG

The mind plays a tremendously important part in the problem of How to Hold Your Youth. For the second article of PHOTOPLAY'S series on this vitally interesting question, Miss Smith will interview one of the foremost psychologists in the country. This article will tell you just what mental habits to avoid and just what processes of thought to cultivate in order to avoid unnecessary old age. Watch for this article in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY.



What COLOR do you feel today?

(A CURIOUS QUESTION)

CURIOUS? Yes. . . . Silly? Not in the least. Mysterious perhaps, but we do "feel" different colors. When sad, we feel "blue"; when happy, we feel rosy, glowing, bright. All true, isn't it? But—and here is the startling thought—how do we *look*? We are judged by that! At golf, for instance? Cheeks too pale, costume neutral, the impression is *depression*. If in reality your mood is gay, the gayety *seems forced*. You do not *look the part*.

Or, again, if you feel deliciously tranquil, how sadly at variance with your true mood are too bright and robust colors. Your whole day may be spoiled simply because you do not *look the color you feel*.

So we come, convincingly, to the reason for the *new mode* which is rapidly changing the rouge preferences of America's cleverest women. It is the most exciting vogue in years—using rouge to *express one's moods*. Princess Pat developed this fascinating theme of *mood expression*—by delving deep into the mysteries of color psychology. But you can experience all the results without troubling about scientific explanations.

Try it. Suppose you feel that uplifting inner urge toward gayety. You feel brilliant, vital, alive, eager. You want desperately to have that mood register, to evoke quick, understanding response in others. Then *look the part*. Use Princess Pat Rouge Vivid—or the newest shade, Squaw. Watch the mirror. See how the wonderful new *color note* is instantly achieved. It is so "just right" that you get a complete new thrill from your own reflection in the glass. But the point is that you'll *thrill beholders as well*.

And the soft, delicate effect of Princess Pat Medium! Ah, that is for the hour and occasion when dreams mist o'er realities and "beckon romance softly." It is the shade that gives the rich, warm creams and pinks of a "peaches and cream" complexion. Its *color note* is serenity, cool, soft

serenity, like moonlight silvering a breathless lake on a still June night. And as a complement to Medium, there is No. 18 Theatre, for a little added wealth of color. For those fuller, glowing moments when rich, natural color is your desire, use Princess Pat English Tint, the famous orange shade more imitated than any other rouge in the world—but never successfully. English Tint changes on your skin, blending of its own accord to the exact color note required by your own complexion *tone at its natural best*.

And of course the marvelous new shade, Nite—which meets every exaction of artificial lights—never changing—never varying in color once you put it on.

Think, Milady. You choose your frocks with vast care so that they may express you. Your choice of rouge is *even more important*. For a brilliant costume with a neutral rouge is terribly discordant. Similarly, a soft, pastel gown with a brilliant rouge is disharmony. You invest heavily in gowns—why not make the investment yield fullest beauty?

It costs no more to have the six wonderful shades of Princess Pat on your dressing table—because you use them but one at a time, and, of course they last *six times as*

long as one. So follow this new vogue. You can readily *imagine* its fascination; but actual results will far transcend anything you can conceive.



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Up Speaks a Gallant Loser

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

"You know," continued Mr. Gilbert, "she has had a remarkable story. She is the daughter of humble parents and her early life in Sweden was spent in a poor home. Finally she went to dramatic school. One day Mauritz Stiller came to the school to select a girl for his new picture. Stiller was a kind of god over in Sweden—their most successful director. And he chose Greta.

"GRETA made a big hit in Sweden, right from the start. When Stiller was signed up for American pictures, the agent who conducted the deal included Greta in the contract. Because Greta and Stiller had been associated together in so many successes.

"Her salary was—and still is—rather small. The company wasn't very eager to take her. No one knew what a success she would have. Greta herself never expected it. And now, poor girl, she is completely bewildered.

"She isn't high-hat."
"She isn't conceited."
"She isn't uppity."
"She is just plain dumbfounded.

"I don't think that we realize what America means to foreigners. When these people come to America, their parents and friends mourn them as lost. They know that they are gone—never to return. America swallows them up. It submerges them as failures. Or it overwhelms them with success. Little Yon Yonson leaves his home to come to America. In a few years, he is J. Ashburner Johnstone, owner of the biggest grain elevator in Minnesota. But little Yon is dead and buried.

"And that's what has happened to Greta. The poor little obscure Swedish girl is now the talk of Hollywood, one of the biggest discoveries on the screen. Greta isn't superficial enough to accept it quickly. She can't begin to comprehend.

"No wonder she stands before the ocean and just thinks!

"What does she want to do? I know—better than she does, I suppose. She wants to work with Mauritz Stiller. After all, he was her first friend and her first god. Stiller discovered her; he taught her to act. And he understands her; knows what she is up against.

"She can be happy with Stiller."
"I don't think I was ever Stiller's real rival, with Greta. And, by the way, he's a fine director and he's going to do some big things."

So spoke a gallant loser!
Surely Greta Garbo is the luckiest actress in pictures to find, in her rejected suitor, her most ardent press agent.



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There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

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Adonis of the Argentine

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

Barry paused. A very silent pause into which he blew cigarette smoke.

"I smoke these—" with a wave of the hand, "because they are the first ones I saw advertised in America."

The rest of the cigarette makers are out of luck. You should see how he handles one. There was more pause, and then Barry spoke. He speaks English almost flawlessly, with not the faintest trace of native Spanish. Only once did he say "which" when I thought it should have been "who," but far be it from me to correct a young man who speaks casually of the heavenly-view from the Sugarloaf Mountain in

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Brazil and knowingly of the habits of the Inca Indians who terrace-gardened the Andes to grow vegetables. He's not pedantic. He doesn't slap down facts and leave you gasping. He has learned things by contact. And slowly, if you are interested, he reveals them.

"I came north two years ago with a dozen boys which were given six months' leave of absence before they commenced their diplomatic training in Buenos Aires. We came on some sort of a fencing contest, and to see the Dempsey-Firpo fight. One of the boys died in Chicago and I went from New York to make arrangements. I had been living in Greenwich village"—and still they cast him as "the mother's boy"—"after the leave of absence expired, and when I reached Chicago my father wrote he would send no more money if I did not immediately come home."

The firm chin is not for nothing.

"There was a letter of introduction to a friend in Chicago—I have no relatives in this country—and I presented it. The man was very charming. We talked. As I have said, I spoke English, but I did not speak American slang. I said something the man could not believe. He looked at me and laughed and said, 'Oh, get out!'"

"I picked up my hat and walked toward the door. 'Hey! Where are you going?' 'Pardon me, sir,' I answered, 'you told me to get out. I am leaving.'"

THERE was another pause. The boy has an effective way with pauses. He meditates behind that little wall which surrounds him. He has an air of unstudied insolence. He looked like a picture of the Young Dauphin as the late afternoon sun slanted through the window. There is good breeding in the long line of his fingers, in the set of the head upon his shoulders.

"I cannot be witty in English. I do not know it well enough. French, that is a great language to be witty in. You can insult a man so beautifully—and he does not know what you are naming him—" A curious dark-eyed smile, the first, crossed his face. He has a lot of charm.

"Nine months ago I came to Los Angeles. I sold many of my personal things in Chicago to get money to come here. I tried to find office work, but there was none."

I could see Barry, then Alfredo de Biraben, asking for work. Slim and arrogant, with an arrogance born of breeding, not adversity, asking to wrap parcels, lick stamps.

"In the Argentine we do not accept actors socially. Never. Doctors and diplomats, yes. My brother—there are only two of us—is a surgeon. I was to be a diplomat. But I did not want to be. I wanted to be a sculptor or an artist . . . or an actor."

"In the Argentine they loved Wallace Reid. Even better than Valentino. They have a gong in Buenos Aires which they sound only on very important occasions. I have heard it twice. When war was declared and when Wallace Reid died."

"Well, I tried to get extra work, and failed. One day I had been to the casting office at Fox, and they had said 'No work today,' when a man stopped me, 'Do you want a test?' he asked. I thought he was one of the extra men who was kidding me. 'I want something around here,' I answered. 'Come tomorrow at nine for a test.'"

The man was Irving Cummings. Barry got a five-year contract with Fox Films.

That was his story. Simply told. But still there was something. There was a heart that hadn't been found. There was sentiment. There was romance. There was not the great spirit in the telling of the story that I saw in the staccato gesture of the shell-rippled boy in "What Price Glory." There was warmth and fear and stark desolation in that cry, "Stop the blood!" This was a suave twenty-two-year-old with *salon* manners.

"The tall waving grass on the pampas. . . ." I ventured.



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The boy's eyes lighted. Through the golden California dusk they were very bright.

"Ah no! No, there is no grass on the pampas. The country is arid, the ground is baked hard, and there are deep tracks in it. You know? No cactus, no vegetation such as you have here. We have great trees. They're . . . why they're as big around as this room. No one has seen them grow, as far back as we can learn. They've been there always. *Ombu*, we call them. We ride into the light on *la pampas*, always making detours because of the *ombu*. They are surrounded with lights so that you may not ride into them.

"Those night rides on *la pampas*. My father and I, many times, have ridden hour after hour. The wind, it whistles through *ombu* like this"—it was Alfredo, not Barry, who was leaning out of his chair, his hand coursing through the air in the fashion of the wind, his mouth pursed with wind sounds. "Um-um-um-um-um.

"And little lights suddenly growing bigger as you sweep across *la pampas*. Far away you hear guitars. Little native songs tinkling in the darkness. Our *gauchos*, well—they are not like your cowboys. They are more, more—slavish. They tend the flocks but if the—what you call 'boss'—scolds them, they do not quit, as your cowboys do.

"Four or five *gauchos* will sing and play guitars. Songs of their own composition. They have different sounds to represent different things. Their songs are like—well . . . do you know Edgar Allan Poe?" This is a kid of twenty-two talking. "The songs are like his poems. There is that swinging repetition.

"And they are fighters, those *gauchos*! My father, one night, was driving across *la pampas* and, coming to a great *ombu*, he saw two men descending. They were wrapping their *pouchos*—you know?—rolled blankets which encircle the body from shoulder to hip—they were wrapping them around their left arms, which means a fight. They fight with knives,

the *gauchos*. Fearless, desperate fighters. These two commenced. One jabbed at the left arm of the other. Even the *pouchos* could not protect it. Ah, those knives! They use them like part of the hand. Like lightning, they flash.

"Finally the man fell to the ground, his left arm dripping blood. My father tells it—" an exciting smile gleamed. "The other one made a lunge with his knife to the abdomen. He ripped a huge gash and the man . . . do you mind? . . . the man was—was—"

"Disemboweled?"
"Exactly. But even then he was fighting. He tried to pick himself up. How my father tells it! He struggled with this gaping wound, and then my father drew his revolver and shot him through the head. But those are the *gauchos*. It is like a *gaucho* to die that way.

"In Buenos Aires"—it sounded like a song, the way he pronounced it—"we do not have things like that. We are a big city. People laughed at 'The Four Horsemen' when it was shown in the Argentine. Imagine cafes in a big city like Buenos Aires as the one showed in the picture! And the women wrapped in shawls! Our women get their clothes from Paris, as yours do.

"You see, it is so different in this country. It is so standardized. I go through Ohio or Kansas or New Mexico and the people are all the same.

"AND Brazil. Our family lived there, too, for several years. There is Sugarloaf Mountain, and the bay. Great red and blue cliffs . . . can you imagine? and when the sun sets . . ."

The sensitive nostrils of Alfredo de Biraben dilated, the mouth was soft with brilliant recollections.

He may be Barry Norton to Hollywood, but always his heart and soul will be Alfredo de Biraben of the Argentine.

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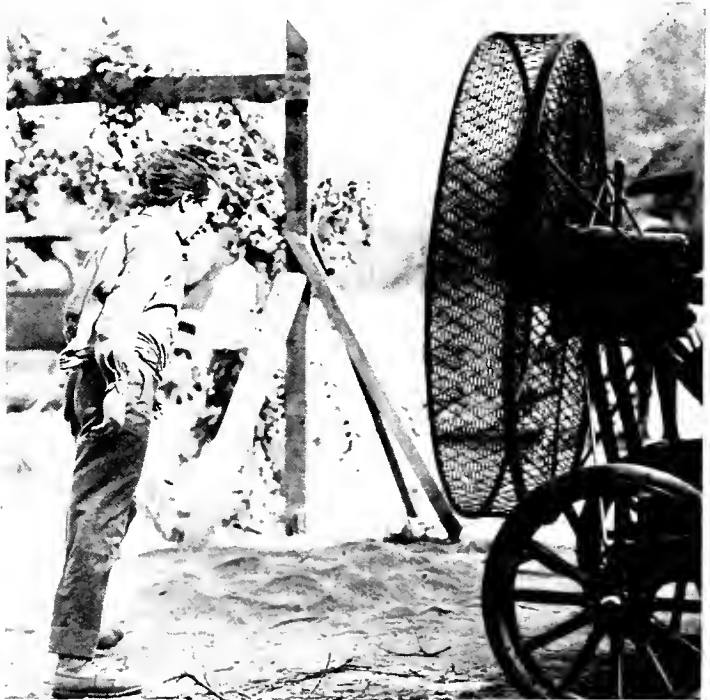
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Here is what makes the wind blow. It is a new device and it does away with the dangerous necessity of using an airplane propeller on the set. Harold Lloyd uses the machine to dry his hair

Too Good to Be True

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

as if we had been talking for some time. And we had. "Look at that 'he-vamp' title. He curses the day it was born. He'll never forgive PHOTOPLAY for that. Look at Mary Miles Minter, 'the sweet little gaga girl of the screen'."

Yes, and look at Gloria Swanson, who had to do "Manhandled" to kick her title of "clothes horse" into the discard. Look at Lois Wilson, who is doing her best to live down that reputation of "the good girl of Hollywood."

Nasty, nefarious, innocent-sounding little phrases that cling like leeches. Light as bubbles they bound from some fast-moving typewriter. And the havoc they play is nobody's business.

"It started at Lasky's," said Conrad, smiling in that dispassionate Nagel way. Nothing personal, but very winning, that smile. Friendly, but not too intimate. Not like Gilbert's vitalizing smile, or Colman's slow unfolding smile.

"It started at Lasky's when someone wrote a story about me. They said I was a deacon of a church, that I led the choir, that I taught Sunday school, that I was an usher and went to three services a day. They said on days when I was not working in a picture I visited the studios, saving souls. I was the boy evangelist of Hollywood. Not only that, they said my wife did all her own housework and that we did not believe in keeping servants. Furthermore, a common Sunday afternoon sight was to see me pushing my baby, Ruth Margaret, down Hollywood Boulevard in her perambulator with my wife hanging on one arm.

"Shortly after the story was printed, a writer came to the studio and requested, pointedly, that they let her interview anybody but Conrad Nagel.

"Tourists returning from Hollywood used to say they had seen Universal City, the Selig Zoo and Conrad Nagel ushering at church.

"Then they included Mrs. Nagel in the stories. We'd have joint interviews over tea on the veranda, and it was 'the model young married couple.'"

BUT his first picture, "Little Women," in 1918, was enough to do that to a man. Those Alcott characters have always been too model for any use.

"And all this time I was playing neglected husbands and unhappy lovers. If I didn't suffer in the beginning, I'd mourn at the end."

Conrad's nearest approach to scandal was when his brother, Ewing, was twice mistaken last year for the celebrated gunman, Marty Durkin, then at large.

"I am very fond of ginger ale. I like to drink it with ice." Again that cool, collected, calm smile. "It looks just like a high-ball. At parties I'd be drinking my ginger ale and ice and a friend would wag his finger: 'Now, Conrad! The model young man of Hollywood' drinking high-balls! What is this world coming to?"

"I did think of slaughtering my wife, clubbing my daughter and taking on twenty mistresses. . . ."

Conrad was born in Keokuk, Iowa, and that sort of thing doesn't go there, nor in Hollywood, either, for that matter. Besides, he is too fond of his wife and child. I have it on good authority. "Conrad Nagel," the authority said, "is like Will Rogers. None of the wimmen could fool around him. Plenty of 'em tried when Will worked on the lot, but they didn't get any farther than they do with Conrad. And that certainly ain't very far."

Back to Conrad. "It's been better the last year and a half. I've been permitted a few light comedies. Occasionally I'd even step out on the little screen wife, as I did in 'Dance Madness.' In 'The Exquisite Sinner' I walked



"It's dead easy to learn to play a Lyon & Healy Sax"...says Conrad Nagel

"If you ever thought you'd like to play some musical instrument take my advice and get a Lyon & Healy Sax. It's dead easy to learn. Try it and see if you don't agree *Conrad Nagel* with me."

GOOD news for you who have always wanted to play the saxophone! If you can whistle a tune and wiggle your fingers you can now easily learn to play the new, simplified Lyon & Healy Sax. Don't envy the other fellow because he can reel off the latest tunes. Don't sit on the side lines and miss fun, good times, popularity. A bit of practice on this wonderful saxophone and you can be the hit of the party!

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into the woods with Renee Adoree and nobody knew just what happened. In Mme. Glyn's "The Only Thing," I had a mustache and sex appeal. It all helped to counteract the model young man's impression. But I was thinking today, couldn't something more be done about it?"

Something should be done about it. Conrad's too regular a fellow to be saddled with that title.

Being "the model young man of Hollywood" is at first a novelty. Then a virtue. Finally a nuisance. "You wouldn't do that!" "You shouldn't do this!" "Your reputation . . .!" Each a little brick that builds a wall of righteousness about a normal, healthy, moral, clean-living young chap who is entirely happy with his wife, his child, his house, his garden, his work, his music, his friends.

A graduate of the Highland Park College of Des Moines. Stock company and vaudeville experience. The stage, playing in "The Natural Law," "Experience," "The Man Who Came Back," "Forever After." An all-around athlete. A swimmer—he and Norma Shearer used no doubles in those aquatic scenes of "The Warning Sex." A tennis player, a golfer, a yachtsman. A churchman, of course, because he believes. An usher, yes, because it is in service. Nothing priggish about that. But it equaled, in the eyes of the phrase writer, "a model young man."

IT showed a lack of imagination on the part of the phrase writer. It did not reflect on Nagel. It was because he is monogamous and contented; God-fearing and at ease; abstemious and satisfied.

If he wants to be that way, it is his own business. But it is annoying, you will admit, to be placarded as too good to be human.

"Will you pardon me a moment?" and Conrad reached for the phone. His wife answered. "Hello, dear. Have you lunched? I'll be home, then, to lunch with you. And, by the way, dear, Sid Franklin and I may go to the game this afternoon. That is, if they are playing. All right, dear. Yes, I'll be home shortly. Good-bye, dear."

Conrad may rue that "model young man" phrase, but he will never cease to be "the model young husband."

And somehow it seems right that he shouldn't.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

FOR WIVES ONLY—Prod. Dist. Corp.

THIS could be compressed into a two-reeler without harming its thought at all. Repetition stalks throughout the entire piece. *Laura* is married to a famous doctor. She finds that he takes her "for granted" so she decides to teach him a lesson. He is called away on business and intrusts her to the protection of his three friends. From then on every scene is repeated three times, and if you're awake at the end of this you're a glutton for punishment.

A REGULAR SCOUT—F. B. O.

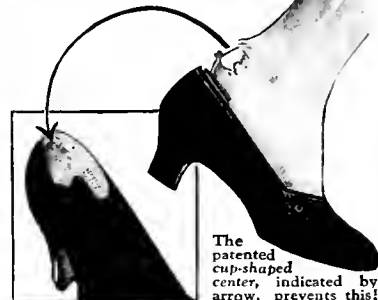
WELL, this is the one about the revengeful boy pretending to be the long lost son in order to steal the widow's money. Surprise, surprise—the widow is a darling with a pretty daughter, and how can you expect a really pure boy like Fred Thompson to stay mean in such an atmosphere, particularly with a noble horse like Silver King following him about? There is a troupe of real Boy Scouts in this and fair entertainment.

THE BLONDE SAINT—First National

OUR middle-aged heroes certainly are putting on the sheik at these days. Lewis Stone is a famous novelist who kidnaps the girl he loves. He takes her to "The Isle of Life."

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Prevents them from wearing out and staining at the heel; stops shoes rubbing and slipping at the heel.



At trifling cost, you can prevent your hose from wearing out and staining at the heel, and at the same time enjoy the added comfort of wearing shoes that do not slip or rub at the heel. These are the benefits you get by attaching Dr. Scholl's Nu-Grip Heel Liner in your shoes. Made of soft, velvet-like rubber. Invisibly worn in the shoes. Sold in shoe and dept. stores everywhere—30 cents per pair. Insist on getting the genuine, with the cup-shaped center. Buy a pair for each pair of your shoes.

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Here a plague breaks out, and through his untiring effort in helping the sick, she realizes she loves him. Ain't love grand, sister? The only good features in the picture are the splendid performances of Gilbert Roland and Ann Rork. Nothing to get excited about.

THE CHEERFUL FRAUD—Universal

AFTER you're out of the theater ten minutes you'll forget what it is all about. Reginald Denny, a Duke of Something or Other, accepts a position as secretary to social upstarts because he likes the girl. And there's some crooks who impersonate the Duke and steal the family jools. Mr. Denny recovers the jewels after a lot of silly running around. Everyone tries to be funny, if that is any recommendation for a comedy.

LONE HAND SAUNDERS—F. B. O.

WHILE not quite up to the standard of the usual Fred Thomson Western, this inconsequential story will be termed "swell" by the children. Tom befriends an abandoned cripple boy. He clothes him in real cowboy regalia and sets him up in a little cottage filled with inventions a la Rube Goldberg style. In due course Tom makes necessary explanations of his past life and performs an operation that saves the child's life. Give the children a treat.

STEPPING ALONG—First National

THIS is supposed to be a comedy. We're telling you because you'd never recognize it as such. This picture ran for about an hour and a half, which is entirely too long for a Johnnie Hines comedy. When comedy situations are overplayed they lose their comedy value and, too, there are a number of sequences here that are missing on all sixes when it comes to being funny. Even the wise-cracking titles that usually accompany a Hines product is missing here. When we saw this, the audience laughed once—so use your own good judgment.

SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY—Columbia

AND still they come! If you can still survive this Irish-Jew theme why, the pleasure (?) is yours. *Rosie O'Grady* is a little flower of the East Side who has a Jewish foster father and an Irish guardian. She meets a wealthy boy, but the difference in social standings separate them. They are reunited. Shirley Mason and Cullen Landis are the lovers.

THE CANYON OF LIGHT—Fox

ALL Mix features are the same—trick riding and shooting, hold-ups and fights galore. But in this Tom becomes the movie strong man and knocks down a couple of houses and comes up smiling. Yes, sir, all for the love of a girl. The youngsters will pass an O. K. on this.

RED HOT LEATHER—Universal

FROM the title you know Jack Hoxie does a lot of riding. The mortgage on the ranch must be paid, so Jack enters a rodeo. A million and one incidents occur to prevent him from winning the money, but just let anyone try to prevent our hero from saving the old home—stead, and pop. Fair.

JOSSELYN'S WIFE—Tiffany

PAULINE FREDERICK was an excellent selection in the leading rôle of "*Josselyn's Wife*," suggested by Kathleen Norris' popular novel of the same name. The story presents many opportunities for dramatic work, and had it been in less competent hands the picture would have been a total loss. A woman happily married, is confronted by her former lover, who seeks to rekindle their former love. He is murdered—but go to see the picture, it is worth while.

Watch This Column

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

Laugh Month!

Motion-picture theatre owners have named January "LAUGH MONTH" to send a regular gale of merriment sweeping over this great republic of ours—to stimulate jaded spirits and give old and young a chance to "laugh their heads off."

Universal has come to the front in comedies with such tremendous strides this year that we are particularly proud of our contributions to Laugh Month.



BUSTER BROWN AND HIS DOG "TIGE"

For instance—"Buster Brown," his dog "TIGE" and "LITTLE MARY JANE," created by Cartoonist R. F. Outcault. Our reproductions of these cute characters are well nigh perfect.

"The Newly Weds," with "LOVEY" and "DOVEY" and the marvelous baby, "SNOOKUMS," created by Cartoonist George McManus. The antics of this clever child will evoke screams of laughter.

"The Gumps," with "ANDY and MIN," created by Cartoonist Sidney Smith, and still very popular in the funny sections of the great newspapers. Be sure to see "ANDY" in the person of the chinless wonder, JOE MURPHY.

"The Collegians," written by Carl Laemmle, Jr., and featuring GEORGE LEWIS, DOROTHY GULLIVER and HAYDEN STEVENSON. These are comedies of college life with all the atmosphere of the campus, the gridiron and the track, as well as much youth and beauty.

And as always, REGINALD DENNY, one of America's most popular high-class screen comedians, this time in "*Take It From Me*" and "*The Cheerful Fraud*." Exceptionally humorous feature productions.

Write to me about these comedies when you see them. Tell me what you think of them. I enjoy hearing from you and always give your comments faithful consideration.

(To be continued next month)

Carl Laemmle
President

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Not everyone, of course, is qualified by nature to succeed as a writer; though undoubtedly thousands whose names have never been seen in print could achieve fine things in the literary world if they had proper encouragement, guidance and help. So you may know for yourself your own possibilities, the Newspaper Institute of America is glad to send you, without cost or obligation, an interesting Test, which will demonstrate in advance whether you have natural talent for writing. With the Test you will receive further information about the Course and about the great opportunities that exist for writers with newspaper training. Just fill in and mail the coupon Newspaper Institute of America, 25 West 45th St., New York City.

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WINGS OF THE STORM—Fox

EVEN if you aren't an ardent admirer of dogs you will be strangely fascinated by *Thunder*, the newest canine star. It is an autobiography of a dog. An undersized pup, *Runt*, is cowardly and finds life at the kennels unbearable. He runs away and meets a state forester, whom he adopts as his master. There is also human interest interwoven, and finally *Runt* conquers cowardice and brings honor to himself and his family. Send the children.

GOING CROOKED—Fox

AN entertaining crook yarn, for which we are thankful, because it has Bessie Love and, too, because crook stuff is our hobby. Bessie cut a cute little figure as the brains of a gang of thieves. She meets the handsome *District Attorney*, and decides to go straight. But the boss of the gang has other ideas and Bessie gets a pretty mean deal until the arrival of the D. A. See it!

PROWLERS OF THE NIGHT—Universal

PASS this up. It is just a Western that starts nowhere and arrives at the same place. Fred Humes is the star. The same old story of the deputy sheriff breaking up a gang of bandits and saving the girl.

WHILE LONDON SLEEPS— Warner Bros.

HERE'S hoping that Rin-Tin-Tin is one of your favorites. If you haven't seen him before, go see this picture immediately. Not that the picture is in the gold medal class, but just to see Rinty. No other dog can come within leaps and bounds of him. His intelligence and acting are at times uncanny. Some of our would-be actors could learn a lot from Rinty's facial expressions. He certainly is a wov of a bow-wow. Please don't miss this.

ROSE OF THE TENEMENTS—F. B. O.

METRO started something when they filmed "The Big Parade." Every company feels they are not in line unless they have a war picture among their products. This is just a simple story of the folks in the Ghetto, and it isn't half bad. About the boy who is influenced by a gang of radicals not to join the army. In due time he realizes his mistake and matters are adjusted in the proper way. Johnnie Harron and Shirley Mason are excellent in the leading roles.

OBEY THE LAW—Columbia

TWO jailbirds are pals. One has a sweet young thing of a daughter who knows nothing of Daddy's dirty past. Pop is detained on business in Ossining but arrives home in time to attend his daughter's engagement party to the wealthy *Schuyler* boy. It's one of those gorgeous society parties and the other

pal just can't control those itchy fingers. He's caught with the goods and off he goes for a few months' leisure at the city's expense. Anyway the lovers are happy, so who cares.

SIN CARGO—Tiffany

THIS is not as bad as the title would lead you to believe. It concerns a brother who has squandered the entire legacy belonging to his sister and himself. He enters into a smuggling plot and the heroine and her sweetheart are made the goats. It carries a moral too—never go on a yachting party unless you bring your bathing suit. This little girl had to swim home. Not for the juvenile minds.

PALS IN PARADISE—Prod. Dist. Corp.

ADRAGGY affair that takes a long time getting started and never seems to end. There's a gold mine, a villain whom the heroine is going to marry and the famous old dance hall where the hero rescues the gal. A Western—how did you ever guess it! One of Peter B. Kyn's, if that means anything to you. Not a redeeming feature in the whole picture unless John Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte are saving graces in your estimation.

THE SILENT LOVER—First National

HOW to make unpalatable movie hash: To a little dash of Von Stroheim's conception of a gay count's life add a generous amount of Foreign Legion atmosphere. For flavoring sprinkle with some villainous Arabs. After this concoction is mixed thoroughly add some awful comedy just for the fun of it. Result—"The Silent Lover." Of course there are still some fans who relish that virile hero, Mr. Milton Sills; but for those who have no interest in the gentleman in the case, this is not worthwhile.

THE CALL OF THE WILDERNESS— Pathe

THE handsome hero of this picture proves the old adage that money isn't everything. When his wealthy dad casts him off and leaves him penniless, he is forced to shift for himself. With the aid of his dog and pal, *Sandow*, he does with such efficiency that in the last reel he has a new fortune, a Mrs. and a Junior.

THE SILENT RIDER—Universal

HOOT GIBSON does some hard riding and some quick thinking in this picture. For there's a husky villain and a gang of confederates to be foiled. But Hoot manages to capture the outlaws and gets the girl. Not an unusual Western, but a good one!

THE TIMID TERROR—F. B. O.

AN unsatisfactory picture—badly acted and badly directed. The old story of the office dumbbell who proves to his employer he is

Letters like this reach our Shopping Service MAY WE HELP YOU, TOO?

Photoplay Shopping Service,
221 West 57th Street,
New York City.

I received my order of the 24th today and I can't express my appreciation of such a service! It is really a delightful way of ordering things and the articles are just as described.

I certainly will recommend your shopping service to every one of my friends. I can assure you you will have more orders from me in the future.

(Signed) EVELYN NEWELL,
Montclair, New Jersey

worthy of the position as general manager George O'Hara was quite at ease in the leading rôle.

Too awful for words!

CORPORAL KATE—Prod. Dist. Corp.

WAR! War! War! This time from the viewpoint of the feminine entertainers at the front. War as presented by Paul Sloane, the director, is represented by a lot of shells bursting and people running around in circles with dirt all over their faces. Vera Reynolds is such a glad-girl affair that she becomes irritating. Her attempts at comedy are pathetic.

Save your money and go see "The Big Parade."

SHORT SUBJECTS—Educational

A PROGRAMME of one and two-reel novelties is far more interesting and enjoyable than some of the weak-sister features. Managers of theaters really should devote one night a month to the short subject products. For instance, this series is excellent and serves as a peppy evening's entertainment:

"The Mona Lisa" which is based on Leonardo da Vinci's world masterpiece, "Mona Lisa." It is in natural colors which have been done by the Technicolor Process. Any of the short features that are based on the famous painting can be classed as the classics of the screen.

"Felix Busts A Bubble"—a cute Pat Sullivan cartoon.

"Cool Off"—an Educational-Christie screamingly funny comedy.

"Honolulu Nights," a Bruce scenic novelty which audiences always find as refreshing.

No doubt most of these subjects will be released separately—any one of them is worth your time.

A Million and One Nights

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

in 1875 Muybridge was tried for murder and acquitted. The story is as colorful as any fictional yarn of the pioneer days. "A Million and One Nights" is studded with additional stories and facts, all of high interest to photoplay lovers.

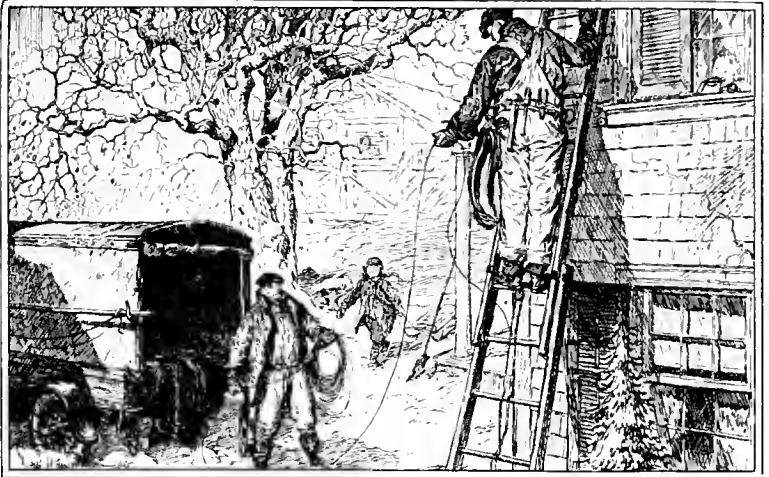
Mr. Ramsaye's story carries the whole history of pictures. Here you will find the romance of the early Biograph days, from which emerged D. W. Griffith, the formation of the old Vitagraph, the famous trust war, the making of "The Birth of a Nation," Charlie Chaplin's beginning, the part played by Mary Pickford, the formation of Famous Players with Adolph Zukor as its creator, the engagement of Will Hays and the final events right up to 1927.

It is interesting here to quote the introduction to Mr. Ramsaye's history, as noted in the PHOTOPLAY of April, 1922:

"It is a curiously woven fabric, iridescent with spectacular ruin and sparkling success. Great hopes have perished, small hopes have flowered. Wars have raged, peace has been made and new wars began. Giant chiefs have risen for their hour of dominance, and vanished.

"Honors and wealth have fallen alike on some who deserved and many who were lucky. Out of the throng in the gold rush of the first decade of the films scarcely half a dozen names survive in the industry now.

"Through and across it all the motion picture has pursued its destiny with the force of empire, greater than the men who conceived it, greater than the men who made it—as great as the people it serves."



Service All the Way

*An Advertisement of
the American Telephone and Telegraph Company*



It is impossible for a railroad train or a ship to call at the doorsteps of its passengers when they wish to take a journey. To take even a trolley or bus ride, one must go to some definite point where the conveyance stops. On the other hand, the telephone goes all the way to meet the public's convenience.

Each telephone call may be compared to a taxicab, whose destination is controlled by the subscriber. The telephone company extends its wires to the homes and offices of those who desire service, placing its telephones within immediate reach. The call is made at the time, from the point, and to the place

that the subscriber desires. He speaks to the person he wants—wherever he may be.

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Dept. 132 2 West 47th Street, New York City

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A CONDENSED book on diet entitled "Eating for Health and Efficiency" has been published for free distribution by the Health Extension Bureau of Battle Creek, Mich. Contains set of health rules, many of which may be easily followed right at home or while traveling. You will find in this book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

This book is for those who wish to keep physically fit and maintain normal weight. Not intended as a guide for chronic invalids as all such cases require the care of a competent physician. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

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Losing 39 lbs. in 6 Weeks Was Easy

Marjorie Crawford, 6704 Merrill Ave., Chicago, "was good looking" even when she weighed 189 pounds. She had the same features she has today but not the same figure. Today she is beautiful, as fair of form as of face.

A miracle, no, but a complete transformation of an overweight bulky body into a form slender and graceful as any woman could wish for.

This great reduction of 39 pounds was accomplished easily, in less than six weeks, by a pleasant method, without the use of drugs, Turkish baths or starvation methods, and Miss Crawford will tell you that she never felt better in her life.

She has a figure any woman might envy, wears stunning gowns and once more gets real enjoyment out of living.

The eyes Wallace and his music method full credit. "Your system is all I used, Mr. Wallace," she says in a grateful letter just received. She tells of the real fun she had going through the simple movements and the feeling of elation and physical well being that came after every lesson.

The method is just as good for those who wish to lose but a few pounds as for those greatly overweight—it reduces to normal—no more. By this system the waist grows slender, hips straighten out, broad shoulders and oversize bust take on new shape-ness. Arms and limbs, too, lose all signs of unzanily fat and ankles become slender and graceful.

Best of all, health is improved by this method, which is endorsed by physicians and health authorities everywhere as well as by Photoplay Magazine.

No woman need carry a single pound of excess weight if she will write Wallace.

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For those who doubt and wish to test at home, Wallace has set aside a thousand first lessons, record and all, which he will gladly mail for free trial, if you will send name and address. There's nothing to pay—no postage—no deposit. He wants you to prove for yourself that you can reduce, just as Miss Crawford and thousands of others have done.

Wallace, 630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., 631
Please send me free and postpaid, for a week's free trial, the Original Wallace Reducing Record with all instructions. This trial is not to cost me one cent.

Name.....
Address.....



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Kissproof Lipstick is a new color—so indescribably natural it defies detection! Gives your lips a soft, full color—a rich effect, compellingly beautiful.

Waterproof—Stays On

As you face your mirror and apply this dainty creation, you will behold lips more intricately lovely than you ever knew were yours!

At all toilet counters or direct 50c., or send for free samples



Given.

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Gentlemen: Please send free samples (enough for one week) of Kissproof Lipstick, Kissproof Rouge and Kissproof Face Powder. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

Ivory or Cream White Brunette or Rachel Flesh

Name.....
Address.....
Check Shade of Powder

More Sinned Against Than Sinning

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

future films the charm she spilled around that room as she spilled off her wintry garments, their stock is due for a rise. Fur coat, sweaters, wool socks, flat shoes, off Chiffon hose, spindle heeled pumps, a slip of henna silk, very short, very tight, untrimmed, on. A brush going sharply over her shining black hair, and Lya curled up at the end of the blue hotel couch.

"I am not so leetle," she interpreted my glance. "It is my head so leetle. I am—look." Her hands tapped sharply on the back of the couch.

"Five three," I counted.

LYA was delighted. "It iss so. You spik, maybe, Yerman, French or Hungarian?" She concentrated on me. She wanted to be liked. She was determined to be liked. She was liked.

"Ve talk joozt the same," she said as I proclaimed my linguistic ignorance. "My Eeenglesh is only eight months. Ven I coom here I know two word—yes and no. I do not know vitch is vitch but I know them. Then I learn 'gud morning' and 'gud bye' to be polite in studio. 'Gud morning' I say to all coming in, very proud of myself to be in America. 'Gud bye.' I say going out, very onhappy I am so ter-rr-rible." Her f's rolled mournfully down the room.

"Gud gods." Lya sighed "I am so ter-rr-rible." Her face became haggard. "I coom home and I cry from zez eyes down." She regarded me fiercely, struggling to get over the barrier of an unfamiliar language.

"Zey say," she worked out, "I am vampeer. I am not a vampeer. Zey eyes," she indicated her tawny orbs, "zez are not vampeer eyes. Zey are sad eyes and vampeer eyes are not sad, but happy, for they get vat they want. I argue, but they say, 'In Variety,' you were vampeer." She whirled to her feet. "In 'Variety,' I was leetle onintelligent girl. I know nozzing. I coom to vork for Yannings." J's all become Y's under her tongue. "Yannings iss beeg man. I play leetle onintelligent girl. I luff heem. I do not spik. I know nozzings, only luff. Yannings, he leaves wife and baby. He take me away with heem. I vampeer?" Lya was indignant. "I am vampeered, by Yannings."

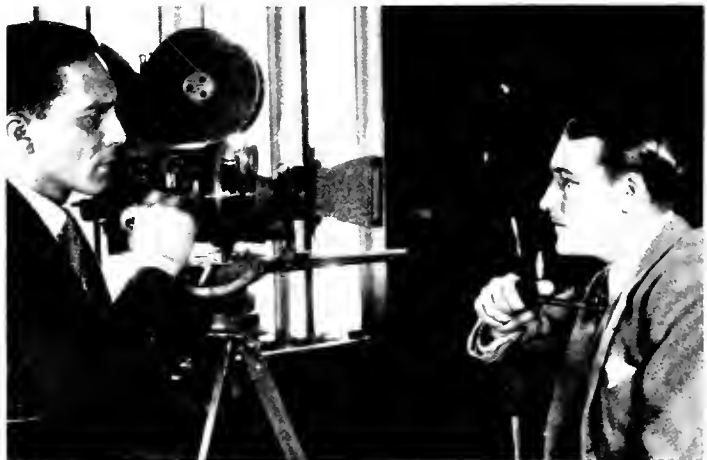
She rushed across the room. "Then coom other man," she continued, "beeg acrobat. He coom say to me, 'Look, ve haf contract for America.'" Lya rolled out a great length of imaginary paper. "I am in room and I look. Vile I look, he quick, quick, turn the key in the lock." She locked an imaginary door with full gestures. "I am trapped, a leetle onintelligent girl. I vampeer? No, no, I am vampeered." She sat down, plainly considering the matter settled.

"For two years Famous haf been saying, 'Lya, coome,'" she said. "If someday her smile gets on the screen, Lya's troubles will be over. 'I do not come. Yannings he say, 've vait, you and me, Lya. Let the others go. Ve vait till ve are most important in Yermany of any-bodies.' That is good idea so I do it. But Famous say, 'Lya, we haf good part in America, big picture, fine dee-rector.'"

Her eyes became tearfully eloquent. "I vud go anyvere for goood part" she said. "To this Hollywood, Asia, anyvere. Always of myself I say, 'No, no, no,' ven I see myself on screen. Always no, no. Nevair I am satisfied. But good part he call me anyvere. So I coom.

"I GET here. I know no Eeenglesh so I can not spik. I haf no friends. I am so lon-ly. Two weeks here, I haf appendicitis. From hospital I coom out two weeks and go to studio. My interperter, she is nice girl but for actress nothing comes through here." Lya pointed to her forehead. She spread her palms flat upon her chest. "It cooms through here. My interperter is not actress. She can not translate e-mo-tions. Only vurds. But I try. They cut off my hair. Nevair I haf very short hair. Thees line." she pulled back her bob to show the sharp line of her jaw, "he iss very bad. But they cut my hair over my ears joozt the same. It is not good but I try. Two weeks I vurk. I nevair see myself on screen. Nobodies says, but I know just the same. I am so lon-ly. I coom home and I cry from zez eyes, down and down. I say, 'Lya, for you ziz part is ziz.'" She dramatically cut off her own head.

"Ze opening night of picture he coom. I haf never seen myself but I know. I borrow clothes from my maid. Funny old hat, funny shoes. I put hat, so, down tight over zez eyes and so I go to theater. I am curious to see



The Marquis de la Falaise takes his first screen test. Gloria's husband wants to be an actor and Gloria thinks that he has a flair for light comedy. So, who knows?—maybe this is the first official picture of another Adolphe Menjou

The health and beauty of the hair



depend chiefly upon the condition of the scalp. Normal capillary circulation and nerve tone mean well-nourished roots—strong, vigorous hair shafts—lively, lustrous hair. Important also, of course, that the scalp be kept really clean. Excellent for these purposes is Liquid Silmerine. Rubbed into the scalp it has a wholesome tonic effect, invigorating tissues, improving circulation. And it effectually eliminates dandruff, dirt, excess oiliness. Always use before shampooing.

For the strength and welfare of your hair—for intensifying its natural color—for keeping it delightfully soft, silky, with a gleamy gloss and sheen—use Liquid Silmerine regularly. It's a toilet requisite. **For straight hair**—men, women, children—Silmerine is the ideal dressing. Keeps hair smooth and neat all day and evening—without being greasy or sticky. Makes unruly hair easy to manage.

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Liquid Silmerine Gives a neat, well-groomed effect

Bring out the hidden beauty



Do you know that just beneath that soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon? Mercolized Wax will gradually, gently, peel off the devitalized surface skin, revealing the youthfully fresh, white and beautiful skin underneath. It leaves no trace but that of increased loveliness. The new complexion is a perfectly natural one, not to be compared at all with a make-up.

It hastens Nature's efforts. Shedding worn-out skin is Nature's way of renewing the complexion. Tiny cutaneous particles come off day by day. When this skin shedding begins to lag—as it does in time—complexion troubles begin. Nature may then be assisted by simply applying Mercolized Wax. The Wax actually destroys the mask of dead scarf skin—causing no discomfort. It makes the pores breathe, opens up the whole countenance. All of a sudden you seem to have lost 10 to 20 years from your age.

Freckles, pimples, liver spots, moth patches, etc., of course disappear with the discarded cuticle. Isn't this better than attempting to hide or cover up skin defects, and stifling the pores with a soggy mass of creams or other cosmetics?

Mercolized Wax will give you a new skin of enchanting beauty and girlish charm—bearing not the slightest evidence of artificiality. One that will give you complete confidence in your appearance—one, indeed, that will make folks turn a second time to look at you in passing.

And all these results are accomplished by using just one box of Mercolized Wax—less than that, in fact. Try it today—95c a box, with full directions, at any drug or department store.

MERCOLIZED WAX

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Sounds too good to be true? It is true; you can prove it this very day. If you want to see wrinkles, creases, sagginess completely disappear from your face in 15 minutes, just mix a spoonful of Powdered Tarkroot with a spoonful of lemon juice and apply this soothing mixture to your face. Then sit down before your mirror and have the surprise of your life!

See the Age Lines Vanish!

The hated lines go away like magic. Now, what you looked like when young! the eagerness correct itself. Enjoy the strange, delicious sensation of stimulation, support and plump, smooth firmness. When you wash off the application, your face looks much younger. The effect is far better than that of the most expert face massage.

For Baggy Cheeks and Chin

Instead of making the face flabby, as frequent massaging tends to do, it does the very opposite. Reduces flabbiness of cheek, chin and bagginess beneath the eyes. It fills out hollows and improves facial contour wonderfully. It obliterates worry, care and age-marks! And there's nothing quite so good



For Blackheads, Oiliness

or coarse pores. It leaves the skin velvety soft and smooth, with a healthy, girlish tint.

Tarkroot acts upon an important physical principle, invigorating skin and underlying tissues, making them much firmer. It is not a cosmetic, for you wash it off after it has done its work, the skin appearing natural, glowing, refreshed.

Costs Less Than 3 Cents an application when purchased in the original package. So Tarkroot certainly is not expensive to use.

Tarkroot produces such really amazing results it is difficult to tell the whole story without appearance of exaggeration. Only the actual experience could make you believe all it will do. Buy a package from your druggist today.

Quickly Erases Wrinkles

Dearborn Supply Co., 2350 Clybourn Av., Chicago

TARKROOT

Improves Facial Contour

first night. I watch myself and I am ready for you die. I try to run out and I meet one of my newspaper ladies. She says, 'Am I Lya de Putti?' I am ashamed. I say, no, and I go. Next day paper says, Lya de Putti highhat. Oh, I was not. I was only ashamed. I am so bad and so silly to be hiding in my maid's clothes.

"Zere is!" she said, and her little face was mournful. "de-fer-ence between vampire and siren. Greta Garbo do siren in 'Temptress.' In ze end, she takes ring from finger and tears come down from her eyes. She is sad. That is very good. She is all a-lone. For Lya in picture there is always nice leetle American girl and Lya, she is ter-rr-rible. I do not believe the pooblics vill like the vampire I play here. I am all so bad. My make-up is wrong for America. But I try to learn. I try in 'God Gaff Me Twenty Cents' and I am a leetle better, is it not? Even there, I am pretty bad," Lya said with awful honesty. "After I see it I go to Mr. Zukor, my good friend. I say 'Lya is maybe not for America. You vant she should go back to Yermanny?' Mr. Zukor he promise to giff me sympathetic part with no nice leetle American girl in picture. Good gods, I hope so he does. I haff been so lon-ly. I could not spik. In Yermanny it has always been ziz brain, but here it is somebodies else because I can not talk. But I would go through anything if I only succeed in end."

She looked so lost, so desolated I tried to divert her by asking her of her childhood.

"MY father is Baron de Putti," she said. "I want to dance but my peoples say no. Lya says yes. They say no. Lya goes out." She was up, living through the whole scene for me. "Door behind Lya goes shut. Lya goes dancing. Then comes UFA studio. I work there four and half years, no vacation, no Lido, no Monte Carlo, no nozzing but vork. While I do 'Variety' on vun set, I do *Manon Lescaut* on another. Zen I take leetle vacation to Swiss—is it right—no, I know, Switzerland. In front of theater I see my name Lya de Putti. I am proud. I haff become a somebodies. I meet there my mother. 'Lya,' she say, holding out arms wide. 'No,' I say, 'six years the door has shut. It is not enough to hold out arms and say 'Lya' after so long times.' Sovedonot spik again."

"You see," said Lya, "I am willing to vork for what I vant. I am happier now Yanning's iss here. Ven he come—he is so beeg man, but inside he iss only leetle boy—be cry, 'Lya,' and I fly to heem and for many minutes I stand close, joost a leetle black head against his beeg chest. It iss so good to see somebodies from Yermanny." The tears sparkled in her eyes. She shook them off impatiently and tried to smile.

"I vant to stay," she said. "America it learns you many theengs. Fat and youth. Zat is America. Ven I coome here, I am so beeg." She outlined a plump barrel. "I go now by theater and I see my *Manon Lescaut* and I am so ashamed of my fat. Here I diet and diet so that stomach he is so leetle I do not know heem. No more I get hungry. There is no stomach for food and that is good. I am thin like American. Und youth. Everybody's here she is youth. I go last night to see famous French star playing here. She is fine actress. She plays *Du Barry*. *Du Barry*,"—Lya drew her tiny figure up regally—"Du Barry, she iss so. She is ontelligent. Ziz actress she iss old. Her *Du Barry* iss old woman. I see that now. In Europe I would not haff see it. In America you see all with eyes of youth."

"I am trying to get more American. I luff this New York of yours, so young, so beautiful. I am learning to spik. I do not vish to be more vampire. I vant to show pooblics real voman, that I am a real actress."

The tears of loneliness, of frustration, welled up in her eyes, and hung in jeweled drops from her long lashes. "I am hoping," she said.

Thus Lya, the lorelei, more sinned against than sinning. If she is not a great actress, she had me beautifully buffaloeed.



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The Truth About Breaking Into the Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

complexion was capricious. "You're an amateur, ain't you?" she scorned. "I can tell 'em a mile off, and I must say it's terrible putting you in with professionals like myself. Why, if you knew my career, on Broadway and everything, you'd die of envy. Now I'll have to drag you through this scene."

An electrician interrupted my apologies. "Say," he said to her, "Tully Marshall wanted to know why you wasn't waiting on his table tonight. I told him we was giving you a chance at acting and he nearly died laughing."

Heavy layers of gauze were pulled into position between us and the camera. The lights flamed forth. We rehearsed the scene. From doorways and shops shadowy figures emerged on the assistant's count. The ambitious waitress and I, very friendly now, linked arms and did our bit, down the street together.

"All right. Lights," shouted Brabin, somewhere back of the gauze. We went through our paces.

The scene was shot three times, always with the same action. Then the lights died and we were told to wait.

The moment had passed. Silence once more enfolded the set. The moon rode higher. It became very cold. At 12:30 a. m. the assistant got our names. "Check in your wardrobe. Get your pay. Those lacking transportation, can go in the bus in front of the studio. Everybody on the set, made-up, at nine tomorrow morning," he ordered.

I did not reach Hollywood until one-thirty that morning, but was up by seven, determined to see this chance at extra work through. It took me an hour to fix my face. I had to go without breakfast and run all the way to catch the 8:10 bus for Burbank.

I dared not wink my sleepy, made-up eyes. A man, sitting in the bus seat with me, smiled sympathetically.

"This is no life for any girl," he said, "nor for a man who's got dependents. But for men like me, it keeps us out of jail. We're really polite bums. I don't belong to anybody, never did. I was born in a circus, and I've worked at everything. I drifted here four years ago. Being a beard"—he meant a bearded middle-aged male—"I belong to the only class of extras of whom there's not too many. The casting directors know me and I work more than most. I live well enough. It's better than panhandling and no more work."

"How much do you make?" I asked. "Twenty-five dollars a week?"

He laughed. "Don't kid yourself," he said. "There's not one extra in five thousand, male or female, makes that much. Sometimes I average twenty bucks a week, but mostly it's ten."

Fancy movie salaries! Big money in Hollywood! Ten dollars a week. Central Casting later told me that their best "dress" girls, society set workers, wearing their own expensive clothes, rarely average more than \$40 a month. It has nothing to do with the workers. It rests upon the demand. That is more truth about breaking in.

The set that morning was a theater where Colleen Moore as *Twinkletoes* was to dance for her admiring public, which some sixty of us, looking like a series of misspent lives, constituted.

I wore the same costume I had been given the night before.

The assistant director told us where to sit and coached us in our action. Whenever the lights were on, we were to smoke and to applaud every act vigorously.

A dozen times they started. A dozen cigar-



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ettes we each of us smoked, clapping our hands and being terribly, terribly vivacious. A dozen times and another dozen, the action was stopped. There were many reasons. There was a back drop to be changed, though the stage was shown only in a long shot. Acts had to be re-staged.

Joe Jackson, the clown, riding his bicycle, fell over a chain, downstage, and hurt himself. The chain was removed, necessitating a re-take. An extra, popular because he was known to be half-witted, was given a bit. Told to come forth singing, get the hook and be dragged off in agony. It was too much for him. If he made his entrance correctly, he forgot to sing. If he sang, he forgot to agonize. Twice, during the shooting, the gilded hook broke beneath his weight.

Delays. Delays. Big-hearted, comic Polly Moran was there to do a dance. "Wait a minute," Polly called finally, "let me help him." On the stage, out of camera range, she coached the moron, gesture by gesture, while the cameras ground. "Good," called Director Brabin.

"The poor devil," murmured Polly, as she descended.

The electricians bay like hounds when they are hungry. "Lunch," shouted the assistant director. "Everybody back on the set in half an hour."

If you do not watch your make-up every half hour, the natural oil of the skin gets in its work and your face emerges on the screen looking very like the valleys of the moon. Back on the set, I followed the other girls' examples, and propping my make-up case on my knees, patted and patted my face with powder, regretting that my nose was so intellectually oily.

A bunch of ballet girls came in, pretty sweet sixteens, clad in pink tarlatan. They had been rehearsing the scene, I heard, for several weeks under the studio's ballet master. They went through their dance, rhythmically, gracefully, but nobody applauded since nobody had been told to.

AT three Colleen rushed on the set, her dark bob hidden beneath a wig of yellow curls. The atmosphere brightened. She is very alive. She stood in. An electrician ran a steel tape down from the camera to where she stood, shouting the distance to Mr. Brabin. The cameras and lights were arranged accordingly, with one gigantic light centered directly on the star and following her every move. The scene was called. Colleen jumped to her toes. The ballet danced out. The lovely, colorful act went through quickly. We extras applauded. The scene was shot three times. Colleen stood in for close-ups, for stills. Then the lights died. She waved her hand to Mr. Brabin and dashed away. We extras waited.

Next to me sat a beautiful, synthetic blonde reading a confession magazine.

"Don't extras ever talk or move about?" I asked her, amazed as forcibly as I had been the night before by the human stillness about me.

She smiled. "You must be new," she said. "It's because we're hand-picked extras. After you get experienced, you learn to keep quiet. Directors don't want you stirring around or having ideas of your own. They're paid to do your thinking for you. Don't try to get off sets, or keep fussing about, if you want work. You only get yelled at if you do."

She was exquisitely fragile. "Do you like this game?" I asked her. "Do you earn enough to live on?"

She shrugged. "It gives me something to occupy my time." She looked at me very directly, searchingly. "I've got a heavy daddy and a sweet boy, too," she said, and went back to her confessions.

My head was aching. I had smoked too many cigarettes. I felt very tired and untidy. The hairpins of the switch were biting my scalp. What on earth were we waiting for? How on earth could they stand it, sitting, sitting, day after day?

There was a stirring over the crowd, word-



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less but real, like a zephyr going over a grain field. The blonde smiled. "Six o'clock," she explained. "Overtime." Every minute they keep us now they have to pay for. That means they'll begin hurrying."

THEY did. The acts were rushed through. Seven o'clock. Ten names were called, mine among them.

"You folks get your dinner and be back in half an hour," the assistant ordered. "You others are through."

I was too tired to eat. I didn't want to go back on the "Twinkletoes" set, or any other set, that night.

The studio restaurant was noisy. Flies buzzed over the cheap, cotton tablecloths, the heavy dishes and coarse food.

"Do they always work this way?" I asked the haggard woman sitting across the table from me.

"Too often," she said. "About two months ago I got calls for eleven days and nights in succession. You don't dare turn them down. They'd never forgive you. When I got through that stretch I was sick three days. Then I didn't get a call for five weeks."

"Your face is so familiar, somehow," I said. She smiled faintly.

"You've probably heard of me," she said and told me her name.

I am so poor an actress I couldn't hide the shock of it. Not so long ago she was a famous leading woman.

"You're wondering what happened to me," she said. "It wasn't any of the things you think, not liquor, or dope, or age. It was the fact I'm provident. I tried to save money when I was a leading woman. I got bad breaks in pictures. I sincerely believe it wasn't my fault, but bad stories and direction. My contract finished, I waited for another. I had my mother to support. Two months went by without work. I hated to exhaust my credit and the little money I had. An independent company sent for me, offering me bigger money

than I'd ever earned. I didn't realize what I was doing, playing leads on Sunset Boulevard.

"Strange that street should be called Sunset. It has been for so many of us, who at thirty are called "old timers." The hundred who do the casting, the little men of the big studios, never see such pictures. I worked steadily on Sunset Boulevard but elsewhere I was forgotten.

"When I realized what was happening, I tried to break my contract, but they forced me to play it out. When it was over I waited for a break at a regular studio.

"Eight months and a second lead with a new star. The picture was killed in the can. A year, holding out for a second chance. It came, finally. Three weeks work. My mother died. In panic I accepted a small rôle at a proportionate salary. My final mistake. There's a caste system in Hollywood. It's safer to risk starving in your own set than to attempt rescue through a vague thing called art in the lower depths."

She looked at her watch fixedly. "It's seven-thirty," she said.

We went back to the set. The scene was a re-take outside a stare door. Tully Marshall had to stagger, wild-eyed, out the doorway. Kenneth Harlan had to come along, shake some news out of Tully and rush away, pushing us extras from the sidewalk in his hurry. They shot the scene, several times, Marshall and Harlan going through the pantomime, gesture by similar gesture, each time without uttering a sound.

THEY dismissed us at midnight. I hadn't the energy to remove my make-up. My costume in the wardrobe, I walked wearily to wait in line before the cashier's window. \$6.25 for the day with overtime. \$5.00 for the evening. Out of thirty hours I had worked a straight twenty-four.

She who had been a leading woman was waiting. "Thought maybe you'd like to ride in," she said, almost shyly. "I've got a Ford."

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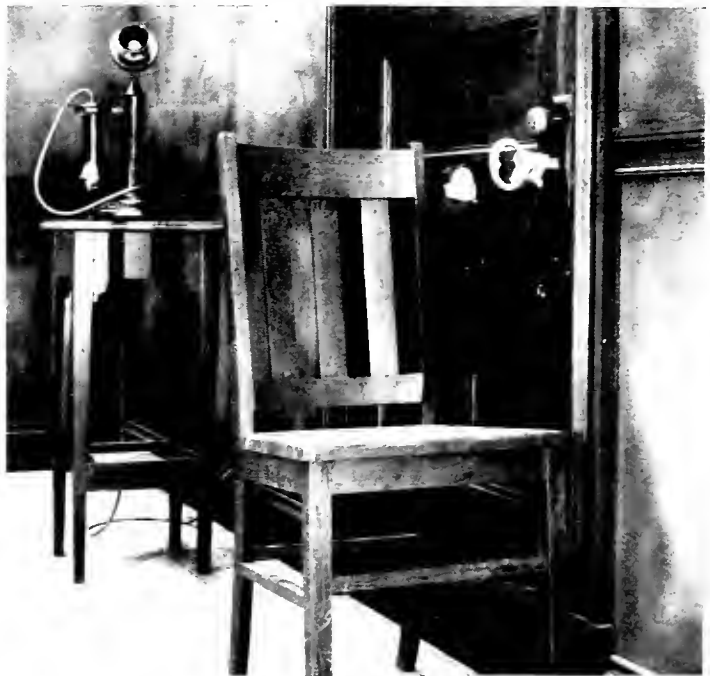
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Monte Blue is over six feet tall. And now the question is, how big is the furniture in this setting, that it makes Monte look like a pigmy? There is no camera trick about this illusion; the settings are actually built on an enormous scale to dwarf Monte's height.

This scene is used in "Wolf's Clothing"

We were too tired to talk. We rattled along the deserted roads wordlessly.

And that is what it really is to be an extra.

Hollywood is no respecter of hours. Dan Kelly rang me up eight the next morning. "I can fix it for you at Central Casting," he promised. "Go talk to Dave Allen there. He'll give you some more work and some real dope."

I could not get in to see Mr. Allen until I produced credentials as a writer for PHOTOPLAY.

Then everything was wide open.

"I want your advice," Dave Allen said. "I've been in the casting business ever since movies began. I was head of Screen Service, the largest casting office existent until the incorporation of Central. Now I literally don't know what to do. Do you think it would be kinder for this office to starve these unwanted extra people out, force them to face reality, or to give them work whenever we can, if it's only once in six months?"

"We get a lot of criticism. We are accused of playing favorites. I assure you we don't. Here, actually, is what the boy or girl trying to break into movies is up against."

HE moved over to a shelf of ledgers and showed me the actual classifications of talent that Central uses. Here it is, just as I copied it, printed for the first time. In reading it, remember that under each of these headings several hundreds are listed. Think it over before you start for Hollywood.

Blonde, Colored, Comedians, Character (Young), Dancers, Dress (Young), Dress (Middle Aged), Dress (Elderly), Exotic, Fat, Fencers, Ice Skaters, Jewish, Latin (Young), Latin (Middle Aged), Latin (Elderly), Long Haired, Maids, Posing, Stunts, Swimmers, Thin, Character (Middle Aged), Character (Elderly), Chinese, Cowboys, Dope Fiends, Tall, Toothless, Underworld, Uniformed, Waiters, Female Impersonators, Gamblers, Gendarmes, Hindoos, Indians, Jockeys, Make-up, Mexicans, Midgets, Music, Policemen, Short, Acrobats, Animals (Meaning actors who can play animals), Bald Heads, Bell Hops, Beards and Butlers.

It shocked me speechless, that listing. What good distinction when so many others are distinguished?

What good talent, when so many others are talented, several thousand times more people than there are jobs to be filled.

"Help me get the facts," I begged Dave Allen. "I want them for PHOTOPLAY to save just as many ambitious youngsters from heart-break as possible."

"If you'll give up trying to break in yourself, I'll be glad to help you," Mr. Allen said.

I agreed, of course. I was a little subdued by it. Between him and Dan Kelly, I had lost my bet, but the losing of it was going to get me knowledge and facts I never could have secured any other way. I'll tell you about them next month.

The police records, the Chamber of Commerce records, more facts from Central Casting and the other side of Hollywood, the side of the successful stars. You will find all these in the concluding installment of Ruth Waterbury's series in PHOTOPLAY for March. On the newsstands February 15th.



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The Married Life of Doug and Mary

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

you would expect from Charlie, the whimsical, bitter, moody genius, who still believes in Peter Pan and Wendy.

A man who has worked for Doug and Mary for years, told me something that Doug said one night as the two of them came out of a theater in New York, where they had been to see a play dealing with marriage.

Doug was very quiet for a little while, as they walked along Broadway. And then suddenly he said, "But marriage should be you and your wife—and the rest of the world outside."

There is supreme wisdom in that, and the Fairbanks have put it into practice.

They are the two most home-loving people I have ever known.

They do not go out at all. They work and then they go home.

Nothing in the world comes before their home to them. Nobody in the world comes before their consideration of each other.

Their charity is a thing the world will never know anything about. Their kindness is a tradition in Hollywood.

THEY are in no way impregnated by the restlessness of the age. Their most cherished plans for an evening are to be at Pickfair, either alone or with a few close friends. To see them at a party is a rare occurrence, though they do go occasionally now. When two people work as hard as they do, there isn't much time left over. And these two have been strong enough to stand against the encroachments of the world, to refuse to allow themselves to be swept about in mere social "good times." They have built, as a bulwark for their marriage, an old-fashioned family life.

They eat dinner alone together in their own home more frequently than they eat it anywhere else.

A woman writer who has known them intimately from the day of their marriage and worked with both of them, once said: "They welcome into their home anybody they know and like. If a friend comes to Pickfair on a Sunday and peeks inside the gates and Mary and Doug see him, they will give him a welcome that will warm his heart. They will say 'Come in, come in,' to everyone. But if you try to say, 'Come out, come out,' they will shake their heads at you."

All of which, of course, is going back to the old and proven theory which has been too much abandoned in this country today—that the home should be the center of life, the center of marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks started with one great advantage—two great advantages.

They were in love—beautifully, gloriously in love.

And they were equals.
It might have been difficult for many men to be the husband of Mary Pickford. Only a man who was a "king in his own right," as it were, would not have been overwhelmed by it.

Only a woman who knew every angle of the problem of fame could have been the wife to Douglas Fairbanks that Mary Pickford has been.

They have shared—share and share alike—in everything.

I know that Mrs. Fairbanks, when she speaks of her marriage to friends, always rejoices that she and Douglas have so much in common.

There is bound to be a tremendous sympathy between people who understand each other's work as those two do.

And yet they have been very, very wise in that they have kept their work separated. Their fortunes, their business affairs, their producing companies, are separate units.

Dear old George Fawcett, the great character actor, who spends much time with them at Pickfair, said to me the other day, "They are united only in their married life, in spite of the fact that their work is so much alike. They haven't put unnecessary burdens on their married life. They have kept it as free for happiness as possible. They turn to each other for advice and comfort and strength, but they don't make their hours together a dumping ground for every inharmony and discord of the day. They think of those hours as their time of joy and they try to make them as happy as possible. They try to save each other from every form of distress, worry, disillusionment, sorrow.

"Mary's thoughtfulness and unselfishness are almost beyond human to everybody—but they reach their zenith where her husband is concerned.

"I have spent a great deal of time with them. I have been with them under all sorts of conditions. And I want to tell you that never in my whole life have I seen such courtesy and kindness as they show each other. I want to emphasize that.

"Their kindness to each other.
"Their little acts of gentleness and consideration and service.

"Their love for each other manifests itself in kindness."

I wonder, myself, if we can overestimate the importance of that.

Somewhere, I have had my attention called to how much of his time Jesus spent in just doing kind things.

I wonder if that wouldn't solve more marriage problems than all the highfaluting psychological arguments and treatises in the world—just allowing love to manifest itself in kindness.

I have said that it is, in many ways, an old-fashioned marriage.

Let me give you an example. And this little story was told to me by a titled Englishwoman who was present.

Mary Pickford has never danced with any man but her husband since she married Douglas Fairbanks.

When they were in England recently, they attended a dance at a beautiful English home. Prince George, son of the King and Queen of England, was present, and he asked Mrs. Fairbanks to dance with him.

Mrs. Fairbanks blushed exquisitely and said, "I thank your Highness, but I don't dance."

The Prince was naturally amazed. "Don't dance?" said he.

The lady who told me the story said there was never anything sweeter than Mrs. Fairbanks' confusion. "Well," said she, "I do and I don't."

His Highness was more amazed and confused than ever. "You do and you don't?" he repeated.

MRS. FAIRBANKS raised her eyes to his then, and said with a simple dignity that was quite regal in itself.

"You see I have never danced with anyone but my husband."

The lady said she had never seen Prince George so pleased. He made a most elaborate bow and congratulated her upon such a stand and told her he thought it was a beautiful idea. And evidently he told his brother, the Prince of Wales, who is famed for his tact and diplomacy, because the Prince of Wales didn't ask her to dance; he just sat and talked with this old-fashioned wife, Mary Pickford Fairbanks.

I remember being at the studio while Miss Pickford was making "Sparrows." Everybody thought she should double-expose the scenes where she crossed above the alligators—everybody but Miss Pickford and the director.



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They wanted an effect they couldn't get any other way. And so Miss Pickford risked her life or an arm and crossed above those unchained alligators. She told me that afterwards when she used to think about it after she had gone to bed at night her hair actually stood on end.

So you can see what the thing was. Nobody had told Douglas Fairbanks what she intended to do. But he found out about it. And he came to where she was shooting like a young cyclone. His face was as white as snow, literally, so that his heavy tan looked absolutely transparent. Rage and fear had sent him white like that. I don't think anyone will ever forget the way he took her in his arms—and I'm quite sure nobody will ever forget the way he "burned up" everybody connected with the very idea of allowing his wife to take such a chance.

There are sincere things like that that you feel are fundamental. And that is the word for the feeling that exists between Mary and Douglas. It is fundamental. It is the feeling meant to exist between husband and wife from the beginning. It makes all our silly, modern, selfish frivolities and freedoms seem cheap and trashy.

I WAS in Mrs. Fairbanks' boudoir one day when her maid, a Frenchwoman who has been with her for years and is her friend as well as maid and who adores the very ground Mary treads upon, was laying out her gown for the evening. It was an exquisite thing of shell-pink chiffon, the skirt made in a thousand dainty petals.

Beside it lay a coat of the same color in a rich satin, with a little fox collar.

I admired it, and the Frenchwoman said, "It is lovely. Myself. I like her best in the little girl things. But she does not like to dress like Mary Pickford any more. She likes to dress like Mrs. Fairbanks."

A little thing—but little things make life bearable or unbearable.

Neither wants to change the other. And that to me, who has watched a lot of marriages, is an amazing phenomenon. They are completely unlike in character, though much alike in tastes. Mary is practical, very cautious, thoughtful. Douglas is impractical, reckless, filled with enthusiasms, bubbling with actions. Yet each thinks the other is perfect, each stands back and admires the other without any desire to make the loved one over in their own image and likeness.

They are both workers, tremendous workers. So they understand work-weariness, work-absorption, work-inspiration.

So you see, they have worked for their marriage happiness. They have assumed it as a mere part of marriage. They haven't allowed it to drift into dangers.

They have been very wise, these two who have known such great unhappiness and who thus value so greatly the wonderful happiness that has come to them.

I haven't given you any magic formula for success in marriage.

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I've just tried to show you this beautiful thing as it exists.

But if there is any one thing that I should say is responsible for the success of the Pickford-Fairbanks marriage, it is the fact that each one thinks of what they can do for the other, not what the other ought to be doing for them.

It's an old-fashioned love match, between the two most famous people in the world, the two people who more than anyone else have intrigued the fancy and held the love of the modern world.

And the answer is that only old-fashioned marriages ever really succeed.

Mr. Nobody

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

"No!" I agreed.

She stared at him for a long time. Then—"What's he like, really?"

And I couldn't tell her. Not then. But I've been thinking about it ever since. When one has appointed oneself a sort of Baedeker of Hollywood to young ladies from points east, one doesn't like to be tripped up like that.

There is nobody in Hollywood who is less known as a personality than Lon Chaney. This isn't an alibi.

It's the truth.

In fact, it doesn't seem to me he has a personality, but Oh! what a box office appeal, judging from his salary.

He has submerged himself so long in characterization, that to me he has become selfless, a channel for other personalities. I saw him one day while he was making "The Road to Mandalay." He was a low, tough dive keeper. I saw him last when he was the *Top Kicker* in "Tell It to the Marines."

The first time he was a dive keeper. The last a hard-boiled top sergeant, if you know what I mean.

I couldn't find any Lon Chaney. He just IS whatever he's playing at the time.

STILL he steps out of character often enough to have the grips, stage carpenters and electricians call him "Lon." Often I suspect they know him better than the rest of us in Hollywood.

And they're all for him.

If you had been my visitor from Des Moines, you would have seen that day at the Montmartre a small, evenly moving man in a very plain, well-worn gray suit. Thin hair of a rather nondescript color. A pale face with eyes too deeply set to be easily read.

Perhaps, if you were a deep student of human nature, you might have remarked the deeply carved lines down both cheeks—lines of suffering.

Otherwise he would have passed you completely unnoticed.

He has no hobbies, no eccentricities, no favorite sports.

He is a man with a monomania. And that monomania has eaten him alive for years. It has devoured him like a monster—the monomania of make-up and characterization.

Chaney doesn't think of himself. He only thinks of the parts he plays. He has no other interest in life than to transform himself beyond recognition.

Isn't it natural that he should have sapped himself of all his own marked traits, even in appearance?

How Balzac would have loved to write about Lon Chaney!

I asked several of our best informed Boulevardiers—the kind who know everything printable and unprintable—where Lon Chaney lived.

Nobody knew.

I asked about his family.

They shrugged.

But Lon has a charming home in Beverly

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Hills right near the domicile of that popular young director, George Archainbaud. A lovely, rambling English farm house, much prettier than many I have seen over-photographed.

But that's Lon Chaney for you. He just doesn't care to exist as a person—he wants to live his characters. No autographed photographs of Chaney as he really looks. He won't do it. And no personal appearances. He doesn't even answer his fan mail. He wants to remain an enigma.

And Chaney has a quiet, charming wife. Also a married son to whom they are devoted. They certainly have a place among the ideal family lives of Hollywood.

Lon Chaney began his theatrical career at the age of ten years. It could hardly be called a career then. But at least he worked around and grew up in the theater, finally becoming a scene-shifter. He still carries a card in the scene-shifters union and is proud of it. He has since been everything from actor to producer on the legitimate stage.

He got into pictures because he was a type—a tough. (But only to look at.) Do you remember him in "Hell Morgan's Girl" with Dorothy Phillips?

LATER came his real chance in "The Miracle Man," a marvel of make-up wizardry and characterization.

If you talk to him, which is hard to do for he goes nowhere and sees almost no one outside the studio, you will find yourself in five minutes talking make-up and character acting to him. Otherwise, you won't find yourself talking to him at all.

His deep eyes burn, and he will spend hours and hours over the most minute detail of his make-up as the old lady in "The Unholy Three" or as "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

Yet all this gives you no sense of ego—it isn't as though he talked about himself. He is like a collector talking about his rare editions. It is his passion and he sees in it something apart from himself.

That he is a great actor nobody will deny. That he is the great genius of the screen when it comes to make-up everyone in Hollywood concedes. As a tribute to this comes the old wheeze, originated by Mickey Neilan years ago and now doing duty in a Broadway show, "Don't step on that spider, it might be Lon Chaney."

But as you look upon that pale, lined face, you wonder at what great cost he has bought success, has bought that perfection of work so dear to his heart. You have almost the feeling that he has mortified the flesh, like some pagan priest, sacrificing himself wholly to the little gods of his famous rôles.

And there is something almost pathetic about this quiet, nondescript little man with the plain, unarresting face, wandering intently behind the thousand faces that have so thrilled and startled and horrified the public, watching, working, eager, absorbed.

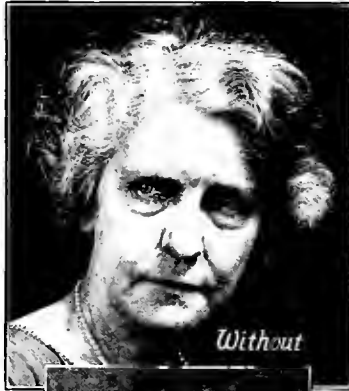
If Hollywood has a mystery man, it is Lon Chaney. He overdoes the always gay movie colony, who will not admit to taking anything seriously. They think of him in terms of his work on the screen, not in personal terms, and I think he is the only person in Hollywood of whom that can be said.

The infinite pain and torture he has submitted to in rôles such as in "The Penalty" and "Hunchback of Notre Dame" fill them with amazement and admiration.

But they bring a serious indictment against him—the most serious you can bring in Hollywood. They say he has no sense of humor.

How can a man with a monomania have a sense of humor?

So Lon Chaney moves like a lonely ghost amid the stark and impressive realism of the men he creates upon the shadow sheet. If you know him on the screen, you know him as well as anyone but his wife and his son and his director. But it must be said that they love him very dearly.



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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"OLD IRONSIDES"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Laurence Stallings. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: *Esther*, Esther Ralston; *Beery*, Wallace Beery; *Bancroft*, George Bancroft; *The Commodore*, Charles Farrell; *Stephen Decatur*, Johnnie Walker; *First Mate*, Guy Oliver; *The Cook*, George Godfrey; *Somers*, Eddie Fetherston; *Esther's Mother*, Effie Ellsler; *Esther's Father*, William Conklin; *Second Mate*, Arthur Ludwig.

"WHAT PRICE GLORY"—WILLIAM FOX.—From the stage play by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson. Scenario by J. T. O'Donohoe. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Photography by Barney McGill. The cast: *Sergeant Quirt*, Edmund Lowe; *Captain Flagg*, Victor McLaglen; *Charmaine*, Dolores Del Rio; *Hilda of China*, Phyllis Haver; *Carmen of the Philippines*, Elena Jurado; *Camille*, Mathilda Comont; *Lieutenant Moore*, Leslie Fenton; *Private Lawison*, Barry Norton; *Private Kiper*, Ted McNamara; *Private Lipinsky*, Sammy Cohen; *French Mayor*, August Tollaie; *Cognac Pcte*, Wm. V. Mong; *Mulcahy*, Pat Rooney.

"LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on the play by John Van Alstyne Weaver and George Abbott. Adaptation by Townsend Martin. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Photography by George Webber. The cast: *Mame Walsh*, Evelyn Brent; *Bill Billingsley*, Lawrence Gray; *Janie Walsh*, Louise Brooks; *Len Woodruff*, Osgood Perkins; *Carlwright*, Jack Egan; *Miss Streeter*, Marcia Harris; *Mr. Whifner*, Ed Garvey; *Mrs. Whifner*, Vera Sisson; *August Whifner*, Joseph McClunn; *Mr. McGonigle*, Arthur Donaldson; *Miss Gimple*, Elsie Cavanna; *Minnie*, Dorothy Mathews.

"STRANDED IN PARIS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Hans Bachwitz and Fritz Jakobstetter. Adapted by John Mankiewicz and John McDermott. Directed by Arthur Rossen. Photography by William Marshall. The cast: *Julie McFadden*, Bebe Daniels; *Robert Van Wyck*, James Hall; *Count Pasada*, Ford Sterling; *Theresa Halstead*, Iris Stuart; *Countess Pasada*, Mabel Julianne Scott; *Herr Rederson*, Tom Ricketts; *Mrs. Van Wyck*, Helen Dunbar; *Mrs. Halstead*, Ida Darling; *Pettiphan*, George Grandee; *Schwab*, Andre Lanoy.

"TWINKLETOES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Thomas Burke. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: *Twinkletoes*, Colleen Moore; *Chuck Lightfoot*, Kenneth Harlan; *Dad Mimasi*, Tully Marshall; *Cissie*, Gladys Brockwell; *Hank*, Lucian Littlefield; *Rosleaf*, Warner Oland; *Bill Carsides*, John Phillip Kolb; *Lilac*, Julianne Johnston; *Inspector Territon*, William McDonald.

"THE GREAT GATSBY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Scenario by Becky Gardiner. Directed by Herbert Brenon. Photography by Leo Tover. The cast: *Jay Gatsby*, Warner Baxter; *Daisy Buchanan*, Lois Wilson; *Nick Carraway*, Neil Hamilton; *Myrtle Wilson*, Georgia Hale; *George Wilson*, William Powell; *Tom Buchanan*, Hale Hamilton; *Charles Wolf*, George Nash; *Jordan Baker*, Carmelita Geraghty; *Lord Digby*, Eric Blore; *Bert*, "Gunboat" Smith; *Catherine*, Claire Whitney.

"THE EAGLE OF THE SEA"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Charles Tenney Jackson. Scenario by Julien Josephson. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Louise Lestron*, Florence Vidor; *Captain Sazarac*, Ricardo Cortez; *Colonel Lestron*, Sam De Grasse; *John Jarvis*, Andre Beranger; *Crackley*, Mitchell

Lewis; *General Andrew Jackson*, George Irving; *Dominique*, James Marcus; *Don Robledo*, Ervin Renard; *Deluche*, Guy Oliver.

"ROSE OF THE TENEMENTS"—F. B. O.—From the story by John Morosco. Continuity by J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Rosy Rossatti*, Shirley Mason; *Danny Lewis*, Johnny Harron; *Sara Kaminsky*, Evelyn Selbie; *Abraham Kaminsky*, Sidney Franklin; *Tim Galligan*, James Gordon; *Mickey Galligan*, Frank McGlynn, Jr.; *Paddy Flynn*, Scott McKee; *Izzie Kohn*, Jesse Devorska; *Mrs. Kohn*, Mathilde Comont; *Emma Goldstein*, Valentina Zimina; *Wilofsky*, Kalla Pasba.

"THE FLAMING FOREST"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Aubor, James Oliver Curwood. Scenario by Waldemar Young. Directed by Reginald Barker. Photography by Percy Hilburn. The cast: *Sergeant David Carrigan*, Antonio Moreno; *Jeanne-Marie*, Renee Adoree; *Roger Audemard*, Gardner James; *Alfred Wimbledon*, William Austin; *Mike*, Tom O'Brien; *Andre Audemard*, Emile Chautard; *Jules Lagarre*, Oscar Beregi; *Major Charles McVane*, Clarence Geldert; *Lupin*, Frank Leigh; *Donald McTavish*, Charles S. Ogle; *Francois*, Roy Coulson; *Bobbie*, D'Arcy McCoy; *Mrs. McTavish*, Claire McDowell; *Sloppy*, Bert Roach; *Ruth McTavish*, Mary Jane Irving.

"THE CITY"—WILLIAM FOX.—Adapted from the play by Clyde Fitch. Scenario by Gertrude Orr. Directed by R. William Neill. The cast: *Citely Rand*, Nancy Nash; *George Rand, Jr.*, Robert Frazer; *George Rand, Sr.*, George Irving; *Mrs. George Rand, Sr.*, Lillian Elliott; *Jim Haddock*, Walter McGrath; *Chad Morris*, Richard Walling; *Elinor Vorhees*, May Allison; *J. Albert Vorhees*, Melbourne MacDowell; *Sarah*, Bodil Rosing; *James*, Fred Walton.

"GOD GAVE ME TWENTY CENTS"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Dixie Willson. Adaptation by John Russell. Scenario by Elizabeth Meehan. Directed by Herbert Brenon. Photography by Leo Tover. The cast: *Mary*, Lois Moran; *Cassie Lang*, Lya de Putti; *Steve Doren*, Jack Mulhally; *Barney Topman*, William Collier, Jr.; *Ma Topman*, Adrienne d'Ambrico; *Andre Dufour*, Leo Feodoroff; *Mrs. Dufour*, Rosa Rosanova; *A Florist*, Claude Brooke.

"TIN HATS"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Edward Sedgwick. Continuity by Lew Lipton and Donald Lee. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Jack Benson*, Conrad Nagel; *Elsa von Bergen*, Claire Windsor; *"Lefty"*, Mooney, George Cooper; *"Dutch"*, Krausmeyer, Bert Roach; *Top Sergeant*, Tom O'Brien.

"VALENCIA"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Author, Dimitrie Buchowetzki and Alice D. G. Miller. Adaptation by Alice D. G. Miller. Directed by Dimitrie Buchowetzki. Photography by Percy Hilburn. The cast: *Valencia*, Mae Murray; *Felipe*, Lloyd Hughes; *The Governor*, Roy D'Arcy; *Governor's Aide*, Max Barwyn.

"THE CANADIAN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by W. Somerset Maugham. Scenario by J. Clarkson Miller. Directed by William Beaudine. Photography by Alvin Wyckoff. The cast: *Frank Taylor*, Thomas Meighan; *Nora*, Mona Palma; *Ed Marsh*, Wynndham Standing; *Gertie*, Dale Fuller; *Pop Tyson*, Charles Winninger; *Buck Golder*, Billie Butts.



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"THE WHITE BLACK SHEEP"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Violet E. Powell. Adapted by Jerome N. Wilson and Agnes Pat McKenna. Directed by Sidney Olcott. The cast: *Robert Kincairn*, Richard Barthelmess; *Zelie*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Enid Gower*, Constance Howard; *Yasuf*, Erville Alderson; *Col. Kincairn*, William H. Tooker; *El Rahib*, Gino Corrado; *Kadir*, Albert Prisco; *Dimas*, Sam Appel; *Col. Nicholson*, Col. G. L. McDonell; *Stanley Fiddling*, Templar Saxe.

"LADIES AT PLAY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Sam Janney. Screen farce Carey Wilson. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Ann*, Doris Kenyon; *Barry*, Lloyd Hughes; *Aunt Catherine*, Louise Fazenda; *Aunt Sarah*, Ethel Wales; *Betty*, Virginia Lee Corbin; *Coakley*, Philo McCullough; *Terry*, Hallam Cooley; *Andy*, John Patrick.

"JUST ANOTHER BLONDE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Gerald Beaumont. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *Jeanne Cavanaugh*, Dorothy Mackail; *Jimmy O'Connor*, Jack Mulhall; *Diana O'Sullivan*, Louise Brooks; *Kid Scotty*, William Collier, Jr.

"FOR WIVES ONLY"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—From the stage play by Rudolf Lothar and Hans Bachwitz. Adapted by Anthony Coldevey. Directed by Victor Heerman. The cast: *Laura Rittenhaus*, Marie Prevost; *Dr. Rittenhaus*, Victor Varconi; *Dr. Carl Tancer*, Charles Gerrard; *Dr. Fritz Schwerman*, Arthur Hoyt; *Prof. Von Waldstein*, Claude Gillingwater; *Hausekeeper*, Josephine Crowell; *Countess Von Nessa*, Dorothy Cumming; *Buller*, William Courtwright.

"CORPORAL KATE"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—From the story by Zelta Sears and Marion Orth. Scenario by Albert Shelby Le Vno. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: *Kate*, Vera Reynolds; *Becky*, Julia Faye; *Evelyn*, Majel Coleman; *Jackson*, Kenneth Thomson; *Williams*, Harry Allen.

"SIN CARGO"—TIFFANY.—Story by Leete Renick Brown. Scenario by John Francis Natteford. Directed by Louis J. Gasnier. Photography by Milton Moore and Mack Stengler. The cast: *Eve Gibson*, Shirley Mason; *Captain Matt Russell*, Robert Frazer; *Gibson*, Earl Metcalfe; *Jim Darrell*, Lawford Davidson; *Mary Wickham*, Gertrude Astor; *Captain Barry*, Pat Harmon; *Customs Official*, William R. Walling; *Cooper*, Billy Cinders; *Buller*, James Mack; *Charley Wu*, K. Nambu.

"PALS IN PARADISE"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—Story by Peter B. Kyne. Adaptation by Albert Kenyon. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Geraldine Howard*, Marguerite de la Motte; *Bill Harey*, John Bowers; *Abraham Lezinsky*, Rudolph Schildkraut; *Esther Lezinsky*, Mary Robson; *John Kenton*, Alan Brooks; *Butterfly Kid*, Eric Adams; *Gentleman Phil*, Bruce Gordon.

"GOING CROOKED"—WILLIAM FOX.—Based on the stage play by Winchell Smith, Aaron Hoffman and William Collier. Scenario by Keene Thompson. Directed by George Melford. The cast: *Marie Farley*, Bessie Love; *John Banning*, Oscar Shaw; *Mordant*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; *"Never Wrong"*, Doyle, Edwin Kennedy; *Car Driver*, Leslie Fenton; *Mother*, Lydia Knott; *District Attorney*, Wm. Worthington; *Mordant's Adviser*, Bernard Siegel.

"RED HOT LEATHER"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Al Rogell. Directed by Al Rogell. Scenario by Al Rogell and Harrison Jacobs. The cast: *Jack Lane*, Jack Hoxie; *Ellen Rand*, Ena Gregory; *Daniel Lane*, Wm. Malen; *Ross Kane*, Tom Shirley; *Morton Kane*, Wm. H. Turner; *Dr. Robert Marsh*, Geo. French; *"Dinkey" Hook*, Billy Engle; *"Red" Hussey*, Jim Corey; *"Noisy" Bates*, Les Saylor.

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"THE TAMED TERROR"—F. B. O.—Story by Walter A. Sinclair. Screen play by Gerald C. Duffy. Directed by Del Andrews. Photography by Al Seigler. The cast: *Talot Trent*, George O'Hara; *Mrs. Trent*, Edith York; *Dorothy Marvin*, Doris Hill; *Howard Gramm*, Rex Lease; *Amos Milliken*, George Nichols; *Mrs. Milliken*, Dot Farley.

"WHILE LONDON SLEEPS"—WARNER BROTHERS.—Story and scenario by Walter Morosco. Directed by Walter Morosco. Photography by Frank Kesson. The cast: *Rinty*, Kin-Tin-Tin; *Dale Burke*, Ildene Costello; *Thomas Mallard*, Walter Merrill; *Foster*, John Patrick; *London Letter*, Otto Mattieson; *The Monk*, George Kotsioneros; *Inspector Burke*, Dewitt Jennings; *Stokes*, Carl Stockdale; *Long Tom*, Les Bates.

"WINGS OF THE STORM"—WILLIAM FOX.—Based on the story by Lawrence W. Pedrose. Scenario by Dorothy Yost and L. G. Rigby. Directed by J. G. Blystone. The cast: *Thunder*, himself; *Anita Baker*, Virginia B. Faire; *Allen Gregory*, Reed Howes; *Bill Martin*, William Russell; *Red S. Jones*, Hank Mann.

"CALL OF THE WILDERNESS"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—Written by Earl W. Johnson and Lon Young. Directed by Jack Nelson. The cast: *Sandow*, Sandow; *Andrew Horton, Jr.*, Leslie Sargent; *The Girl*, Edna Marion; *Andrew Horton, Sr.*, Sydney De Grey; *"Red"* Morgan, Al Smith; *Joe*, Max Asher.

"THE BLONDE SAINT"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Stephen French Whitman. Adapted by Marion Fairfax. Directed by Svend Gade. The cast: *Sebastian Maure*, Lewis Stone; *Anne Bellamy*, Doris Kenyon; *Fannia*, Ann Rork; *Annibale*, Gilbert Roland; *Harjo*, Cesare Gravina; *Vincent Pamfort*, Malcolm Denny; *Andreas*, Albert Conti; *Nino*, Vadim Uraneff; *Anne's Aunt*, Lillian Langdon; *Tito*, Leo White.

"THE CHEERFUL FRAUD"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by K. R. G. Browne. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by William A. Seiter. Photography by Arthur Todd. The cast: *Sir Michael Fortlie*, Reginald Denny; *Ann Kent*, Gertrude Olmstead; *Mr. Bytheway*, Otis Harlan; *Mrs. Bytheway*, Emily Fitzroy; *Steve*, Charles Gerrard; *Rose*, Gertrude Astor.

"STEPPING ALONG"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Matt Taylor. Directed by Charles Hines. The cast: *Johnny Rooney*, Johnny Hines; *Molly Taylor*, Mary Brian; *Ruth Morland*, William Gaston; *Fay Allen*, Frank Dwyer; *Prince Ferdinand Darowitsky*, Edmund Breece; *Mike*, Dan Mason; *Boss O'Brien*, Lee Beggs.

"THE SILENT LOVER"—FIRST NATIONAL PROD.—Adapted from the play by Lajos Biro. Scenario by Carey Wilson. Directed by Geo. Archainbaud. The cast: *Count Pierre Torvai*, Milton Sills; *Vera Sherman*, Natalie Kingston; *Cornelius Sherman*, William Humphrey; *Captain Herald*, Arthur Edmund Carew; *Kobol*, Wm. V. Wong; *Scadza*, Viola Dana; *Contarini*, Claude King; *O'Reilly*, Charlie Murray; *Greenbaum*, Arthur Stone; *Haidce*, Alma Bennett; *Ben Achmed*, Montagu Love.

"SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY"—COLUMBIA PICTURES.—Story by Harry Hoyt. Directed by Frank R. Strayer. The cast: *Sweet Rosie O'Grady*, Shirley Mason; *Uncle Ben Shapiro*, E. Alyn Warren; *Victor McQuade*, Cullen Landis; *James Brady*, William Conklin; *Muriel McQuade*, Duane Thompson; *Louie Felicitbaum*, Otto Lederer; *Mrs. McQuade*, Helen Dunbar; *A. Kibitzer*, Lester Bernard; *The Baby*, Jackie Combs.

"A REGULAR SCOUT"—F. B. O.—Story by Buckleigh F. Oxford. Scenario by David

Kirkland. Directed by David Kirkland. Photography by Ross Fisher. The cast: *Fred Blake*, Fred Thomson; *Olive Monroe*, Olive Hasbrouck; *Luke Baxter*, William Courtwright; *Steve Baxter*, T. Roy Barnes; *Mrs. Monroe*, Margaret Seddon; *Buddy Monroe*, Buck Black; *Ed Powell*, Bob McKim; *Scar Stevens*, Harry Woods; *Silver*, Silver King.

"LONE HAND SAUNDERS"—F. B. O.—Story by Frank M. Clifton. Adaptation and continuity by Del Andrews. Directed by Reeves Mason. Photography by Ross Fisher. The cast: *Fred Saunders*, Fred Thomson; *Allice Mills*, Bess Flowers; *Buddy*, Billy Butts; *Buck*, Frank Hagney; *Charlie*, Albert Priscoe; *Sheriff*, Bill Dyer; *Doctor*, William Courtwright.

"PROWLERS OF THE NIGHT"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Ernst Laemmle. Directed by Ernst Laemmle. Photography by Edward Ullman. The cast: *Jack Morton*, Fred Hume; *Anita Parsons*, Barbara Kent; *Al Parsons*, "Slim" Cole; *George Moulton*, John T. Prince; *Sheriff Brandon*, Joseph Belmont; *Bill*, Walter Maehle.

"JOSSELYN'S WIFE"—TIFFANY PRODUCTION.—Story by Kathleen Norris. Scenario by Agnes Parsons. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Photography by Milton Moore and Mack Stengler. The cast: *Lillian Josselyn*, Pauline Frederick; *Thomas Josselyn*, Holmes Herbert; *Pierre Marchand*, Armando Kaliz; *Ellen Marchand*, Josephine Hill; *Fl. Carmelita Geraghty*; *Mr. Arthur*, Freeman Wood; *Detective*, Pat Harmon; *Maid*, Ivy Livingston; *Buller*, W. A. Carroll.

"THE CANYON OF LIGHT"—WILLIAM FOX.—Story by Kenneth Perkins. Scenario by John Stone. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff. The cast: *Tom Mills*, Tom Mix; *Concha Deane*, Dorothy Dwan; *Ed Bardin*, Carl Miller; *Jerry Chunks*, Ralph Sipperly; *Ricardo Deane*, Barry Norton; *Cyrus Deane*, William Walling, Sr.; *Joe Novado*, Duke Lee; *Ellen Bardin*, Carmelita Geraghty.

"THE GORILLA HUNT"—F. B. O.—Ben Burbridge's adventure into the unexplored jungles of Africa. The cast: Natives of the African jungle.

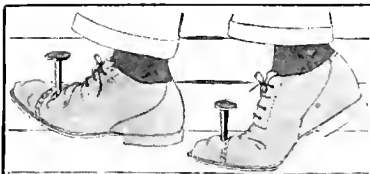
"SHORT SUBJECTS"—EDUCATIONAL — "THE MONA LISA."—Suggested by Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting. Directed by Arthur Maude. Technicolor photography. The cast: *Mona Lisa*, Hedda Hopper; *Piero Luini*, Craufurd Kent; *Sir Richard Carce*, Thomas Mills; *Edith Carce*, Marjorie O'Neill; *Leonardo da Vinci*, Frank Austin; *Francesco del Giocondo*, Jack Fowler; *Lucrezia Crielini*, Esther Rhoades.

"FELIX THE CAT BUSTS A BUBBLE"—A Pat Sullivan animated cartoon comedy.

"HONOLULU NIGHTS."—Bruce Scenic Novelties.

"ONE NIGHT OF LOVE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—Story and adaptation by Lenore Coffee. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Montero*, Ronald Colman; *Princess Marie*, Vilma Banky; *Duke de la Gardia*, Montagu Love; *Dame Beatrice*, Natalie Kingston; *Gypsy Bride*, Laska Winter; *Gypsy Danzer*, Sally Rand; *Jester*, John George.

"FLESH AND THE DEVIL"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Hermann Sudermann. Adaptation by Benjamin F. Glazer. Directed by Clarence Brown. Photography by Wm. Daniels. The cast: *Leo Von Harden*, John Gilbert; *Felicitas*, Greta Garbo; *Ulrich Von Eltz*, Lars Hanson; *Hertha*, Barbara Kent; *Alfred Kutowski*, William Orlandom; *Pastor Voss*, George Fawcett; *Leo's Mother*, Eugenie Besserer; *Count Von Rhaden*, Marc McDermott; *Minna*, Marcelle Corday.



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"COOL OFF"—EDUCATIONAL-CHRISTIE COMEDY.—Directed by William Watson. With Anne Cornwall, Jack Duffy, Bill Irving and Jimmie Harrison.

"THE SILENT RIDER"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Katherine Newlin Burt. Adapted by Joseph Franklin Poland. Directed by Lynn Reynolds. The cast: Jerry Alton, Hoot Gibson; *Marian Fair*, Blanche Mehaffey; *Red Wender*, Ethan Laidlaw; *Sourdough Jackson*, Otis Harlan; *Tommy*, Wendell Phillips Franklin; *Green*, Arthur Morrison; *Mrs. Randall*, Nora Cecil; *Sheriff*, Dick Le Rono; *Baldy*, Lon Poff; *Blondy*, Dick LeStrange.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

SPEEDING VENUS, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—Not so good. Priscilla Dean is the feminine interest. (September.)

SPORTING LOVER, THE—First National.—This might have been worse, but it doesn't seem possible. Just another movie. (September.)

***STRONG MAN, THE**—First National.—A grand and glorious laugh from start to finish. If your sides ache, don't blame us, blame Harry Langdon. (Nov.)

***SUBWAY SADIE**—First National.—A true and human story of New York's underground army. Dorothy Mackaill is splendid. (Nov.)

***SUNNY SIDE UP**—Producers' Dist. Corp.—A concoction of a Cinderella yarn and a Pollyanna-ish character. You guessed it—awful. (September.)

SYNCOPATING SUE—First National.—Corinne Griffith breaks away from the society stuff and appears in a story of Tin Pan Alley. It's good entertainment. (January.)

SWEET DADDIES—First National.—The Jewish and Irishers are at it again—and what a sweet comedy this is. It's worth while. (September.)

TAKE IT FROM ME—Universal.—The trials and tribulations of a department store owner are snappily presented by Reginald Denny. (December.)

***TEMPRESS, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The Ibanez story is forgiven and forgotten when Greta Garbo is in the cast. Greta is a show in herself. (December.)

TEXAS STREAK, THE—Universal.—A fairly interesting Western with Hoot Gibson. (Nov.)

THAT MODEL FROM PARIS—Tiffany.—Showing how the office Phin Jane wins the boss's son—but not without interference from the villain. Not so bad. (January.)

THERE YOU ARE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—What happens when daughter mixes in papa's business. A fair comedy. (January.)

THREE BAD MEN—Fox.—Real good entertainment—the kind the whole family can enjoy. (Oct.)

THREE WEEKS IN PARIS—Warner Bros.—Matt Moore is again the sap with the result that you sit through a sappy picture. (August.)

***TIN GODS**—Paramount.—Tommie Meighan made a good story, director and cast to prove he's still a good actor. Of course Renee Adoree helps to make this interesting. (Nov.)

TRIP TO CHINATOWN, A—Fox.—Two reels of this would have been sufficient. Not worth while. (August.)

TWISTED TRIGGERS—Associated Exhibitors.—There is no reason why you should waste a perfectly good hour on this silly nonsense. (October.)

TWO-GUN MAN, THE—F. B. O.—Go see this very grand hero, Fred Thomson, and his famous horse, Silver King. They are a delight. (September.)

UNDER WESTERN SKIES—Universal.—A story as old as the hills where it is laid. Yep, the good old Western stuff. Fair. (September.)

UNKNOWN CAVALIER, THE—First National.—The newest cowboy star, Ken Maynard, in a picture that is a decided flop. (December.)

UNKNOWN SOLDIER, THE—Prod. Dist. Corp.—A attempt at being another "Big Parade." It's funny—unintentionally. (August.)

UP IN MABEL'S ROOM—Prod. Dist. Corp.—Laughter for all. The players—Marie Prevost and Harrison Ford. (August.)



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***UPSTAGE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.**—There is genuine originality and authentic and keenly observed comedy in this story of vaudeville life. Norma Shearer and Oscar Shaw are excellent in the leading rôles. (January.)

***VARIETY—UFA-Famous Players.**—This absorbing story of vaudeville life has more popular qualities than any German production imported to America since "Passion." Emil Jannings' work is superb. (September.)

***WALTZ DREAM, THE—UFA-Metro-Goldwyn-** Mayer.—A gay comedy of old Vienna. If you have any prejudice against foreign films, make an exception of this one. (October.)

***WANING SEX, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.**—Is woman's place in the home or in business? See Norma Shearer and be convinced. (December.)

***WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW—Paramount.**—Another genuinely amusing comedy of the life of the underdogs in the Great War, with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton offering two amusing character sketches. (January.)

WHISPERING WIRES—Fox.—If you have to borrow the money—be sure to see this. You won't go wrong on our advice. (December.)

WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING, THE—Universal.—Feel like laughing tonight? See this interesting version of the John Emerson and Anita Loos stage play. (October.)

WILD HORSE STAMPEDE, THE—Universal.—Pass this up. It's stupid. (October.)

***WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH, THE—** United Artists.—A natural drama so powerful that it completely overshadows every living thing. A picture worth seeing. (December.)

WISE GUY, THE—First National.—Just for grownups. All about crooks who preach religion to cover their shady connections. Fair. (August.)

YOU'D BE SURPRISED—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith proves that a real good murder has its amusing moments. (December.)

***YOU NEVER KNOW WOMEN—Famous Play-** ers.—Florence Vidor's first starring vehicle will go over big with any audience. (October.)

The Real Valentino

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

she aspired to take first place as a director and producer of super-pictures is not, in my opinion, too great an ambition to lay at her door."

And, later, Mr. Ullman—while giving full credit to her rare qualities of character—describes Miss Rambova as a victim of her own ambition. He says, too: "Nor has the world heard the last of her. Such genius will sooner or later discover its métier, and it would not surprise me in the slightest to discover one day that Natacha Rambova has completed a masterpiece in some line of artistry to compel the attention of a discriminating world."

Next to Valentino's own mother, the woman who was perhaps the kindest he ever knew was Mrs. Teresa Werner, remembered so generously in his will. Mr. Ullman writes glowingly of Mrs. Werner: "If you visualize the type of woman, gray-haired, motherly, up to date in a sane way, yet one whom one called 'Auntie' as soon as acquaintance would permit, you have before you the beautiful character of Mrs. Teresa Werner, whose mention in the will of Valentino as sharing equally with his brother and sister, caused a wave of astonishment to run over the civilized world.

"Knowing her and the impartial, tactful, kindly part she played in the growing coolness between these two (Rudy and Natacha), which she and I both saw was tending toward a separation, and to not a divorce. I was not surprised. In drawing his last will, Rudy insisted on remembering her generously, for he experienced a passionate gratitude toward one who, while naturally tending toward a defense of her own niece, yet was able to see his side of the question, and to persuade Natacha to a lenience and compassionate patience which, if it had lasted, would have healed the breach.

"... When the waves of their discussions ran high and dashed themselves upon the rocks of their own personalities, along would come

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No, it's not as easy as it looks because two, and only two, of the girls pictured to the right are exactly alike in hats and apparel. Find them—mark them—send your answer today. \$25.00 prize for finding \$40.00 will be given and duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties. For full prize list and complete rules and conditions of game check it has a \$2,000.00 cash value; second prize worth \$750.00, etc. Find the twins and get 300 points—only 1,000 points and other 100 points easy to get and just a lot of fun—\$500.00 cash extra for promptness—send no money.

J. L. Decker, Dept. 90, 500 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Find the Twins

35 Big Prizes Today

'Auntie' with a healing touch here and a tender word there, to smooth the wrinkles from the quarrelers' brows, and even, not infrequently, to cause a temporary truce to be signed. After a furious argument, including recrimination of the most biting and personal sort, I have seen 'Auntie' cause them to kiss each other in an effort to retain that love which we all knew, in our secret hearts, was receding fast."

Mr. Ullman has little to say of Pola Negri, beyond recording the fact that Valentino enjoyed her friendship. As for whether or not an engagement between them really existed, Mr. Ullman says: "Just here it might be well to answer, once and for all, the question which was hurled at me by reporters and feature writers every time the train stopped on our continental journey or upon our arrival at theaters or hotels. And that was: Were Pola Negri and Valentino engaged?"

"I repeat that, although I was entirely in his confidence, he never told me so, and I never asked him.

"When reporters put the question directly to Rudy, his gallant reply was, invariably: 'Ask the lady!'"

"He did tell me, however, that until he had completed his career he had no intention of marrying anybody."

Mr. Ullman's book was written shortly after Valentino's death, and besides the unusual interest of its material, every line is written with the utmost sincerity. Only a devoted friend, only a trusted companion, could write so feelingly and so fairly.

In speaking of this friendship between Valentino and Mr. Ullman, O. O. McIntyre, in his introduction to the book, gives his estimate of their companionship: "Valentino loved the author of this book in the manner of a devoted brother. He did nothing of importance without 'discussing it with George.' And no one was so grievously stricken by his passing as Ullman. It was a heart-wrench that will be with him always."



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If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100]

The Newest Star

Oakland, Calif.

Well, it surely was the surprise of the cinematic season. I mean "Red" Grange in "One Minute to Play." I expected the picture to be "just another college story." But no picture in which "Red" Grange plays could possibly be "just another picture." For "Red" has the most lovable, peppy, charming and altogether wonderful personality that I've ever seen on the screen—and I've seen them all. I want to thank PHOTOPLAY for giving its readers the first story of "Red's" advent into pictures, and also for having his picture in the gallery of stars. May we see many more of "Red's" pictures in future numbers of PHOTOPLAY. Let me make a prediction, please. If "Red" makes any more pictures during 1927, I think he will be the most popular star on the screen at the end of next year. Mark my words!

PEGGY FALK.

This actor is Einar Hanson, playing opposite Corinne Griffith in "Into Her Kingdom." Like Valentino, he, too, hails from foreign shores, and has that old world manner, that unaffected simplicity, that is always so delightful.

He has youth, and, what is more, an unusually sensitive temperament. His face is very expressive when transiused with emotion, and his moods are felt at every step in the picture. Here is a tyrant and lover as well. As a Soviet in the picture, he bears a marked resemblance to the melancholy poet, Edgar Allan Poe.

Such an actor as this not starring! What is the matter with the producers that they do not hail him at once? Is it possible they do not know a thoroughbred when they see one?

ELIZABETH BODENSTEIN.

Romantic Ramon

Los Angeles, Calif.

Do you never have a male star's photograph on your cover? I am just aching for one of Ramon Novarro to appear.

He is the "star of stars." He seems to be blessed of the gods, possessing all the qualities of a wonderful actor, a real man and a perfect gentleman. He is not only artistic and talented in his acting, but he doesn't mind working hard to obtain the best results. He is the personification of youth, vigor and strength, and is handsome enough in face and form to be a god of old. His polished manner and unaffected courtesy stamp him a gentleman of the old school.

His pictures are always excellent, but I particularly enjoyed him in "Where the Pavement Ends," "Scaramouche," and "Ben-Hur." The latter could not have been done more beautifully. Ramon is perfect.

C. AGNES HUGHES.

Wally's Double

St. Petersburg, Fla.

Well! by gosh! I gotta admit that as a double for Wally Reed, Arnold Gray sure takes the cake. Qualities and appearance. Say, he's got all that stuff. "The Flame of the Yukon" proves that, yes sir. Yet that was only a sample of his playing; what would it be like after a little experience?

Keep it up, Mr. Gray, you are just what the public wants. You have the qualities and the appeal, so do your stuff.

WM. BARNETT.

Gaze on This

Sedro Woolley, Wash.

Why is it that one can not go to the theater now without seeing some suggestive bedroom scene flashed on the screen? What young couple wants to go through the embarrassment of watching lovers in a bedroom, the girl in negligee, the man in pajamas, clasped in a tight embrace? Let's see more pictures with a moral. The public does not cater to suggestive pictures.

Why not have Western plays with a plot different than that of cattle rustling or mortgages on farms. The hero finally captures the rustlers or pays the mortgage. He is always on hand when the girl is about to be mauled by the villains or stampeded by a herd of cattle. Do such things ever happen in real life?

As a comedian, Harry Langdon is the biggest flop of them all. Any half-wit could do all he does.

Percy Marmont must have some pull to get in movies. His face is the replica of an Egyptian mummy. He is too thin, homely as a grinning igitote, wrinkled face, scanty growth of hair, crow's feet, ugly teeth. And the pill is Jetta Goudal. How in the world does she get by? How long do these people think they can fool the public?

NETTIE LEEMAN.

Valentino's Successor?

Fort Washington, Pa.

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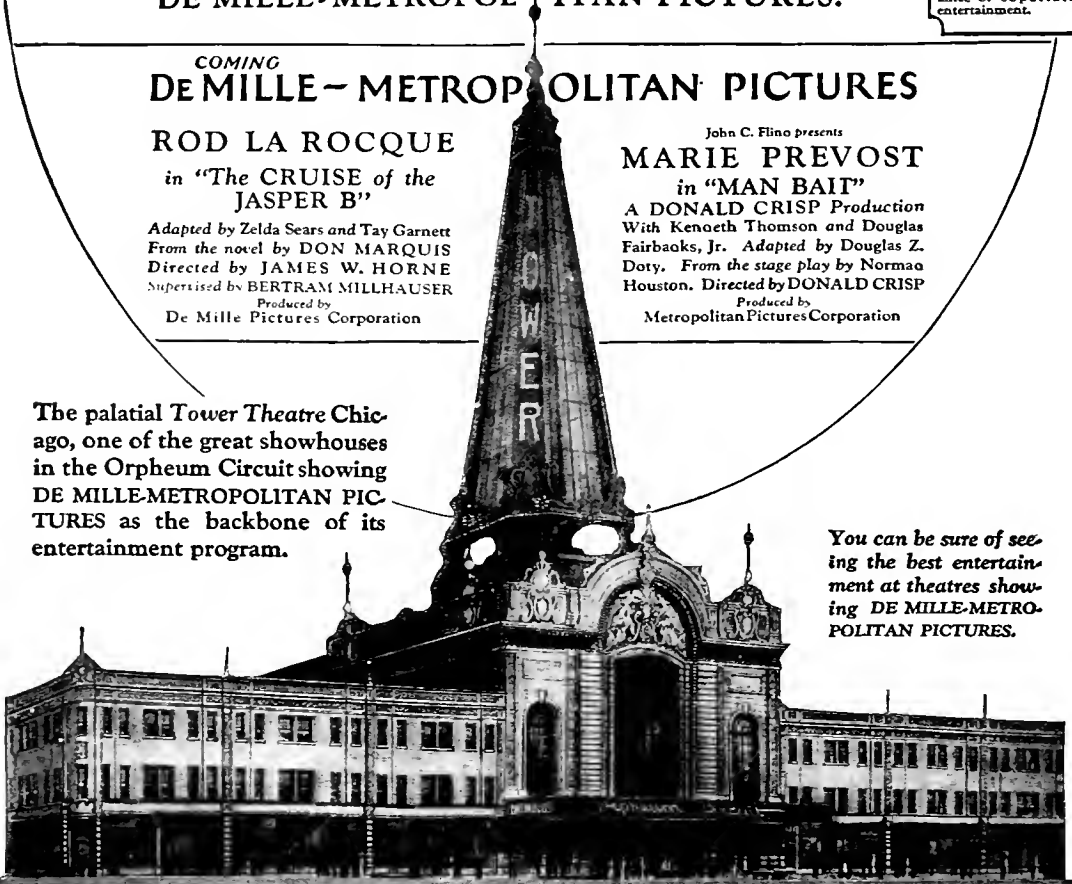
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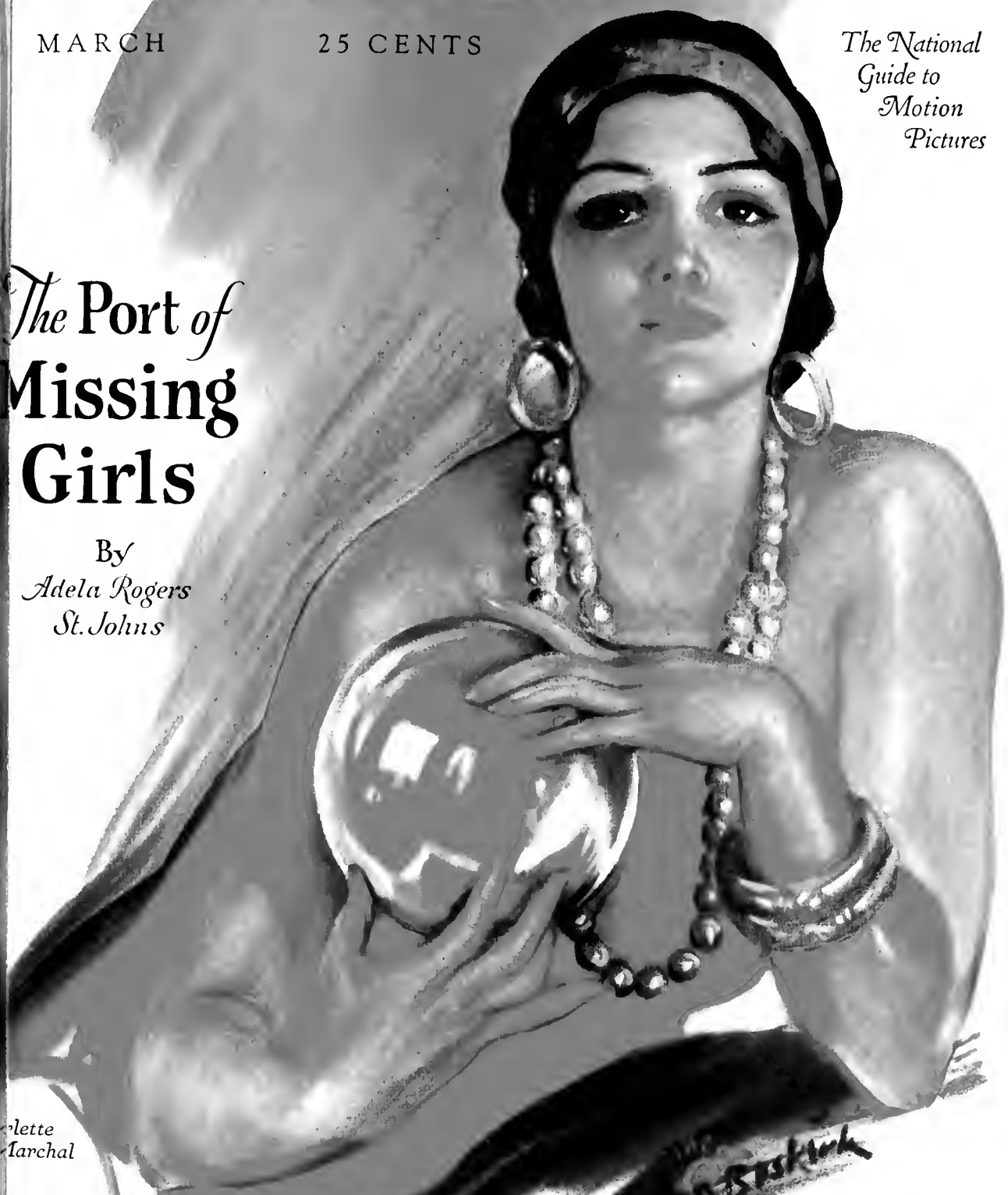
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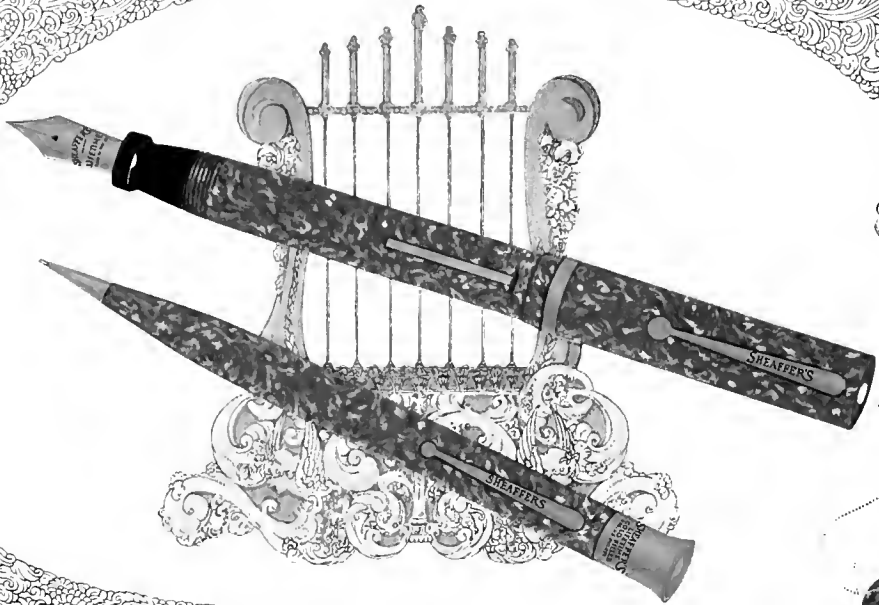
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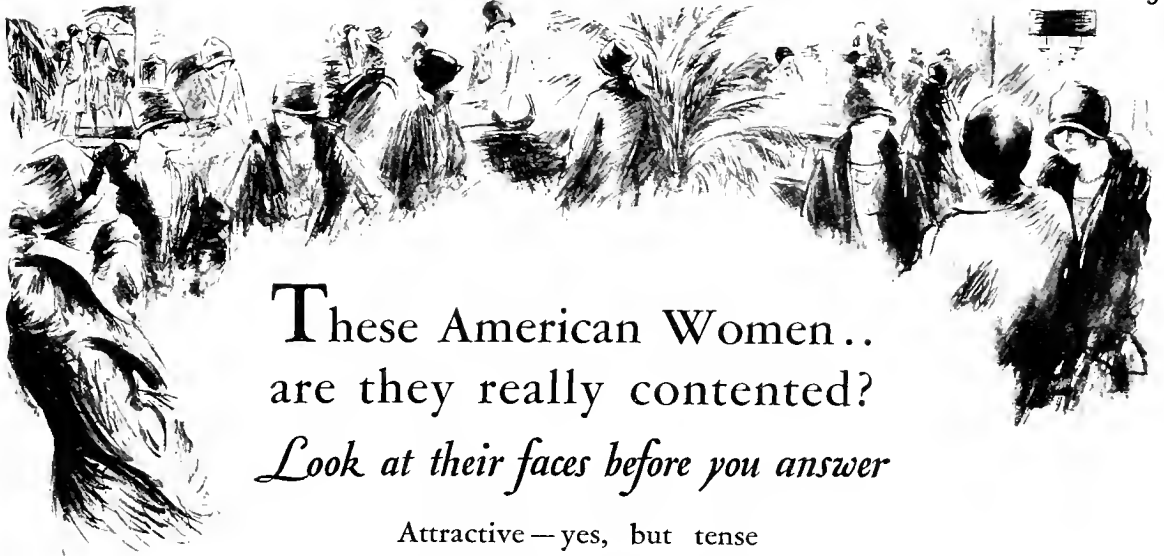
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It is an American failing—or excellence, if you prefer, that keeps us constantly "on the go." We work hard. We play hard. We go to parties. We exhaust ourselves with the pace of life. We take too little care of our physical well being, trusting to our nerves to pull us through.

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Zane Grey's MAN OF THE FOREST	Jack Holt, George Fawcett, El Brendel, Georgia Hale, Tom Kennedy, Warner Oland. Directed by John Waters.	
THE POPULAR SIN	Starring Florence Vidor. With Clive Brook, Greta Nissen, Philip Strange, Andre Beranger. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair.	
PARADISE FOR TWO	Starring Richard Dix. With Betty Bronson. Directed by Gregory La Cava.	
THE POTTERS	Starring W. C. Fields. Directed by Fred Newmeyer.	
BLONDE OR BRUNETTE	Starring Adolphe Menjou. With Greta Nissen and Arlette Marchal. Directed by Richard Rosson.	
GOD GAVE ME 20 CENTS	Lois Moran, Lya de Putti, Jack Mulhall. Directed by Herbert Brenon.	
LONDON	Starring Dorothy Gish. Directed by Herbert Wilcox.	
SORROWS OF SATAN	Adolphe Menjou, Ricardo Cortez, Lya de Putti, Carol Dempster. Directed by D. W. Griffith.	
THE KID BROTHER	Starring Harold Lloyd. Produced by Harold Lloyd Corporation.	
NEW YORK	Ricardo Cortez, Lois Wilson, Estelle Taylor, William Powell, Norman Trevor. Directed by Luther Reed.	
HOTEL IMPERIAL	Starring Pola Negri. With James Hall and George Siegmann. Directed by Mauritz Stiller.	
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Starring
Wallace
Beery



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Production



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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
MANAGING EDITOR

JAMES R. QUIRK
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

IVAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXXI

Contents, March, 1927

No. 4

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ROGERS ST. JOHNS

The First of a Series of Six Sensational True Stories of Girls Who Disappeared from Hollywood

The Amateur Movie Producer

FREDERICK JAMES
SMITH

Tells You How to Buy Your Own Camera and How to Win \$2,000

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A Million Dollars for Thirty Cents

How to Hold Your Youth

AGNES SMITH

Proving That an Ugly Mind Makes an Ugly Face

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As we go to PRESS



FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY reported buying the screen rights of "Abie's Irish Rose" for two million dollars. This lifts the earnings of the play to five millions.

GRETA GARBO returns to Metro-Goldwyn studio after her walkout. To do Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina."

TEMPERAMENTAL clash reported at De Mille studio involving Jetta Goudal. Rumors have it that Lya De Putti may succeed to Jetta's rôles.

At last Elinor Glyn has given out an official list of screen luminaries possessing IT. Here it is: Clara Bow, Jack Gilbert, Greta Garbo, Pola Negri, Wallace Beery, Emil Jannings, Doug Fairbanks and Gary Cooper. She says that Gloria Swanson and Tom Mix once had IT. Not now, though. However, she declares that Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Ramon Novarro, Ronald Colman and William Haines are IT-less. Madam Glyn concedes that the Prince of Wales and Mussolini have IT and that Napoleon once was a glorious example of IT. So that question is settled for all time.

WALLACE BEERY and ZaSu Pitts injured (not seriously) in premature explosion during making of "Louie the Fourteenth" on Lasky Ranch.

RAYMOND HATTON returns to work at Famous Players-Lasky studio after sudden withdrawal. Hatton is in cast of "Fashions for Women," now being directed by Dorothy Arzner. You can read all about Miss Arzner on page 41.

OWEN MOORE signs Metro-Goldwyn contract.

DOROTHY MAC-KAILL reported in clash at First National coast studios over rôles.

LOIS WILSON may sign with Cecil De Mille.

BUSTER KEATON starts new comedy with Ann Cornwall playing opposite.

NATACHA RAMBOVA going on speaking stage.

DOUG FAIRBANKS reported divided between two film ideas: a world history of civilization, showing, in particular, the Crusades, and a story of California in its early days. Mary Pickford, too, is still debating her next photoplay idea.

LEON ERROL starring at First National studios in "The Little Cafe."

WANDA HAWLEY making vaudeville tour of the Orpheum Circuit.

STILL more war stories are coming. First National announces a comedy, "Bayon-Nuts."

FAY WRAY to have the leading rôle in "Glorifying the American Girl." Gilda Gray was once announced for this, but declined in favor of "Cabaret," now under way at Famous Players Astoria studios.



No wonder Lloyd and Mrs. Hughes are all smiles these days. Baby Donald Reid was two and a half months old when this photograph was taken, and rushed to Chicago via telephotograph service so that the large family of Hughes admirers could see the youngster

ACHANGE in the line-up of Wampus Baby Stars as announced in this issue. Martha Sleeper, the young comedienne, has been substituted for Jean Navelle, the French entry. Miss Navelle was too ill to accept the honor. At least, that's the reason given for the change.

GLORIA SWANSON'S first independent picture will be known as "The Loves of Sunya," instead of "Sunya." The original title conflicted with the name of a stage play.

JACK HOLT'S contract with Famous Players-Lasky has expired and Mr. Holt will free-lance in the future.

EDDIE SUTHERLAND has gone to Hollywood to make a series of comedies for Paramount. Louise Brooks (Mrs. Sutherland) is playing the lead in a new Adolphe Menjou picture. It's a family reunion.

TWO new ones from Metro-Goldwyn: "The Grey Hat," with Lew Cody and Renee Adoree. And "The Branding Iron," with Aileen Pringle and Ralph Forbes.

ROD LA ROCQUE leaving for European vacation.



You Need
"PERSONALITY"
too!

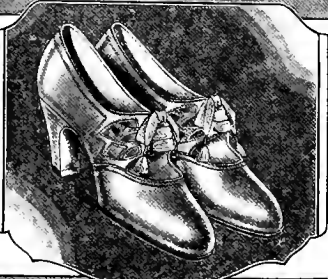
IN your desire for style, do not overlook the greater thing, "personality." It is just as important in your life as in the career of Laura La Plante, fascinating Universal Star. Women with personality not only are smartly clothed, but they have poise and the happy faculty of being at their best all the time.

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Laura La Plante, popular Universal star, now being presented in "Butterflies in the Rain," is shown here wearing the "Laura" Model of the Arch Preserver Shoe, named in her honor.

The Arch Preserver Shoe is made for women and misses by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio, for men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

AGE OF CADS, THE—Paramount.—Just missed being one of the six best. Menjou, Alice Joyce and Luther Reed's sane direction make it interesting. (December.)

ACROSS THE PACIFIC—Warner Bros.—The old native gal was just as vampish in the days of the Philippine insurrection as she is today. You'll be bored to death. (December.)

AMATEUR GENTLEMAN, THE—First National.—It's not Dick Barthelmess at his best—but who gives a hoot about story or anything else as long as we have Dick. (Nov.)

***BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Your season won't be complete unless you see this picture. It's safe enough for the children. Jobu Gilbert and Eleanor Boardman head the cast. (Nov.)

BATTLING BUTLER—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Here's an amusing number presented by Buster Keaton. Check this a must. (Nov.)

***BEAU GESTE**—Paramount.—Percival Wren's best seller has been followed with fidelity. The screen's best mystery story. (Nov.)

BELLS, THE—Chadwick.—An old favorite with some real Barrymore acting by brother Lionel. If you like heavy drama, here is your meat. (January.)

BETTER MAN, THE—F. B. O.—Richard Talmadge with his usual bag of tricks. That's all. (September.)

***BETTER 'OLE, THE**—Warner Bros.—Syd Chaplin makes a picture which is to comedy what "The Big Parade" is to drama. It's the type of comedy that Charlie made, years ago. (December.)

BIGGER THAN BARNUM'S—F. B. O.—Here's the old circus formula again. Not good enough and not bad enough to create a stir. (September.)

BLARNEY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—If it wasn't for Renee Adoree this certainly would be a lot of blarney. (December.)

BLONDE SAINT, THE—First National.—Wherein Lewis Stone plays the cave-man, and love triumphs again over something or other. Not so much. (February.)

BLUE EAGLE, THE—Fox.—A fair picture. (Nov.)

BORN TO THE WEST—Paramount.—Lives up to its name in exciting fashion without a thrill left out. A good Zane Grey Western. (September.)

BREED OF THE SEA—F. B. O.—Be sure to see this fascinating, romantic and adventurous sea tale. (December.)

BROKEN HEARTS OF HOLLYWOOD—Warner Bros.—It's just as bad as it sounds. (December.)

CALL OF THE WILDERNESS, THE—Pathe.—The hero, cast off by his rich dad, wins a fortune of his own, with the help of his dog. Good propaganda for dogs. (February.)

CAMPUS FLIRT, THE—Paramount.—Not to be outdone by the football heroes, Bebe Daniels shows the feminine side of college life in a neat running suit. Amusing. (December.)

CANADIAN, THE—Paramount.—Just Thomas Meighan in a story that has moments that remind you that Elinor Glyn was born in Canada. In spite of its burst of sentiment, the film is pointless. (February.)

CANYON OF LIGHT, THE—Fox.—Evidently tired of flooring villains, Tom Mix knocks down a couple of houses. The current Mix film—and good fun. (February.)

CHEERFUL FRAUD, THE—Universal.—A silly farce made bearable and even amusing—by the agreeable presence of Reginald Denny. (February.)

CITY, THE—Fox.—Proving the crookedness of urban ways as compared with the high moral tone of small town life. Yes, yes? Robert Frazer, May Allison, Walter McGrail and Nancy Nash are in the cast. (February.)

CLINGING VINE, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A gooty plot, trite and tedious. (September.)

COLLEGE BOOB, THE—F. B. O.—Lefty Flynn, in a popular college football affair. It will please the youngsters. (October.)

COLLEGE DAYS—Tiffany.—Once again the day is saved for dear old Alma Mater on the football field. But isn't it about time to desert football for chess? (January.)

CORPORAL KATE—Producers Dist. Corp.—The girls get their chance at winning the war, with Vera Reynolds as leader of the feminine contingent. Will the big parade of war films never end? (February.)

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

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

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

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

COUNTRY BEYOND, THE—Fox.—Another of James Oliver Curwood's stories of the great North makes good screen material. (December.)

COWBOY COP, THE—F. B. O.—Don't miss the delightful combination of Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro. They're good. (October.)

DANGEROUS DUB, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—Buddy Roosevelt does some hard, fast riding—with little else to recommend. O. K. for the kiddies. (September.)

DEAD LINE, THE—F. B. O.—Stay home. This is terrible. (September.)

DEVIL'S ISLAND—Chadwick.—At least we can recommend the performance of Pauline Frederick. The rest of the picture is the bunk. (October.)

DIPLOMACY—Paramount.—Sardou's play had its face lifted by Marshall Neilan—unsuccessfully. (Nov.)

***DON JUAN**—Warner Bros.—A picture that has great acting, thrilling melodrama and real beauty. With the Vitaphone, a real film event. (October.)

DUCHESS OF BUFFALO, THE—First National.—Connie Talmadge in a brisk, racy and lightly amusing farce. (October.)

EAGLE OF THE SEA, THE—Paramount.—An adventure tale of pirates and lovely ladies that fails to make its thrills. Ricardo Cortez and Florence Vidor head the cast. (February.)

***EVERYBODY'S ACTING**—Paramount.—A great cast, an entertaining story and some of Mickey Neilan's happiest direction. A refreshing and amusing tale of stage life. (January.)

EXIT SMILING—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A comedy story that fails to "jell." Plus Beatrice Lillie, a stage cut-up, who fails to register. Sorry. (Jan.)

FAMILY UPSTAIRS, THE—Fox.—Take the whole family to see this enjoyable picture. (October.)

***FAUST**—UFA-M.-G.-M.—An extraordinary adaptation of Goethe's poem, with Emil Jannings as Mephisto and Camilla Horn as Marguerite. Miss Horn runs away with the picture. It's a fine achievement. (January.)

***FIG LEAVES**—Fox.—A slender little story built around a gorgeous fashion show filmed in colors. Olive Borden runs away with the picture. (Sept.)

FINE MANNERS—Paramount.—Gloria Swanson is delightful in one of those roles she does so perfectly—that of a shabby working girl who loves devotedly. (October.)

FLAME OF THE ARGENTINE, THE—F. B. O.—A change of scenery is about the only new thing in Evelyn Brent's latest. (September.)

FLAMING FOREST, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—James Oliver Curwood tells you how the Royal Mounted got its first man—or first girl. In spite of the excellent cast, the acting is stilted and the conventional direction spoils the story possibilities. (February.)

***FLESH AND THE DEVIL**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A burn 'em up love story with John Gilbert and Greta Garbo. A Sudermann story dashing-ly acted. Lars Hanson also helps a lot. (February.)

FOOTLOOSE WIDOWS—Warner Bros.—How to win a millionaire husband—according to the movies. This belongs in the "quite interesting" list. (Sept.)

FOR ALIMONY ONLY—Producers Dist. Corp.—A light sophisticated domestic comedy for grown-ups. (December.)

FOR WIVES ONLY—Producers Dist. Corp.—One of those conventional stories of the pretty wife and the neglected husband. Just about enough story to fill two reels. (February.)

FOREVER AFTER—First National.—All the ingredients of a box-office picture—sweet girl and boy romance, football and war. Passable. (December.)

FOURTH COMMANDMENT, THE—Universal.—Cast your eagle eyes over the pictures we recommend and forget that such a thing as this was ever produced. (December.)

GAY DECEIVER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Plenty of glitter of the Paris variety in this entertaining piece. (Nov.)

GIGOLO—Producers Dist. Corp.—Rod La Rocque's fine performances rescue this from the hokum class. (December.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]



The Most Popular Girl In Town!

SHE wasn't beautiful. Nor college bred. Nor wealthy. Yet everybody liked her—from the butcher boy to the bank president. She had more suitors than any other girl in town. For she knew how to smile—her laugh was as contagious as the measles!

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You don't have to try to laugh at *Educational's Comedies*. You can't help it. You'll find yourself laughing just as you did when you were a child, naturally and easily. You'll look younger, feel younger, act younger.

Educational's Comedies lead the field. For clean, wholesome fun they are unequalled. That's why they are featured by the largest motion picture houses—and the smallest. And why they draw millions of patrons in this country alone—every day.

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JIMMIE ADAMS COMEDIES
MERMAID COMEDIES
(Jack White Productions)
CHRISTIE COMEDIES
JUVENILE COMEDIES
With "Big Boy"
TUXEDO COMEDIES
CAMEO COMEDIES
LYMAN H. HOWE'S HODGE-PODGE
FELIX THE CAT CARTOONS
ROBERT C. BRUCE SCENIC NOVELTIES
CURIOSITIES LIFE
The Movie Side-show Cartoon Comedies
KINOGRAMS
The NEWS REEL Built Like a Newspaper

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The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views



Brickbats and Bouquets

LETTERS from
PHOTOPLAY READERS

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

The Monthly Barometer

DESPITE the enormous popularity of their pictures Brickbats and Bouquets rarely receives letters concerning Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd or comedians of their type. Apparently fans go to see their pictures, and not the stars themselves. Now a new development appears—Harry Langdon is causing many a fan to rush to the mail box. Harry's personality is the interesting point in Harry's pictures. He pulled more fan letters than even John Gilbert during the month.

Ronald Colman is being scolded by the fans. Many claim Ronald has not lived up to the artistic promise he gave last year. The same is also claimed of Belle Bennett. Ronald's "Beau Geste," however, is liked tremendously.

The leading praise boys are—in this order—William Boyd, Wallace Beery, William Haines, John Gilbert, Lloyd Hughes. A hot partisan feeling is growing up about Lillian Gish. It seems to be all love or all hate for Lillian. Greta Garbo is plainly the most interesting of the newcomers. The greatest brickbat receives this month were astounding—Corinne Griffith and Mary Pickford.

\$25.00 Letter

Bennington, Vt.

The McPherson case is still being investigated, so let us be charitable to the Los Angeles lady evangelist. But if she were a film star it would be unnecessary to prove anything against her to make certain clergymen and clubwomen demand her expulsion from the profession. The mere accusation of misdemeanor would suffice.

Whatever the truth may be in her case, we do know that the Rev. Frank Norris, of Fort Worth, Texas, not long ago shot to death an unarmed man. The next day and since, Norris has preached to great crowds, and has been showered with compliments, admiration and support. Why have not the censors objected to the continuance of these suspected two in the pulpit? I wish those who object to Arbuckle pictures being shown, would prove to me why it is morally or legally right to ostracize Arbuckle and not Norris.

Isn't it hypocritical for the public to spend millions on make-believe tragedies of imaginary people while we permit the Arbuckle wrong to

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about 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.

remain unrighted? Any screen character in Arbuckle's position would have been reinstated, with wild acclaim, after he had been proved blameless. Norris and Mrs. MacPherson are permitted to live their own lives.

I yearn, positively yearn, to know how two wrongs can make a right.

ELIZABETH KAPITZ.

\$10.00 Letter

Olympia, Wash.

Let me tell you how PHOTOPLAY did its part in making a small boy happy.

It was nearing Christmas, that day when everyone should be happy, and I knew that happiness was going to be marred for little Tommy Lea, whose parents are quite poor. Tommy had been a special little movie pal of mine, and we had many good times together until infantile paralysis put him to bed. Christmas coming, I thought of a plan, remembering how tickled he had always been when I would take him to see a "western."

I gathered together my hack numbers of PHOTOPLAY, bought some heavy paper, a jar of paste and set to work.

Christmas day I hurried over to Tommy's

house. There he was, propped up in bed, his face wreathed in smiles, turning the pages of "Tom Mix, Tony and Their Friends," the book I had made him from PHOTOPLAY. After he had showed me his other presents, he whispered, "Ame, I like my Tom Mix book best of all."

The final happiness for both of us came when his doctor called next morning and told Tommy that it would not be long until he would be able to go to a real movie again and see Tom gallop across the screen.

AME NEARS.

\$5.00 Letter

Salem, Mass.

The movies now play to ninety million people a week. It seems to me that the power of any institution influencing the minds of that many people is something to consider with respect.

I'm awfully tired of this applesauce about art. Those ninety million are looking for entertainment, not art. It's pathetic the way people long for real entertainment and get so much that isn't, in the movies. Look around any movie theater whether it's a first run Broadway house or a two-bit neighborhood grind, and you will see the look on the faces as they wait for the show to begin—relaxed, eager, tired people hungry for escape, a little color, life and laughter. It's up to the industry the public has made to give them what they crave—and quit talking about their art.

MARY STAUNTON

Well, Maybe!

Spokane, Wash.

In STUDIO NEWS and GOSSIP in December PHOTOPLAY Elinor Glyn gives a definition of love as: "The physical emotions of the soul."

The soul has no physical elements and it can therefore have no physical emotions. We cannot say the physical emotions of the soul any more than we can say the foot movements of the hand.

Well, then, what is love? Love is the physical yearnings of the body, registered through the brain and measured in degree and intensity by the heart.

Believe it?

PEGGY BROOM.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]

LON CHANEY In TELL IT TO THE MARINES

HERE it is!
THE Marines' own story
SPANNING the world
WITH brave laughter and courage
BROADWAY cheered this mighty
ENTERTAINMENT. Now it comes
DIRECT from the Embassy Theatre, N. Y.
WITH its great star, Lon Chaney
AND thousands of daring, dashing Marines
TELL it to your theatre manager
YOU must have
"TELL it to the Marines"

With
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 and CARMEL MYERS
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 PICTURE
 Directed by
 GEORGE HILL

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"



William Haines
and Eleanor Boardman



Tell It to Joan Crawford and Win This Valuable Prize!

HERE is a chance for every M-G-M Fan to show what he can do. And what an enviable prize! Something actually used in the making of motion pictures. A really personal prize. Something that has belonged to perhaps your favorite star. And it all depends on whether you actually *see* motion pictures or merely look at them.

I am submitting six questions. For the lady who sends the best answers I have selected as my reward the Slave Anklet I wear in "The Taxi Dancer".

Nor are the gentlemen forgotten. If it is a man who is the lucky winner, Lon Chaney has promised the wrist watch he carried in "Tell it to the Marines".

And moreover I have fifty of my favorite photographs which are ready to be autographed for the next fifty best contestants.

Read over my questions carefully. Think over the pictures you have seen. And then tell me the answers.

Cordially yours,

Joan Crawford

Joan Crawford's Six Questions

- 1 What M-G-M star in actual life holds a commission in the U. S. Marines? What is his latest picture?
- 2 What M-G-M picture is based on a famous Oscar Strauss Operetta?
- 3 Where was the secret meeting place of Hester Prynne and the Rev. Dimesdale in "The Scarlet Letter"?
- 4 Who is your favorite M-G-M star and why? (Not more than fifty words.)
- 5 What were the Glencoe Massacres and what M-G-M star plays in what picture concerning them?
- 6 Give four M-G-M reasons why gentlemen prefer blondes.

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 March 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend the picture yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of the Eleanor Boardman Contest of December

MISS MAUD O'BRYAN, c/o Union Sulphur Mine Office, Sulphur, La.

MR. LLOYD E. SCHULTZ
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

GOD GAVE ME TWENTY CENTS—Paramount.—A story with an original idea that comes out, under screen analysis, as too far-fetched for credibility. Good performance by Lois Moran and Jack Mulhall. (February.)

GOING CROOKED—Fox.—A crook story—but stop! Bessie Love is the crook. And that makes the film easy to look at. (February.)

GREAT DECEPTION, THE—First National.—This is sadly lacking in entertainment value. The secret-service again. (October.)

GREAT GATSBY, THE—Paramount.—Fitzgerald's novel, with its unscrupulous hero, violates some pet screen traditions. It's unusual entertainment and Lois Wilson makes a bit for herself as the jazzy, cocktail-drinking Daisy Buchanan. (February.)

GREAT K & A TRAIN ROBBERY, THE—Fox.—A fast and furious Tom Mix picture. Need more be said? (December.)

HER BIG NIGHT—Universal.—Some inside dope on the movies. Quite interesting. (Nov.)

HER HONOR THE GOVERNOR—F. B. O.—Pauline Frederick and Carroll Nye waste masterly performances on celluloid claptrap. Their work is worth seeing, but the film itself is a disappointment. (October.)

HIDDEN WAY, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—Another weepy affair that isn't worth the famous two-bits. (October.)

HIS NEW YORK WIFE—Bachman.—Well, it seems there was a little country girl who came to New York to fight for success—ta, ta! There's more plot than entertainment in this one. (January.)

HOLD THAT LION—Paramount.—The usual Douglas MacLean farce. Fair. (Nov.)

HONEYMOON EXPRESS, THE—Warner Bros.—Some more carryings-on of the younger generation. It's not so bad. (October.)

HOTEL IMPERIAL—Paramount.—At last Pola Negri has an unqualified success. Credit her new director, Mauritz Stiller, with an assist. It's the story of an incident between the Austrian and Russian lines during the war. Highly recommended. (January.)

ICE FLOOD, THE—Universal.—Don't waste any precious moments on this. (Nov.)

INTO HER KINGDOM—First National.—Don't waste your money on this atrocity filled with flowery subtitles, stupid symbolism, bad photography and commonplace direction. (October.)

IT MUST BE LOVE—First National.—A light bit of nonsense. A good cast—Colleen Moore, Jean Hersholt and Malcolm MacGregor. (Oct.)

IT'S THE OLD ARMY GAME—Paramount.—W. C. Fields is disappointing as starring material. His comedy—fair. (September.)

JADE CUP, THE—F. B. O.—Do you know your movies? Then you know what to expect from Evelyn Brent. It will pass. (September.)

JOSSELYN'S WIFE—Tiffany.—Pauline Frederick in a Kathleen Norris story—and that guarantees that the picture is worth-while. (February.)

JUST ANOTHER BLONDE—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill, Jack Mulhall, Louise Brooks and Buster Collier are in this one. A lot of good talent is wasted on a plot that fails to get anywhere. (February.)

KICKOFF, THE—Excellent Pictures.—A splendid football picture featuring George Walsh and Lelia Hyams. (Nov.)

KID BOOTS—Paramount.—Eddie Cantor brings a new face to the screen. And such a face! As slapstick, this film is very funny—and too, it has Clara Bow as a shining light. (December.)

KOSHER KITTY KELLY—F. B. O.—The funniest of the carbon copies of "Abie's Irish Rose." (December.)

LADIES AT PLAY—First National.—Nothing new in the plot, but a lot that is spontaneous and hilariously funny in the performance of Louise Fazenda and Ethel Wales. Worth your money. (February.)

LAST FRONTIER, THE—Prod. Dist. Corp.—Here is another feeble version of "The Covered Wagon" plot, with a lot that is spontaneous and hilariously funny in the performance of Louise Fazenda and Ethel Wales. Worth your money. (February.)

LEW TYLER'S WIVES—Preferred Pictures.—If you're serious minded, this faithful screen version of Wallace Irwin's uncompromising story of a weak man whom three loved will interest you. It's too adult for the children. (September.)

LILY, THE—Fox.—The sisterly love stuff presented in a weepy manner. Yep, Belle Bennett sobbs throughout the entire piece. Fair. (December.)

LONDON—Paramount.—Rags to riches in the London slums, played by Dorothy Gish. Filmed in England. Come on home, Dorothy. (January.)

***LONE HAND SAUNDERS**—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson in a human western that will be great for the kids. (February.)

LOVE'S BLINDNESS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Written, supervised and dominated by Elinor Glyn. The old stuff with a change of names and Pauline Starke as the owner of IT. (January.)

LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM—Paramount.—What goes on behind the counters in a department store. Amusing true-to-life stuff with Louise Brooks as a cute little tramp. (February.)

LUCKY LADY, THE—Paramount.—Could you think of a better way to spend an hour than gazing at the fair Greta Nissen and William Collier, Jr., forming the love interest in this wholly effective melodrama? (September.)

MAGICIAN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Rex Ingram messes around with some more weird characters and with some weirder emotions. Except for Alice Terry, a foreign cast. (January.)

MAN IN THE SADDLE, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson always proves himself a hero all the time. You can always depend on Hoot if you're in the mood for a Western. (September.)

MAN OF QUALITY, A—Excellent Pictures.—A good mystery yarn with George Walsh. (December.)

***MANTRAP**—Paramount.—Clara Bow's excellent performance makes the film version of Sinclair Lewis' latest novel good entertainment. (September.)

MARRIAGE LICENSE—Fox.—The tear ducts will be let loose in this weepy affair. Alma Rubens' performance is worth seeing. (Nov.)

MEET THE PRINCE—Producers Dist. Corp.—Not much of a picture, this. Don't waste your time. (September.)

***MEN OF STEEL**—First National.—Don't miss this interesting picture that has the sweeping background of a huge steel mill in operation. It is a whole picture of good performances. (September.)

MICHAEL STROGOFF—Universal.—A spectacular Russian importation that cannot be compared with the recent successful foreign pictures. Passable. (Nov.)

MIDNIGHT KISS, THE—Fox.—A nice little movie with a nice little plot well enacted by a nice little cast. (October.)

MIDNIGHT LOVERS—First National.—Proving that Lewis Stone can be as funny as any of the comics. In spite of the cheap title, there are a lot of clever moments in this picture. (January.)

MILLIONAIRES—Warner Bros.—More Ghetto stuff and more tenth-rate hokum. Stick to the Vitaphone, boys! (January.)

MISMATES—First National.—The cast is the only interesting thing: Doris Kenyon, Warner Baxter and May Allison. The story is the bunk. (Oct.)

MORAN OF THE MOUNTED—Rayart.—The title tells the story. Reed Howes makes it quite interesting. (October.)

MORE PAY LESS WORK—Fox.—Splendid entertainment. Need more be said? (September.)

MY OFFICIAL WIFE—Warner Bros.—Terrible cheap sex stuff—we don't even recommend it for the older folks. (December.)

MYSTERY CLUB, THE—Universal.—If you like your movies thrilling and chilling don't overlook this. (December.)

***NERVOUS WRECK, THE**—Producers Dist. Corp.—The easiest way to spend an evening. Thoroughly amusing. (Nov.)

***NIGHT OF LOVE, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Beautiful romance, exquisitely played by Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky. Treat yourself. (February.)

NO MAN'S GOLD—Fox.—A good Tom Mix picture—what more could be said? (October.)

OBEY THE LAW—Columbia.—Romance and domestic sentiment in the lives of a couple of jailbirds. So-so. (February.)

OH, BABY—Universal.—A lot of fun for everybody. (October.) [CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

Entertainment

BILLY DOOLEY

BOBBY VERNON

JIMMIE ADAMS

ANNE CORNWALL

NEAL BURNS

FRANCES LEE

JACK DUFFY

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

***ONE MINUTE TO PLAY—F. B. O.**—Red Grange is a real screen personality in this football picture—the very spirit of youth and good sport. It's a gem. (October.)

***OLD IRONSIDES—Paramount.**—The great story of the Constitution, told in stirring and beautiful fashion by James Cruze. Finely acted by Wallace Beery, George Bancroft, Charles Farrill and Esther Ralston. A real screen achievement. (February.)

OUTLAW EXPRESS, THE—Pathe.—Of all things! A Western story about bad men, sheriffs and sheriff's daughters in the great open spaces! (Jan.)

PAIS IN PARADISE—Producers Dist. Corp.—What, oh what, is duller than a dull western? (February.)

PAIS FIRST—First National.—Don't be annoyed. (October.)

PARADISE—First National.—This isn't worth a dime unless you're keen about Milton Sills and Betty Bronson. (December.)

PLEASURE GARDEN, THE—Aywon.—A foreign picture. And "can they make wiener schmitzels? Yes, they can make wiener schmitzels." Two American girls—Virginia Valli and Carmelita Geraghty—got in this one by mistake. (January.)

POKER FACES—Universal.—Edward Horton, the director, and cast try desperately hard to be awfully funny with a disastrous result. (September.)

PRINCE OF TEMPTERS—First National.—So much camera artiness that the humanness is overlooked. Lya de Putti is the world's worst vamp. (December.)

PRIVATE IZZY MURPHY—Warner Bros.—Able's Irish Rose joins the Big Parade of War Pictures, and the result is nobody's business. George Jessel's film debut is just so-so. (January.)

PROWLERS OF THE NIGHT—Universal.—Just a western, built according to the same old primitive formula. (February.)

PUPPETS—First National.—You won't go wrong on this. An interesting vehicle because (and we're glad to say it) of the fine performance of Milton Sills. (September.)

***QUARTERBACK, THE—Paramount.**—Richard Dix in a real football classic. It's a WOW. (Dec.)

RED HOT HOOPS—F. B. O.—A "Western" with a real story and a sense of humor. Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro are featured. (January.)

RED HOT LEATHER—Universal.—Jack Hoxie does a lot of hard riding just to pay the mortgage on the old ranch. (February.)

REGULAR SCOUT, A—F. B. O.—A simple tale of a bad boy who would steal the widow's money. But the widow has a daughter—and that's the stuff that films are made of. (February.)

***RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, THE—Fox.**—An effective translation of a charming stage success, with young Janet Gaynor contributing some fine acting. (January.)

RISKY BUSINESS—Producers Dist. Corp.—Trite can be marked against this one. (Nov.)

***ROAD TO MANDALAY, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.**—It's not the story but Lon Chaney's fine performance that puts the ginger in this cookie. (Sept.)

ROMANCE OF A MILLION DOLLARS, A—Bachman.—You'll like this—if you aren't too fussy. (October.)

ROSE OF THE TENEMENTS—F. B. O.—A war story plus the Ghetto atmosphere. But don't be frightened, because the film isn't half bad. Johnnie Harron and Shirley Mason in the leading roles. (February.)

RUNAWAY EXPRESS, THE—Universal.—Nothing like the good old-fashioned railroad melodrama. This is worthwhile while. (October.)

SAVAGE, THE—First National.—An insult to the human intelligence to think such a story is plausible. Ben Lyon and May McAvoy are in the cast. (Oct.)

***SCARLET LETTER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.**—Hawthorne's classic and sombre study of the New England conscience has been just as somberly translated to the screen. For the older folks. (October.)

SEA WOLF, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A thriller—taken from the famous Jack London story. It's rough and ready, as are most sea stories, but darned good. (September.)



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Big Pictures in the Making



LAURA LA PLANTE

I am writing this from our California Studio which just now is a veritable hive of industry. More than 2,500 people are working like Trojans doing ambitious things for the followers of Universal pictures.

We are about concluding "Uncle Tom's Cabin" which will be one of the big pictures of this coming year. Already it has been many months in the making. To get some of the actual scenes of Harriet Beecher Stowe's story, we chartered a steamer and took players along the Mississippi River. This is a Harry Pollard production.

"The Cat and the Canary," which you will recall as one of the most successful of the Broadway mystery plays, is being produced by Paul Leni, a German director whose work attracted my attention when I was abroad. LAURA LA PLANTE will star.

"Alias the Deacon," another well-remembered Broadway stage success, is being made with JEAN HERSHOLT in the leading role. This is an Edward Sloman production.

It will interest you to know that we have "Show Boat," Edna Ferber's best seller, and will produce it on an elaborate scale. Also we are making "The Chinese Parrot," Earl Derr Bigger's fine novel, which appeared serially in The Saturday Evening Post.

We are also installing sets and making extensive preparations for screening "The Big Gun," an epic of the American navy.

This is real advance information I am giving you, and of course, it will be some time before you can see these pictures.

As you go to the theater these days, remember when you see a Universal you like, that you encourage the producer and the theater man when you tell your friends about the picture. Better still, phone your friends, then you are certain to make the pleasure unanimous.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next month)

Send 10c for autographed photograph of Laura La Plante

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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New York City

SENOR DARE-DEVIL—First National.—Introducing Ken Maynard as a First National star. Better than most Westerns. (September.)

SHAMEFUL BEHAVIOR—Bachman.—Shameful behavior to any audience that is coaxed into seeing this one! (January.)

SHOW-OFF, THE—Paramount.—An amusing study of a smart aleck, played broadly but expertly by Ford Sterling. (Nov.)

SILENT LOVER, THE—First National.—Movie hash concocted from remnants of old plots—a little Von Stroheim, a little Foreign Legion and a few Arabs. With Milton Sills. (February.)

SILENT RIDER, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson again goes through his paces in the conventional western plot. (February.)

SIN CARGO—Tiffany.—Not as bad as the title but not for children. Heavy smuggling in high society. (February.)

***SON OF THE SHEIK, THE**—United Artists.—Rudolph Valentino's last effort before the silver screen. He was the old Rudy again and his work ranked at the top of the best performances of the month. Long will this picture remain in the memory of those fortunate enough to see it. (October.)

***SORROWS OF SATAN**—Paramount.—Marie Corelli's novel, a shocker of thirty years ago, makes real old-fashioned cinema "melodrammer." Carol Dempster, Adolphe Menjou and Ricardo Cortez are excellent. (December.)

***SO THIS IS PARIS**—Warner Bros.—Another variation of the domestic infidelity theme presented by the sophisticated Ernst Lubitsch. The weakest of the famous director's efforts to date. (September.)

SO'S YOUR OLD MAN—Paramount.—An amusing tale of a disreputable small townier who becomes the pal of a haughty visiting princess. W. C. Fields and Alice Joyce make it worth your while. (Jan.)

SPANGLES—Universal.—Romance under the Big Top. Also a murder thrown in, just to make it exciting. (January.)

SPEEDING VENUS, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—Not so good. Priscilla Dean is the feminine interest. (September.)

SPORTING LOVER, THE—First National.—This might have been worse, but it doesn't seem possible. Just another movie. (September.)

STEPPING ALONG—First National.—Johnny Hines overplays in this one. The comedy is too long and the gags fail to explode. (February.)

STRANDED IN PARIS—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels at her prettiest and snappiest in a comedy of a department store girl innocently masquerading as a Countess. (February.)

***STRONG MAN, THE**—First National.—A grand and glorious laugh from start to finish. If your sides ache, don't blame us, blame Harry Langdon. (Nov.)

***SUBWAY SADIE**—First National.—A true and human story of New York's underground army. Dorothy Mackaill is splendid. (Nov.)

SUNNY SIDE UP—Producers Dist. Corp.—A concoction of a Cinderella yarn and a Pollyanna-ish character. You guessed it—awful. (September.)

SYNCOPIATING SUE—First National.—Corinne Griffith breaks away from the society stuff and appears in a story of Tin Pan Alley. It's good entertainment. (January.)

SWEET DADDIES—First National.—The Jewishness and Irishness are at it again—and what a sweet comedy this is. It's worth while. (September.)

SWEET ROSE O'GRADY—Columbia.—They are all imitating "The Big Parade" and "Abie's Irish Rose." This plays on the Irish-Jewish theme. (February.)

TAKE IT FROM ME—Universal.—The trials and tribulations of a department store owner are snappily presented by Reginald Denny. (December.)

***TEMPRESS, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The Ibanez story is forgiven and forgotten when Greta Garbo is in the cast. Greta is a show in herself. (December.)

TEXAS STREAK, THE—Universal.—A fairly interesting Western with Hoot Gibson. (Nov.)

THAT MODEL FROM PARIS—Tiffany.—Showing how the office Plain Jane wins the boss's son—but not without interference from the villain. Not so bad. (January.)

THERE YOU ARE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—What happens when daughter mixes in papa's business. A fair comedy. (January.)

THREE BAD MEN—Fox.—Real good entertainment—the kind the whole family can enjoy. (Oct.)

TIMID TERROR, THE—F. B. O.—Badly directed, badly acted and old story. Why waste space? (February.)

***TIN GODS**—Paramount.—Tommy Meighan needed a good story, director and cast to prove he's still a good actor. Of course Renee Adoree helps to make this interesting. (Nov.)



To Everyone Who Admired Rudolph Valentino

Dear Friend:

Too much has been written about our Valentino, most of it false, much of it malicious. Since I was his close confidant and friend, as well as his manager, I thought it wise to write, very simply but very truthfully, the real story of Rudolph Valentino, his career, his aims, his life and loves. Because you loved Valentino, you ought to want to read the book I have written, which is called "Valentino As I Knew Him".

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TIN HATS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Well, it seems there are three soldiers who got lost in Germany. And the handsomest boy wins a German Countess. A strain on the probabilities, but often genuinely funny. (February.)

***TWINKLETOES**—First National.—A beautiful performance by Colleen Moore in a delicate and charming story of Limehouse. Decidedly worth your kind attention. (February.)

TWISTED TRIGGERS—Associated Exhibitors.—There is no reason why you should waste a perfectly good hour on this silly nonsense. (October.)

TWO-GUN MAN, THE—F. B. O.—Go see this very grand hero, Fred Thomson, and his famous horse, Silver King. They are a delight. (September.)

UNDER WESTERN SKIES—Universal.—A story as old as the hills where it is laid. Yep, the good old Western stuff. Fair. (September.)

UNKNOWN CAVALIER, THE—First National.—The newest cowboy star, Ken Maynard, in a picture that is a decided flop. (December.)

***UPSTAGE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—There is genuine originality and authentic and keenly observed comedy in this story of vaudeville life. Norma Shearer and Oscar Shaw are excellent in the leading rôles. (January.)

VALENCIA—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Mae Murray, Lloyd Hughes and Roy D'Arcy are awfully funny, without trying. Stay home and tell your own jokes. (February.)

***VARIETY**—UFA-Famous Players.—This absorbing story of vaudeville life has more popular qualities than any German production imported to America since "Passion." Emil Jannings' work is superb. (September.)

***WALTZ DREAM, THE**—UFA-Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A gay comedy of old Vienna. If you have any prejudice against foreign films, make an exception of this one. (October.)

WANING SEX, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Is woman's place in the home or in business? See Norma Shearer and be convinced. (December.)

***WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW**—Paramount.—Another genuinely amusing comedy of the life of the underdogs in the Great War, with Wallace Berry and Raymond Hatton offering two amusing character sketches. (January.)

***WHAT PRICE GLORY**—Fox.—The war drama that started all the fun. A fine screen version of a great play, with excellent acting and sincere direction. Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and Dolores Del Rio deserve high praise. (February.)

WHILE LONDON SLEEPS—Warner Brothers.—Not a great picture but a great star—none other than Rin-Tin-Tin. He puts over the film. (February.)

WHISPERING WIRES—Fox.—If you have to borrow the money—be sure to see this. You won't go wrong on our advice. (December.)

WHITE BLACK SHEEP, THE—First National.—Richard Barthelmess again plays the wandering boy who fights his way back for dear old England, this time. Hokum. (February.)

WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING, THE—Universal.—Feel like laughing tonight? See this interesting version of the John Emerson and Anita Loos stage play. (October.)

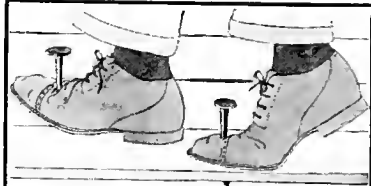
WILD HORSE STAMPEDE, THE—Universal.—Pass this up. It's stupid. (October.)

***WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH, THE**—United Artists.—A natural drama so powerful that it completely overshadows every living thing. A picture worth seeing. (December.)

WINGS OF THE STORM—Fox.—A new canine star—Thunder—makes his appearance. The story has a real appeal for children. It's the autobiography of a dog. (February.)

YOU'D BE SURPRISED—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith proves that a real good murder has its amusing moments. (December.)

***YOU NEVER KNOW WOMEN**—Famous Players.—Florence Vidor's first starring vehicle will go over big with any audience. (October.)



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"Sure thing, honey, I got that job—Ritz Hotel 'phone girl de looks... Yes-sir!—Now I've got to get that Millionaire!

"There's plenty of 'em here alright... But honest, they hand me a laugh—every one of 'em's fat, fifty, and flirtatious!

"And sa-a-ay, you should see the goings-on in this parlor-bedroom-and-bath emporium... Enough flirtations and romances to make a dozen Follies plots! Orchids and ermine? This lobby struts nothing else but! I'm not having any in mine, though, thank you, until I meet that good little Millionaire... Gee, I wonder if there is any such animal!"

That's "Pink" Watson for you... And that's celebrated Colleen in her latest, gayest role! She'll give you the lowdown on the high-hatters at the Ritz—and the surprise of your life when she finds out who her nice, shy boy friend really is...

Don't give her the busy signal when she calls at your theatre—sometime soon!

John McCormick presents

COLLEEN MOORE

in *Orchids and Ermine*

with Jack Mulhall
and Carey Wilson

Story and Scenario by Alfred Santell
P R O D U C T I O N

By actual vote America's theatre managers have named COLLEEN MOORE "The Greatest Box-Office Star in Pictures"!



A First National Picture

Takes the Guesswork out of "Going to the Movies"

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



GISE

AT THE PALACE in San Francisco

132

WOMEN GUESTS

like this soap better than any other—find it a wonderful soap for the skin

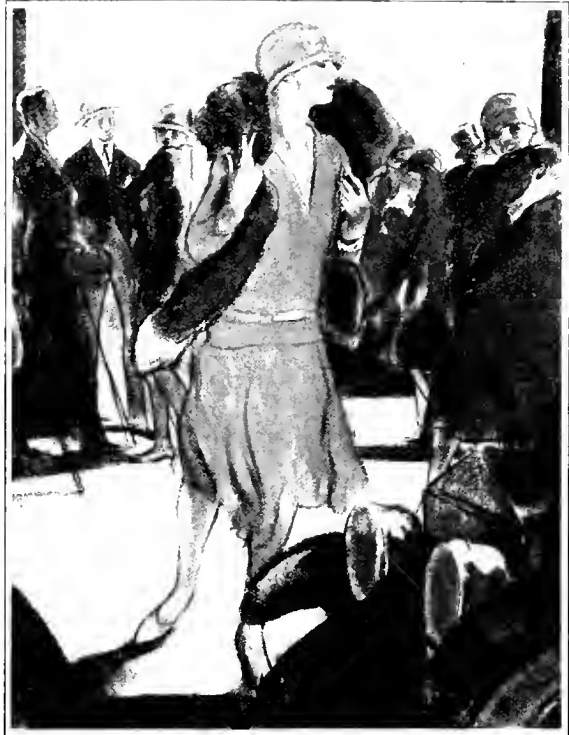
WHO can forget it—the Rose Room at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, on one of its gala nights?

Into its whirl of music and laughter there steals now and then the breath of the great Pacific trade winds . . . Just outside its doors lies waiting all the mystery and wonder of the East.

The crowd that gathers there is brilliantly cosmopolitan; faces from New York, London, Vienna, Bombay . . .

Beautiful women who have travelled the world in search of new pleasures, danced with royalty, dined in the palaces of rajahs, gratified their taste for all that is costly and rare . . .

Women accustomed to every luxury—how do they care for their skin? What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough to satisfy them as



"The crowd that gathers there is brilliantly cosmopolitan—faces from New York, London, Vienna, Bombay . . ."

the ideal soap for the complexion?

We asked 214 women guests at the world-famous Palace Hotel in San Francisco what soap they prefer for the regular care of their skin.

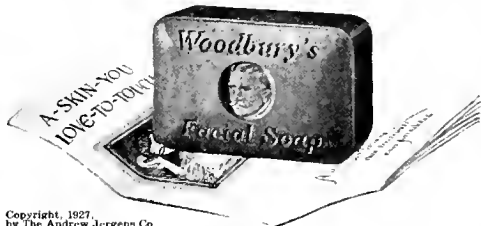
More than half answered, "*Woodbury's Facial Soap.*" The largest number using any other one soap was 20.

"It's the most satisfactory in all ways," they said. *"It's a wonderful soap."* *"The only soap I can use on my face."* *"I like it particularly because it is the only soap I have ever used that didn't irritate my skin."*

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

A 25c cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet of famous skin treatments for overcoming common skin defects. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in correcting these common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use.

Within a week after beginning to use Woodbury's, you will notice an improvement. Get a cake today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!



Copyright, 1927, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

Cut out this coupon and mail it today!

Your Woodbury Treatment for ten days *Now—the new large-size trial set*

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,
2235 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2205 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name
Street
City State



Russell Ball

New Pictures

GLORIA SWANSON has joined the Valhalla of heroes and heroines who, having fought their mundane battles as mere employees of producers, are now masters of their own destinies. Such being the case, the only thing to do is to wish Gloria success in "Sunya," her test picture.



Ruth Harriet Louise

WHEN William Haines first entered a studio, as winner of a contest, a high mogul of the producing staff looked at him and said, "No sex appeal!" The high mogul is no longer connected with the studio. Bill is one of its stars. And that's that.



Harold Dean Carsey

HOLLYWOOD'S center of excitement—Clara Bow. Will she or will she not get married? We vote against it, because something tells us that Clara will be more successful as an untamed flapper than as a domesticated little wife.



Russell Ball

NATALIE BARRACHE paused just long enough in New York to learn the English language, before journeying on to First National's California studio. And now they've gone and changed the beautiful Russian's name to Natli Barr. Is that pretty?



A NNA Q. NILSSON is now involved in a cinematic affair called "Lily of the Laundry." It's an answer to the big demand—heh! heh!—for cleaner pictures. Miss Nilsson will be supported by a washboard and a nice big cake of soap.



Witzel

COMES the dawn of a new day for Charles Ray. After all these stormy years, Charlie makes the hit of his life in "The Fire Brigade." In a picture of thrills, Charlie's great comeback is the biggest thrill of all.



EAGER—poised—well-groomed—that's the American business girl of today! And always her figure is pliantly confined, though she may choose the filmiest type of Gossard combination, step-in or girdle. She knows the importance of an immaculately groomed appearance, and graceful carriage. She realizes that proper figure support—Gossard figure support—is a vital necessity to her continued charm.

The H. W. Gossard Co., Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Atlanta, Dallas, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires

The Gossard Line of Beauty

"My Wardrobe used to worry me" says BEBE DANIELS



Often lovely clothes faded, lost their fresh, attractive look—now they are kept like new this way

THEY must always be fresh, immaculate—ready on a moment's notice," said Bebe Daniels as she graciously showed me one beautiful thing after another from her justly famous wardrobe.

Lovely lace and chiffon evening frocks. Smart French models just received from Paris. Trim sports clothes, both flannel and silk, that she adores to wear when off location. Exquisite lingerie, too. Adorable costume slips and knickers of soft crepe de chine, myriad-tinted. Sheer, gossamer-like stockings, so frail in texture, so delicate in coloring!

"My wardrobe used to worry me," said Miss Daniels. "I sent many things to the cleaner's but this was not satisfactory, and oh! such bills. Then my maid tried laundering them, using various

different kinds of soaps, but almost every time they lost their fresh, attractive look—even faded. Someone suggested Lux and the maid tried it out on this adorable chiffon. It came out like new! Now she launders practically all of my clothes herself and I no longer worry for Lux keeps everything in order." Lever Bros Co., Cambridge, Mass.



THIS dashing beach costume which Miss Daniels designed herself, is creating a sensation among her friends. She wears it when she seeks refuge from the ardors of picture making in her new beach home at Santa Monica, California.

IN her picture success, "The Campus Flirt," Bebe Daniels, petite, vivacious, daring, is winning admirers by the hundreds of thousands. Her maid announced that the lovely frock Miss Daniels is wearing had already been laundered three times in Lux!



DOGS and horses are Bebe Daniels' favorites. She adores nothing more than a brisk morning canter along the beach. Just as she does everything else, she rides well.



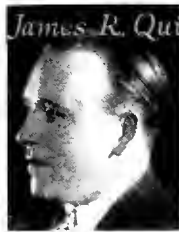
*If it's safe in
water... it's safe
in Lux*

PHOTOPLAY

March, 1927

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

L. James R. Quirk



CHARLIE CHAPLIN is the world's greatest comedian, but that little Mexican gal, Lita, is a better showman. The poor little fellow had just finished his "Circus," but she released hers to the public first. Good showmanship but unfair competition, and it may not turn out to be such good business, for if her suit hurts the profits of his new picture there will be a few millions less for her family.

CHARLIE made two millions on his "Kid." Lita wants that same amount for each of her two productions. And she claims a lot more for her gold rush than Chaplin was able to get out of his.



CHARLIE done right by little Nell and there's gold in them thar mountains.

IHAD an idea that he was a pretty astute financier. He had turned a pair of baggy trousers, oversized shoes, and an undersized hat into a fortune. He was the richest actor in the world.

HE could not have been called a spendthrift. Nearly all the stories about his penuriousness were unfounded and unfair. His early hardships instilled into his mind a wholesome respect for money, and he saw enough of life to know that a fool and his money are mere acquaintances.

HE had seen the popular spenders of Hollywood go the lonely way of all good fellows. He had seen the fair weather friends scuttle

away from Arbuckle whose heart was as great as his girth. He had seen how few showed genuine grief at the passing of Rudy Valentino, who thought money was invented to make life pleasant for others as well as to secure happiness for himself.

IONCE heard a ham actor, slightly tipsy, accuse him directly of being tight, urging him to set up the champagne for the boys at the old Alexandria bar.

"I hope," he replied, "to become famous as a comedian—not as a fool."

No single individual in history has ever given us so many laughs. Now that he is in trouble let us save our chuckles for his next picture.

D. W. GRIFFITH is back in Hollywood groping about for a theme worthy of his megaphone. We hope he finds one that will bring him back to the position that he earned and held for years as our finest director.



His golden throne has been melted by inferior productions and the metal fashioned into medals for a dozen directors who were unheard of when D. W. was making motion picture history.

MR. GRIFFITH'S trouble seems to be that of a man who starts out to design and build a beautiful cathedral single handed. He wants to be architect, stone mason, sculptor and mural painter. Motion pictures today demand many minds and many hands. If D. W. could get set on this we could call in all the medals and give him his throne back. [CONT'D ON PAGE 72]



Illustrated by
Frank Godwin

The Port

Head and shoulders over every other writer is Adela Rogers St. Johns in stories of the most romantic place and the most romantic people in the world. She knows the heart of Hollywood, its secrets, its triumphs and its tragedies. The series, here starting, represents her finest work

The Story of Greta

HOLLYWOOD is the Port of Missing Girls. They come from the far corners of the globe—from here, from there, from everywhere. Wearing gingham, wearing silk.

Like flies drawn to a honey pot, they come. And the honey within this pot is sweet with fame and wealth and romance and adventure.

Out of that long list of girls, one name in every ten thousand comes to be written in gigantic letters upon the billboards of the world. The movie game is at least a ten-thousand-to-one shot.

The story of success is always the same. There is only one story of success.

But the story of every failure is different.

The one who succeeds wears jewels and rides in a Rolls-Royce and her face is a trademark.

What becomes of the rest of the ten thousand?

Ah, those are the stories that tingle to the very ends of your fingertips to be told, that come clamoring at the door of your memory. Some of them can never be told.

OTHERS should be nailed as warnings across the entrance to movieland to turn back the hordes of unwelcome, unwanted, movie-mad young things who come bearing their prettiness to Hollywood, as coals borne to Newcastle.

What a procession!

Pick this one—that one—out of the mob.

Those whose stories can be told now.

Persis, of the violet eyes.

Little Judy Keene.

The lovely Paula, once belle of a Baltimore country club.

Marilyn, the lily maid.

Patty, of the flappers.

And Greta.

I do not know why Greta comes first, demanding to be told.

Only that there is an epic quality to the story of Greta, the girl who knew love twice.

In a way, it symbolizes the strange waste and futility of the Port of Missing Girls.

And yet—and yet—as Greta herself said—

But of that you must judge for yourself.

THE long, late twilight lay deep upon the farm. In it, the rippling wheat was like some golden sea of mythology, breaking into a crest along the majestic, crumbling bluffs. Even the great, red barns and the idle windmill were outlined widely in gold. And the early golden-rod hung graceful plumes over the flowing dust of the road. A streak of fiery crimson burned along the very edge of the deep-blue sky.

Greta looked out over it, wringing the dishcloth between strong, competent hands. Her face at the small window was rather like a reflection, with its mass of golden hair, and the burning, crimson cheeks, and the deeply blue eyes. There was an affinity between the strong, vivid beauty of her face and the glory of the sunset land.

A little moustache of sweat kept forming along her upper lip and she wiped it away absently with the back of her wet hand, but it did not discompose the little half-smile that curved up the corners of her mouth.

"Don't forget you should wash out them dishtowels, Greta," said Mrs. Harkness sharply, from across the big kitchen.

The glowing face darkened, fell. The lovely under lip shot out.

"Aw, Mrs. Harkness—" said the girl slowly. Her voice was deep, sweet, almost purring. It had a peculiar quality, foreign, uneven.

MR. HARKNESS straightened up from her bread and her lips snapped open.

"You heard what I said," her eye was firmly upon the girl, "you wash out them dishtowels before you go sneaking off to the movies. You left 'em last night and I ain't going to stand for it tonight!"

Greta glowered, her face a deeper crimson. Then she moved to the big stove and brought back the steaming teakettle. Even against the background of the drab kitchen, her movements suggested old-time Norse goddesses.

"Since five o'clock I been working on my feet," she muttered.

And then, as the stream of water hissed into the dishpan, her laugh rang out, tingling with life.

"What a smart eye you got, Mrs. Harkness," she said. "I guess nobody puts it over on you, hey?"

The only thing untrue about this story is the girl's name

of Missing Girls

By



Adela
Rogers
St. Johns

No. 1

Greta, who knew love
twice, the first of six girls
with strange destinies

Mrs. Harkness went on setting her bread, the stern line of her lips softened by an expression of satisfaction.

"You bet they don't," she said; "you're a good girl, Greta, and a hard worker. But you got to get some of these flighty notions out of your head. Chasing around the movies every night and such foolishness. You'd be a heap better off if you wasn't so pretty. I come mighty near not hiring you after I seen you."

"You think I'm pretty?" asked Greta, naively delighted. "But I should bob my hair maybe. It's got a funny look, so long like a horse's tail."

"You let your hair alone," said Mrs. Harkness grimly. "You got beautiful hair, and it's a woman's crowning glory. Oh yes, you're pretty enough. What'd you think these half-baked farm hands are always hanging around my kitchen door for? But let me tell you, Greta, they're worthless as shucks. You behave and save your money like you been doing and some day a decent fellow with a piece of land will come along and marry you. You'd make a good wife for some man."

Greta took off her apron and hung it up. Her cheap gingham dress clung to her hot body and revealed the slim, full lines of it. There was a little droop about her shoulders and waist, a tired droop that added a soft, sensuous charm.

"I ain't going to marry no farmer," she said.

"Is that so?" Mrs. Harkness was belligerent. "Why not, Miss?"

Greta was putting on her plain, ugly straw hat in front of the cracked mirror where Mr. Harkness shaved—when he shaved.

"Oh, too much hard work. I been working hard all my life. Get up, work hard, go to bed. I worked like that at home. Plow, milk cows, make garden, help in the fields, cook, wash, take care of chickens—I know it all. Work like man and like woman, too. Since I been on this farm, I work just so hard, too. No, I don't marry with no farmer. Not me."

A little smile of superiority touched her lips. She was somehow conscious just then of her tall, perfect body, of the nice regularity of her features, of the deep blue of her eyes. She was pretty. Even Mrs. Harkness had said so. There were places where those things counted. A girl as pretty as she was shouldn't have to drudge.



Girls, like flies drawn to a honey pot, globe to Hollywood, Land of

But now Mrs. Harkness waxed sarcastic. "I suppose you're figuring on marrying some millionaire," she said. "You got less sense than I give you credit for, Greta. Looks don't always lead to *marriage*. Often as not they lead to something else. If you could catch some nice, steady fellow like Ambrose Peters, with some land, you'd be pretty lucky."

But Greta looked suddenly stubborn. Her mouth was sulky. She started to slip away into the soft dusk without answering. "Where you going?" demanded Mrs. Harkness.

From the dusk outside, Greta's voice came soft, mysterious. "I'm going to the movies, Mrs. Harkness. You shouldn't care?"

"I don't care," said Mrs. Harkness, "if you're such a fool as to drive sixteen miles to town and lose all your sleep for one of them silly movie pictures."

"Aw, Mrs. Harkness," pleaded Greta, "movies is wonderful. Gee, I can live all day thinking about what I seen in them. They're—like heaven."

"Greta, that's blasphemous!"

"No, it's not," said Greta, simply. "I'm going with Ambrose Peters."

HOT, dark, packed with human bodies, vibrant with human breath, dirty and restless—the movie house in the little farm town.

Sound of a tinkling piano, of scraping feet, of too-loud laughter and rough, raw voices.

Ambrose Peter's young shoulder pressed hard against Greta's, his knee sought hers and retreated, afraid.

But she saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing of it all.

The screen unfolded its silver magic and transported her as easily as a child is transported by a fairy tale. Her mouth was a little open with breathless delight, and her hungry eyes never wavered.

Lovely head upon the screen, clear as a cameo, glistening, perfect.

"Gee, how much she looks like you, Greta," whispered Ambrose Peters; "it's wonderful. Only you're prettier. Her nose is exactly like yours."

He thought she did not hear him.

Coming home across the miles of prairie she was very silent, amazingly silent for Greta—who usually talked and laughed boisterously.

The sound of her breathing was hurried, tense, in the darkness. Somehow the man beside her sensed that it was not his presence that caused that hurried, tense breathing, nor was it the sight of the great prairie awash with starlight, nor the night scents, heady and delicious, that poured upon them.

"Greta?" he said at last.

"Yes, Ambrose."

"Greta, I been thinking a lot about you lately."

He could just see the outline of her head in the starlight. She had taken off her hat, and the clear, fine line of her profile silhouetted against the shimmer of the night and her golden hair had a faint gleam. It confused him.

But he floundered on, something nice in his simplicity. "I got a good piece of land," he said. "I'm doing well on it. If I had a woman, I'd do better. Two good years, and maybe I could build a nice house. What I need is a good wife."

Greta's voice came from a great distance.

"Did you mean it when you said I looked like that woman that played the duchess—like Virginia Calvert?"

The man was puzzled, a little offended and sullen. What kind of an answer was that to give a man?

"Sure," he said, "and I'm not the only one that says it. I've heard lots of folks say it. You look like her, all right. Only—I think you're prettier, Greta."

There was another long silence, while Greta stared at the land before her. She did not know herself how much she loved the land. Now she did not even see it. As for the big, slow, homely young man beside her, she had forgotten him completely.

"I'm not going to marry a farmer," said Greta. "Not me."



HOLLYWOOD did not welcome Greta. But neither was it unkind to her.

It was simply indifferent.

That is the thing about Hollywood that is hardest to bear—the indifference. Hate, malignity, brutality, almost anything is easier to face than that diamond-like coldness, that diamond-like smoothness.

She did not know one soul in Hollywood and the loneliness of going day after day among many people without seeing one familiar face, of hearing hundreds of voices which never speak your name, is much greater than the loneliness of nature's vastness.

She was very lonely, bruised with loneliness.

The man at the great central casting office had refused even to take her name, to register her, and that blow had staggered her a little at the very outset.

"But—why not?" asked Greta.

Was she not, after all, as pretty as she had been led to believe by the farmhands, by Mrs. Harkness, by Ambrose Peters, and even by the cracked old mirror?

"We never register anybody any more without they've had experience or are recommended by some recognized producing organization," said the man, kindly but wearily. "We've got thousands and thousands registered now more than we can get work for."

"Perhaps at the studios—" said Greta, slowly.

"All the studios do their extra casting through us," said the man. "It's an agreement of the producers' association. Saves time—and money."

come from the far corners of the Promise, Port of Missing Girls



People get acquainted very quickly in a warm kitchen on a rainy night. When they left Larry kissed Greta good-night. And that was that. Just an evening. Meant nothing. Only it happened that Greta had fallen in love. That love lighted a fire that was almost to consume her

enough now for her healthy young appetite—but as long as she had something she would stick it out, hoping for the miracle.

She might have been waiting yet, sticking it out, starving to death from sheer stubborn determination not to quit, if it hadn't been for Hazel Dupont.

You don't know Hazel. No, of course you don't. She is just one of the failures whose story can never be told. And she had been in the Follies, too. Or at least, they said she had, though if all the ex-Follies girls in Hollywood were lined up one beside another they would stretch from here to the moon.

The first time Greta ever saw Hazel, she was slum-

bering peacefully upon the spot where Greta usually found her milk bottle. It was very early in the morning, but Greta had not learned to sleep late, and when she woke up she was hungry.

It startled her a little to find that small, soft body curled up at her door.

But it did not startle Hazel. There was practically nothing left on earth that could do that. She sat up and looked at Greta.

"AM I in your way?" she said politely. "You don't happen to have a pot of coffee or a bottle of gin about you anywhere, do you? Because if so, I'll be right in."

"I'll make a cup of coffee right now," said Greta.

Funny how her heart ached with longing, grew cold with fear that this waif of the night might turn away. You can judge from that how lonely she was. Why, she even tried to lure her in with an offer of the one egg left in her lean larder.

But the girl warded off the egg with a small, none-too-clean hand.

"Not yet," she said. "Something tells me this is not a moment to trifle with eggs. I'll stick to a liquid diet until the old tummy quits impersonating the channel on a rough day. You said you didn't have any gin? Well, maybe it's just as well. Coffee has its advantages. Who're you, sister?"

Greta told her. The words tumbled over each other. Never had she talked so much. The stored-up speech of those lonely months poured itself out and Hazel listened, frankly yawning behind her cigarette.

"Sister," she said, "I've heard that story oftener than anything else in this world except

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 136]

"But—what shall I do?"

The man looked her over with wise and weary eyes and then he told her to go back to the farm. He had seen so many girls come to that window that he could usually tell from whence they came—he always advised them to go back there.

"Hollywood doesn't want any more untrained girls, unless they've got money or folks or a job," he said. "It's no place for them. Breaking into pictures is the hardest game in the world."

But that peculiar stubbornness that was so much a part of her had settled upon Greta's lovely face. She did not believe him. They never do.

The endless tramp-tramp from studio to studio. The refusals—sometimes mere shut windows with a painted sign "No Casting"—sometimes a rude and bellowing voice—sometimes no answer at all. Greta's feet, so unused to pavements, followed the old, old trail and no detail of it was changed.

At night, she went to the picture shows on Hollywood Boulevard, by herself.

And when she was not tramping from studio to studio, she stayed in her little room, that was like a prison. Her body, used to physical toil, to the outdoors, ached and cramped in its narrow confines. And discouragement engulfed her in black waves.

But Greta came of a race used to indifference, used to coldness, used to long waiting. A race that has more often battled and conquered the indifferent sea than any other. Her own movements and thoughts were slow. So she could wait without that panic of nerves that drive most girls mad. As long as she had something to eat—not enough, for she never had quite



DOLORES COSTELLO—considerably less soulful than usual. After playing a wistful *Manon* to John Barrymore's *Des Grieux*, Dolores takes another fling at modern melodrama. In "The Third Degree," she goes from wide-spreading skirts of the 18th century to no skirts at all

Five in

1

Edna Huber, studio hair-dresser, conducts these little lessons in bobs

Pauline Starke's variation on one simple hair-cut. Try these before your mirror



The Coquette. For that flirtatious feeling. Part it from ear to ear and pompadour the hair straight back. The bangs are curled flat to the forehead



The Frizette. Ideal for that Greenwich Village romp. Or that Montmartre mob. A tumble of tiny curls that stray in wild confusion. Popular for Wednesday and Saturday nights



The Ritzette. Just the thing to go with orchids and limousine. Looks well under an imported hat. Hair parted to the side and swept across one eyebrow. Wear this and write your own check

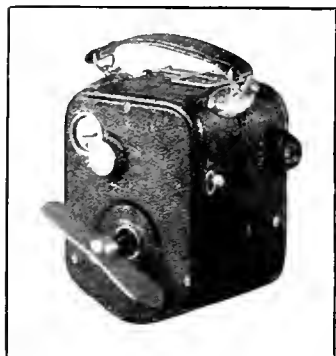


The Surfette. Ready for a dip into the ocean. Right for any sport. Coiffure sleek and smooth. Parted to the right with hairslickedbackover the ears and plastered to the head

The Demurette. Guaranteed to attract the minister's son. Neat but not naughty. The kind of hair-dress father approved of. Parted in the center, it is waved over the ears. Wear it to the strawberry festival

The Amateur

Conducted by Frederick James Smith



The Pathex
with motor unit



Cine-Kodak Model B
in operation



The Filmko
showing spy-glass finder

AMATEUR motion picture photography is now within the reach of everyone. Adventuring with a movie camera today is no more expensive than maintaining a good radio set.

If you haven't invested in your own movie camera yet, a glance over the field will be of keen interest to you. Before selecting a camera you will have to face the problem of deciding what size film you want to use. Do you want to take your pictures on standard film stock of the size used in all professional motion picture cameras, 35 mm., or will you use the smaller 16 mm. or even smaller 9 mm. size? The amount of your investment will depend upon this decision.

Naturally, there are advantages to the various sizes. Suppose you decide to use the highly popular 16 mm. size film. You will find a certain distinct saving. There are sixteen pictures to a foot of standard 35 mm. film. A foot of 16 mm. film carries forty pictures. In passing before the camera or projection machine lens one hundred feet of 16 mm. film

occupies the same time required by 250 feet of standard film. Thus 100 feet of 16 mm. film is the condensed equivalent of 250 feet of standard stock.

Eastman non-inflammable 16 mm. stock comes in hundred foot lengths, costing six dollars. This is the total expense of the film, since the initial cost covers the development of the reel and its reversal by a special process into positive for projection. Upon taking his movies, the amateur sends his film to one of the Eastman laboratories. The film is taken through a process of reversal so that the positive which is returned is the actual ribbon of film which was exposed in the camera.

The 9 mm. film, used in Pathex cameras and manufactured by the Pathex laboratories, has particular advantages of cheapness. This will be pointed out in the description of the Pathex camera in this article.

Suppose, however, that you decide to use standard 35 mm. film. Then you must have your negative developed and a positive print made.

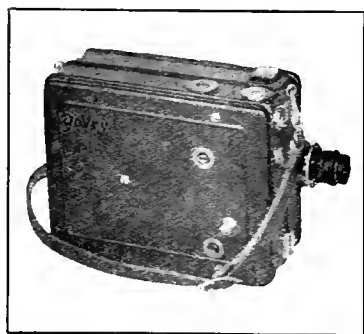
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 74]

Easy to Make Good Movies

If you are going to make amateur movies, do it intelligently. It doesn't cost any more to make pictures that you will be proud of. It is simple when you know how. Follow this department closely and you will improve your movies immeasurably.

If you do not own an outfit now you will soon. So learn about it now.

Don't miss a single month.



The De Vry Camera
using standard film



Cine-Kodak Model B
as portable as a kodak

Next Month: Full Descriptions of Projection Machines for Amateurs

Movie Producer

Making the Home Movie Production

MR. ROBERTSON is one of our leading motion picture directors. He is the maker of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Sentimental Tommy," "Classmates" and other well known photoplays, and recently completed "Annie Laurie," starring Lillian Gish.

WITH the advent of the new "baby" motion picture camera, as professionals term the little instruments by which any amateur can take pictures that move as easily as of yore he made kodak snapshots, a new and interesting branch of amateur photography has opened up.

I refer to amateur photoplays. Amateur theatricals we have had with us these many years, but heretofore translating these to screen drama was too expensive.

But, with the use of the new amateur cameras, operated by clockwork, so simply that any amateur can make perfect pictures; taken on a special narrow film that gives nearly three times the action to the foot that the standard professional film does, and—this is important—at a nominal cost, amateur screen plays are as easily arranged as amateur stage productions. In fact—even more easily.

In arranging an amateur screen play, the would-be producer must bear in mind one of several things. First, it is desirable



Director John S. Robertson operating a Bell & Howell Eyemo

By John S. Robertson

to choose outdoor settings as much as possible, as the cameras are designed for outdoor use, and the elaborate electric lighting equipment of a studio is not to be had for such work.

However, the amateur may create interior settings after a fashion in this manner:—choose the side of a barn or wall, and on it hang a drape of burlap, hang a few pictures, spread a carpet before it and place furniture on this—and you have a section of an interior setting that will pass very well. You might even use wallpaper, placed on the side of an exterior wall with thumbtacks, for the "interior" wall.

Then, at a height of ten feet or so, fasten a sheet by the corners with tacks, and with strings and poles bring it out toward the camera so that it forms a sort of canopy, over the camera range, to break up the hard shadows. Use nothing heavier than a sheet for this.

At once you have a miniature studio at very little cost.

Reflectors can be used to catch the sunlight and deflect it into the faces of the players to bring them out. Boards or pieces of cardboard about two by three feet in dimensions should be used. These can be

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What the Amateur Is Doing

THERE are some fifty thousand amateurs operating motion picture cameras in this country at the present moment.

Most amateurs miss the fun of assembling a film. They take shots here and there, without continuity or selection, and then store their reels away on shelves. Actually, they have had only half the fun of the amateur movie producer. Learn to cut and edit your film. Learn to make sub-titles. Learn how to assemble the result into a reel with story and humor.

Every amateur should have a rewinder and splicer. These come at various prices. A very fine outfit costs \$14. Every amateur should have some sort of an arrangement to make titles. The Bell & Howell Company puts out a crack title board outfit for \$45. You can make successful titles much cheaper, of course. With the Bell & Howell board, however, you can make animated titles with cartoon and other comic effects.

We are not advocating a lot of spending for the amateur. We are pointing out that, without titling and editing, you are missing fifty per cent of the fun. Maybe more.

THE usual amateur is disappointed if every shot of his first reels is not perfect. Don't forget that professional directors and cameramen, with unlimited studio resources and for-

tunes to spend on a single picture, take thousands of feet of film. Often as much as 200,000 feet of film are shot to make a single picture, which comes to your theater in 7,000 or 8,000 feet. Actually, if you achieve one especially fine shot in every hundred feet of film you are hitting a higher average than the best professional cameraman.

WITH spring coming and the unlimited opportunities of the warm months opening up, every amateur should get at least one reflector. It is impossible to get good outdoor shots of people without reflectors. Professional cameramen use whole batteries of reflectors to get the lights right upon the faces of players. For instance, reflected light from below is needed to offset the strong rays of sunlight from above. Too, you need them to get modeling to the shadowed sides of faces.

Reflectors are about the cheapest thing an amateur can get. Build your own out of thin boards or beaver-board. Paint them with white kalsomine paint or aluminum paint. On extremely bright days, drape thin gauze over them to kill the blinding reflections.

Try backlighting. You know the sort of glow that always follows the little blonde around in professional

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\$2,000 IN PRIZES

For Motion Picture Amateurs!

Get next month's PHOTOPLAY for full rules and details of its big \$2,000 contest for motion picture amateurs.

A grand prize of \$1,000, a second prize of \$500 and five prizes of \$100 are to be offered for the best reel of film produced anywhere in the world by an amateur. Details of film length and time of submitting will be printed in the April PHOTOPLAY.

Will the Screen Back

Is "The King of Kings" going to bring about a great spiritual awakening—a new impulse to Christianity?

If DeMille films the Life of Jesus with the power of his own belief, the illusion will seem like a modern miracle

THE greatest thing in the world is being attempted. What it may mean to humanity is so tremendous that I think every heart must beat a little faster before the mere thought of it.

The motion picture is going to try to reproduce for you the life of Jesus Christ.

I am one of those who did not think it could be done. I am still not sure that it can.

But I have had one of the greatest thrills of my life in the revelation of the attempt—of what its success might mean to the hungry, seeking, hard, restless people of today.

If Jesus could live again today! Then we would know.

Or if we could have been in Jerusalem when he was there!

How would you like to have lived in the days of Jesus? How would you like to have followed him for three years while he lived the greatest, the fullest, the most dramatic and successful life ever lived? How would you like to have seen the raising of Lazarus, to have heard the high priest, Caiaphas, put to rout by the clever brain and subtle wit of the carpenter of Nazareth, to have witnessed the casting of the seven devils out of Mary of Magdala?

Think for a moment of the privilege of being one of the twelve.

If Cecil De Mille puts the life of Jesus on the screen the way he believes he is going to, you will come so close to all those things that the illusion will seem like a modern miracle.

The story of the three years of Jesus' ministry is the story of stories—the greatest story ever told. Whether you are religious or not, you

are bound to admit that the master writers of all ages have failed to approach it. It builds from climax to climax as no other story has ever built in history or in literature. And its supreme climax is man's dearest hope, the proof of immortality.

The man who moved through those three years is the most interesting figure of all time. He is the man whose ability Napoleon envied, the man whom you somehow know Abraham Lincoln regarded as a friend, the man whose face Da Vinci labored for years to paint to his own satisfaction.



BUT more—ininitely more—his life has been the spiritual impulse and vitality of mankind. A great religious leader and teacher has said that Jesus' acts were of higher importance than his words. Those acts, written in simple, unadorned words, have kept alive the flame in the soul of humanity for over nineteen hundred years.

And now you are to see those acts through the one perfect medium which art has evolved for reproducing them—for making them live again.

You are to follow him amid the hills of Judea and the valleys of Galilee.

And I predict, having seen some of this most amazing film, that having seen it you will never be quite the same again. The crucifixion, the resurrection, will never again be just words to you, no matter who or what you may be. You cannot look upon them in this vital illusion of reality that the screen gives you and ever go back to just where you were before.

Mankind's great Symbol and Hope of Immortality — the Saviour who died to prove that there is no death, vividly shown in "The King of Kings"

Bring Christ to Us?

By



Adela
Rogers
St. Johns

"I went to scoff at the screening of Christ. In all sincerity, I tell you, I remained to pray"

What is that going to mean to the world?

Is it going to bring about a great, new, spiritual awakening? Is it going to give a new impetus to Christianity?

I believe that more people will see this picture than have ever seen a motion picture before. I believe that they will be drawn, as they have always been drawn, by the fascination of the Christ-idea. I believe they will come because in every heart, no matter how hardened, how cynical, how unbelieving, there is a little spark of love for the Friend of Little Children, for the man who said, "In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

And it may be that those people are going to be the most fortunate people who ever lived, since Jesus was actually here among men. It may be that they are to be brought nearer His life and His mighty works and His tender words than any other people have ever been.

FOR they will see with their eyes the garden of Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives.

A master director, with millions of dollars at his command, with long years of experience in every department of motion picture making behind him, and with a consecrated ideal of whose sincerity I am absolutely convinced after many doubts, is working day and night, as I have never seen a man work, to give them that unbelievable experience.

That director is Cecil B. De Mille, the man who made "The Ten Commandments."

When you think for a moment you

will see that it was inevitable that the life of Jesus should be screened, sometime. From the very first motion picture, I should have seen that, myself. It is the ideal and perfect medium—ininitely greater, more real, more accessible in every way than artist's canvas or the plays of Oberammergau, or even pilgrimages to the Holy Land.

I think my feeling that it could not be done arose from my fear that no one and nothing could equal the conception we create in our own hearts. And this, in some measure, will always be true of people who have deeply loved and closely studied the New Testament.

But there are many people who have no such vivid conception.

And there is another side to it as well.

I simply cannot tell you the feeling of *reality* that this thing gives to me.

I have seen some of it in the making.

I am a pretty hard-boiled picture spectator. For years and years I have been looking at sets—this stupendous mechanical achievement, that enormous spectacle, this artistic triumph. I am very tired of sets. I have watched all the great stars work and all the great directors direct. I am pretty familiar with methods, tricks, ways and means. I am not easily fooled nor easily stirred by motion picture acting in the flesh. I know how often the leading lady will start to chew gum as soon as the camera stops cranking her death scene.

Moreover, as I have told you, I went down to the De Mille studio prejudiced against this undertaking,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]



H. B. Warner, the man who must sink all his own personality in the supreme rôle of Christ in Cecil B. De Mille's stupendous film of the Bible

The Greatest and Simplest of All Contests

\$15,000 In Cash

Prizes for Ideas for Motion Pictures



You don't have to be a writer. No experience required. Your idea in 200 words may

"You've got it! That idea for a movie ought to get you one of those big cash prizes PHOTOPLAY is offering."

win a small fortune. Watch PHOTOPLAY for ideas, suggestions, helpful hints. Now get busy

MOST of the finest pictures made today are based on simple ideas. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, greatest motion picture company in the world, knows that there are thousands of picture devotees who have ideas for screen productions. They want them and are offering \$15,000 in cash prizes. They want the idea. Great writers will be employed to develop them and make them into picture scenarios.

Everyone has an idea. Yours may be worth thousands of dollars. Put on your thinking cap, and see that April issue of PHOTOPLAY for full details.

Starts in April PHOTOPLAY

On newsstands March 15

Order in advance to make sure of getting your copy. Take no chances

By Ruth
Waterbury

The Revolt of the Angel

YOU would think that a girl like Lois Wilson, who has never had a moment's hard luck, would be happy. You would think a girl with her beauty and her fame would feel she had the world licked to a stand-still. A girl who started as a stenographer, who won a beauty contest, and became a leading woman; who has for eight years been one of the best leading women in films and who has had a fine salary with mighty Paramount, should be happy. Instead Lois Wilson is miserable.

Iris March from beneath the brim of her *Green Hat* suffered all for purity.

Lois from beneath her smart new bob is ready to suffer all to abandon her purity, cinematically speaking, of course. Movie vamps before they die get glimpses of starring contracts. But the movie good die young by boring themselves to death.

Thus Lois, the pure, the beautiful, believing she is doomed if she keeps on in the spotless rôles she has been playing, is up in arms against herself. And she seems terribly unhappy about it all.

IT was a cold grey day when I visited Lois to ascertain whether any of the fantastic things I had been hearing of her lately could possibly be true. The cheerless winter light had filtered into her apartment. Outside chains rattled on the snow-encrusted wheels of taxicabs. Manhattan is irritable on a day when snow is melting. It is desolate. That desolation rather than the spirit of any mad wild life was present, somehow, in Lois' rooms.

She, herself, looked rather like a precious book, bound as she was in scarlet leather.

Her dress was yellow kasha and the scarlet leather made several belts here and there upon it, holding on tiny ruffles, the last of which just skirted her knees.

That impudent dress, her scarlet lips and cheeks, her too bright eyes were signals of her mood, the new mood of Lois that all New York has been talking of.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]



Behold Lois Wilson, her career hanging by a hair cut. Paramount guaranteed her perpetual purity if she'd go back to long hair and to being the name rôle amid the hills and cows features. But Lois left them flat



YOUNG Dorothy Arzner always has been a playmate of the movie great. Years ago, Dorothy's father was host of the Hoffman Cafe, a rendezvous for ambitious but unknown screen folk. And Dorothy, as a child, was a favorite in the little circle. Now, thanks to her old friends, she has joined the ranks of the great herself.

Good-Bye to Another Tradition

By



Ivan
St. Johns

Dorothy Arzner overcomes a studio prejudice. She is the first woman director in ten years

Of course the first thing you will hear is that she was the best cutter in the business. That single-handed she cut "The Covered Wagon," that Fred Niblo simply raves about the way she cut "Blood and Sand," that Jimmy Cruze wouldn't have anybody else to cut "Old Ironsides."

YOU wouldn't think a girl would get so all-fired excited about a megaphone, now would you?

If somebody handed her a diamond tiara or a sea-going yacht, that'd be one thing. But a dinky little megaphone made out of red cardboard which probably cost about a quarter!

Yet when they presented it to little Dorothy Arzner she looked the way I have always imagined Victoria did when they placed the Crown of England upon her head. Upon my word, I believe if everybody hadn't been looking, she would have burst into tears. There have been other women directors, of course, but they have nearly always been their own producers as well—have had their own money, made their own stories, co-directed with somebody else. All, with the exception of Lois Weber, have ceased to be directors.

If I could tell you half the prejudice there has always been in Hollywood against women directors, you would understand a little of what it means to have Paramount deliberately hand over a megaphone to a woman. Yes, it's something unusual.

There is no job in the world as hard, as nerve-breaking, as continuous, as loaded with responsibility as that of a motion picture director. The scenario writer does his part, and is finished. The actor comes on then and does his. The cutter steps in.

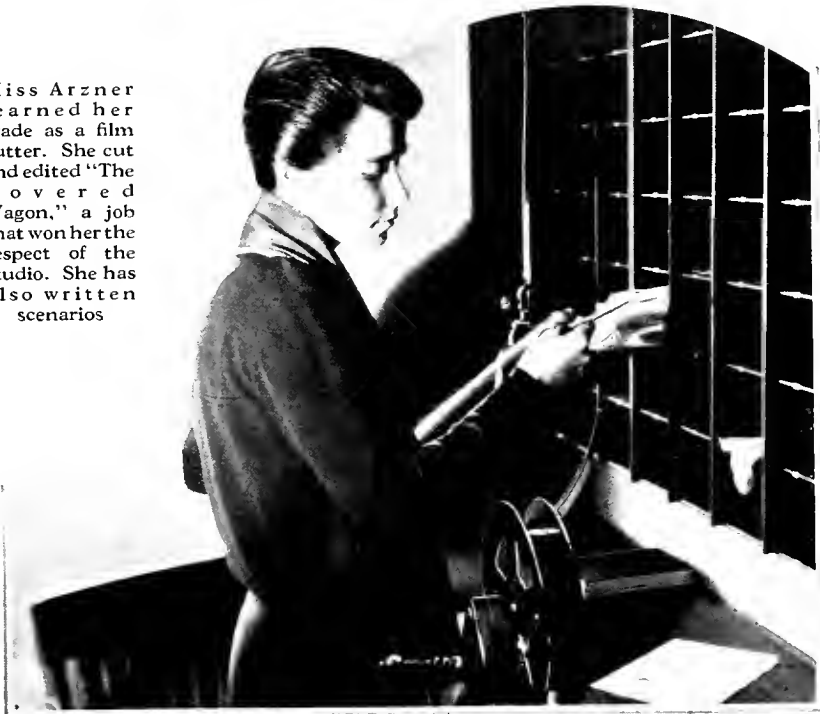
THE director goes all the way through. The final responsibility for everything and in everything rests upon his shoulders. Physically, it is an endless, wearing, terrific job. It means being at the studio before anyone else and staying at night to the last flicker. *Hard work.*

"Women to direct?" Producers and big producing organizations have always said, "I should say not. They can't stand it. They haven't got the head. Too much to do, too much detail, too much executive ability has got to go along with the artistic side of it all. Nowomen!" Look at her, look at the situation, and you say to yourself, "What in the world did she have, this girl, to overcome that prejudice, to break through what had become practically a tradition in the industry? How did she do it?"

What is a cutter? That's the question.

Well, briefly, the cutter is the one that takes the umpty-nine reels the scenario writer has written, and the umpty-steen reels the director has shot and makes them into the five, six, seven up to twelve reels that are released. He is the fellow who takes the photographed film and cuts it so that it runs smoothly—often edits it, taking out what can come out and leaving in what must be there. Most good directors supervise cutting. But a good cutter is always invaluable. More pictures have been spoiled in cutting than anything else. Take "Twinkletoes," for example. When I saw it in twelve reels, it was one of the screen's masterpieces, a great artistic triumph. When it had been cut to seven and sent out to the world, it was [CONTINUED ON PAGE 142]

Miss Arzner learned her trade as a film cutter. She cut and edited "The Covered Wagon," a job that won her the respect of the studio. She has also written scenarios



How Much Leg

Can a girl be modish though modest? Paris decrees complete freedom of the knees.



Find the man who wouldn't like to be a traffic cop in Paris this spring. Legs across the sea will support the mode as Mlle. Marcelle Lucas illustrates



Josephine Dunn, the Paramount Junior star, is perfectly willing to meet the new style half way. A little hiking at the hipline will do it and there is, you can see, no reason why Josephine shouldn't do so



Very well suited is charming Anna Q. Nilsson with her trim tailor-made. The modesty test of any short skirt is the sitting position



Photo by Kadel & Herbert

But when she's just being herself around the studio, Miss Dunn doesn't go in for the higher things. She drops her skirt a little below her knees and lets it go at that

Should a Lady Show?

The film favorites emphatically say NO to Paris' brief skirt decree.



The Borden baby of the Fox lot likes them short. Probably she feels her movie standing's taken such a rise recently her skirts should follow suit



Tomboy Leatrice Joy says she doesn't like her knees making public appearances when she sits. Which decides the length matter for her

Greta Nissen, standing or sitting, thinks good form has everything to do with the matter. The better the form, says Greta, the briefer the dress goods



The Marquise versus the mode. By many Gloria Swanson is considered the screen's best dressed woman. Yet Gloria has her hem close to her slim ankles



Paris Cannot Make Skirts Shorter When Movie Girls Refuse to Obey



Clara Bow beats the game by wearing them long and short at once, down in back and up in front



No ladylike limb limitations for Dorothy Sebastian of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She goes in for sports and makes short shift of them



Deliver Alberta Vaughn from long dresses. Never will she wear them. Paris can fly as high as it likes. Alberta will follow



She may be a movie madcap, but Colleen Moore announces she favors skirts "short and sensible"



Esther Ralston effects a dainty compromise. An uneven hem line of chiffon with soft scallops solves her dress question

What Happens to YOUR Movie Money

By



Frederick James
Smith

THIS is no business for a piker. Don't think because you have \$15,000 you can make a picture. \$15,000 would last you just long enough to meet Wallace Beery.

Today it costs \$250,000 to make an average, every-evening movie. Super pictures run all the way up to four millions.

The film audience is the most pampered audience in the world. It pays an average admission price of thirty-five cents and expects to see at least a good portion of a million dollars blown in before its very eyes every evening.

A stage play can be produced for \$10,000. An admission price of five or six dollars can be charged. There is hardly any gamble involved for the producer. The spoken theater audience can either take it or leave it alone.

Back in 1903 it cost \$150 to make a movie—to be exact, to manufacture "The Great Train Robbery." It costs \$250,000 today for Famous Players to produce the films starring Richard Dix, Thomas Meighan, Bebe Daniels and its other luminaries. You paid ten cents to see "The Great Train Robbery." If admission prices had kept pace with production costs you would pay a little more than \$166 to get inside a screen theater today. The movie ticket costs would be about the same, too, in relative comparison with the spoken theater's low overhead and high admission price.

There are good reasons why producers can afford to make

"The Ten Commandments".....	\$4,500,000
"The Four Horsemen".....	4,500,000
"The Birth of a Nation".....	4,500,000
"Way Down East".....	3,500,000
"The Gold Rush".....	3,500,000
"The Covered Wagon".....	3,000,000
"Robin Hood".....	2,500,000
"The Miracle Man".....	2,000,000

\$250,000 pictures day in and day out. There are more movie theaters—and consequently greater distribution. Which means more money coming back in rentals. Exhibitors have bigger and better theaters and can afford to pay higher rentals for bigger and better films. And the foreign market has been developing rapidly since the end of the world war. This has become an important, and ever growing, source of revenue.

YOU can remember the first million dollar film. It was Erich Von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives." Carl Laemmle, head of Universal, had not intended to spend the million, but Von Stroheim maneuvered him into the position of celluloid spend-thrift. So Laemmle put up electric signs announcing the million. Even the Germans are spending money on films today. "Metropolis," the UFA feature, cost \$2,000,000. Pretty soon you will hear of a Scotch studio making big one-reelers.

Nowhere but in a movie theater can you get such a marvelous return for your money. The pampered film-goer sneers at make-believe settings and any sort of sham. He must have the real thing in Saharas, silks and sapphires. Actually he gets a Rolls-Royce for the price of a scooter every time he goes around to his neighborhood screen theater.

Perhaps you have protested because you spend twenty-five cents at the theater around the corner. Or eighty cents downtown. Forget it. Only amazing business organizations make it possible at any price.

Hold tight, and listen to these figures. There is a total investment in the film business of \$1,500,000,000. The capital invested in and around Hollywood alone runs to \$1,125,000,000.

The annual cost of making photoplays ran to \$165,000,000 in 1925. The cost for the present screen year will top \$200,000,000. Authorities estimate the average weekly attendance in the 20,233 theaters of the country at 130,000,000. Assuming that the average admission is thirty-five cents, the annual paid admission total runs to \$2,366,000,000.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]

1903.....	"The Great Train Robbery".....	\$150
1907.....	Kalem's "Ben-Hur".....	\$500
1910.....	Griffith's Early Pictures.....	\$1,000
1914.....	Average Picture Costs.....	\$10,000
1917.....		20,000
1923.....		75,000
1925.....		150,000
1927.....		250,000

News and Gossip

By Cal York



Gertrude Ederle shows Wallace Beery the stroke that conquered the wild waves of the English Channel. Mr. Beery has ambitions to be the first man to swim the Channel in a full dress suit. He's training hard for the feat in the bathing pools of Beverly Hills

WE want to be the first to tell you the good news. Mae Murray is expecting a baby elephant in the spring. It isn't mere hearsay. Upon stepping off the liner that brought her home from Paris, Mae volunteered this interesting information: "We have ordered many things for our new home, and all our friends are searching for a baby elephant. All my life I have wanted one. My adorable new family also love elephants, so we will be expecting him in California very soon."

MAE'S contract with Metro-Goldwyn is a thing of the past and Mae now intends to make her own pictures. The trip to Europe with her husband, Prince David Mdivani, was in the nature of a pilgrimage to Mdivani's home town. It is best to let Mae tell you about it in her own words.

"I understand why my husband is as he is," says Mae, "since meeting his wonderful father. He is like a father of childish dreams—of books we love. My European trip has been very full. Every time we entered a restaurant, the musicians would play the 'Merry Widow' waltz.

"I saw the marvelous work of Mr. Sert, the Spanish artist. He is the greatest painter since Michelangelo. His pictures are like The Magic Carpet—they transport you to the fairyland and he visualizes for you. As soon as our new home is completed, we are going to have him do a room for us of the Arabian Nights. That room will be a great help. To enter and close the door will mean leaving all the troubles of the day outside."

MAE hadn't been on the home shores for very long when an ugly rumor arose that Mae had gone to Cincinnati to have her nose remodeled. Mae indignantly denied it, and finally the following explanation was forthcoming.

It seems that a Mrs. Margaret Mergentime visited the facial specialist. After the operation had been performed, someone—either Mrs. Mergentime or a nurse—sent the following wire to Mr. Mergentime: "All ready to go to Hollywood and star. Signed, Mae Murray." Anyway, the wire started the rumor, and Mae was filled with indignation. And the Mergentimes, when called upon to explain, were covered with confusion.

If you want to acquire grace and poise, learn to fence. In addition to keeping you slim, fencing has the further advantage of requiring a most becoming sports costume. Norma Shearer is taking lessons and you will see her do some fencing in her new picture, "The Demi Bride." And please notice Norma's new way of wearing her hair



"ABSOLUTELY untrue. Perfectly ridiculous." With these words John Barrymore set to rout any reports of a divorce between Mrs. Barrymore and himself. They have been separated two years while John has been picture-making in Hollywood, and Mrs. Barrymore, under the name of Michael Strange, has met with success in the East as poetess and playwright.

THE "for sale" sign swings from Lew Cody's house. Fannie Hurst's "two-breakfasts-a-week" plan is in disuse. Lew and Mabel Normand Cody are being sheltered by her roof, and seven breakfasts and dinners a week is the order. As soon as Lew's home is sold, they intend to market Mabel's, and then build an entirely new home for both.

Can it be that Hollywood's gilded butterfly is turning to a meek domestic moth?

HAVE you heard the one, retailed in the "Film Mercury," about the slightly *passé* feminine star who said she didn't know whether to have her face lifted or join United Artists?

CATHERINE HILL and Adolphe Menjou often meet to dine in a cosy twosome at Montmartre or the Ambassador, but from Catherine comes only denials, augmented by a "pish, pish and tush!" from Menjou. In the meantime Catherine is seeking a divorce from her husband, Ira Hill, the Manhattan photographer.

of all The Studios



The favorite exercise of prize-fighters and dancers. Joan Crawford jumps rope for ten minutes a day. This picture was taken in her own backyard and proves why California real estate prices are what they are

THE height of filial generosity was reached, it seems to me, when Adolphe Menjou purchased two adjoining lots in the exclusive Los Feliz section of Hollywood, and made plans to erect a \$100,000 home on one property for himself and a smaller, but equally pretentious residence, for his mother.

AN extra girl flapped into the Hollywood Public Library. "Say," she said to the librarian, "I want that Darwin hook everyone is talking about—'Oranges and Peaches.'"

After a little hard thought, the librarian figured out that she wanted "The Origin of Species."

THE Valentino home was stripped of its possessions when furnishings, hangings, paintings, horses, dogs and motors went under the gavel of the auctioneer. One of the first things that was sold was Falcon's Lair, the beautiful Beverly Hills home, which will be occupied by Jules Howard, a New York jeweler. He paid \$145,000 for it. The painting of Senorita Gaditana by the Spanish painter Beltram Masses was also purchased by Howard and will hang, as it was in Valentino's life, in the great drawing room of his former home.



When D. W. Griffith visited the Cecil De Mille studio, De Mille asked him to direct a scene for "The King of Kings." So a few hundred feet were made under his direction. Jeanie Macpherson (right) was formerly an actress in Griffith's company

Adolphe Menjou, one of the few film people at the auction, purchased an antique cabinet and a Spanish carved screen; Eleanor Boardman bought an album, Thomas Santschi's wife secured a silver dinner service, Alberto Guglielmi, Valentino's brother, bid and won a coupe and many intimate belongings. A white marble hand of Valentino, exquisitely modeled by Prince Troubetskoy, was the first possession to be sold.

Six hundred people, some curious, others sad, watched the hundreds of relics and prized personal belongings, memory-laden, pass into strange hands.

THERE is nothing like the pioneer spirit to enable one to find adventure—even in Hollywood.

Recently Maria Corda, the Hungarian beauty, and her director-husband, Alexander Korda, came to Hollywood, where they will make pictures for First National. They set out to explore Hollywood. They came back quite enchanted, and told Colleen Moore and John McCormick of the most delightful little restaurant they had discovered tucked away in Hollywood in an out-of-the-way spot.

"It is quite delightful," they said, "and they have the quaint custom of dancing during lunch." John and Colleen, ready for an adventure, agreed to go to lunch with them the next day.

They did—only to find that the restaurant the Corda-Kordas had "discovered" was the Montmartre—famed for years as a rendezvous of movie stars!

IT has remained for "Punch," the dear old British funny paper, to spring the best line on the Chaplin separation. Says "Punch": "Mr. Charlie Chaplin is getting so much notoriety from his wife's threatened divorce proceedings that there is some talk of his going in the films."

THE greatest event in the life of Frances Marion has just occurred. Far greater than the success of any of her screen stories. Greater than "Abraham Lincoln," "Pollyanna," "The Winning of Barbara Worth," "Stella Dallas."

Greater than the time she crossed the Rhine, one of the first woman war correspondents. Greater, almost, than when she married Fred Thomson, war chaplain, all-around athlete, now a tremendously popular Western star.



Anna May Wong shows Renee Adoree how to eat with chopsticks. But Miss Adoree looks as though she still preferred the Occidental knife and fork. Miss Adoree plays a Chinese rôle in "Mr. Wu"



They are getting to be big children now. Cissy Fitzgerald introduced her daughter, Cissy, Jr., to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Francis X. Bushman, Jr. Why doesn't some bright producer select an entire cast from the sons and daughters of famous stars?

She has a son. And Fred Thomson is as gloating a father as anyone could find. Even "Silver King," his flashing white steed, must idle in his stall while father gazes admiringly upon the first child of the house of Marion-Thomson.

They haven't decided whether young Master Thomson will follow in father's Western tracks or whether they shall give him one of mother's scripts to play with. At present he is leading a very healthy, and much adored, babyhood on the Marion-Thomson estate high in the hills near the sea.

D. W. GRIFFITH arrived in Los Angeles after seven years' absence to be met by many of his old friends who braved the early morning hours to greet him. Joe Schenck, Douglas Fairbanks, Sid Grauman, Josephine Crowell, George Fawcett, Seena Owen, Charles Mack, Estelle Taylor, they all surged about Griffith, who was so overcome by the reception that he inadvertently kissed a bearded track walker. Probably he was under the impression he was an old-time friend in character for a Biblical rôle. For the benefit of the press, Griffith conceded that Hollywood was the only place to make pictures, and that he was returning to do that very thing.

NO one will know, but when "The King of Kings," C. B. De Mille's masterly effort, reaches the screen, it will be the combined efforts of two great directors, C. B. De Mille and D. W. Griffith. Don't get excited, Mr. Hays, it happened this way. On Griffith's recent visit to the coast he called on De Mille, who was about to shoot a scene.

De Mille, after the greetings, handed Griffith the megaphone and told him to direct the scene, with the result that at least a hundred feet of "The King of Kings" was filmed under the direction of D. W. Griffith.

CLEVER, these Chinese. Anna May Wong, for instance.

She was rolling rapidly down the lane in her little roadster when out popped a cop.

"Stop, my dear young lady, stop!" he ordered. And she did.

What she got for halting was a neat tag for speeding.

"Sign your name here," commanded the policeman. And she did. But she signed it the way her father had taught her—in Chinese—and bowled away, leaving the cop scratching his head.

SUCH humor in the Hollywood Christmas presents this year. Such ribald, rib-tickling, fun-poking humor. Pickled pigs' feet in an earthen crock with a fat felt pig that squeaked, from Estelle Taylor to Jack Dempsey. Jack's favorite fruit. Outside, in the driveway, however, from Estelle to Jack stood a smart maroon coupe with silver hound leaping from the radiator cap.

A billiard table from Mabel Normand Cody to Lew. Could it be a subtle hint for Lew to neglect his master of ceremonies duties? To Mabel from Lew, for no good reason, an accordion.

A little live lamb from Jack Gilbert to his baby daughter, Leatrice Joy II. That assures her of a sheepskin jacket for her college days and lamb stew.

Charlie Murray gazed mournfully at seventeen cigar lighters, "Guess they want me to smoke here, instead of hereafter."

A miniature saddle, all hand-tooled and wrought in silver, from Tim McCoy, the Western star, to Pauline Starke. She's looking, now, for a pint-sized pinto.

AFIVE-GALLON jug of homemade wine, concocted by Patsy Ruth and Winston Miller, for their dad. Red ink, vinegar, water, a vile combination. "Spit it out, dad!" they warned in chorus, at his first tipple. "That's terrible, Pat!" scolded mother. "Oh, but it wouldn't hurt him," the kids answered in unison.

DIAMOND bracelets galore. A diamond and sapphire band from Harold to Mildred Davis Lloyd; a diamond circlet, fabulously priced, to Mabel from Lew Cody; diamonds and emeralds in glistening design from Jack Dempsey to Estelle; her first diamond bracelet from mother and dad to Pat Miller. A slim platinum chain on the arm of Rosetta Duncan, "Topsy" of the Duncan sisters, and the diamond and platinum letters of "Hyme," her nickname, dangling from it. From "Jake," her sister.

CHARLES CHAPLIN turned Santa Claus to his two little boys, and Christmas eve a truck drove up to Lita Grey Chaplin's house with two hundred dollars worth of toys, ranging from non-sinkable steamships and a complete small fire department to a drum, a violin and other musical instruments. There was also a tricycle for Charles, Jr., and a go-cart for Sydney Earl, the baby.

ARTHUR STONE, comedian, gave Lloyd Hughes a handsome transparent rubber raincoat. There was a miniature tire-patching set in one of the pockets, on which Stone had written, "For road repairs."



Three members of the Oxford debating team speak in the affirmative. Clara Bow, the collegiate's favorite, wins without an argument. Gary Cooper, standing in back of Miss Bow, attended Dunstable School in England. The Oxford boys are studying movie making—heh, heh!



Ramon Novarro and Ernst Lubitsch test some of the "props" for "Old Heidelberg." It is very important that there shall be no faking in pictures. Near beer, for instance, would be all wrong in this story

EMIL JANNINGS received a single gift and gave but one. Mr. and Mrs. Jannings exchanged presents—a shaving brush for Emil and a chow dog for the wife. "Now Mrs. Jannings, she uses my shaving brush to brush the dog's hair," commented Jannings with a mournful smile.

"**TALK** about useless Christmas giving," wailed Eddie Cantor as he unwrapped a racoon coat from a friend in Minneapolis. "Guess I'll have to trade it for a straw hat and some light-weight sport wear, now I'm making pictures in Hollywood."

"**MERRY** Christmas from Mother," read the little tag on the wheel of a handsome Rolls Royce which Bebe Daniels found in front of her door when she awoke to look in her stockings to see if Santa had visited her. There was also a green rubber touring car in front of John McCormick's house on Christmas morn. On this the card read—"Merry Christmas from John to John." Guess John knew what he wanted and was playing safe.

JACK HOLT simply can't wait for another Christmas to pass on his most startling gift to some unsuspecting friend. He's now looking for some one who has a birthday soon. John Waters, his director, gave Jack a mountain lion cub, and it simply won't get along with Jack's great Dane.

THERE'S great rivalry between Frank Lloyd and Wallace Beery over their trout-fishing prowess. Both lands a huge one—every time he goes fishing alone. So Wally got a huge rubber trout from Frank for Christmas. It was built along the lines of a tuna. The card read—"Here's a model taken from life on the last big one I landed. Merry Christmas—Frank."

FLORENCE VIDOR had a wonderful Christmas. It reunited her with her little daughter Suzanne Vidor after weeks in New York. Her most cherished gift was a little painting by Suzanne herself in a frame purchased from pennies from Suzanne's savings bank.

THE month's most unimportant news item. Ivan Moskvin is very sore at Ivan Moskine for using a name similar to his own. Ivan Moskvin is a member of the Moscow Art Company and plays in foreign pictures. Ivan Moskine appears in "Michael Strogoff," and has been signed by Universal. He is not the Moskvin who made the hit in New York with the Moscow company.

Therefore the first Ivan says that he will tear off the second Ivan's crepe hair whiskers if he doesn't do something about changing his name.

ANOTHER name has been added to those immortals—who, Elinor Glyn says, have IT. Down in history with John Gilbert, Gloria Swanson, Rex, King of Wild Horses, and Vilma Banky, goes the name of Arthur Bridges, Pacific coast tug boat captain.

Clarence Badger was Mme. Glyn's confidant when she made the big discovery. The company was working on Bridges' boat.

He took the captain in on the secret.

"Madame Glyn says you have IT," Badger confided.

"I never even knew we were playin' tag," replied the tug boat captain, who had evidently confused his verbs a trifle.

MAY ALLISON is to play the woman in "The Woman," tentatively retitled "The Telephone Girl," the successful stage play of a decade ago, which Herbert Brenon is filming at the Long Island Studios of the Famous Players-Lasky Company. After poor breaks in half a dozen pictures, beginning with "The Greater Glory" and ending with "One Increasing Purpose," it looks as though she had an emotional acting part worthy of her talent, and a director who can make the most of it.

GARDNER JAMES and Marion Constance Blackton became Mr. and Mrs. James at a ceremony which was attended by a score of motion picture celebrities.

Patsy Ruth Miller was one of the bridesmaids, and after the wedding the young couple left for a seaside resort for a short honeymoon.

AT a recent opening, I was standing in the theater lobby talking to Arch Reeve, head of the Lasky publicity department and two or three other lads of the same persuasion, all former employes of Reeve who are now working for other studios.

Just then Lew Cody came up, gave the bunch the once over, and slapping Arch on the back, said:

"Good old Arch! To know him is to leave him."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]

Don't Go to

Is the Advice of PHOTOPLAY'S
Writer Who Tried
BREAKING INTO THE MOVIES

By
Ruth Waterbury

DON'T go to Hollywood! Don't go! Don't go, no matter what beauty, talent or youth you have, no matter what inducements are offered you.

I have no words to express it strongly enough. Stay away! I saw things in Hollywood, heard them, learned of them, when I was posing as a girl trying to break into the movies that I want to forget.

Understand, there is no vice, as such, among the extra girls of Hollywood. Their only vice is ambition. But that vice consumes them.

Adela Rogers St. Johns, in her story of *Greta* in "The Port of Missing Girls" in this issue of PHOTOPLAY, states that stellar success in Hollywood is a ten thousand to one chance. That amazing figure is absolutely true. And a girl's even getting a single day's work is a thirty to one chance, with the cards stacked against her.

For every Betty Bronson, for every Sally O'Neill, talented, beautiful, lucky little kids who get the break and rise to sudden stardom, there are 9,999 girls who never get any-

where—who strive, suffer, and starve, and never get a close-up.

It is not alone that a girl cannot reach fame in Hollywood. She can not reach anything there—not that tenderest dream of women, the love of some good man; not that maintainer of self-respect—a good job. Nothing, unless she is the lucky girl.

This is not the fault of Hollywood, the city.

My call on the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce persuaded me of that. To get to see the publicity man of the office, I had to pass five very beautiful girls.

"ALL trying to break into the movies," he explained. "When Central Casting turns them down on registration, they come to us. We always issue the same advice. Go back home. If a girl has to have help, we have an arrangement with the Chamber of Commerce in other cities that helps us get her back to her own city."

"The city of Hollywood is for the movie people, absolutely. But as its representative, the Chamber of Commerce is bending every effort to keep these unwanted people from coming here. Unemployment produces bad conditions. After all, Hollywood's only a small place, not a manufacturing community or a big trade center. They can't get work in the movies and they can't get work in ordinary lines. The jobs aren't here, that's all, and for those that there are, the supply is ten times too great and pulls down the wage scale. But we get these aspirants back to their homes somehow, if we even have to make them accompany a body."

Then it was explained to me how many a disillusioned girl reaches home by acting as chaperon to a corpse. The dead are not supposed to travel alone. So when a body must be shipped out from Hollywood, the railroad lets the Chamber of Commerce know, and some girl gets a free ticket for performing this gruesome job. Adventure can not possibly end more abjectly than this. Don't go to Hollywood!

There simply is not room for another girl in any line in Hollywood. The girls who go there and stay in face of all the pressure there is on them to make them return to their homes must face utter failure.

I KNOW what I am talking about. I gathered these facts for myself, living as the extra girl lives.

Take, first, the simplest thing, loneliness.

I have no conception how the average girl, fresh from home, stands the loneliness of Hollywood. Its kindness, its charity is there, but it is extremely difficult to get at either. Friendships are quite impossible. You see, very occasionally, intense attachments between two individuals on sets, but Hollywood is primarily a city of individuals, intent on self, as any city must be where everyone is excessively ambitious. Everyone is afraid

Fancy your chance in that instant's grace before the casting window, beauties to the right of you, acting geniuses to the left, a hard-boiled, disillusioned male gazing critically on your crow's feet. Think you could triumph?



Hollywood!

of everyone else, as it must always be where the only standard is that whoever can get in movies, can get in, and whoever can't, can not. Hectic wealth on the one hand, hectic poverty on the other, unreality and sunshine, silence and watchfulness. There can be little conversation in such an atmosphere. Few can afford to be helpful. The two-faced tomorrow is always just ahead, tomorrow equally compounded of fear and hope.

Long before I lost my editor's bet of five hundred dollars that I couldn't break into movies, I moved from the Studio Club, for I regarded those girls, protected from Hollywood, some of them supported by indulgent parents, the others within reach of charity when it was needed, as no true picture of the extra girl. I moved, still under an assumed name, to a cheap little hotel, in search of local color. And it was there that the Hollywood loneliness got me, as I was facing my first Sunday alone.

THERE are three movie houses on the main section of Hollywood Boulevard, and those are the only amusements you can reach without a car. One is the luxurious Egyptian Theater, but its cheapest seats cost more than a dollar. The other two, offering pictures I had already seen, did not seem worth fifty cents. I knew no one to telephone. I wanted plain, human companionship. Finally I went for a walk.

He was standing near the corner of Las Palmas Avenue as I approached it. His face, though young, was marked by the heavy lines which almost always characterize the actor. His smile insinuated many things. I tried to ignore him. I bought popcorn from a curbside stand. I bought magazines in a drug store. I went back to the quietest corner of the hotel lounge, but I couldn't discourage him. He sat opposite me, staring, until curiosity conquered me.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]



Not an extra girl in ten thousand has a chance of becoming a star. It's a lucky break that even gets her a single day's work in a mob like this



TELL IT TO THE MARINES—M-G-M

NO, it doesn't tell about the Marines at Belleau Wood. It doesn't touch the World War. But it clicks as a story of the making of a marine. *Skeel Burns* is a race track tout, and a fresh one, until he wanders into the service. The hard boiled *Sergeant O'Hara* moulds him into something else again. The high spot of "Tell It to the Marines" is a fight between a handful of leathernecks and Chinese bandits. It's a thriller.

This picture is going to do a whole lot towards making a star of William Haines. He does very commendable work as *Skeel Burns*. Lon Chaney, sans grotesque make-up for a change, proves himself as an excellent actor by his playing of *O'Hara*. Indeed, his *O'Hara* has all the authentic earmarks of a real, honest-to-Tunney marine.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



THE KID BROTHER—Paramount

THIS newest of Harold Lloyd comedies takes its place among the popular comedian's best efforts. We place it well below "The Freshman," just back of "Grandma's Boy" and "Safety Last," and a thousand miles ahead of "For Heavens Sake."

"The Kid Brother" is a bucolic comedy. Actually it is a comedy "Tol'able David." Harold plays *Harold Hickory*, youngest of the fighting *Hickorys* of Hickoryville. He is kicked about by the rest of the *Hickorys* until, like *Tol'able*, he proves himself. That all comes about after a pretty little girl of a traveling medicine show gets stranded in the hamlet. The strong man of the defunct troupe steals the village funds, the elder *Hickory* is suspected, but *Harold* recovers the coin and saves the family name.

"The Kid Brother" is full of snappy gags. Perhaps the best comes when *Harold*, hiding from the murderous strong man in a deserted boat hulk, puts his shoes on a little monkey belonging to the medicine show. The strong man chases the clattering boots all over the boat. There are scores of other good gags.

The bespectacled Lloyd gives a human, mellow comedy performance. He was never better than as the timid *Hickory* who saves the day. "The Kid Brother" marks the last appearance of Jobyna Ralston as Lloyd's leading woman. She does the medicine show girl with charm and appeal. Miss Ralston has been an excellent foil for Lloyd, and he isn't going to find it easy to get a successor.

Hand it to Harold! You'll want to see "The Kid Brother." Lloyd never mixed a pleasanter blend of laughter and pathos.



THE GENERAL—United Artists

THEY'RE kidding everything now and any day you may expect to see U. S. Grant and Robert E. Lee break into a Charleston. Not that they do it in "The General," but Buster Keaton does spoof the Civil War most uncivilly in his new comedy. Buster is a locomotive engineer who saves a whole Confederate army single-handed. There is an undercurrent of heroic satire in the way Buster is always saving the moron heroine in crinolines. *Annabelle Lee* is a gorgeous laugh at all the helpless young ladies of historic fiction, if you read between the pictures.

They spent a lot of money on "The General." A whole train is wrecked in a deep ravine, if that means anything to you. We mustn't neglect to add that the basic incidents of "The General" actually happened.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

THE KID BROTHER THE FIRE BRIGADE
TELL IT TO THE MARINES
THE GENERAL BLONDE OR BRUNETTE
THE MUSIC MASTER

The Best Performances of the Month

Harold Lloyd in "The Kid Brother"
Charles Ray in "The Fire Brigade"
William Haines in "Tell It to the Marines"
Lon Chaney in "Tell It to the Marines"
Eugenie Besserer in "The Fire Brigade"
Greta Nissen in "Blonde or Brunette"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 144



BLONDE OR BRUNETTE—Paramount

THIS has verve and sparkle—and Greta Nissen. Not, of course, to overlook the suave Adolphe Menjou, who contributes one of his neat high comedy performances. "Blonde or Brunette" is an adapted French farce, playing, of course, upon the problem of marriage. Yes, it is a bit rakish at times, but it is charmingly played and directed.

Henri Martel grows sick of the fair Parisiennes and marries a simple country blonde. The blonde, prompted by a spurned brunette, adopts the ways of all the giddy Parisiennes. So *Martel* gets a divorce and weds the wily brunette.

You will find "Blonde or Brunette" sophisticated stuff. Not, probably, the thing for grandpa or little Willie. But, for your adult eyes, we heartily recommend the piquant Miss Nissen.



THE FIRE BRIGADE—M-G-M

IF the spectacle of a gallant Irishman rescuing an orphan, perched on the roof of a blazing building, fails to thrill you, then that is your curse and this picture is not for you. But any picture in which an Irishman rescues an orphan is, fortunately, pure gold to the great majority of this still human race.

"The Fire Brigade" is made of simple stuff. But we refuse to call it hokum.

Hokum is a quality that cheats you by offering you something false to play on your emotions.

This film doesn't cheat. The thrills in it are not only tremendously exciting, but real. And it is silly to say that the story is childish because young men often join the fire-fighters out of sheer bravery, and they too often die in the performance of their duty.

So this picture of peace-timedaring and bravery is quite honest entertainment. For one thing, it is splendidly presented.

Personally, this reviewer found the race to the fire, with the horse-drawn vehicle winning over the motor apparatus, more exciting than the chariot race in "Ben-Hur." And the scenes showing methods of fire-fighting will delight small boys with noble ambitions. It is a picture that will warm anybody's blood.

Charles Ray makes the hit of his career as the young fire-fighter. It is his best and strongest acting. Eugenie Besserer is wonderful as the mother whose sons are killed in duty. And May McAvoy is a lovely heroine. All in all, a swell thriller.

Especially recommended for the children.



THE MUSIC MASTER—Fox

AS delicate as a Chopin melody, this faithful version of the Belasco stage success is aimed directly at the heart-strings of the older generation. Its sentiment and its story belong to the days of the nineties, and many a mother will sigh with remembrance at its love scenes.

It is a slender legend, the chronicle of an old music master and his daughter, separated for sixteen years through the faithlessness of the girl's mother. The old musician has become reduced to poverty in his long search for his child, but, when his last possession is gone, she, all unknowing, comes to him as a piano pupil.

There is real tenderness in Allan Dwan's direction, exquisite playing by Alec Francis and Lois Moran, and a shy newcomer, Helen Chandler, who looks like a real find.

**THE LITTLE JOURNEY—
M-G-M**



EXCEPT that its plot is a bit thin, this would be listed among the six best. Rarely is a film done with such simplicity and perfection. A girl, journeying to her fiance's home, meets a man on the train and falls in love with him. That's all. But it's delightful. William Haines, Claire Windsor and Harry Carey give charming performances. Robert Leonard wins honors for his direction. Don't miss this when it comes to your town.

**BERTHA,
THE SEWING
MACHINE
GIRL—Fox**



BERTHA and Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model were always the highlights of the use-to-was stock companies. They did right by our Nellie when they brought her to the screen, but Bertha got a mean deal. They took Bertha real seriously and turned her into a modern jazzy sheba with a wicked villain pursuing her, but wait—the handsome hero does some tall stepping to poor Bertha. And then Bertha learns he is just a poor millionaire struggling along in this world.

**THE
POPULAR
SIN—
Paramount**



THEY met, they married, they divorced, they each re-married. All four were unhappy. The wife of the first part divorced her husband of the second part. He married again, a girl the first husband loved. Another divorce. Second husband goes back to first wife for happiness. Thus, the popular sin. It's as muddled as it sounds, and not too funny, despite Malcolm St. Clair's direction. Florence Vidor, Clive Brook and Greta Nissen head the cast.

**NEW YORK—
Paramount**



THIS is no skyscraper, though some of New York's colorful contrast is shown. The story had possibilities, being the saga of *Michael Angelo Cassidy*, a musical genius of the slums who pounds his way up through Tin Pan Alley to the heart of a Fifth Avenue heiress. It is conspicuously miscast. Ricardo Cortez, excellent actor that he is, will never make a *Cassidy*, and Estelle Taylor overacts violently. This will do for an evening you're not feeling critical.

**IT—
Paramount**



AT last Elinor Glyn has sidestepped her famous royal characters and has given us a story of the everyday working girl. And Clara Bow is the girl—so you know what to expect. Clara is just marvelous as the peppy little saleslady who has IT personified. From all appearances Clara is the only person who will fill the niche in Paramount stardom left vacant by Gloria Swanson. And Paramount feels the same way—just watch Clara from now on. Good stuff.

**ONE
INCREASING
PURPOSE—
Fox**



AS. M. HUTCHINSON'S novel of the unsettled post war days of England and an army hero seeking his purpose in life is badly translated to the screen. There is so much story detail that one feels overburdened and confused with the entire piece. Too many ingredients in the recipe. At no time does the story jell on the screen. Edmund Lowe, May Allison and Lila Lee all did excellent work to no avail. Harry Beaumont directed.

NOBODY'S WIDOW—
Producers
Dist. Corp.



SUMMER BACHELORS—
Fox



GOOD entertainment—no ifs and ands about it. Charlie Ray, who has been unfortunate in his rôles of late, just romps away with the whole piece, even though Leatrice Joy is starred. There is one amusing sequence that is a gem. Leatrice marries Charlie after a whirlwind courtship. She believes him unfaithful, and returns to her friends as a widow. Charlie appears on the scene and makes matters hot for Leatrice. But anyway he wins her back again. See it!

MEANT to be hot stuff, Warner Fabian's story of the husbands who play while their wives are away on vacation, promises much more than it fulfills. Imagine a bachelor girl—she's Madge Bellamy—who is opposed to marriage but who makes her acts censorproof by going into a coma and wedding the hero while hypnotized. Indiscretion becomes idiocy after that. There's a newcomer, Leila Hyams, who runs away with the acting honors. Allan Dwan directed suavely.

JIM THE CONQUEROR—
Producers
Dist. Corp.



THE POTTERS—
Paramount



JUST another of the famous feuds between the cattlemen and the sheepmen, set against a background of beautiful scenery. William Boyd is the very handsome sheepman who outwits the cattle guys. Elinor Faire is the most unattractive and colorless leading lady ever placed in front of a camera. The gorgeous scenery, if that is all you care to see, is worth the price of admission—the remainder of the picture isn't. Need we say any more?

THE subtitles are funnier than the scenes, which is always a bad sign. Perhaps the star, W. C. Fields, will blame this on the director for making him play a middle-aged, middle-class clerk without the benefit of a single gag. Fields is *Pa Potter*, a hero to nobody except on pay day. He invests the family's life savings in oil stock, loses all, but unlike everyone except screen characters recoups to make a million. Not so bad as entertainment and not so good.

THE LADY IN ERMINE—
First National



THE PERFECT SAP—
First National



THIS tries very hard to be oh, so naughty, but all grownups will get out of it a grand ha-ha at the seemingly *risque* situations. Directors should remember this is the twentieth century—but we won't go into the subject any further. The entire cast resembles the greatest assemblage of bad actors—Einar Hansen, Francis X. Bushman and Ward Crane. Corinne Griffith is also included in the above mentioned Armour class—even her famous beauty is missing here. Pass.

WILL register as pleasant entertainment with most audiences. It's all about a wealthy boy who has a hankering to be another Sherlock Holmes. He gets mixed up with a gang of crooks, and how he solves the mysterious robberies is nobody's business. Ben Lyon, wearing Harold's famous goggles, is the hero. Pauline Starke is very attractive as the newspaper girl out to get a story. Virginia Lee Corbin, Diana Kane and Sam Hardy complete the cast. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]

How to Hold Your

Bad mental habits, not the flight of time, etch the tell-tale lines of age on your face

phoid fever can possibly be. It sums up in this statement:

A faulty adjustment of the mental and emotional life is, in all too many cases, a chronic, insidious and dangerous disease. In extreme instances, many poor women are groping through life with infantile minds in adult bodies.

THE Class on Keeping Young is now called to order. And the subject of today's lecture is how to lift the face without the aid of facial surgery; how to keep slim and active without the aid of Dr. Hokum's anti-fat pills.

Last month, Dr. Eugene Lyman Fish told you some of the causes of old age—the germs, the parasites and the chemical disarrangements that turn us into subnormal human beings long before even half our life-span is past, adding it is God's will that with the help of science and common sense, you should remain young in appearance and feeling as long as possible.

And last month, too, we learned some simple tricks of hygiene that help overcome the almost totally unnecessary handicap of growing old.

This month we will learn some about the dangerous mental habits that are as fatal to good health and beauty as a pastry diet, an abscessed tooth, bad gin or a case of ty-

By Agnes Smith



phoid fever can possibly be. It sums up in this statement: A faulty adjustment of the mental and emotional life is, in all too many cases, a chronic, insidious and dangerous disease. In extreme instances, many poor women are groping through life with infantile minds in adult bodies.

FOR these rules of mental hygiene, I am indebted to Dr. Edward J. Kempf of New

York. Dr. Kempf is an eminent psycho-analyst. Like all things that combat superstition and prejudices, it is a science that demands considerable bravery. So in the rules of mental hygiene, prepare to have some of your pet habits condemned as dangerous. And prepare to have some of your feminine tricks exposed as childish and ridiculous.

Dr. Kempf says that mental hygiene simply boils down to the simple maxim, "Don't worry."

IT is a journalistic platitude shouted from the house-tops by amateur and professional optimists. And yet—perhaps because it is so heavily emphasized, it remains unheard. It has become more heeded in the breach than in the observance.

The average woman, told not to worry, answers aloud, "But I can't help it." And in her mind, her process of thought runs about as follows: "It is all very well for this sap to tell me not to worry, but the cook is leaving, the furnace needs repairing, the living room needs new curtains, little Mabel has failed in arithmetic, the acid from the radio battery has burnt a hole in the rug, there are four grey hairs in my head, and I think my husband is interested in another woman."

Whereupon the average woman keeps on worrying, without taking any definite steps to set her muddled world to rights.

It is the duty of psychology to set to rights the jumble of minds that have so deteriorated through lack of use or misuse that they rattle like an old Ford. This is where the rules of mental hygiene must step in and explain a way to vanquish worry and fears.

Here are Dr. Kempf's rules for keeping young and attractive—and incidentally for gaining that chief of all feminine charms—an amiable disposition.

FIRST of all, remember that the giving of love is more important than getting it. Most women want to be admired and loved. They want to be petted. (The word "petted" is not used in the collegiate sense.) They want to be sheltered and coddled and made much of.

And when they don't get this sort of love, they feel that life has cheated them. It is better and healthier to love, to admire and to protect than to eternally demand these emotions of others.

The heaviest damage to beauty is caused by suppressed or misdirected emotions. Artists and actresses who, by the very nature of their work, must free their emotions, actually stay young longer than women whose life is outwardly serene but inwardly a mass of suppressed feelings.

Worry during sleep brings about loss of beauty and old age more nearly than any other factor. Tormented rest is worse than no rest at all. Therefore, never retire at night with a grouch or hurt feelings. If you are angry, explode and get it over with. Lose your temper. A flare of temper is soon over and leaves no wrinkles. Square accounts with yourself at night. Insist on getting satisfaction. A rousing scene of ten minutes is better than a week's grouch.

Proving that you can be on your toes even when you are resting—as posed by Carol Dempster



Youth

Organize your next day's work before going to sleep. Map out your day, carefully and systematically. You'll sleep sounder for it.

Begin the morning with a jump. A few brisk exercises will help a lot. Those added minutes in bed help put on fat. They also reduce your energy for the day.

And here is a radical rule. It is one that will upset a lot of feminine tricks. Don't hide jealousy. If you hide jealousy, it twists your thoughts in a way to make life very disagreeable. Come out in the open with your jealousy and get it over as quickly as possible.

IF YOUR digestion is upset, if you are harboring fears, if your peace of mind is disturbed, it usually means that you are concealing jealousy. If coming out in the open with your jealousy makes you too disagreeable to live with, you have two alternatives. Either you must learn to be a good fellow and give up being jealous, or you must get a divorce.

But don't forget that jealousy is your own fault. It is caused by the infantile method of getting love—the craving for eternal admiration, eternal coddling.

Jealousy is not the result of getting old; it is the cause of getting old. Pouting, sulking, hurt feelings, peevishness, obstinacy and revengefulness are absolutely guaranteed to trace wrinkles on faces.

For good health and staying young, every woman must surrender these infantile tricks and learn the mature method of giving love, of being fair, of working courageously, of accepting tough luck, of being a good sport, of having faith in herself.

Dr. Kempf believes that every woman should take up an outdoor sport, if not for her health and looks, then for her mental good. Every woman should learn to accept life as a game. If you lose, play it over the next day. If you win, don't gloat. The gloating winner is a poor loser.

WORK and live in beautiful surroundings. Put good pictures on your walls and reproductions of great art around your house. If you can, have a garden, and work in it. If you can't, grow flowers in the house.

Dr. Kempf finds that neurotic women are poor readers. And his cure for neuroses is a good book. One should always be reading some delightful book. It expands the imagination.

The movies, psychologically considered, are a great safety valve. The screen brings to life our ideals. And this is as it should be. The little boy who admires Douglas Fairbanks will try to cultivate health and cheerfulness. The girl who adores Norma Shearer is not going to fall into slovenly habits.

Above all, don't take life too seriously. Neither must you turn it into a jazz dance. The jazz mania spoils your ability to work, to concentrate. Neither must you go crazy on golf, religion or other excessive interest. Take your pleasures sanely.

These are, after all, simple rules. Their very simplicity makes them easy to break. If you break them, day after day, week after week, the results will be written on your face. And that is no idle threat. If you can hold to them steadfastly for a week or a month, they will become a fixed habit, a second nature. And you will be building up your most invaluable insurance against old age.



Four sure ways of cultivating wrinkles. Let your mirror guide your disposition. Carol Dempster demonstrates her ability as an actress by posing for these examples of mental habits that should be avoided by every woman. Russell Ball took the pictures

A lady enjoying a case of the blues—also letting herself in for thick ankles and round shoulders





IN spite of her ultra boyish bob—the most feminine of all stars. Leatrice Joy brings to the screen a quality of charm, romance, and gay comedy that gives grace and deftness to the most trivial plot.

Guess



One. He used to play kings—or at least dukes—in costume dramas. There's no money in being a royal villain these days so he turned private in the army.



Two. Years ago, after a matinee in Colorado Springs. A member of an English burlesquetroupe. Poor but happy. Who?

Three. Just a silly old bean, watto? It's Archibald, the old fruit. The comedy tricks he learned in England are coining money for him today. Look again and you will recognize him.



Four. The hero of a hot comedy called "Cinders of Love." Because of the moustache, this gentleman adopted the name of a sea-going animal. All together now! Of course it is—



How many of these
comics do you
recognize?

Answers on Page 118



Six. Now we
have you
fooled. This is
not John Bar-
rymore.
Nor is it
Lon
Chaney.



Five. This is really too
easy. Since his early days
as a comic Dutchman,
this swell slapstick artist
has been stealing pictures
from ladies and gentle-
men who take their
drama seriously. Plays
with or without mous-
tache.



Seven. For years he played
the clumsy servant girl
in a series of comedies.
Then he discovered that
villainy pays well. But
he's gone back to his
original business of mak-
ing them laugh. Take a
long, hard look.



Eight. A solemn child—
and a smart little fellow.
As a kid, he was a head-
liner in vaudeville. He's
been doing acrobatic
stunts since he was a
baby. Naturally, he had
no trouble in landing in
the top ranks of screen
comedians.



ESTELLE TAYLOR has developed a regular habit of stealing pictures. Her latest was her runaway performance of Lucrezia Borgia in "Don Juan." Across the page Miss Spensley tells of Miss Taylor as an actress and as Mrs. Jack Dempsey.

The Girl with Sexpression

By
Dorothy
Spensley



THERE is something about Estelle Taylor. I've been trying to find the word for it ever since I met her.

Something in the toss of her head, the curve of her body, the half-pout of her crimson lips, the velvet black of her eyes.

Charm? Sure. But something more. Personality? Oodles. Beauty? Plenty. Sex appeal? Something more than that.

Then suddenly I had the word. "I've got it!"

"What?" said Estelle looking alarmed.

"The word that describes you," I, elated, told her.

She smiled. You know how she smiled in "Don Juan"? You know how her arched upper lip curved higher? That's the trick it performed then. She smiled more. Then she laughed, broadly, tauntingly.

"I'll bet I know. 'The bunk' or something like that."

That's just like Estelle. Always depreciating herself. I don't believe she has any ego. If she has, it is kept trained, a malleable mass that she shoves to the background. Maybe it's her sense of humor that beats her ego into a retiring pulp.

I have seen it happen. Time after time. People will congratulate her on her performance of *Lucrezia Borgia* in "Don Juan."

"DON'T congratulate me," she will say. "It was John Barrymore. You can't help acting with him. He's a great actor. He's so generous, too. Gives you scene after scene." And she meant it. There is something almost fatalistic in the way she avoids compliments.

"What is the word?" Estelle asked, doubtfully.

"Sexpression."

"Sexpression?" There was still doubt in Estelle's voice. "It sounds immoral. What does it mean?"

"It means everything. It is the concentrated blessings of the sirens of all centuries. It is the essence of Helen of Troy's applesauce, Scheherazade's patter, Eve's snake-charming act. Your fairy godmother probably sprinkled you with it in your cradle. It's three leaps and one plane beyond Madame Glyn's IT."

Estelle looked troubled. "Don't tell Jack," meaning Jack Dempsey, her husband.

"Why not? It's a compliment. Why, gee, it should make us famous — just like the Smith Brothers!"

"That's all right, but I'm not a cough drop. Still you

Miss Spensley told Estelle Taylor that she had coined the word *sexpression* to describe her.

"It sounds immoral," Miss Taylor protested. "Anyway, don't tell Jack."

haven't told me just what it means." This from Estelle.

"It—it means the power to express sex appeal, I think. Wait a minute. Yup. That's it. The power to register sex appeal. And that's what you have and more. You've got *sexpression* and you're an actress besides. That makes it even better." I tried to impress this upon her.

Visions of fame swam through my head. A purple diaz next to Madame Glyn's. Anoint my head with stardust, oh handmaiden of the Hall of Fame. I've coined a new word.

"Don't be silly," said Estelle, bringing me down from a couple of downy clouds. "Don't be silly. I haven't got it." And then she laughed. I could see Ego doing a nice tailspin with Humor ascending.

"No, I don't suppose you have," trying to save Ego from a complete smash. "I suppose you thought you looked like a maiden schoolmarm when you did *Miriam* in 'The Ten Commandments'?" We might as well have it out now.

"Well," said Estelle, alibiing herself, "it was a great costume."

"That was *sexpression*—not costume," I said severely. "And *Mary Stuart* in 'Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.' That was *sexpression* and acting, too. And 'Don Juan.' You just stole the picture, that's all, with it. And still you say you have no *sexpression*."

Estelle was silent, as she should be when she argues a point.

She had just returned from New York where she had been busy stealing another picture. This time it was "New York." The dogs were glad she was home, four of them, the littlest a Pekinese. There was a parrot outside who was glad too.

ESTELLE looked around the room with its low lacquered tables, comfortable arm chairs and deep lounge. There was warmth in her tones: "I'm glad to be home." Jack was in the garden conferring with the architect about a four-car garage with ball and billiard rooms overhead. The Dempseys are home people. They go out a great deal, they travel a great deal, but it is by necessity—Jack's profession, Estelle's career.

They had just returned from Salt Lake City, Jack's home town, where they had accompanied his mother.

[CONTINUED ON
PAGE 143]



She was going home, beaten,

Life for a Night

By
Jean Dupont



Illustrated by
Harley Ennis Stivers

"**M**ANANA" land! That's Hollywood. Not as the lately vanished Spanish regime may have meant the word, the cheerful postponement till tomorrow of everything that can be postponed, and much that shouldn't be. In the Cinema City, "tomorrow" is the day of hope, a glorious day. It may bring a square meal or a Rolls-Royce. Today you may be dodging your landlady. Tomorrow you may be flirting with the newest real estate subdivision. Boston may dwell in the past, New York clutch madly at the present, but Hollywood lives for tomorrow.

Amber Evans believed that on some tomorrow she would be a star. Any tomorrow might carry her a step onward to the goal. Anticipation being what it is, she had been buoyed along for some two years of ups and downs. Because most of the people around her had the same germ, there was no one to tell her the disease was fatal.

Golden hair and brown eyes flecked with gold, twinkling ankles, poppy mouth. That was Amber. A pretty girl walking up a boulevard full of pretty girls. Beauty queen and belle of belles in Daletown, in Hollywood she was one more lovely creation in the vast show window. Just an infinitesimal part in the glittering display which evoked a yawn of boredom from the crowd, the small hypercritical group, that is, of director, casting man, and Potentate of Production.

"**I**M hurrying home to honey in my old home to-ow-n." Outside a music shop on Hollywood Boulevard, a blaring radio joined the glaring sunlight, commingling, to the noise of the traffic, a tumult of light and sound. Amber loved the friendly clamor of the Boulevard. Ever so little her shoulders responded to the tune; her toes accompanied its gayety. A dancing girl was Amber who would respond to any of life's tunes, happy as long as there was a tune! Then abruptly her joy ceased. Her step slackened. Amber remembered she was in immediate danger of "going back to honey in the old home town." In fact, she had quite decided to go.

Vivid dreams of the joy that stardom would bring had never waned. But Amber's purse contained three dollars and sixty-two cents. Her immediate prospects were just as slim. She turned a corner into one of those shaded side-streets which remind one that Hollywood was but recently an orange-grove. With the boulevard and its glamour behind her, Tod Brunt's check became a comfortable reality in her hand.

Tod ran Daletown's leading hardware and tractor establishment. He was twenty-six, indifferently blonde, and as fond

of Amber as he was of a new contrivance for shelling corn, or a clever invention for canning fruit. For Tod this was the maximum of affection. During a lull in hardware he had had a chance to seriously contemplate matrimony. So Amber had received an ultimatum and a check. The former told her to make her choice—Hollywood or hardware forever. The latter covered a return ticket to Daletown—to safety, security and a stuccoed bungalow.

Amber sighed. There was no compromise, she was certain, for Tod had never approved of the Hollywood venture. She ran prideful fingers over the golden cap, boy-cut and smart, which the sun struck slantingly. She supposed she was a lucky girl. No more skimping of body and soul. Tod was a darling and a decent sort. She had met all the sorts in the last two years. She was in a position to know. Later on there would be a car, the country club, babies. "Mrs. Tod Brunt of Daletown."

Around the corner came a low-slung car of jaunty lines. Over it were draped some four or five young men, as carelessly careful of dress, as lean and sportslike as the car. In their midst an elevated camera box stamped them as part of a company on its way to location. Hands went up in hearty greeting, "Hi, Amber, La, Amber." The girl responded. She remembered them vaguely as star, director, camera-man with whom she had worked one time. "Squint" Miller, the camera-man, had been a dear. Three, four months ago, in Las Vegas on location, he had chased away a drunken cowboy and trotted all over town to find her a clean and quiet place to stay. He was

when she found the magic ticket



"Miss Amber Evans — Hollywood's Golden Girl," the announcer megaphoned. She started the long, long march to the theater entrance

semester of her life, she had majored in hard knocks with laboratory courses in Humanity. In the large and varied sorority of working girls Bunny was senior. "Whatinell's matter?" It was the language of a truck driver in the tones of a mother-bird.

"Bunny, I'm going home and marry Tod. He sent for me to-day."

"Send you the jack?"

"Yes."

"Gee, I'm glad, honey. Gosh, you lucky kid. No more walking the weary, no more faking the paint. Little white cottage 'n'all the trimmings, huh?"

Amber nodded.

"Gee-ee!" Wistful envy. Bunny's boy friend was third assistant camera-man. Bunny permitted herself to dream, now and then, amid the nervous speed of the cutting room of a cottage in Lankershim. But only occasionally. Bunny had been born in Los Angeles and had grown up as a child actress

part, now, of her vanishing movie career. She watched the car out of sight—"Miss Amber Evans of Hollywood."

Up two flights of stairs, in an old frame house, which had once been proud, but had come down in the world, Bunny was waiting for Amber.

"Luvva Mike. Thought you'd never come. Open up the table an' take the milk outta the window-sill."

Amber halted in the doorway. Bunny, flipping a hamburger, turned to superintend the job. A wise woman, Bunny. Every

siren word to which women between nine and ninety cannot help giving ear. She listened to the future, caught the fever. In a gale of laughter and tears supper was finished, the dishes washed.

It didn't take long to pack Amber's things. A tiny trunk, a suit-case, her make-up case, battered veteran of many studio lots. Somewhere in the process Bunny slipped from her own particular treasure hoard the "set of undies" she had mentioned.

"If someday I should own three mansions, a hotel and a house-boat, I'll never forget this room," said Amber with a backward glance for the ugly, friendly cubicle, already forlorn in the places where Amber's belongings had been.

"You gonna turn on the glycerine? This time next month you'll be wonderin' what you ate to give you a nightmare like this. C'mon."

It was a momentous expedition up to the boulevard to pick out the white garters. Veil, orange blossoms, white satin might be impossible, but Bunny insisted on these. They were priced, moreover, within the difference between what Bunny absolutely could live on, and next pay-day.

There was a blissful moment of giggling barter with a sale's girl, a tiny moment for Amber of the flushed and envied joy which is the inheritance of a bride. Homeward bound they had already planned Bunny's first visit to the stuccoed bungalow that was to be Amber's when she found it! So engrossed were they that when Amber trod upon the tiny pasteboard square, only the hole in her shoe brought it to her notice.

Amber picked it up. A shriek from Bunny. "It's a ticket to the opening! This must be your birthday!"

Amber held the ticket out. "You take it, Bun. You've always wanted to go to an opening."

"Don't try to pull that number. You're the one who is going away. As for me, gee, in a little while I'll be going to openings every night, rollin' up in my town car and a mink coat."

Amber wasn't deceived. "Please take it. I have to rest up for the trip tomorrow."

"Listen, dearie," Bunny regarded her. "You know what marriage is these days. You may be resting for thirty-five years in the sticks. When you're married I'll still be a bachelor girl with lots of wide-open nights ahead of me."

"Then maybe we had better turn it in at the box-office. It might be traced."

A FLASH of withering scorn from the little cutter. "Not a nickel in your pockets, but you want to play Santa Claus. Snap out of it! Luck's with you. Go to that opening. It's dropped at your very feet. You'll have to hustle if you're going to be there on time. Beat it home and get into my white georgette. I'll drop in at Maizie's and see if I can borrow her Spanish shawl for you."

Amber realized it wasn't exactly generosity, but a certain prescience which inspired her last appeal.

"It would be better for you to go, really."

"Squirrel food, absolute! But I'll forgive you because you've had a large day. Toddle along—before I get normal and grab the ticket."

Amber knew she was about to have a dream realized. Yesterday she had enviously passed the great Egyptian Theater where "The Age of Gold" was to have its world premiere. Now she was planning to go. Yesterday no hope. Then a Hollywood tomorrow! Wonderful City! In her hand was the magic pass to three glittering

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 132]



On the rickety porch, screened by a venerable palm, Julio suddenly gathered her, floppy dog and all, into his arms. Amber did not protest the sudden fleeting warmth of his lips, his swifter leaving

with the moving picture industry. Her radiant vision of Tomorrow was slightly clouded by long experience.

"When are you going?" Briskly Bunny turned out the hamburgers. She forebore, in this crisis, to chide Amber for her inactivity, and turned to set the table, a contortionist table which could fold its legs and disappear within the wall.

"I guess I'd better go tomorrow, if it won't matter to you." "If you're broke I suppose you'd better. Hate like the devil to have you go."

Amber felt a sudden deep pang which amounted almost to fear at leaving Bunny. Bunny knew all the bumps ahead, and had always pointed them out.

"But say, honey, you haven't any glad rags—none of the 'smart an' more intimate garments which mark the bride of distinction!" Dish towel held in the manner of an up-stage sales person in one of those shops which she had seen mostly from the outside, Bunny mincingly quoted the advertisement.

"This bride will be thankful if her shoes hold out to carry her to the altar."

Amber said, "Sit down and shut up."

Bunny slammed down the plates. "No girl friend of mine is going to get married without a new set of undies and a pair of white garters. Tisn't decent."

Through the sketchy supper Bunny rattled on, while Amber listened to her trousseau being planned. "Trousseau" is the

Baby Stars of 1927



Sally Rand

Introducing the Wampus Stars of 1927. Thirteen talented kids have been selected by the Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers to be presented at the frolic and ball early in the Spring. For the past six years, the Wampus have chosen thirteen of the most promising of the younger players and press-agented them through the magic medium of publicity. Colleen Moore, Eleanor Boardman, Clara Bow and Dorothy Mackaill were among the Wampus graduates of other years. On page 82, you will find more about the lucky thirteen chosen for 1927.



Sally Phipps



Jean Navelle



Adamae Vaughn



Mary McAllister



Frances Lee



Rita Carewe



Barbara Kent



Patricia Avery



Helene Costello



Gladys McConnell



Natalie Kingston



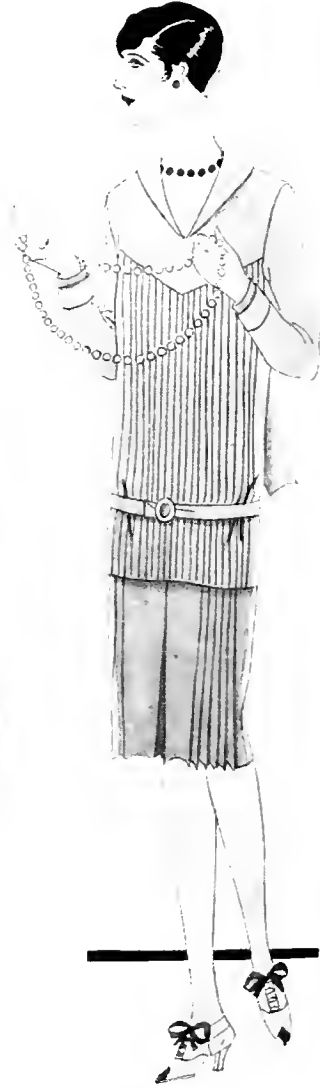
Iris Stuart

How to Dress Like a Star

on an extra's income—by using
Photoplay's Famous Shopping Service

The two-piece sweater suit at left has a smart pointed yoke and high collar, with the stripes in the front woven in diagonally, giving a new effect. The back of the sweater is striped horizontally. The skirt is on an elastic bill for comfort. In two tones of green or blue, also in navy with gray, and sand with bois-de-tout. Sizes 14-40. Price \$12.95

Very new and charming is the frock at right, of washable crepe de chine which doubles its usefulness and saves cleaning bills. The blouse has a very flattering collar with scarf ends, which, by way of being different, tie in the back. It may be ordered in beige, rose, Queen blue (copen), and palmetto (medium) green. In Misses' sizes, 14 to 20 only. Price \$15.75



A well made frock of jersey for business or general wear is the backbone of many a smart wardrobe, and the youthful model sketched at right has a flattering silk tie, a wide suede belt and front pleated skirt. It may be ordered in tan, copen, rose and palmetto green, sizes 14-20 and 36-40. The price is \$10.95

A lovely two-piece frock of crepe de chine is trimmed with motifs of hand drawnwork. This is charming for spring-wear and can be enjoyed well into the summer. It may be ordered in Queen blue (copen), palmetto green, tan or the ever-popular navy blue. The sizes are 16, 18, 36 and 38. Price \$15.75

Latest Styles—Greatest Values—Smartest Shops—at Your Service

Betty Blythe, recently returned from Europe, displays for you the latest Parisian pearl craze. The long strands of large pearls are priced at \$5.95 a strand. The smart pearl bracelets wending their snaky way up Miss Blythe's arm are very new. They are strung on wire, and take on many amusing shapes. These are priced at \$1.95, for the smallest; \$3.00 for the medium size, and \$5.00 for the large ones. It is smart to wear several on one arm.



Miss Blythe, whose charming frocks testify to her excellent taste, has chosen the attractive array on these two pages for the young girl who must combine smartness with economy. These are the newest fashion details for spring. None of the frocks is priced at more than \$15.75, and we feel sure that many of our readers will welcome the opportunity to secure the exceptional values offered here.

Betty Blythe has selected for your wardrobe that happy combination of Paris and Hollywood which is the ultimate in smartness and becomingness for the American girl, all at remarkably moderate prices.



There is youthful style and smartness in this model for the larger girl or woman. It is made of flat crepe in navy, tan, palmetto green, or black with a strip of colorful embroidery down the vest, and touches of embroidery at the cuffs. Sizes from 36 to 46. Price \$15.75.

This georgette dance frock with silk slip, for the very slender figure, has a slim bodice, picoté ruffles, and a dashing flower at the low waistline. Cap sleeves are included and may be attached if wanted. In flesh, Nile, white and powder blue. Sizes are 14 to 38. \$15.75.

HOW TO ORDER

PHOTOPLAY'S Shopping Service is famous for its smart selections and remarkably low prices. Its facilities are at the disposal of every PHOTOPLAY reader whether a subscriber or not. Send check or money order together with size and color desired. STAMPS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED. No articles will be sent C. O. D. If you are not pleased with any purchase return it immediately and your money will be refunded. IMPORTANT: Articles for credit or exchange must be returned direct to Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, and not to the shop from which they were sent.





The Lark of the Month

THE movies get 'em for all sorts of reasons. Some quit the stage for the screen because they can make more money.

Some prefer living in California bungalows to New York apartments.

Some just want to try out the novelty of acting before the camera.

But Eddie Cantor comes forward with the prize reason for deserting the stage for the films.

Eddie is in the movies because he wants to get acquainted with his wife and daughters.

That is what he says.

All the time that Eddie was playing on Broadway, his wife and four girls lived 'way uptown in New York and it was a commuter's

trip for Eddie to go home. And a commuter's life is not a happy one.

"I am leaving the stage," Eddie explained recently, "because I really must spend more time with my family than the theater permits.

"Otherwise, all I would be living for would be to leave them a lot of money.

"And yet there are some who insist that the movies are home-wreckers.

"Why, recently, when I came into my apartment after the theater, my youngest girl pointed to me and called to her mother, 'Mama, that man's here again.'

"That settled it with me. I am going to stay in the movies, so I can spend my evenings with the wife and the girls."



Mrs. VANDERBILT'S spacious English living-room, where deep divans, old Chinese chests, Ispahan rugs, books and rare prints, rest the eye with blended beauty while three windows frame the changeful pageant of East River. In a gown of silver gray crepe Mrs. Vanderbilt is informally receiving friends with characteristic graciousness and charm



In her little Georgian morning room, with its paneled walls of deal and gay chintzes, Mrs. VANDERBILT relaxes after her duties in her many charities. Especially to the Neurological Institute of New York, the only hospital in the United States devoted exclusively to nervous and mental diseases, Mrs. Vanderbilt gives liberally of her time and means

In her Enchanting House in Sutton Place
Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt
receives with gracious informality

AMONG America's great hostesses, Mrs. William Kissam Vanderbilt, daughter of the late Oliver Harriman, has few peers. Few have quite her quality of distinction, quite her high-bred charm. She entertains in her enchanting house in Sutton Place with delightful informality.

Mrs. Vanderbilt is a beauty-lover—beauty in art, in all the phases of life appeals to her. Everything that contributes to womanly charm she considers highly



No. 1 Sutton Place, New York, a fine example of the Georgian style

important, prizing all the subtle qualities of feminine grace and loveliness.

She advocates the daily use of the same Two fragrant Creams for the care of the skin that other distinguished and beautiful women sponsor. Concerning them she says: "Through the stress of a multitude of engagements Pond's Creams will give you the assurance of being your best self. And I say this with a sincerity that comes from actual acquaintance."

This is how they should be used:—

Before retiring at night, and often during the day, pat Pond's Cold Cream over your skin. In a few moments its fine oils lift from the pores all clogging dust and powder. Wipe off and repeat, finishing with a dash of cold water. If your skin is dry, a little Cream left on until morning keeps your tissues supple.

After every cleansing except the bedtime one, apply lightly just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream. It

makes a marvelous powder base, gives a lovely even finish and guards the smooth white texture of your hands. It protects your face admirably, too, when you fare forth into weather, soot and dust.

Care for your skin with these Two delightful Creams made by Pond's. They will, as Mrs. Vanderbilt suggests, give you the assurance of being your best self.



On Mrs. Vanderbilt's little old Eighteenth Century poudreuse, are painted powder boxes and jade green jars of Pond's Two Creams

Free Offer: Mail this coupon and receive free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, DEPT. Q
 114 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____



Steichen

Mrs. Vanderbilt loves unusual flowers

Close-Ups and Long-Shots *By James R. Quirk*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

IN a recent issue of the Saturday Review of Literature Jim Tully reviewed Terry Ramsaye's splendid opus, "A Million and One Nights," and draws the conclusion that because the material was first printed as a serial in PHOTOPLAY that the workmanship is not all that he thinks it should be. In the midst of his brain-straining but astigmatic criticism of the book he digresses to nominate the editor of this bible of the screen as the "Mencken of the Morons."

NOW that was mighty nice of Tully because no other scrivener whose pay check I have amputated has given me anything more than a private's rank among the brethren of the arrested development. Although he arrived in Hollywood walking the ties, and motion picture folks took him in and gave him a square meal and a bed, Tully has a habit of snapping at their hands with ink on his teeth. That's not so nice.

TULLY'S trouble is that his viewpoint of Hollywood is from the rods under a freight car, and the tinkling of a tomato can on the railroad ties is his inspirational music. The lad will never get used to a Rolls-Royce.

BUT Tully can write with the power of a blacksmith. He fashions his pen from the tail feather of a vulture and when he sets to work the air is full of words I cannot use because there is an old lady in Des Moines who would be disappointed in me.

Some day he is going to get out from under that freight car and when he does he'll write a fine novel.

THE *kontingent* system, which I proposed last month to offset the German system, which provides that only one American picture can be distributed there for every German picture made, seems to have met with favor. I suggested that for every good production sent to this country from Germany, England, France, Italy or Russia, we (the American audience),

would force a bad American picture into the ashcan of public disfavor.

So that if the nations who are trying to bar our films get a wiggle on themselves and put the effort they are now wasting on protestation into production, our American audiences will be happier, European picture makers will be prosperous, and everybody concerned with the *internationale cordiale* of pictures will be satisfied—always excepting the reformers whom even He could not please.

I NOW have a counter *kontingent* for Germany. For every director you have sent us—and the Holly Woods are full of them—we will send you one of ours.

No, that's not so good. The better ones wouldn't go, and it would be a dirty trick on Germany to send the ones we could spare.

THE Federal Censorship bill is coming up again, but the nation is not busy trying to win a war now, and is too alert to have this snooping little brother of prohibition put over on us. They tricked us into prohibition under the guise of a patriotic effort to conserve grain for food. Why not national censorship to conserve celluloid for white collars?

BEHIND every great motion picture is an idea. The idea is the thing today, not the play. The Famous Players-Lasky Company realize this and is out to get the biggest ideas in the world on which to build future productions. Their colossal success, "The Ten Commandments," was built up from an idea received from readers of a Los Angeles newspaper.

So that when I proposed to this company that they extend their search for ideas to the whole world through PHOTOPLAY they leaped at the suggestion.

NEXT month, this publication will give the details of a remarkable offer of \$15,000 in cash prizes for ideas for motion pictures. The first prize will be \$5,000—a fortune for an idea.



"A STADY HAND and a clear eye," writes Mr. Sig Smith, "are mighty important in my game." He might indeed have said that they are of life and death importance. Scaling towering skyscrapers, precariously balancing from dizzy heights, his life is one continuous series of risks. "I cannot afford to take chances with my condition," Mr. Smith adds. "A short time ago I was away off form, when a friend recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. It brought back my health then and I continue to use it because it is of great help in keeping me in first rate shape."

SIG SMITH, New York City.

Theirs the confidence of Health

Three who conquered their ills, achieved vigorous health again
—simply by eating one amazing fresh food



"**INDIGESTION** so bad I could not sleep"—
"My face was so badly broken out I was
ashamed to go around"—"Felt myself
getting badly out of condition" . . .

What a difference—to them—to their families
—when they saw their ills disappearing, their
old health and vigor returning once more. And
how simple and easy it was!

Fleischmann's Yeast is not a medicine—it is a
fresh, corrective food. The millions of tiny
active yeast plants in each cake tone up the
whole system, aid digestion, clear the skin.

Taken regularly over a period of time, Fleisch-
mann's Yeast brings complete release from
constipation. Where drugs and cathartics tear
down, yeast makes the intestinal muscles healthy
and strong. It checks intestinal putrefaction and
prevents the absorption of poisons by the body.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regu-
larly every day, one before each meal: on crack-
ers; in fruit juice, water or milk; or just plain.
*For constipation dissolve one cake in hot
water (not scalding) before each meal and
at bedtime.*

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy
two or three days' supply at a time and keep in
a cool, dry place. Send for a free copy of the
latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Re-
search Dept. 27, The Fleischmann Company,
701 Washington Street, New York.



"I WAS ASHAMED to show myself—my
face was so broken out with pimples. One day
my chum said to me, 'Why don't you try
Fleischmann's Yeast?' I thought it was a
wild suggestion but was ready to try anything.
I started in eating 2 or 3 cakes of Yeast a day,
and my face cleared right up. I got my kid
brother to try Yeast when he got to the pimply
age and it worked fine for him too."

J. W. KELLY, San Pedro, Calif.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—
aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

"MY BROTHER-IN-LAW was visiting me.
He had been eating Fleischmann's Yeast for
indigestion and was so elated at the results
that when I told him about my own troubles
he made me try it too. My sufferings with in-
digestion were so severe I couldn't sleep at
night. But after eating Yeast—I ate it with
every meal—my stomach troubles vanished.
I am now entirely well and holding down a
secretarial position."

MILDRED M. WILLIAMS, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

It's Easy to Make Good Amateur Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

One hundred feet of Eastman superspeed negative costs \$7.50. A positive print for projection costs \$6.50, or \$7.50 for non-inflammable stock. This means a total of at least \$12.50. Remembering that a hundred feet of 16 mm. film equals 250 feet of standard, the difference is readily apparent.

There are advantages to the standard film, of course. Any number of prints can be made from the original negatives, at any time, all of equal clarity and definition. Duplicates can be made of the 16 mm. film, but not with the complete success to be had when utilizing a standard negative.

Fine photographic results can be obtained with either standard or sub-standard film. In fact, it is probable that the amateur can obtain better results with the smaller film. Indeed, the most inexperienced amateur can't go wrong with the smaller film. A good movie is far easier to obtain than a good still shot.

STANDARD film is better where professional results are aimed at; when you want to commercialize your work. If you care to obtain pictures of factories or industries for sales or demonstration purposes, if you want to get local shots for your town exhibitor, or if you want to try to sell film to news reels, the standard stock is of genuine value to you.

The Eastman Kodak Company, Pathex, Inc. (a subsidiary of Pathe Exchange, Inc.), the Bell & Howell Company and the De Vry Company are among the foremost manufacturers of motion picture cameras for amateur use.

The name of Eastman is synonymous with photography. George Eastman, in fact, with Thomas Edison, is one of the two great pioneers of the motion picture business. This firm was the first to put the 16 mm. film and cameras on the market.

The Eastman Company presents the Cine-Kodak in two models. Model B is a spring drive, hand-held amateur motion picture camera, so compact in size that it may be easily carried exactly as other Kodaks are carried. It will make good movies with astonishing ease for anyone. Its price is \$70, with Kodak Anastigmat f.6.5 lens; \$100, with f.3.5.

Cine-Kodak Model A is an instrument for the more advanced amateur. This is a hand cranked camera with special lenses for a more specialized type of cinematography. Model A, with Kodak Anastigmat f.3.5 lens and tripod, costs \$150. Model A, with Kodak Anastigmat f.1.9 lens and tripod, is \$225.

THE Pathex, originated by the French film pioneers, the Pathe Company, has many advantages of extreme simplicity. The Pathex uses 9mm. Pathex film, furnished in daylight loading magazines. This film, unlike Eastman stock, with sprocket holes on the sides, has its sprocket holes running down the center, between pictures. The Pathex is now furnished with a motor unit, which makes it possible to operate it in the hand without a tripod. This motor unit costs \$17.50 extra. The Pathex weighs but 22 ounces and costs \$47.59 with its automatic unit, or \$30 without. Pathex non-inflammable film costs \$1.75 for a magazine containing 30 feet. Without additional charge, the Pathex laboratories develop the film by the reversion process, converting it into a positive.

The Bell & Howell Company, which manufactures the large percentage of the professional cameras used in American studios, offers the Filmo and the Eyemo. Both are distinctly original types of cameras. The Filmo's finder runs along the side and the camera is sighted like a spy-glass. The finder presents an upright image, unreversed. The Filmo is driven by a spring motor and is fitted with a 25 mm. Cook f.3.5 lens, universal focus. Any size lens can be used on the Filmo, however, from a f.1.8 to a telephoto. The camera is strongly made, many years of experience in making professional apparatus being condensed into the tiny machine. It weighs 4½ pounds and uses 16 mm. film. The Filmo costs \$165. With a double speed attachment this camera costs \$175.

The Eyemo is the big brother of the Filmo. It weighs seven pounds and is designed to carry in the hand. It has the same sight arrangement as the Filmo and is operated, after the fashion of the Filmo, by pressing a button controlling a strong motor. This camera, using standard 35 mm. film, is frequently utilized in studios and by news cameramen for special work. It costs \$336.

THE De Vry Camera weighs nine pounds, is spring motor driven and costs \$150. It can be had cranked for trick work, double exposure, titles and special effects. The De Vry uses standard size film, taking 100-foot rolls. This machine is used frequently in studios and by news reel cameramen.

Amateur movie photographers will be interested to learn that new models are shortly to appear of the Victor and the Ica Kinamo. As soon as these models are ready, full descriptions will be published in this department.

Making the Home Movie Production

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

painted with aluminum paint or coated with tinfoil and library paste. An even brighter reflector can be made by utilizing a large looking glass and covering it with cheesecloth.

With an interior set so arranged on an exterior wall, the sheet canopy above out of camera range to break up and soften hard shadows, and the reflectors to direct light to any spot where more light is needed (faces usually—it helps keep the expression) and the wide outdoors for other locations, almost any play can be produced—depending of course on how much film is available.

These "interiors" should not be more than ten feet square—the amateur camera is not effective at more than twenty-eight or thirty feet from the scene, at which distance it will cover a space about six by eight feet.

IF you will consider your kodak, you will remember that pictures cannot be taken with it nearer than six feet—unless a special lens is used—from the subject. This is true of the amateur movie camera—which means that the "Closeups" of the professional camera are not possible—without the special lens—at six feet the camera takes the human figure from the waist up, or in other words covers about three feet of height. Outside of that, almost anything can be done.

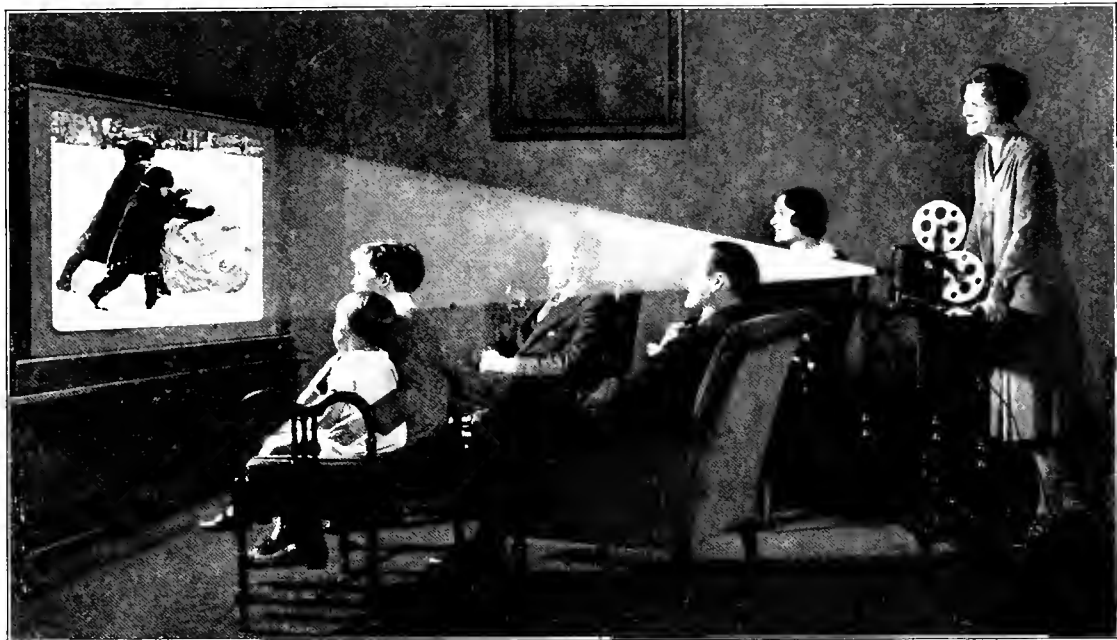
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]

How to Get a Motion Picture Camera

FREE!

Do you want to know how you can earn a motion picture camera absolutely free? Do you want to know how your club or your fraternal order can get one free?

Write today to The Amateur Movie Producer, Photoplay, 221 West 57th St., New York.



A click of the switch on your Kodascope projector—and the movie you've made is on your screen.



Ciné-Kodak for Home Movies



You may sight the Ciné-Kodak either at eye level or waist height—an exclusive feature.

SO REAL is it all that you can almost hear the children's shouts of laughter when your playtime movie of them flashes on the screen—in fact you *can*, for the youngsters themselves are right beside you and their enjoyment is keen—and audible.

Ciné-Kodak for making movies, Kodascope projector for showing them—that's the Eastman idea as applied to this new pleasure—and it's a striking achievement.

The Ciné-Kodak Model B, with Kodak Anastigmat *f*.6.5 lens, is priced at \$70; with Kodak Anastigmat *f*.3.5, at an even hundred. A complete outfit now—Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope and screen—as low as **\$140.**

The thousands of Kodak dealers are now prepared to demonstrate the Ciné-Kodak. If your dealer is not yet ready, write us for Ciné-Kodak booklets.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Ciné-Kodak

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*



BLANCHE MEHAFFEY

Leading Lady for Reginald Denny
in Universal's "Take it from Me."

Knows The Value of A "Magic Touch of Beauty"

The Professional woman must look her best at all times. Her appearance is her success or failure. She cannot gamble with beauty—she must be sure. That is why Blanche MehaFFEY and thousands of other professional and business women depend on

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

to keep their appearance always at its best. It renders to the skin and complexion a soft, bewitching, pearly beauty that commands the admiration of all.

Far superior to dry powders, creams and lotions. The entrancing, seductive beauty it renders does not streak or show signs of perspiration. Antiseptic and astringent, giving exceptional results in cases of skin troubles, wrinkles, flabbiness, muddy complexions, redness, etc. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel, also Compacts.

Send 10c. for Trial Size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son,
430 Lafayette St.
New York

M-28-7



Arlette Marchal was "found" for us by Gloria Swanson

The Girl on the Cover

By Cal York

TO Gloria goes the glory of Arlette Marchal.

At least, to Gloria it is due.

Arlette was considered one of the handsomest women of Paris before she was imported by Paramount more than a year ago. And it was Miss Swanson who really was responsible for her coming from France to this country.

When Gloria went to Paris to film "Madame Sans Gene" and returned a Marquise, she brought reports of a strikingly attractive Frenchwoman who had played the rôle of the *Queen* in her picture.

At that time Gloria's work was quite enough to get anyone signed to a Hollywood producing company's contract.

When the film arrived, the entire Paramount organization agreed that Arlette, beautiful and aristocratic, actually could act. So cables buzzed with contracts and finally Arlette decided to accept the call to the American film land and boarded a boat.

When she arrived, she was unable to speak a word of English.

Now she can converse quite fluently, even over the telephone.

So the girl is clever.

Paramount sent her immediately to Hollywood and her first rôle was as a prima donna in "The Cat's Pajamas." Then she appeared in a Jack Holt picture, "Born to the West," and so skilfully did she bridge the gap between her Parisian background and the wild and woolly, Paramount assigned her to play another Western, "Forlorn River." Then came the film that proved conclusively she was worth all Gloria's praise—Marshall Neilan's "Diplomacy." She played a crooked Countess in a manner that won her the acting honors of the picture. It was a direct reward of this work that Arlette got the rôle of the *Brunette*, the tint less preferred by gentlemen in "Blonde or Brunette," Adolphe Menjou's next starring vehicle.

As for her biography, Arlette was born in Paris, January 20, 1902. She was educated in a convent near Versailles.

Then, on a holiday, she saw a cinema for the first time.

Immediately she secured the address of the Gaumont studio, the largest in France, and was given work as an extra.

Her beauty soon won her leading rôles, which in turn led to Gloria and America and a Paramount contract.

Woman's Greatest Hygienic Handicap

As Your Daughter's Doctor Views It



Because of the utter security this new way provides, it is widely urged by physicians—ABSOLUTE SECURITY, plus freedom forever from the embarrassing problem of disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

SIXTY per cent of many of the commoner ailments of women, according to some medical authorities, are due to the use of unsanitary, makeshift ways in meeting woman's most distressing hygienic problem.

For that reason, this new way is widely urged today. Especially in the important days of adolescence. On medical advice, thousands thus started first to employ it. Then found, besides, protection, security and peace-of-mind unknown before. Modern mothers thus advise their daughters—for health's sake and immaculacy.

KOTEX—What it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.



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

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent. Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends all fear of offending.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

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

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

① Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.



② True protection—5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton "pads."



③ Obtain without embarrassment at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

Easy Disposal and 2 other important factors

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex-Regular
65c per dozen

Kotex-Super
90c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

Will the Screen Bring Christ Back to Us?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]



The crucifixion, the most dramatic event in the world's history, as represented in "The King of Kings"

thinking of it in merely commercial terms as an attempt to make a big picture, rather resenting the idea.

I felt somehow that through some pretty tough hours of my own, in my most secret thoughts, in those sincere moments of prayer that every heart knows I had found a conception of those things I love in the life of Jesus that I didn't want interfered with. Actors—acting? Oh, no.

I went to scoff. In all sincerity, I tell you, I remained to pray.

I SAW Calvary! I tell you I saw it! I saw the three crosses, against the strange and brooding sky. I saw the good thief and the bad thief hanging there, and between them, upon his wooden cross, I saw the Man who was dying to prove to the world forever that there is no death.

I cannot tell you how I know that that is why He hung there. But I did know it. I know that His great struggle was to accept death, so that He might overcome it and reassure us all concerning that last enemy. I know He didn't *have* to die. I know He could come down from that cross and go away and leave them all wondering. And I know that He knew it.

But I knew, too, that He would not come down. He would let them kill the body—so that He might demonstrate eternal life.

The earth before me went mad as He died. The rocks twisted and split asunder in their agony. The heavens burned with lightning. The wind beat trees and people to the ground.

A glittering figure before that laden cross cried out, "You have crucified the Son of God," and the people stopped and listened and fled in a panic.

But I knew He was not dead. I knew in time He would prove it.

Hard-boiled where pictures are concerned—case hardened, wise, as I thought myself, I had to be *helped* off that set. And it was an hour before I was *able* to drive my own car home.

This is not an irreligious age. That is only a shallow criticism, made by people who are deceived by surface things.

It is above everything else a hungry age, a seeking age. It seeks something real, something provable, to satisfy its intense spiritual longing. It is a disillusioned age, longing for reality. It is an age that saw the world war and is no longer interested in platitudes, that can no longer be intimidated. What more can be done to it? What is there to be afraid of?

Above all, it is a frightfully honest age. Pretense and hypocrisy have passed into the dark ages.

It looks out with honest eyes, unshadowed by fear, intelligent, honest, and demands an understandable, demonstrable Truth, that can be used every day in all the things that go to make up a human life.

If it rejects superstition and dogma, does that necessarily mean retrogression? Maybe it means just the opposite. Maybe it means an intense hunger for God. Maybe it is the most hopeful sign of the centuries.

Will the life of Jesus, if it is retold on the screen as it was lived, be the answer? Will this picture be able to set forth the works of Jesus in such fashion as to bring about a new, strong, vital understanding of Him as a man, and create an honest, fearless impulse to follow Him? It is possible, I am sure it is possible—even as I stand in awe before the thought. Think of the heights to which that raises the motion picture!

It is a strangely impersonal picture, from the standpoint of actors and director. I do not know any more personal man in the motion picture industry than Cecil De Mille. He has

always left his stamp all over everything he has ever touched.

But this is different.

Quite simply, quite reverently, with all humility, Cecil De Mille believes that this picture may prove to be something very close to a second coming of the Master. Of course, it is an amazing thing to say, an amazing thing to believe. But he does believe it. And in a way, I can understand. Cecil De Mille has given his whole life to motion pictures, to perfecting them as far as he knows how. He believes in them. He believes they should be the medium for the greatest lessons and advancements of civilization.

The actors mean nothing—as actors. This picture is not going to "make" anybody. I do not think people will know or care who plays the parts. If they do, the picture will have failed.

CECIL DE MILLE is trying to re-create the time, the surroundings, the people, the life—and the Man. He is following the gospel narratives simply and exactly. But he has extracted from them the last ounce of vitality and drama.

I think what he is trying above everything else to do is to show Jesus as a man, like you, like me, like our neighbors, faced with the same problem, living the same kind of life, meeting the same kind of people, faced by the same temptations.

I think that he understands that the keynote of Jesus' ministry was joy, and that the keynote of His character was strength, and that what made Him the Christ was His understanding of His Sonship with God.

I think he wants to make every man and woman who goes in there to see that picture feel inspired to go out and "do likewise." I

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]



Gulbransen

“A Friend in Need!”

When you're hungry for good candy—when your appetite craves a wholesome sweet—**Baby Ruth** fulfills every longing. There's ten minutes of delight in every 5c bar.

It's good for you, too! **Baby Ruth** has all the nourishment and food value found in pure milk, good butter, refined sugar, crisp peanuts and rich chocolate. And all this wholesome nutriment is blended into a piece of irresistible deliciousness that captures your appetite at the very first taste.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO

Otto Y. Schnering, PRESIDENT

Candy Makers to the American Nation

5¢



H A V E A C A M E L



The happiest words in the world

A SAYING becomes universally popular if its expression recalls an experience of pleasure. "Have a Camel!" are the three happiest smoke words ever uttered because no other cigarette ever gave the world so much enjoyment. To millions of experienced smokers, Camels are contentment realized.

Camel has become the most popular smoke of all time because of quality. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos that nature grows. Then these superb tobaccos are given a blending that can be found in no other

cigarette. The largest tobacco organization in the world puts its all and its best into Camels. You could smoke, end to end, a mile of Camels—they will never tire the taste, never leave a cigarette after-taste.

We invite you now to introduce yourself to the finest made.

Millions of friendly voices are calling you to the mildest, mellowest fragrance that ever came from a cigarette. Once you know what they mean, no words can compare with

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Say you Believe in Peter Pan

Betty Bronson must
choose between wings
and a tiger skin

By Frances Clark

OVER two years ago, Sir James Barrie selected her as the ideal *Peter Pan*. Today Elinor Glyn has chosen her for her new heroine.

Her managers and advisers warn her against sex stories. But Mal St. Clair—an authority on such delicate problems—says that she is the most sophisticated girl on the screen.

She played the *Madonna* in "Ben-Hur." And she also has played flapper stories.

Amid a chaos of conflicting influences, what, oh what, is to become of Betty Bronson? She must choose between wings and a tiger skin.

When you put the question up to Miss Bronson herself, she speaks her own mind. "I want to play in a screen version of 'The Constant Nymph.' But that has been forbidden. The book is banned in the movies. And I want to work under the direction of Erich von Stroheim. But that is remote, unlikely."

Miss Bronson's magic wishing ring is not in good working order these days. There are times when *Peter Pan's* faith in the movies wavers ever so slightly. You see, Miss Bronson once triumphantly asserted that she was the luckiest girl in the world. And Fate answered, "Is that so?"

BETTY has had two unforgettable rôles, two great triumphs in her young life. There was *Peter Pan*; there was the *Madonna*. The two big opportunities of her lifetime were crowded in a few short months. And now Betty looks around and learns that such rôles do not grow on trees. Consequently, the world seems a little arid.

And the tough part of it is, Betty's success was not merely luck. Betty had—and has—remarkable gifts. But after you have had big parts thrust upon you, it is hard to sit down and wait for just a good picture.

Another *Peter Pan* would be impossible for Betty now. Because Betty is not the unknown, jubilant little girl that flashed on the screen two years ago. She is no longer chubby and perky. She is fragile and wistful. And, on the whole, she is a much more fascinating person.

Betty's eyes are faintly shadowed and slightly tired. Her smile is [CONTINUED ON PAGE 135]



Sir James Barrie discovered her. Elinor Glyn has re-discovered her. And Mal St. Clair has added to the perplexity of Betty Bronson by pronouncing her the most sophisticated girl on the screen. No wonder Betty would like to know what kind of person she really is



To be smart nails must be brightly polished

Gleaming Nails

Whether your preference
is for Natural Pink
or Deep Rose

NORTHAM WARREN, the authority on the manicure, has perfected two liquid polishes so that every woman may have just the kind of lustre she likes, and the convenience of a liquid polish.

The Natural Pink catches the natural brilliance of the nails—gives them for almost a week just the soft rose lustre many women want.

The Deep Rose gives an exotic note of color to the finger tips with the very high brilliance fashion now sponsors.

Before a fresh manicure, use Cutex Liquid Polish Remover to take off the old polish. Each is 35c, or send 10c for samples of Remover and the color of Polish you prefer. Northam Warren—New York, Paris, London.

Mail this
Coupon
Today

I enclose
10c in
stamps or coin
for samples.
(Please check
your choice)

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. GSA
114 West 17th St., New York

Natural Deep Rose

Introducing the Baby Stars of 1927

THE 1027 Baby Stars, whose pictures are reproduced on page 67, nominated to fame by the Wampus, include a girl from France, a girl from Canada, and representatives from the South, West and East. Two of the girls have sisters who are already famous stars and another is the daughter of a director.

The girl from France is Jean Navelle who was a dancer in Paris until the picture idea came to her. Now she has a contract to appear in Paramount pictures.

Adamae Vaughn is Alberta's kid sister. Alberta gave Adamae a small part in one of her films and now sister has an F. B. O. contract. Adamae was born in Ashland, Ky.

Brooklyn is the home town of Iris Stuart, a newcomer who appears in "Casey at the Bat." Miss Stuart posed for advertisements in the magazines before she went into the movies. She was one of the highest paid models in the profession.

Sally Phipps is a seventeen year old flapper. She was born in San Francisco, educated in Salt Lake City and came to Hollywood just one year ago.

MARY McALLISTER, who plays leads opposite "Red" Grange, is a movie veteran. She was a child star with Essanay. Mary was born in Salt Lake City.

Frances Lee is Bobby Vernon's leading woman at the Christie studios. Frances comes from Eagle Grove, Iowa, and was a dancer before coming to Hollywood.

Rita Carewe's father is Edwin Carewe, the

director. A year and a half ago, Rita told papa that she wanted to be an actress and she has been playing small parts. Rita is blonde and blue-eyed. Born in Ottawa, Canada.

Another Canadian is Barbara Kent, from Gadsby, Alberta. Miss Kent is seventeen and a beauty contest winner. Nevertheless, she has decided talent which she proved in "Flesh and the Devil."

HELENE COSTELLO is another daughter of Maurice Costello. She is as dark and piquant as her sister, Doiores, is blonde and pensive. Helene was born in New York City.

Natalie Kingston is a California girl—of Spanish ancestry. She is descended from the first governor of California and her birthplace, Vallejo, was named after him. She is playing the leading rôle in "Don Juan's Three Nights."

Gladys McConnell is the pretty, trusting blonde who is rescued by the cowboy hero in Fox "Westerns." She was born in Oklahoma, so the great open spaces aren't new to her.

Sally Rand is a Cecil DeMille discovery. She was born in Winchester, Ky., and was playing in comedies when De Mille made her a member of his stock company.

Patricia Avery is a Boston girl who was pounding a typewriter at the Metro-Goldwyn studio when a casting director convinced her that she ought to act. She plays with Lillian Gish in "Annie Laurie."

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

For Fenton Fans

Louisville, Ky.

Please, for heaven's sake, let up on the deluge of Gilbert-Colman letters long enough to consider the case of a charming screen personality whom, it appears, we are about to lose through lack of appreciation. In PHOTOPLAY recently, I read that Leslie Fenton is returning to the stage. This is a distinct blow to me and I have no doubt to all other Fenton admirers. Can't something drastic be done to dissuade him from such a course?

Mr. Fenton has been the victim of bad breaks and a little injustice. With the exception of a small rôle in "Havoc" he has never played a really good picture. He needs a new contract with another producing company. Besides this, nearly all reviewers have failed to give him credit for his really fine performances. I sincerely believe that, given the opportunity, Leslie would take his place among our small group of talented players.

I wish all the Fenton fans would get together and protest against his desertion of the screen.

JAMIE F. HESS.

Heroes, Old and New

South Sioux, Nebr.

I should like to pass judgment on three illustrious actors, tendering one a brick, one a zero and one a bouquet.

Charlie Chaplin, a victim of his own making. For stars, no matter how potential, cannot bolder the public eye with one picture every year or so, even if it is hailed by critics with such adjectives as stupendous, thrilling and marvelous. It is a fickle public they serve.

Wake our dear Charlie up before we write "finis" after his famous name. He knows it not, but he is signing his own death warrant.

Ronald Colman. What has become of the man with the passionate temperament who played "The White Sister" with the incompa-

rable Lillian? Who is to blame for the stone that is sinking Ronald?

"The Winning of Barbara Worth" is a splendid accomplishment, but Ronald is not the type. He is at a zero point. Which way shall he go?

John Gilbert! What has he done? He has been all that the public wished, he has given us what we wanted. He may not have wished to be heralded as a great lover, but he has played up his rôle in fine style. In short: "He knows his stuff."

He was great in "La Boheme." He was "Big in the Parade." "Magnificent as Bardelys." He wins the big bouquets.

M. L. BROWN.

Flag Waving

Hollywood, Calif.

This foreign invasion into Hollywood is all very foolish. What with the Garbos, Nissens, Banks and De Puttis, we might as well pin a foreign tag onto our entire movie industry.

Are they so beautiful that we should pay them a fortune to put them on the screen? Are they such wonderful actors and actresses that we should let them take the places of our own boys and girls? Are the Hansens so handsome that they should make our hearts flutter? No! I should say not!

It is decidedly unjust to our own American boys and girls. There is unlimited talent among our beautiful girls and handsome boys, but is it given a chance? Hollywood, the mecca of our motion picture industry, is literally running over with beauty, talent and brains, but do our big directors see them? No! They haven't a foreign name, and can understand and speak our language.

Come on, movie people, let's wake up and give our own boys and girls a chance, and not all of these foreign products.

NORMA WALSH.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]



Youthful
Beauty
can be
Yours

by JEANNETTE DE CORDER
Specialiste en Beauté

NOW you can have more beauty — beauty that is young-looking and natural-looking — and you can have it instantly.

So perfectly do the shades of these twin toilettries — Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom — accord with the tints and tones of the natural skin, that their combined use gives fresh, youthful beauty — *instantly*.

Pompeian Beauty Powder, soft and velvety — delicately perfumed — spreads evenly with an enchanting smoothness and stays on for hours at a time.

Pompeian Bloom, a rouge with youthful tones, looks as though it were your own coloring. It does not crumble or break — and comes off on the puff easily.

GET PANEL AND SAMPLES

Generous samples of Pompeian Powder and Bloom sent with beautiful new Art Panel for only 10c. This picture, "The Bride," painted by the famous artist, Rolf Armstrong, is reproduced in colors, size 27 x 7 inches. Art store value easily 75c.

*Youthful Beauty
- instantly*



Tear off now! You may forget

Pompeian
Beauty powder and Bloom

Mme. Jeannette de Corder, Pompeian Laboratories
2800 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Madame: I enclose 10c (a dime, coin preferred)
for 1927 Panel and samples of Powder and Bloom.

Name _____
Street _____
Address _____

City _____ State _____

Powder shade _____
Medium Bloom sent unless another shade requested



For Aches and Pains

Rub in Absorbine, Jr.

CHANGING weather often brings muscular or rheumatic pains. Absorbine, Jr. gives prompt relief. In most cases, a few treatments completely drive away the pain.

Absorbine, Jr. is prepared from vegetable extracts, essential oils and distillates from the finest herbs. While it is a powerful liniment, it is pleasant and harmless to use, and does not discolor the skin. Keep it handy—use it freely!

Read "Timely Suggestions", packed with each bottle.

Send for free trial bottle
W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

At all
druggists
\$1.25

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

The Revolt of the Angel

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

And Lois was prepared to do battle for it. She needed no urging to talk. "I am an interesting person," she announced. "I am, I am. I have personality. I can prove it. I am determined to be myself on the screen. I never have been. I am going to play myself from now on or stop acting."

She looked at me challengingly to see what I was going to do about it and her bravado was so plainly external that if you had been there you would have wanted to baby her a little and tell her she was really generous and sweet and good. But when I refused the challenge, she drooped a little and shifted restlessly in her chair.

"I KNOW I've got an inferiority complex," she said. "I've always had about my work. Now I'm trying to get free and it makes me talk a little wildly at times. I'm—I'm at a crossroads. I know the way I want to go, but I'm not sure it's the right way. As *Daisy Buchanan* in 'The Great Gatsby' I did something adult. I loved *Daisy*. I want to do more characters like her, no matter what they cost me."

Daisy did cost Lois something—her hair, for one thing, and much criticism for another. But as *Daisy*, Lois did act. She petted and smoked and got thoroughly pie-eyed before her wedding, married a man who was a terrible egg and loved him regardless.

And impossible as that sounds for Lois, she did it beautifully.

She was gazing out of the window and her voice came muffled. "You do think me more interesting off screen than on, don't you? Every interviewer does. Critics, even those who have slaughtered me on acting, say upon meeting me, I'm amazed. You are so much more interesting than I thought you." She leaned toward me suddenly. "I'm sure that isn't the usual sort of compliment. They would tell me I am always interesting if they were trying to flatter me, but it is as though upon meeting me it came as a revelation to them that I'm not a sap."

LUNCH came and she nervously broke half a dozen crackers into bits. "Oh, what's the use of pretending?" she asked. "I'm unhappy and bewildered. I expected that role of *Daisy* to change the universe for me. It hasn't. The studio sees nothing different in me, but expects me to go back to the spotted darlings I've played before. That's why I'm fighting. That's why I won't let my hair grow long again. That's why you've read some of the things they've been saying about me in the papers. One came out and said that since hobbing my hair I'd lost all my friends and most of my sense. I almost wish the latter were true, but it isn't. I'm simply determined I won't go back to playing the dumb Doras I've been doing for too many seasons. *Daisy* proved to me that I can get away from them. Some critics praised her. PHOTOPLAY, bless it, gave her a 'best performance of the month.' But even if I hadn't received a bit of praise for her I'd know she was good. Honestly. We all of us have an artistic conscience within us that tells us when work is good or bad. *Daisy* was the best work I've done. I can't—and I won't—go back on her now."

"This stand I'm taking about my future rôles means nearly my whole life to me," Lois said. "It may kill my career right now. Or it may save it. But the time comes into the life of all of us when we must stop and look around us to determine whether we are going ahead, at no matter what the cost, or going to slip, unprotestingly, behind the procession. I am struggling now to get the personality I know I have in private life on the screen. To be knocked for being colorless and unin-

teresting on the screen, when off screen I am pleasing, is tragic. I am willing to work. I have been willing to serve my apprenticeship. But when I see a girl like Greta Garbo, for instance, step into pictures and in two rôles accomplish more than I have in twenty, I think it's time for me to pause."

I had forgotten until that moment how long Lois has been in pictures. Eleven years ago she won an Alabama beauty contest. She had just started on a career of stenography, three weeks of it. The beauty contest rescued her and sent her to Chicago, where she failed in the national contest. But the girl who won it is forgotten, while Lois got a bit with a Universal outfit present in Chicago making scenes for a drama starring Pavlova, the dancer. She stood out of the mob so definitely Universal put her under contract and within a year she was a leading woman. The man playing opposite her was J. Warren Kerrigan. Kerrigan played with Lois when she went over to Paralta. It was Kerrigan who played opposite Lois three years ago in "The Covered Wagon."

And in a way that is a complete epitome of all she has accomplished.

"THEY have promised me new parts for three years," Lois continued. "In the eight years I've been with them, they've been so good to me in many ways. But something I realize they refuse to face. I'm no *Peter Pan*. I've grown up. I want to grow more. I see things from a different viewpoint than I did when I first signed with them, more intelligently, more honestly. No girl, unless she is a moron, can remain untouched by life today. For playing sweet things of sixteen there are always new girls coming into the studio—talented youngsters like Lois Moran, for instance. Never again can I play such rôles as well as she does. But I believe I can play women like *Daisy Buchanan* better than Lois can, because I understand such women, because I am, to some extent, such a woman."

"*Daisy* smoked and drank," I said. "Do you?"

"No," confessed Lois. "I don't smoke. I can't." She caught herself up quickly. "Not that I object to any girl's doing so. I don't drink because it makes me ill. But I'm really—really for those things, you understand." She smiled brightly, trying to convince me again.

A GUST of snow came sharply against the window. A furious winter wind tore around the corner of the building.

"Oh, why, why, why does everything have to be so desolate?" cried Lois, the lost angel.

The next day the Paramount press department announced Lois Wilson was leaving for Hollywood to play the lead in a new Zane Grey Western.

That evening there were newspaper headlines. Lois Wilson has broken her contract.

"I did it. I did it," she exulted over the telephone. "I'm so happy. I feel like a child who's been spanked and sent out into the world alone. But already the effect's wonderful. Three companies have made me offers. I could sign up again at once but I'm going to hold out. If I only get a chance to give one fine performance it will be worth it all."

The movies' pet angel has really revolted, stepped from the peace of Paramount to the lower regions of free lancing.

So give Lois a hand.

Paramount says she could have had a life job with them. Instead she had the courage of her convictions.

And even an angel can't be expected to have more courage than that.

"Ready=Camera"

and You
are right there
watching!



THAT need not be an idle dream. Next summer, when the director calls, "Ready Camera," in HOLLYWOOD there are going to be guests of the makers of ROMANCE CHOCOLATES there, watching it all in chairs reserved for them. They will meet and chat with the stars personally. For one glorious week they will be a part of the life of HOLLYWOOD. The SECOND ANNUAL ROMANCE-HOLLYWOOD CONTEST gives you that opportunity. Take advantage of it.

CONDITIONS

1. The winner will be the author of the most original, interesting, and practical synopsis or plot for a motion picture based on a human experience in which a box of ROMANCE CHOCOLATES plays a prominent part. Literary ability will not be considered, but in case of a tie, the neatness and attractiveness of the presentation will determine the winner. No manuscript shall be more than 1500 words in length.
2. The winner, and a companion of his or her choosing, will be given a trip to Hollywood, including visits to the studios during a week's stay there, with all expenses paid. In addition, the fifty most worthy plots will have careful consideration by the scenario department of one of the large distributing companies, and if any are purchased, the full purchase price will be remitted to the author.
3. The Judges will be:
MR. JAMES R. QUIRK, Publisher of *Photoplay*.
MR. ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, Editor of *Life*.
MR. FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, Critic for *Liberty*.
4. There is nothing to buy in order to enter the Contest. The illustrated booklet, "How to Write for the Movies," is simply to help contestants.
5. Entries should be sent to *Contest Manager*, COX CONFECTIONERY COMPANY, BOSTON 28, Massachusetts, and must be received there before the close of business on June 1, 1927.



PURCHASE a box of ROMANCE SELECTIONS at \$1.00 and get this illustrated booklet, "How to Write for the Movies," as well as the most extraordinary assortment of chocolates ever offered at the price. Twenty-two different kinds of centers, including liquid cordials, nut centers, and novelty combinations.



Welcome anywhere—
ROMANCE SELECTIONS, and
MISS PHYLLIS HAVER
DeMille-Metropolitan star



ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

News and Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]



*Resinol Soap
wins the praise
of business
women*

In its Resinol
properties they
find the elements
which every skin
needs

ALERT, clear skinned, dainty, with the ever present necessity for appearing well groomed—who could be a keener judge of toilet requisites, than the feminine business executive? And these women—thousands of them—are endorsing Resinol Soap. Why? Because they have discovered what its Resinol ingredients mean to the skin.

They write enthusiastically about their use of this distinctive soap, and in the hundreds of letters received are such expressions as:

"My skin feels so fresh after using"

"Soothing as well as excellent cleanser"

"First soap I've found that leaves my skin feeling soft"

"Like its healing properties and it does not waste like other soaps"

"Leaves my face clean, and the skin pliable"

The experience of these women can be yours. Get a cake of Resinol Soap from your druggist or toilet goods dealer and give it a week's trial.

If you are now annoyed by blotches, or similar disorders, apply a touch of Resinol—that soothing ointment which is so widely used for various skin troubles—and see how quickly the blemishes disappear.

FREE OFFER—Mail this coupon today

Dept. 13-B, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, free, a trial size package of Resinol Soap and Ointment.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

ALL Hollywood turned out to meet Will Rogers, and when he stepped off the train he was not only besieged by hundreds of friends but hundreds of communications welcomed him home. Eddie Cantor drew a laugh from Rogers (who was made honorary mayor of Beverly Hills and presented with the key to that city) with the following wire:

**MR. WILL ROGERS
BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL
BEVERLY HILLS CALIF
CAN MAKE YOU WHOLESALE
PRICE ON TWO HUNDRED
DOZEN KEYS TO CITY STOP
WIRE ME WILL SEND SAMPLES
REGARDS**

EDDIE CANTOR

AFTER seven long years of friendship, Lois Wilson and Famous Players-Lasky have come to the parting of the ways. And with some regrets on both sides. Lois was such a nice, reliable good girl—until she bobbed her hair. And now she won't be good any more and she refused to accept the rôles that Paramount offered her. A divorce followed and Lois is on her own.

Lois is going to change her type. She is going to play sophisticated ladies. She doesn't want any more "so-so" parts. Of course, she is taking a chance; she either makes good in a big way or she flops. Many helping hands have been extended to Lois from other producers. Nobody wants to see her flop.

ALSO another artistic divorce. Lya de Putti and Famous Players-Lasky have torn up the contract that brought Lya to this country. Famous says that Lya is free to accept other engagements, but it reserves the right to summon her to any of its pictures at her Ellis Island salary. The company says

that it is satisfied with Lya's work, but that there is really no steady job at its studios for a vamp.

Lya has signed up with Cecil De Mille and will co-star with Joseph Schildkraut in a film called "The Heart Beat."

THE *New Yorker* vouches for this one: A certain director was speaking of an alien star, recently come under his command. "She's a nize goil," he announced, "and I'm gonna loin her English."

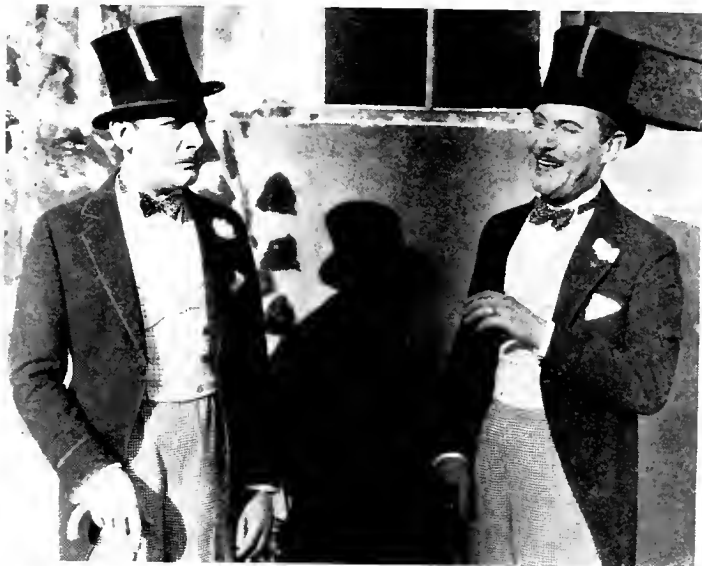
LIL DAGOVER has arrived from Germany to play opposite Emil Jannings in his first American picture. Something tells us that Lil is more than the usual bit of imported bologney. In the first place, she has a big continental reputation as a stage actress. And in the second place, she landed on these shores without first jumping out of a window, shooting the ex-Crown Prince or announcing herself as the daughter of a noble family gone broke in the late unpleasantness.

Miss Dagover is going to marry George Witt, who is Erich Pommer's assistant out in the Paramount studio. Any fellow with a job in an American studio is a big catch in Berlin matrimonial circles.

OH, yes, and Camilla Horn, who was the lovely *Gretchen* in "Faust," has been signed by Famous Players, they say. *Sprechen sie deutsch?* Then, you get the job.

STILL another foreigner is coming to these shores—Willy Fritsch, the likable hero of "The Waltz Dream." Please don't write in to ask me why all these foreigners get jobs, when we have plenty of talent in our own country.

However, if you really want to know, I'll [CONTINUED ON PAGE 103]



"Have you heard the one about the man who stopped at the farm house for the night?" asks the jovial Lew Cody of the sour Lew Cody. "No, I haven't," snaps the sour Mr. Cody, "and unless you have something uplifting or instructive to tell me, I wish you'd step aside and let me pass"

Rigaud*
Un Air Embaumé

Perfume Toilet Water
Powder & Rouge
Lip Stick & Compact
Bath Powder-Bath Salts

Sole Distributor
GEO. BORGFELDT & CO.
NEW YORK

Two Ounce Bottle
Ten Dollars



They like it in Paris

Painted especially for Rigaud by Jean Gabriel Domergue, Paris

Rigaud 16 RUE DE LA PAIX*

PARIS

Friendly
Advice
on

Girls' Problems



by
Carolyn Van Wyck

DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK: I'm married and just eighteen. My husband is only a boy of nineteen, so you can imagine how strange we feel, away from family and friends. He is making a small salary, and I'd like to work to help out. He says that it's because I feel I'm not getting what I want of our marriage. It isn't true. I love him more than life and I want to work to help him. He thinks I'd rather work than be with him. I would work only during his working hours. I have a chance at a job that needs only my afternoons. I worked before I was married. I honestly believe we'd be happier if we had more money. Still my husband protests. Please advise me.
M. T.

Today, families, houses, kitchens, all are shrinking as the demand on the man's pay envelope increases. Wives can't do their traditional job. Under those circumstances it seems to me a healthy thing for girls like M. T. to seek work. It is fine and noble to truly help the man one loves. A useless little wife with nothing to do, away from mother and friends, nowhere to go, not a cent to spend, husband gone all day, must either become bored to death or look for release. Some girls escape this boredom by making their husbands miserable. To quarrel and then forgive becomes their only indoor sport. But to me that seems a terrible waste of energy.

happiness in this marital vacuum for either partner, it is not so deadly. With couples in moderate circumstances I have never seen a home in which a pinched pocketbook, an idle wife and a devoted but misguided husband made for peace and prosperity. For making divorces, however, it is perfect.

For most girls of today wage earning is a real adventure into independence. To paraphrase Stevenson, they go to their resting beds weary and content and independent.

It is a strange pride that makes a man work himself weary supporting such wifely moods. When a couple are rich, the situation alters somewhat. When there is luxury or beauty or

Then they get married and lose the content and the independence. They don't have to work in an office or a shop, true. But the monotonous round of keeping a small house in order is slight recompense. In thousands of cases today, the work they do could be done by a good maid in half the time for five to ten dollars a week. The young wife can earn double that, get mental stimulus, social and business contacts and the joyful drive of ambition by returning to her job.

TO work or not to work is the problem of many married women today.

It is not a problem that can be answered by a simple "yes" or "no." The circumstances in almost every case are different.

But in this case of M. T. above, I think the answer is very flatly "yes." I strongly believe if M. T. doesn't go to work her married life is going to be pretty miserable. No marriage can be happy when one partner is restlessly idle. So the main problem of M. T. comes down to whether she can face the responsibility of being a working wife.

Do you know, my young correspondent, what you must give up of your marriage to work? Do you know what you will get out of working to replace the marital loss?

There is more to working though married than the mere execution of the work. There is the responsibility of one's home; there is a husband's attitude to be reconciled with your own; there is the envy of unmarried girls in business who will say you are taking their jobs away from them; there is the matter of one's own energy and ambition.

Too many modern wives have become the idle poor. Once wives were the cheapest economic labor in the world, building the home and holding it together, conserving the family resources.

Should a Wife Work?

Is This Month's Problem

WORKING girls when they get married often want to be working wives. They don't want kitchen duty and no wages but a real outside job and real wages. Then the fun begins, for many a husband objects to such arrangement. Now I'm stepping into the fray.

Complexion troubling you? Weight too heavy? Write me about it, sending stamped addressed envelope. I've a free pamphlet on care of the skin, and one, for ten cents, on reducing.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

no touch of equality in their wives.

THE wife who wants to work must face this. If she goes back to work she must be prepared for the fact that she will be tired in the evenings and therefore not always an adoring darling. She must make plans for the care of her home. I think that usually hours of work such as M. T. writes of in her letter will be most suitable. Then if one can not afford a servant, there is sufficient time to attend to domestic duties, as well as securing extra money.

The position with flexible hours—not the nine to five job—but the one that allows some leeway for a private life, is safest. If a woman loves her husband, she must see that their common interests always supersede her personal interest in her work. But—and I believe this most emphatically—no selfish interest of her husband's should be allowed to interfere with her doing her work well.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]

NATURE'S GIFT TO BEAUTY

is embodied in this gentle, daily care that has brought the charm of natural loveliness to millions



Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—pictured above—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for olive and palm oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color.

THE art of being beautiful today is simply the secret of keeping *natural* beauty... the artificial complexion of yesterday has no place in the modern scheme of allurements.

Women have learned that natural ways are best in skin care; that gentle, common-sense care is far more potent than the most involved of beauty methods. For Youth is thus retained.

Keeping the skin clean, the pores open, is the secret. Doing this with pure soap... with soap made for ONE purpose only, to safeguard good complexions... is the *important* part to remember.

So, more and more every day, thousands turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive... a soap that is kind to the skin, a soap made with beautiful complexions always in mind.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with

warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.



Retail Price 10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



THE EVIDENCE IS OVERWHELMING

You must protect the Danger Line from acids that attack teeth and gums — the verdict of practicing dentists

EVERYONE today appreciates the vital part played by proper care of the teeth and gums in the drama of keeping well and keeping young.

But what is proper care? You have been asked to believe dozens of plausible, but conflicting theories! On your druggist's counter you may find as many as 50 different dentifrices! . . . Millions who brush their teeth regularly nevertheless suffer from decay! . . .

E. R. Squibb & Sons decided to get the real facts regarding the proper care of the teeth and gums.

In one of the world's greatest dental clinics more than 100,000 treatments are given every year. We asked to what conclusions this stupendous work had led. These findings were then compared with the opinions of practicing dentists everywhere. The result was an almost unanimous agreement that —

- (1) Acids are the most frequent cause of tooth decay and gum infection.
- (2) The most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth meet gums — The Danger Line—especially that part of The Danger Line between the teeth where a tooth-brush cannot reach.
- (3) The best product to prevent acids from causing decay and irritating the gum tissues is Milk of Magnesia.

Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in a most pleasant and effective form, plus every other ingredient necessary for the proper care of the teeth and gums. It is a

© 1927

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

thorough cleanser. It relieves sensitive teeth and sore gums. It contains no harsh abrasives. You can safely use it to brush the gums.

Squibb's Dental Cream not only neutralizes acids at the time of use, but tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia lodge at The Danger Line and prevent the formation of acids there for a considerable time after.

So much of health depends on the soundness of your teeth and gums. Take no chances. The highest authorities say that acids cause the trouble at The Danger Line and that Milk of Magnesia is the best antacid. See your dentist regularly and use Squibb's Dental Cream, made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. You will be doing the utmost to protect your teeth and gums.

At all druggists—40c a large tube.
THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

Mister Cinderella

By Ivan St. Johns



JIMMY MURRAY was standing under a street lamp in front of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. The rain had drenched him to the skin and the turned-up collar of his only suit of clothes did no more than allow large rivulets of water to trickle down his spine. He didn't have the price of a ride back to Hollywood, nor the price of a meal when he got there. The sole of his right shoe had just gone through and he could feel the cold pavement against his foot.

Jimmy Murray had come to the end of the trail seeking that will-o'-the-wisp Cinema Fame, and as he stood shivering and hoping some passing motorist would give him a lift, he had determined to go down to San Pedro Harbor in the morning and ship on some outgoing vessel as chief potato peeler. Then he'd see the world at least—and eat regular. He'd seen enough of Hollywood.

The street lamp gleamed on the pavement and reflected the light up into his young, good-looking Irish face, but Jimmy Murray was past thinking about his face now.

Jimmy Murray was licked.

King Vidor, who is usually a mild-mannered man, slammed a batch of costly photographs against the opposite wall of his luxurious office and stood up.

"They all look like actors," he said bitterly. "I want a man who doesn't look like an actor. I want a young, good-looking *man* who looks like he might really be a clerk, not an actor pretending to look like a clerk. But I guess there aren't any."

HE wrapped himself in a fur-lined coat, took his pretty wife, Eleanor Boardman, on his arm, and descended to his waiting limousine. The chauffeur threw open the door and said something pleasant, but the great director of "The Big Parade" didn't hear him.

He had a great story. He was all ready to make a big picture. It was an ideal woman's part for Eleanor Boardman. But he had searched all Hollywood for weeks for a leading man and couldn't find him. It wasn't a matter of salary. They'd pay anything. The biggest names in the business had been offered. But they didn't suit King Vidor. He wanted the part to count—not the name.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]



Twice he had bucked the "extra" game. Twice he had been defeated. Then King Vidor saw James Murray standing, broke and hungry, outside the studio. And he gave him the leading rôle in his new film

One brief glimpse of Murray and Mr. Vidor knew that he was the man he wanted. And a subsequent screen test proved that the discouraged "extra" had that rare photographic quality—screen personality



New Beauty For Your Hair with Lemon Rinse

A LEMON rinse gives you the beauty of thoroughly clean hair. No matter how well you wash your hair, or how many times you rinse it—only the addition of lemon juice to your rinse water will insure the thorough *cleansing* that means true hair beauty.

The natural, harmless mild fruit-acid of lemon juice cuts the curl formed by soap and water. All the natural beauty of color becomes apparent, and the hair has a vital, "springy" quality that makes it easier to retain wave or curl.

Try this shampoo accessory the next time you wash your hair. Note for yourself the silky softness—the lustrous sheen.

First wash the hair thoroughly—at least two soappings—and rinse well to get out the free soap. Add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water (about 4 quarts), and rinse thoroughly with this, following with rinse in plain water.

It will insure the full beauty of your hair—whether you wear it bobbed or long. One trial will convince you.

Get a dozen California lemons today and have them in the house the next time you shampoo your hair.

Send coupon below for free booklet—"Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," and learn other beauty uses for lemons.

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Sec. 1103, Box 530, Sta. "C,"
Los Angeles, California.

Please send me free booklet, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring, and in beautifying the hair.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

More "Big Parade" Praise

Rochester, N. Y.

After years of hard-riding cowboys, chest-heaving vamps, and these ultra-sophisticated society slickers, "The Big Parade," in all its glory, has reached the sticks. Buddy, it knocked us cold!

Mr. Vidor has produced a picture with sufficient appeal to send us back to the box-office time after time at two dollars the crack. That is the acid test of achievement.

Watching the average mediocrity from Hollywood I become so restless that *Madame Ma Femme* has to hold me in my seat, but the gripping intensity of "The Big Parade" held me spellbound until Jack Gilbert limps over the hill into the arms of Renee Adoree. There may have been better pictures produced, but I've never viewed them and I've been going to the movies since the days of Biograph, Kalem, Lubin and all those other old timers.

Is the "Big Parade" authentic? Take it from an ex-doughboy and his French wife, it is! Thanks, Mr. Vidor, you've given the others a mark to shoot at for a long, long time.

HAROLD R. COPE.

A Barrymore Close-Up

Newark, N. J.

When I read interviews that tell of John Barrymore's eccentric actions and bored manner, I laugh, for I remember . . . some years ago, there were three little girls (with curls hanging) and they had a most persistent crush on John Barrymore. We had seen "The Jest" and every time we met the one who "rhymed things" brought along a poem about him to read aloud. Our favorite meeting place was the theater where he was playing and we saw the illustrious John emerge from the sacred stage-door many times. Sometimes he neglected to remove his makeup and came out with queer colored grease paint adorning the famous features, green and gray and blue—I wonder if he ever hurries, he never did in those days! He would walk to the curb with the most bored expression and climb into a taxi. He never saw us or any other hero-worshippers and he wore the most atrocious suits, gay blues and mustards. The crush did not die, however. Perhaps his very indifference to the fame he had earned won him our allegiance. We still think he is the best actor on the stage and screen. But who has heard the voice of the youngest Barrymore can help regretting its absence?

WINIFRED S. MERRICK.

Aloma and Gilda

San Francisco, Calif.

For sheer beauty (even though the company did go to Porto Rico to film Samoan scenery) I believe "Aloma of the South Seas" deserves high praise. And the revelation of one Gilda Gray! Where has she been all our lives? Now if only they won't spoil her—but I somehow imagine they can't.

Gilda surely runs away with the picture—and this in spite of the keen competition she had to meet in such seasoned players as Percy Marmont, Warner Baxter and William Powell. Never have I seen the portrayal of a woman in love done with such vividness, especially in the closing scenes where she relinquishes the man she loves to another woman. This was nearly as poignant as the scenes Belle Bennett gave us in "Stella Dallas."

Percy Marmont, the most versatile of actors, was charming in a somewhat less lugubrious role than usual.

Warner Baxter was excellent, even while never for a moment could one delude oneself that he was a Samoan.

R. NEWCOMB.

In Defense of Dad

Maplewood, N. J.

It's time someone wrote and criticized the selection of screen "Dads." Somehow, in every single picture where a young girl is cute and full of pep, her dad is old and quiet and severe.

Doesn't anyone know that our dads aren't old and fussy? Why they're the best people living 'cause they're young and *modern*! They have grown with us and those old ones ought to take a long vacation. Don't you agree with me, you young people, I mean?

NATALIE BOGUE.

Those Superlatives!

San Francisco, Calif.

The past year I have been thoroughly disappointed in all screen productions, not because they lacked the essentials of really fine productions, but because of the publicity agents.

To read the advertisement and the press-agent stories of photoplays one is led to expect each new one far superior to its predecessor. But it isn't. If the publicity agents would use fewer superlatives the public would not expect the phenomenal in each new production. For example:

Belle Bennett in "Stella Dallas" was very fine, but long before the picture was released there was broadcast such tommyrot about the star and the production that those uninitiated expected in that production the inception of a superlative era for the movies, whereas it was no better nor worse than the best. But, because of the press agent's superlatives, the public expectancy was bolstered to such heights that the full value of the sterling qualities of the production became minimized instead of enhanced.

MRS. C. K. HARDING.

Alice, You Said Something

New York City.

Why have the movie producers lost sight of the fact that there is little or no real dramatic art shown on the screen? It is always a series of illustrations, a great many of which are not true to life and very often impossible. To see the hero maim, slay or evade from six to sixty well armed men, or single handed capture a pirate-ship may delight children, but the grown-ups are beginning to find it silly and uninteresting because they know it is a physical impossibility.

Let us have more realism and more pictures so interesting that they assist the imaginations instead of offending them—less lightning speed of action and more dramatic art, that will make us look at the moving pictures with our souls as well as with our eyes.

Today too many of our moving pictures are a complete intellectual muddle on an enormous scale.

ALICE HILLER.

That's What They All Say

East Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Dolores Costello is truly the "find" of the season. We don't know whether she's beautiful or not but we would rather gaze at her than any of the "Ten Most Beautiful." We don't know whether she has "IT" or not but she fascinates us. We don't know whether she's a good actress or not but her work in "Mannequin" held us spellbound, not to forget the "Sea Beast." Anyway, we're ready to argue on all three points.

Long live Dolores Costello and PHOTOPLAY!

T. B. F.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]

The Story of the Most Famous LIPSTICK in the world



IT HAPPENED on a cold December morning. Outside the wind was piling up the snow in big fleecy drifts. Inside a group of men were eagerly examining a little stick of something orange. . . It was the final result of three years' experimenting—an entirely new kind of lipstick!

"We must test it on the girls!" someone said; and Peggy, a vampish blonde, was called in to try it first. Everyone watched her intently as she ran the little magic stick lightly over her pale but pretty mouth. A second passed. Nothing happened. Two seconds—and then, quite suddenly, a lovely glow mounted to her lips. Not the orange color of the lipstick, but a rose glow, the delicate natural bloom of Youth. . .

Then came the most astonishing test of all when Mary, a vivacious brunette secretary, put it on. For it gave her lips a different color—a glow that harmonized exactly with her own dark mysterious complexion, a blush-rose hue deeper than Peggy's, but just as lovely. . .

SCARCELY three months passed before Paris, that autocrat of fashion, claimed this lipstick for her very own; and New York Society praised its never-failing magic.

And now, in London, Berlin, Rome, Madrid. . . in all the important Capitals of Europe. . . where beautiful women from the four corners of the world gather to toy with the hearts of kings and princes. . . where crowned heads bow at the feet of feminine loveliness. . . *Tangee is favorite.*

Remarkable Improvements over the old-fashioned lipstick

BEAUTICIANS' say there are now two kinds of lipsticks—Tangee and the other kind! For Tangee lipsticks are fundamentally different from all the rest.

The old-fashioned type consists of a fatty base containing a pigment. The color you get on your lips depends on the color of the lipstick you choose. And, of course, there is always that greasy smear. . .

Unlike others, Tangee contains no grease, no fat, no pigment. It has an entirely new coloring principle. And this is the remarkable thing about it. The orange in the stick turns to rose on your lips—a light rose-coral for some—a deep blush-rose for others—depending upon the complexion and upon how heavily it is applied. . . To every woman it gives just the shade that is natural to her own self, whether she is blonde or brunette.

WHEN you use Tangee Lipstick, you can be sure that it is *really* waterproof, and that it will stay on all day without fading, smearing or rubbing off. Its purity makes it absolutely harmless, and its firm cold cream base enables it to soothe, soften and beautify the texture of your lips—preventing chapping and parching.

THE penalty of popularity is imitation. And here is an important thing to remember:

There have been more than a score of imitators of Tangee, but *not one* of them has yet succeeded in analyzing its priceless formula or in reproducing its astonishing effects. . .

Tangee is the original orange lipstick and the only one in the world that will change color as you put it on to give your lips the loveliness of nature's alluring bloom. It will pay you to be sure the name "Tangee" is on both the box and the chic little gunmetal case!

For your COMPLETE beauty

THERE are now five other Tangee aids to loveliness, each as marvelous as the lipstick. A Crème Rouge and Rouge Compact that give you the same kind of color magic for your cheeks. Two marvelous creams, Tangee DAY Cream and Tangee NIGHT Cream, to smooth out your complexion. And a wonderful Face Powder in the five shades of Nature. . .

Let these famous specialists start you on the road to beauty today. Ask your dealer for Tangee by name!

For Beauty's Boudoir



Tangee Lipstick \$1; Tangee Rouge Compact 75c; Tangee Crème Rouge \$1; Tangee Face Powder \$1; Tangee Day Cream \$1; Tangee Night Cream \$1. Prices 25c higher in Canada.

TANGEE

For TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Dept. 81,
The George W. Lust Co.,
417 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me your generous trial Tangee Beauty Set by return mail, including Lipstick, Crème Rouge, DAY Cream, NIGHT Cream and Face Powder. I enclose 20c to cover cost of mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

IN A TWINKLING!
*your nails will glow
 like tinted pearls*



*Always Searching for Exquisite
 Perfection, Smart Women of Fashion
 Have Decried This Lovely New
 Manicure the Latest Vogue.*

What magic! In a twinkling this wonderful Glazo Liquid Polish gives dull, lifeless nails the delicate lustre of pink perfection. Dainty! Alluring!

No buffing. Just a light brush over the nails and *voilà!* . . . they gleam with fascinating loveliness. Not for an hour or a day. This lovely beauty lasts for many days.

The irresistible Glazo lustre never diminishes. It will not crack, peel or turn a ugly brown. To insure the permanence of this sheer loveliness make sure that you get Glazo. For this excellent new Glazo has qualities not found even in the highest priced liquid manicures.

To insure the most charming manicure and to conserve the polish, it is wise to use the separate Glazo Remover. Glazo, by the way, is the only polish (except the absurdly expensive, imported ones) that comes complete with separate remover.

In dainty twin bottles you will find Glazo, the Remover, and Glazo, the Polish. It is the manicure demanded by fashion for fashionable hands.

The better shops, everywhere, sell Glazo. Ask for it by name. The Glazo Company, 403 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio; 468 King St., West, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

*The Only Polish That Comes Complete
 With Remover—Fifty Cents*

GLAZO

Nails stay
 polished
 longer—no
 buffing
 necessary.



Try GLAZO
 Cuticle Mas-
 sage Cream.
 It shapes the
 cuticle and
 keeps it even
 and healthy.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

WINNERS OF THE WILDERNESS— M-G-M

WE have had the pleasure of seeing Colonel Tim McCoy. And you will feel exactly the same way after you have cast your eagle optics over this lovely picture. Colonel Tim is not hard to look at, has a pleasing personality and can perform his stunts better than many of our Western cowboys. However, there was one thing that spoiled an enjoyable afternoon for us—the presence of grinning Roy D'Arcy in the cast. Come on, Roy, show us what an artiste you are and use the other expression that you are bragging about.

WOLVES' CLOTHING—Warner Bros.

A FEEBLE attempt at comedy. If you can see anything funny in seeing a crazy man run wild and a silly Englishman trying to be smart—and then find out that it was all a dream—you're welcome to this. Though we'll guarantee you will be bored to death.

THE AUCTIONEER—Fox

DELASCO'S stage production in which David Warfield starred has finally been transferred to the screen. But in the transposition it becomes a slow moving affair, the story being submerged in a series of atmospheric scenes. George Sidney is fair in the leading rôle. Marion Nixon, Ward Crane, Doris Lloyd and Gareth Hughes complete the cast.

EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS—Preferred

PICTURES dealing with capital punishment have always been a hobby with this company. This is a series of murders—in fact they really become funny. The wrong man is accused and condemned to death. And then we have that nerve-racking march to the death chair only to have the governor appear at the right time. Even if you are given free passes don't waste your time.

THE THIRD DEGREE—Warner Bros.

THE poorest picture that was ever unreeled. The whole piece is filled with a series of German camera-angles that don't mean a thing. Except that one becomes dizzy trying to figure out what they symbolize. Louise Dresser surprised us by giving a very poor performance. Helene Costello, Jason Robards and Tom Santschi are in the cast. This is in the same class as that other classic—"The Little Irish Girl."

STAGE MADNESS—Fox

A COLORFUL romance of a charming actress who decides to give up her marriage for the stage. Years later she befriends a little dancer in her chorus who turns out to be her own little girl. I know you've heard it before. It is quite remarkable how this actress never ages. The other members of the cast become gray and wrinkled. Evidently she made a number of trips to Fanny Ward's Fountain of Youth. Fair.

LIGHTNING LARIATS—F. B. O.

HERE'S our old pals Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro. Frankie happens to be a king of one of those mythical kingdoms. Political troubles arise and he is brought to America by his governess. He is befriended and protected by Tom. The government is overthrown and Frankie remains with Tom, and Tom—go see and find out.

FINGER PRINTS—Warner Bros.

APITIFUL attempt at a comedy-mystery melodrama. Louise Fazenda supplies some comedy relief but the rest of the cast seem to be as mystified as the audience when the picture is ended. One or two of the characters just naturally disappear for no reason whatever. Don't waste your time.

THE OVERLAND STAGE—First Nat'l.

THE finest of the Ken Maynard entries for the year. This impressive production presents one of the really great events in the making of American history—the linking of the stagecoach lines from the East to the West. Ken is a scout for the stagecoach company. He poses as a gambler to learn who is robbing the lines and stirring up Indian antagonism against the whites. Take the whole family.

ROUGH AND READY—Universal

AGAIN Jack Hoxie is the honest cowboy who protects the gal's ranch from the villain. Nothing else can be said except that this is very, very poor entertainment.

RED HEADS PREFERRED—Tiffany

FROM all appearances Raymond Hitchcock was allowed to do just as he pleased. But his sense of humor differs from ours. Raymond runs wild and has a grand time for himself, but there will be many racing to the exits before half of it is unreeled. And we don't mean maybe.

Will the Screen Bring Christ Back to Us?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

think he wants to prove that Jesus' life, and the thing back of it that made His works possible, is just as available to us today as ever it was.

But there is to be no preaching in "The King of Kings."

There it is—Jesus' life as He lived it.

There is His battle with the temptation to use His great power wrongly, His struggle with lust, His hourly contact with petty trials and petty people. His final clash with death, His victory over sin, disease and the grave itself.

All there—real, alive, vital. Set down in pictures, simple, straightforward—the life story of a man who knew the power of good and used it to bring happiness, contentment, peace and health to all.

That is what Cecil De Mille has started out to make.

If he succeeds, it is my sincere and honest belief that he will have achieved the thing which will have the greatest effect upon the world of anything done in many generations.

He is backing his belief in this picture, his desire to make it and make it right, with over two million dollars.

It will either be a colossal flop, or it will be something so far beyond mere motion picture making that it cannot even be compared to other motion pictures.

Right or wrong, it is a wonderful thing to do—a brave thing to do—and it has the greatest possibilities both to the motion picture and the world of anything that has ever happened since the first camera turned.

In the world's finest theatres
*the promise of superlative
entertainment is fulfilled by*

DE MILLE- METROPOLITAN PICTURES



B. F. Keith's Palace Theatre, Cleveland, Ohio. This magnificent show house is typical of the great theatres throughout the country featuring DE MILLE-METROPOLITAN PICTURES.

The Keith-Albee-Orpheum theatres are known from coast to coast. Their size and beauty and number are symbolic of the place that good entertainment holds in the heart of the American public.

DE MILLE-METROPOLITAN PICTURES are shown in all Keith-Albee-Orpheum and other great show-houses throughout the country. Produced lavishly by the screen's greatest directors, embodying the works of the world's greatest dramatists and authors, interpreted by stellar artists of the stage and screen, DEMILLE-METROPOLITAN PICTURES represent the fullest measure of entertainment possible within the scope of photoplay production.



CECIL B. DE MILLE
Master Producer



E. F. ALBEE
President Keith-Albee Circuit



MARCUS HEIMAN
President Orpheum Circuit

The association of these personalities, combining the foremost genius in the field of photoplay production with the world's greatest showmen, represents a guarantee of superlative entertainment.

Coming!

John C. Flinn presents
"JIM the CONQUEROR"
 By Peter B. Kyne
 With WILLIAM BOYD and
 ELINOR FAIR. Adapted by Will M. Ritchey
 Directed by GEORGE B. SEITZ
 Produced by Metropolitan Pictures Corporation

Coming!

LEATRICE JOY in
"NOBODY'S WIDOW"
 With CHARLES RAY, PHYLLIS HAVER
 DAVID BUTLER
 A DONALD CRISP PRODUCTION
 Adapted by Clara Beranger and Douglas Z. Doty
 from the stage play by Avery Hopwood
 Directed by DONALD CRISP
 Produced by De Mille Pictures Corporation

PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION

JOHN C. FLINN, Vice-President and General Manager

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]



Kissproof

TRADE MARK REG.

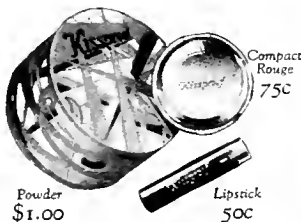
Lipstick

Will Make You More Beautiful Instantly

Your first application of Kissproof Lipstick will show you lips alluring, bewitching, tantalizing—lovely beyond compare. **Kissproof is Waterproof.** One application lasts all day. And then a dash of Kissproof Rouge—such color: new, vivid, dashing, yet soft and delicately warm—neither red nor orange, but an artist's blend of both. Made in both paste and compact form.

Now! Kissproof Powder

What a surprise it will give you—different than any other powder. Kissproof gives your skin a tone—a deep transparent effect—gorgeously beautiful. Kissproof flatters tremendously. Make the most of your beauty. Get Kissproof today. At all better stores, or direct.



Send for Kissproof Beauty Box

Delica Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 1253
3012 Clybourn Avenue, Chicago

Send me the Kissproof Beauty Box containing a week's supply of Kissproof Lipstick, Kissproof Rouge, Kissproof Face Powder and Delica Brow. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Underline shade of Powder
FLESH WHITE BRUNETTE

Name _____

Address _____



The working wife must watch that she doesn't do too much. Some husbands, while glad to have their wives earn their own living, believe they should do just as much as ever at home. This is unfair.

There is nothing degrading about picking up his own laundry. But many a man seems to think there is. The same type of man who leaves these petty tasks, beneath his dignity, to his wife, often refuses to let her "lower" herself by earning money. If, by reading between the lines, you discover I think such men are idiots, you're perfectly right. I do.

Once the self-supporting woman found it necessary to rig herself out as an imitation man. That nonsense has gone, thank heaven. The girl who works today is more smartly dressed, more smartly groomed, her hair waved, her face and hands well kept, than the women who don't work. Wise wives are maintaining their charm for their husbands through the expenditure of their own money. Love sometimes begins in an atmosphere of shabby ugliness and discomfort. It never lasts in such an environment.

I approve of work for wives. It may take a woman's interest away from her husband. But a love that can't stand up against another interest isn't much of a love, anyway.

My advice to girls is, get a husband who will co-operate with you in the household tasks. Pick one who isn't afraid of your being an individual. To work teaches women fair play. It teaches co-operation and the value of honest toil for honest pay. That is a good thing for wives to know. It will make them appreciate their husband's work more.

Get your job and do your part. And happiness to both of you.

GOLDIE.

With slim legs meaning so much in the world of fashion, I don't advise you to attempt to fatten them. To develop your arms, try these exercises: Take a good standing position. Throw your head up, your feet a foot apart, your body erect. Keep your knees straight, your abdomen flat, your shoulders back. Let your hands hang by your sides. Then, bring your hands up to your shoulders, fists doubled and turned in. Raise the arms sharply upward, as high above your head as possible, stretching the fingers. Then return to first position. Repeat this movement ten to fifteen times and do it with snap and pep. Half-hearted exercise does very little good. Next, with hands, fists

doubled in, at shoulder height, shoot them outward in straight line from shoulders, fingers stretched. Repeat ten times. Another good one starts in the same standing position. Bend your arms quickly and raise your elbows in line with your shoulders, the palms of your hands turned downward on your chest. From this position, fling the arms outward as far as possible, then back to first position, then outward, then back, as sharply as a soldier's drill. Do this a dozen times. You are about ten pounds underweight.

DOROTHY.

Your boy sounds very nice indeed. He sounds like a healthy, active boy and he's not old enough yet to be interested in love-making. You shouldn't be. Don't cheat yourself. Stay a little girl a little while longer.

KITTY.

A girl's popularity with boys at sixteen is no guarantee of her future popularity with men. The sixteen-year-old attractive with boys of her own age is usually something of a "hot date." The more quiet girl of that age either appeals to much older men, or fails completely with the male youngsters. So, don't worry about it now, Kitty. Boys of sixteen aren't very selective. Appeal to them must be pretty obvious. Dress as becomingly as you can. Take care of your health and your looks. Develop your own personality. Then, I believe, you'll come into your own by nineteen or twenty.

D. L., ONTARIO.

Oh, my dear, be careful. I can only give you that old, old answer—there are so many girls trying to get on the stage. The standards today are higher than ever. The chance of your succeeding is so small, the chance of your failing, so great. If your home is as distasteful as you say and you are determined to leave and equally determined to get on the stage, then New York is the only place for you. But don't come with less than \$150. Get yourself a real job, and after hours study at one of the professional dancing schools. Get some stage equipment before you hunt your job. If you have any talent, the school will spot it and help you. But, above all things, don't come to New York and believe your appearance alone will get you a stage opportunity. Talent, training, youth, prettiness—these you must have for the smallest opening, in combination with good luck.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]



The most famous chorus that ever stepped on the American stage—the Floradora Sextet—is revived for "Casey at the Bat." And the words for this particular bit of stage business were: "Won't you take a little walk with me?"—sung flirtatiously by the chorus men. And that, my children, was once considered the height of daring

Beauty secrets— **FREE!**

HAIR shining and exquisitely coiffured . . . the gleaming, pink finger-tips of fashion . . . a frock with all the charm and *chic* of Paris . . . today these are within the reach of every woman—*through the magic of advertising.*

In the magazines, beauty secrets are given away every day—free! How to wear your new hat smartly. How to improve a fading complexion. How to have prettier clothes for less money. Beauty, loveliness, charm—no longer are they the heritage of a favored few. Advertising makes them a universal opportunity.

Follow today's beauty and fashion advertising. It teaches good dressing, good grooming. It tells you what clever women here, there and everywhere are finding out about beauty. It will help you make the most of yourself—your eyes, your hair, your own precious personality. It will keep you young!



*Follow the advertisements in this magazine.
They will keep you up to date in smartness*

Harold Again *the Underdog*

As in "Grandma's Boy," Harold Lloyd's latest comedy gives a few hints on how to overcome that inferiority complex. Harold plays the weak son of a hill-billy family. As usual, Jobyna Ralston is the sympathetic heroine



HAROLD LLOYD'S new comedy, "The Kid Brother," takes its place among his best efforts. It's a story of the Southern mountains

Although dominated by a father and two brothers, the underdog finally gets up enough courage to slam pap with a barrel of corn licker. And here is where you cheer as well as laugh



Betty Blythe

Dear Mr. Shaughnessy,
 The Olovnit vests are too lovely
 for words and I am delighted to
 have them called after me.
 If the women of America could see
 for themselves how pretty, how
 stylish and how serviceable the
 "Betty Blythe Vests" really are,
 you would not be able to make
 them fast enough.
 Wishing you the greatest success,
 I remain

Yours sincerely,
Betty Blythe.



Mail this coupon today and our representative
 will call and show you our latest garments.

The Shaughnessy Knitting Co.
 Watertown, N. Y.

Please have your representative show me your
 new spring garments.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Shaughnessy
Olovnit
 GARMENTS & HOSIERY

OLOVNIT garments are reasonably
 priced because they are sold through
 our factory representatives direct to you.

In the privacy of your own home you
 may select Olovnit garments and be sure that
 they will harmonize with each ensemble.

Mail the coupon and we will have
 our representative call and show you the
 new 1927 models.



Viola Dana

Viola Dana Reveals the Secret of Her Beautiful Eyes

Miss Dana, world-famous for the beauty of her expressive eyes, accentuates the lovely sweep and length of her curling lashes by darkening them with the dainty toilet requisite she is here shown applying, "MAYBELLINE."

She has used "MAYBELLINE" for ten years, both for street wear and in her screen work, and regards it as indispensable.

Millions of women; from charming girl to queenly matron have discovered how "MAYBELLINE" reveals the hidden beauty of their eyes.

"MAYBELLINE" is harmless. The popular Solid Form or waterproof Liquid Form, BLACK or BROWN, are 75c at all toilet goods counters.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline

Beautifies Eyelashes and Brows Instantly

*Photo by Seely
Hollywood*

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. As a further aid, a complete list of studio addresses is printed elsewhere in this Magazine every month. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

MARJORIE R., GARDEN CITY, L. I.—Greta Garbo no spik English so gut. Greta bane Swedish gal and she is yust beginning to learn our language. Born in Stockholm in 1906. That's her real name.

MRS. G. S. W., DETROIT, MICH.—Charlie Chaplin was born April 19, 1889. No trouble at all.

HOWDY HANK, TAMPA, FLA.—Hop aboard. There's always a welcome out for newcomers. Colleen Moore was educated in a convent in your city, although born in Port Huron, Mich. An American, yes—but with more than a dash of Irish. Her birth-date is Aug. 19, 1902. Married to John McCormick. You may write to her at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. *Au revoir.*

R. M. R., LONDON, ENGLAND.—You may obtain the complete life of Rudolph Valentino, written by himself, by writing to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Ask for the issues of February, March and April, 1923. The issues are twenty-five cents a copy.

ANNOUNCING SOME NEW CLUBS.—The Rudolph Valentino Memorial Club. For information, write to Miss Margaret E. Driver, Lunora, Ark. Also a Rudolph Valentino Memorial Club—Helen V. Sunderland, 245 W. 7th Street, Garnett, Kan., president. And still another Valentino Fan Memorial Club, with W. E. Stephens, 815 Forest Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn., as president. Any one wishing to join the Clara Bow Correspondence Club, may write to Catherine Conway, 375 E. 146th Street, New York, N. Y. Elnor Ward tells me that she is president of the William Boyd Fan Club. Her address is 33 Nassau Ave., Freeport, N. Y. Also William Haines has a fan club. For informatioo, write to Miss Vivian Stephens, Perry, Lake County, Ohio. I thank you.

BETTY, ARLINGTON, MASS.—Sure, I'll tell you all; I haven't a heart of stone. Ken Maynard was born in Mission, Texas, July 21, 1895. He's married. Address him in care of First National Productions, Burbank, Calif.

J. E., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Norma Shearer is twenty-two years old. She has golden brown hair. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minn. He's thirty-one years old.

C. B., SAN MATEO, CALIF.—Don't scold me, please, and I'll never do it again. Jackie Coogan was born Oct. 26, 1914. Colleen Moore, Aug. 19, 1902. Colleen Moore's real name is

Kathleen Morrison. Laura La Plante and William Haines both use their own names.

A. C., HAVESVILLE, GA.—Walter Pidgeon was born Sept. 23, 1897. He's a widower. Gloria Swanson's next picture is "Sunya," and in it Gloria certainly gets a chance to prove her versatility, because she plays several different character parts.



Movie Director (discovering the dummy): "My God! What was it we threw over the cliffs!"—*Life.*

M. I. S., DAYTON, O.—I don't have to be a mind reader to know that you are a very systematic person, with an orderly mind. And so it's a pleasure to answer your questions. Esther Ralston is married. Mary Philbin is twenty-three years old and unmarried. Norma Shearer is twenty-two; also unmarried. I don't know Richard Dix's matrimonial intentions. Nor do I know how Leatrice Joy plans to dispose of her heart and hand. She's divorced from John Gilbert. Greta Garbo is unmarried.

A READER, SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—You will find the addresses of the stars in the department headed "What the Stars and Directors Are Doing."

M. L. M., BARTLESVILLE, OKLA.—Roy D'Arcy is married; no children. Born Feb. 10, 1894. No, I don't know what kind of toothpaste he uses. Ask him yourself and address your letter to the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Calif.

J. J. G., BUFFALO, N. Y.—Still more about Greta Garbo! Greta was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1906. She is five feet, six inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Not married. Address her at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif.

V. C., NAPPANEE, IND.—Right you are. Both unmarried. Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, Feb. 6, 1890. His ancestors didn't come over on the *Mayflower*. They were here when the *Mayflower* arrived. Ramon, you see, has Aztec blood and that is an ancient American race. Surely, write him a letter and address it to the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. If you want a photograph, send a quarter.

FLOSSIE, CHARLESTON, W. VA.—Rudolph Valentino's height was five feet, ten inches. He weighed 154 pounds and had black hair and brown eyes. Vilma Banky's next picture is "King Harlequin." Jack Mulhall is married to Evelyn Winans.

B. R., OIL CITY, PA.—Did the Milton Sills your father knew live in Chicago? That's where the Milton Sills of the movies was born and raised. He is about forty years old and married to Doris Kenyon. Address him at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

M. L., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Esther Ralston was born Sept. 17, 1902, in Bar Harbor, Maine. She's a real, down-east Yankee. Esther weighs 125 pounds. Not related to Jobyna Ralston.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]

IN writing to the stars for pictures, Photoplay advises you all to be careful to enclose twenty-five cents. This covers the cost of the photograph and postage. The stars are all glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost of it is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted.

What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

CHADWICK STUDIOS, 1440 Gower Street.

Production will soon start on "Ladybird" with Betty Compson and Malcolm McGregor.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, 1416 La Brea Ave.
Inactive.

CHRISTIE STUDIOS, 6101 Sunset Blvd.

Jimmy Adams, Bobby Vernon, Anne Cornwall, Jack Duffy and Neal Burns—all working on two-reelers.

COLUMBIA PICTURES, 1458 Gower Street.

Production will soon start on "Business Before Pleasure" with Pat O'Malley and Virginia Brown Falre
William Craft directing "Birds of Prey" with Allan Simpson and Prii-dilla Dean.

GOTHAM STUDIOS, Universal City, Calif.

Production will soon start on "The Final Extra" with Marguerite De La Motte and Grant Withers.

DE MILLE STUDIOS, Culver City, Calif.

Production has started on "The Heart of a Thiel" with Lya de Putti and Joseph Schildkraut.
Paul Sloane directing "Turkish Delight" with Julia Faye and Rudolph Schildkraut.
William De Mille directing "The Little Adventurers" with Vera Reynolds.
Donald Crisp directing "Vanity" with Leatrice Joy.

EDUCATIONAL STUDIOS, 7250 Santa Monica Blvd.

Lupino Lane, Al St. John and Lloyd Hamilton—all working on two-reelers.

FILM BOOKING OFFICES, 780 Gower Street.

J. P. McGowan directing "Tarzan and the Golden Lion" with James Pierce, Edna Murphy and Dorothy Dunbar.

Production will soon start on "Limehouse Polly" with Viola Dana.
Ralph Ince completing "Hello Bill" with Conway Tearle and Margaret Morris.

FINE ARTS STUDIOS, 4500 Sunset Blvd.

J. Stuart Blackton directing "The American" with Hessel Loy, Charles Ray and Ward Crane.
Spencer Bennett directing "Melting Millions" with Eugenia Gilbert.

FIRST NATIONAL STUDIOS, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Wallace directing "The Poor Nut" with Jack Nulhall, Gertrude Olmsted and Chas. Murray.

King Baggot directing "The Notorious Lady" with Barbara Bedford and Lewis Stone.
Al Rosell directing "The Sunset Derby" with Buster Collier and Claude Gillinger.

Millard Webb directing "An Affair of the Follies" with Billie Dove, Lewis Stone and Lloyd Hughes.
Al Rockett directing "See You in Jail" with Jack Nulhall and Alice Day.
George Fitzmaurice directing "The Tender Hour" with Billie Dove and Ben Lyon.

FOX STUDIOS, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Ben Stollhoff completing "A. W. O. L." with Nancy Nash, Gene Cameron and Judy King.
Production has started on "The Broncho Twister" with Tom Mix and Helena Costello.

Production has started on "Whispering Sage" with Buck Jones.
Frank Borzage completing "Seventh Heaven" with David Butler, Janet Gaynor and Gladys Brockwell.

Al Green directing "Is Zat So" with Kathryn Perry, George O'Brien and Edmund Lowe.

Production has been completed on "The Wedding Ring" with Virginia Valli and Allan Durant.
Production will soon start on "Grandma Bernley Learns Her Letters." John Ford will direct.

KEATON STUDIOS, 1025 Lillian Way.

Buster Keaton directing and playing the lead in "The Poor Fish" with Edith Roberts.

LASKY STUDIOS, 5341 Melrose Ave.

Mauritz Stiller directing "The Man Who Forgot God" with Emil Jannings and Lil Dagover.

Luther Reed directing "Evening Clothes" with Adolphe Menjou, Virginia Valli and Louise Brooks.

Clarence Badger completing "A Kissina Taxi" with Bebe Daniels, Douglas Gilmore and Chester Conklin.

Production will soon start on "All Women Are Beautiful" with Raymond Griffith and Doris Hill
Rowland Lee directing "Soundings" with Norman Trevor, Lois Moran, James Hall and Douglas Gilmore.

Frank Lloyd completing "Children of Divorce" with Hedda Hopper, Clara Bow, Esther Ralston, Gary Cooper and Norman Trevor.
Lothar Mendes directing "Confessions" with Pola Negri and Ricardo Cortez.

Fred Newmeyer directing "Too Many Crooks" with Mildred Davis, Lloyd Hughes and George Slegman.

Production will soon start on "Underworld" with Evelyn Brent and Ricardo Cortez.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIOS, Culver City, Calif.

Victor Seastrom directing "The Enemy" with Lillian Gish and Lars Hansen.

Tod Browning directing "Three" with Lon Chaney.

Harry Millarde directing "Tell Her to Stop" with Norma Shearer.

Robert Z. Leonard directing "The Grey Hat" with Renee Adoree and Lee Rodney.

Chester Franklin directing "A Dog of Mystery" with Peter the Great.

Reginald Barker completing "The Branding Iron" with Allen Prince and Lionel Barrymore.

J. P. McCarthy directing "Becky" with Sally O'Neill.
William Reaudine directing "Eriseo Sally Levy" with Charles Delaney, Kate Price and Sally O'Neill.

Reginald Barker directing "The Bugle Call" with Jackie Coogan.
Sam Wood directing "Red, White and Blue" with Karl Dane, George K. Arthur and Marceline Day.

Jack Conway completing "Twelve Miles Out" with Jack Gilbert and Ernest Torrence.

ROACH STUDIOS, Culver City, Calif.

"Our Gang," Mabel Normand and Charley Chase—all working on two-reelers.

SENNETT STUDIOS, 1712 Glendale Blvd.

Ben Turpin, Madeline Hurlock, Raymond McKeie, and Mary Ann Jackson—all working on two-reelers.

TEC-ART STUDIOS, 5360 Melrose Ave.

Charlie Hines completing "All Aboard" with Jackie Coogan and Edna Murphy.

UNITED ARTISTS STUDIOS, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd.

Lewis Milestone directing "Two Arabian Nights" with William Boyd.

Sam Taylor directing Mary Pickford in a production as yet untitled.
Production will soon start on "A Woman Disputed" with Norma Talmadge.

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, Universal City, Calif.

Lynn Reynolds directing "Ace High" with Hoot Gibson.

Wesley Ruggles directing the second series of "The Collectors" with George Lewis and Dorothy Grier.
Production will soon start on "The Big Gun" with George Lewis.

Edward Laemmle directing "Cheating Cheaters" with Laura La Plante.
Emory Johnson will soon start production on "Arm of the Law." Cast not announced.

WARNER BROTHERS STUDIOS, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

Byron Haskins directing "Matinee Ladies" with May McAvoy, Malcolm McGregor, Hedda Hopper and Charles Lane.

Alan Crosland directing "A Million Bid" with Dolores Costello and Warner Oland.
Chuck Reisner directing "What Every Girl Should Know" with Patsy Ruth Miller and Ian Keith.

FOX FILM STUDIO, 55th St and 10th Ave., New York City.

Allan Dwan directing "The Joy Girl" with Olive Borden.

PARAMOUNT STUDIOS, Pierce Ave. and 6th St., Long Island City, New York.

Mal St. Clair directing "Knockout Riley" with Richard Dix and Mary Brian.
Frank Tuttle directing "Blind Alleys" with Thomas Meighan and Greta Nissen.

Herbert Brenon directing Holbrook Blinn, May Allison, Madge Bellamy and Larry Gray in "The Telephone Girl."

Gregory La Cava directing "Rubber Heels" with Ed Wynn, Lawrence Gray, Thelma Todd and Chester Conklin.
Robert Vignola completing "Cabaret" with Gilda Gray and Tom Moore.

ABROAD

AFRICA

Rev Incram directing "The Garden of Allah" with Alice Terry and Ivan Petrovich.

CHANGE IN TITLES

FIRST NATIONAL

"Venus of Venice" changed to "Naughty Carlotta"

"Manon Lescaut" will be released as "Manon."

"The Runaway Enchantress" changed to "The Sea Flier"

"The River" changed to "The Notorious Lady."

"Jailbirds Inc." changed to "See You in Jail."

"Here You're Brother" changed to "An Affair of the Follies."

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"The Day of Souls" changed to "The Show."

"Alouze the Armless" changed to "The Unknown."

FAMOUS

"The Beautiful Blonde" changed to "All Women Are Beautiful."

UNITED ARTISTS

"Sunya" changed to "The Loves of Sunya."

BUSINESS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Associated First National Pictures, 353 Madison Ave., New York City.

Chadwick Pictures Corp., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Columbia Pictures, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

Educational Film Corporation, 370 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount), 455 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booking Offices, 1560 Broadway, New York City.

Fox Film Company, 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City.

Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

Pathe Exchange, 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Producers Distributing Corporation, 1560 Broadway, New York City.

Rothacker Film Mfg. Company, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

Tiffany Productions, 1542 Broadway, New York City.

United Artists' Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Universal Film Mfg. Company, Heckscher Building, 5th Ave. and 57th St., New York City.

Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

EAST COAST

COSMOPOLITAN STUDIOS, 127th St. and 2nd Ave., New York City.

Production will soon start on "Broadway Nights." Cast not announced. (Robert Kane Prod.)

News and Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

give you one good reason. The local talent, as soon as it makes a hit, has an annoying way of asking big money. Several leading men, on the golf side of forty, have been asking \$3,000 a week—and more—before they'll give the camera a soft look. The Germans will work for less—temporarily. So the producers grab them before they learn to talk Hollywood money. But wait until they pick up a few tricks themselves! And wait until they gather a hox-office following! Then we shall see what we shall see.

IT'S anybody's joke, and it is being told about every new theater on Broadway. Anyway, here it is: After the opening of a certain new palace of art, Harry Thaw was heard to remark that he had shot the wrong architect.

THE William de Milles have come to the parting of the ways. It was a very quiet and dignified divorce. And with the split in the family, Agnes de Mille, the director's eldest daughter, has made her debut as a professional dancer in New York. She is appearing in the Mozart comic opera, "La Finta Giardiniera." Miss de Mille is a graduate of the University of California, and has played small parts in the movies under the direction of her father and her uncle Cecil.

THE newspapers recently published front-page stories about Michael Cudahy's frustrated attempt to marry Marie Astaire, described as a motion picture star. Of course, we know that Michael Cudahy is the son of John P. Cudahy, millionaire meat packer. But who is Marie Astaire, so widely publicized as a movie "star"? We never have heard of her. The mother of nineteen-year-old Michael was horrified at the thought of her son marrying a movie actress, and she called in a sheriff to prevent his elopement. Mrs. Cudahy evidently feared that some movie star wanted to marry Michael for his money.

What nonsense! An honest-to-goodness movie star doesn't have to marry a rich man for his money. Movie stars these days can match incomes with the Cudahys—or any other rich family in the country. A rich man's son is no temptation to a girl who makes, by her own efforts, two or three thousand dollars a week. A few of the stars may have gone around with young Cudahy—for a brief time.

But movie stars cannot afford to waste their time on society people who go to Hollywood for a thrill. And this sensational elopement—or attempted elopement—is no more representative of real Hollywood life than Mrs. Jean Nash's escapades are indicative of the character of the French nation.

In fact, Hollywood, like Paris and New York, suffers from the misdeeds of the "visiting firemen," whose invasions annoy the hard-working natives.

MAKE way in the Academy of Dumb Mortals for the little girl May Allison tells about. She was so unintelligent she thought a smelter was a place where they cooked smelt.

IT cost Jobyna Ralston \$300 to say "Hello" and "Good-bye" to Dick Arlea, whom she is to marry, but it was worth it. Dick has been in Texas playing in "Wings," and Joby was lonesome, very lonesome, so she boarded a train for San Antonio. No sooner was she clasped in Dick's arms at the station than she



The art of smiling charmingly is the art of caring properly for one's teeth. That is why Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities, is also universally placed by experts, these days, near the top of the list of modern beauty aids.

Film—Enemy of Your Teeth and Your Smile

To which many serious tooth and gum disorders are charged

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube

IN a film that forms on teeth, science has discovered what is believed to be a chief enemy both of sound teeth and of healthy gums—a viscous, stubborn film that ordinary brushing has failed to effectively combat.

Many of the common tooth and gum troubles, including pyorrhea, are largely charged to this film. To combat it, a new dental care is now being widely advised as embodied in the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent.

Now an effective film combatant

By running your tongue across your teeth, you will feel a film; a slippery sort of coating. Ordinary brushing does not remove it.

Film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. That is why, according to leading dental opinion, teeth look dingy and "off color."

Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It invites and breeds the germs of decay. And that is why it is judged so grave a danger to the teeth by authorities.

Film is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with germs, is the chief cause of pyorrhea. That is why regular film removal is urged as probably first in correct gum protection.

Most dental authorities urgently advise thorough film removal at least twice each day. That is every morning and every night.

For that purpose, obtain Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice which leading dental authorities favor. Different from any other tooth paste. Pepsodent curdles the film, then re-

moves it; then polishes the teeth in gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids of decay and scientifically firms the gums. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And meets, thus, in all ways, the exactments of modern dental science.

On dental advice, people are adopting this new way of tooth cleansing. Obtain Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, at drug stores. Two months' supply at a moderate price—or send coupon for 10-day tube. Use twice every day. See your dentist twice each year. Make both a habit.



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191 George St., Toronto, Canada. 2379

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The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth



All the beauty of the world
Tis but skin deep.—VENNING

RADIANT beauty is possessed only by the woman whose skin is satiny smooth—luminous—untouched by the shadow of unlovely hair.

Used beneath the fashionable bob, on the forearm, underarm or lower limb the new X-Bazin Cream Depilatory removes the slightest trace of unwanted hair swiftly and gently, tooting and cleansing the skin.

The same exquisite ingredients used in the finest soaps and creams are combined with the famous X-Bazin depilatory formula in making the new cream. The result is a product which is guaranteed harmless to the most delicate skin, and does not coarsen, increase or darken the later growth.

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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X-BAZIN POWDER STILL OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE—50¢

*"Put on Like Cold Cream
Wash off Like Soap"*

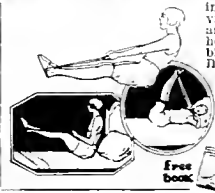


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Reducex gives you strength, vigor and radiant health! Developing muscle, it eliminates fatty tissues, invigorates the body, and in correcting poor heart action and forces blood circulation. Use Reducex and notice the refreshing effect! It can be used in the bed with comfort and ease. Reducex will add years to your life. Send for booklet—FREE!



Free book

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Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Mercolized Wax gently, gradually, absorbs muddy, freckled, pimply, faded or aged surface skin; reveals fresh, young, white beautiful skin beneath. Have girlish beauty; look 10 to 20 years younger. Greatest beautifier and face rejuvenator known. Any drug store. Dearborn Supply Co., Chicago, Ill.

Mercolized Wax



Completing their Even Dozen as star and director. Johnny Hines' brother, Charlie, directs all his comedies and the parrot is the chief gag man. Sure, Polly wants some cracked ice

received a telegram summoning her to Hollywood and a very good part. Joly took the next train home. The Kalston-Arlen wedding is to be early in the spring.

NO longer is the Santell domicile a house divided. Al, the motion picture director, and Rose, his wife, are again living in happy accord in their Beverly Hills home.

MARTHA MATTON' son, the tall one, was laughing when I met them, and her granddaughter had joined with a small, dignified giggle. Martha, who plays elderly maidens, oppressed by desires, had just finished reading a fan letter from a spinster who sympathized with Martha because she knew from Martha's excellent old-maid characterizations that she, too, had been deprived of love and children.

GREAT excitement at the opening of "The Fire Brigade," at the Central Theater on Broadway. Just as the audience was filing into the theater, the marquee collapsed and a fire alarm was turned in. Of course, there were some cynics who said that it was merely a press stunt.

Anyway, inside the theater, one newspaper reviewer ran up to another, saying, "The marquee has fallen outside the theater." Whereupon the second critic ran from the theater in a state of great glee.

Returning a few minutes later, she upbraided her co-worker. "You said the marquee had fallen. Say, I thought you meant Gloria's husband. That would have been a real story."

SANTA BARBARA, that Gretna Green of the Pacific slope, had another wedding recently when Ena Gregory ran away from home and mother and married Al Rogell, to whom she had been engaged for long. Mother had said she was too young to marry, but what is youth to Love? Mother's happy now, though, because Al is a nice boy and a dutiful son-in-law.

LEATRICE JOY was elected god-mother to the Alabama football team, better known as the Crimson Tide, which came out to Los Angeles for New Year's. And we hear that Leatrice had practically a unanimous proposal for the squad.

While lunching with them one day, a friend who was along said, "Well, I can't root for the Alabama team because my husband used to play on the Stanford varsity."

Leatrice gave the boys from Alabama a smile and said, "Well, I've never had a husband on the Alabama team, but I sure wish I had."

Whereupon the team rose en masse and said, "Do you mean that?"

The last seen of Leatrice she was trying to explain herself to Captain Barnes and All-American Winslett.

Later developments will be reported. By the way, Leatrice seemed to have come back suddenly. She looks marvelous and is full of pep. You can't keep a girl like Leatrice down.

HERE is the latest on Sam Goldwyn, that astute producer. He was talking to James R. Quirk about the many recent deaths of prominent people in the motion picture industry.

"Look," he said, "at the great people who have died. And in such a short time, too. Valentino—he was a great actor. Hiram Abrams, as fine a man as the picture business will ever know. Jules Mastbaum, who had that huge chain of theaters."

Sam paused and stroked his chin: "Say," turning to Mr. Quirk, "how do you think I look?"

PATROLMEN'S badges and those of deputy fire marshals are much sought after by the men in the picture colony. Tom Mix is a fire marshal, Clarence Brown has a police lieutenant's badge and there are many more "decorated for service."

Even Buster Keaton has one—but he's just a sergeant or something.

Anyway, Buster's glad he has one, for when a speed cop stopped him for making a bare

forty-five in a thirty-mile zone, the comedian flashed his badge and said:

"Don't you observe professional courtesy, brother?"

The cop was so astounded he waved Buster on his way without so much as a lecture.

TED COOK, one of our favorite newspaper comics, calls Cecil B. De Mille "The Man Nobody No's."

THE great Suzanne Lenglen played an exhibition match of professional tennis in Los Angeles recently, and while it seemed to cause no great excitement, the Hollywood tennis crowd, which grows larger all the time, turned out to see her do her stuff.

Patsy Ruth Miller, who has a court of her own and isn't so bad with a racquet herself, was there, all eyes to see how Lenglen manages those perfect shots. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix—Mrs. Mix has just built the most beautiful tennis court in Beverly Hills, by the way—got a bigger hand than Lenglen when they sailed in. Marion Davies had a big dinner party, in which were Jack Gilbert, Dick Barthelmess, Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor (Eleanor Boardman) Elinor Glyn, Harry d'Arrast, Hobart Henley, and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Price. Theodore von Eltz was one of the officials. Mr. and Mrs. George Archainbaud had a party that included Marion Williams, the tennis champion. Ronald Colman was there. I couldn't see with whom, and the Niblos, and George Fitzmaurice and Florence Vidor, and Bebe Daniels and Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Willat (Billie Dove). Priscilla Dean was there with some good-looking young man, and I thought I saw Mrs. Thomas H. Ince with her three sons. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd were there, too.

DICK BARTHELMESS tells about him. The actor who was being interviewed by the pinch-penny producer.

"And now, my son," smiled the producer, rubbing his hands together reflectively, "what is the lowest figure you will work for?"

"How high do I have to start to get \$350 a week?" replied the actor, who held a B. A. from the Hollywood school of experience.

WHETHER or not the "final papers" have been signed, the divorce of Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay in the Paris courts seems to have gone through and to be a final thing.

Dick is back in Hollywood, getting ready to go to work on "The Patent Leather Kid" and looking very serious and sober, as though getting a divorce wasn't all it's sometimes cracked up to be. He has moved into a beautiful new home in Beverly Hills with his little daughter, Mary Hay Barthelmess, who is to remain with her father for the present.

Mrs. Barthelmess is still abroad, fulfilling dance engagements in Cannes, St. Moritz and Rome. She expects to open a cabaret in Paris later on.

The Barthelmess menage was broken up a couple of years ago when the couple signed separation papers, but many of their friends thought that a reconciliation was at hand when Mrs. Barthelmess came to Hollywood a short time ago and spent several months with the little girl.

Just what happened to these two young people who were so terribly in love when they married a few years ago, no one seems to quite know, including Dick and Mary themselves. The consensus of opinion seems to be "too much career." Mary Hay wanted to continue her work as a dancer and had little if any domestic inclinations. Dick wanted a wife who was more interested in his career than her own. So the end of what looked like a perfect romance.



Already America has bought tens of millions of cakes

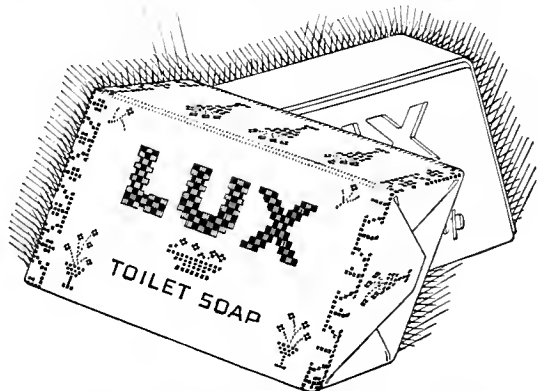
From France The gift of a Smooth Skin

BEAUTY-WISE France! Loveliness for women! For hundreds of years all the world has looked to France for petal-smooth skin, for the magic of her fine toilet soaps.

Costly, extravagant — French soaps! But today, by the very method France uses for her finest toilet soaps, Lux Toilet Soap is made!

That creamy smoothness you loved in French soap — that firm, fine textured cake! The instant, luxurious lather of Lux Toilet Soap tends your skin the true French way. It even lasts like French soap!

France with her passion for perfection — America with her genius for achievement! For Lux Toilet Soap is but 10c. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



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Do you skim the milk you use at home? No! Neither do we in making Oh Henry! Only rich, full cream milk is used. And there's the same insistence on top quality in all the other ingredients. That's why Oh Henry! costs a trifle more, and is worth it.

You can taste the difference!

Know Your Candy

A convenient portion of dollar candy!



Try the new 5c candy made by the Oh Henry! people... "Copy of Oh Henry!"... the finest candy ever made for 5c.

EVERY year, Frank Wilstach makes a collection of the best similes of the year. When he isn't chasing pungent sayings, Mr. Wilstach is press agent for Producers Distributing Corporation. And here, according to Mr. Wilstach, are some of the best phrases of 1926.

- "No more nerves than a set of false teeth."—PHOTOPLAY.
- "Full of bad manners as a Pittsburgh stogie is of burlap."—George Jean Nathan.
- "Rare as an unbroken spring in a taxicab."—F. P. A.
- "Laughter, like silver bells against the snow."—Margaret E. Sangster.
- "His face was as red as a picture house exit bulb."—H. I. Phillips.
- "Resemble each other about as closely as an alligator pear resembles an alligator."—The New Yorker.
- "Small as a night-club dance floor."—New York Sun.

AS you probably know, Count Ilya Tolstoy, son of the great Tolstoy, is helping Edwin Carewe with the filming of his father's novel, "Resurrection." It is the Count's duty to see that all the settings are 100 per cent Russian.

The company is working at the Tec-Art studios in Hollywood, where Johnny Hines is also making pictures. One day the Count came up to Carewe in great agitation.

"This is really too much," he exploded. "The Russian prison setting on the next stage is all wrong. It must not be used."

Carewe followed the agitated Russian to the next stage, to inspect the terrible mistake. What the Count had supposed was a Russian prison turned out to be the gangway of an ocean liner, to be used in Hines' comedy, "All Aboard."

EVERY now and then at the Christie Comedy lot they burn all surplus film, and the other day the incinerator was crammed full so they loaded a truck with waste film.



To be LOVELY in WINTER

Use these delightful, new **BEAUTY AIDES** that carry the same unconditional guarantee as my now famous **PARISIAN FLESHFOOD**

Here's a marvelous home treatment for retaining the charm of a clear, wholesome complexion the wonder way of restoring youthful freshness and beauty marred by time, illness or neglect. Wrinkles, crow's-feet, brown lines removed.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 N. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

Sequel to Emil Jannings' "Last Laugh" which appeared in the February issue of PHOTOPLAY. Mr. Jannings goes 100 per cent American. But he learns, alas, that not even an expert can put real "collar" on a glass of milk

"Take this out and burn it," said Fred Porter, general manager of the studios. The kid came back eventually. "Did you burn the film?" "Yes, sir." "Fine. Where's the truck?" "I burned it too." And he lives to tell the tale.

THERE is a parrot in the private office of a great movie director in Hollywood who can say only one word, "Yes." It's the only word the poor bird has ever heard.

TRY as I may to omit his name, I must mention "Rex, King of Wild Horses" when I write of this romance. Last January Rex needed a beautiful young person to appear in his picture and Gladys McConnell was selected. It was at the Hal Roach Studio that Gladys met Arthur Q. Hagerman, who writes thoroughbred stories about Rex for the papers. Then, in the way that is mortal, there was courtship and marriage. But I still insist that if it had not been for Rex, there would have been no romance.

AH, the brutality of fame. Ronald Colman shaved his mustache and traveled to and from Honolulu without so much as being recognized, and Adolphe Menjou grew a goatee for his picture and a stranger stepped up to him and said, "I'd like a prescription, doctor."

KING VIDOR will have to add "Squire" to his name and cultivate a nice fat tummy. He's getting to be a landowner, a man of money and finance. Just spent \$400,000 for a hundred and seventy-five acre tract which will be developed and improved. That's the reward of being a fine director and saving your money.

WHOEVER compiles "Who's Who" has sprung some funny selections and omissions on the Hollywood film colony, so far as the film people themselves look at things. Some that are included are difficult to figure and some omissions are even harder to explain.

Taking them alphabetically, here are the film celebrities from Hollywood who are mentioned.

Hugo Ballin, J. Stuart Blackton, Charles Spencer Chaplin, Jackie Coogan, William de Mille, Robert Edeson, Douglas Fairbanks, Marion Fairfax, Otis Harlan, William S. Hart, Sessue Hayakawa, Frank Keenan, Harold Lloyd, Tully Marshall, Mary Miles Minter, Tom Mix, Byron Morgan, Mary Pickford, William N. Selig, Milton Sills, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Rudolph Valentino, Bryant Washburn, Lois Weber and Clara Kimball Young.

WHEN Buster Collier was in New York, he made no secret of his admiration for one of the pretty McCarthy sisters who sing in the "Scandals." On the night before he left for the Coast, Buster was dining with his family at their home on Long Island. However, Buster seemed anxious to break away and finally told his father that he had to leave early and go to the theater.

"What are you going to see?" asked Willie Collier, Sr.

"I am going to the 'Scandals,'" answered Buster.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed his father, "haven't you memorized that show yet?"

GENTLEMEN may prefer blondes but women are all for brunettes, if you'd ask me. It has been proven by twenty-six women press agents who call themselves the Wasps. Nancy Smith, dark-haired mother of Dorothy Dwan, has been elected president of the club to take the place of another raven-haired scribbler, Elizabeth Kiordan, whose term expired.

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To saunter through the lobby of the Hollywood-Plaza Hotel is to believe you are again in the Algonquin Hotel of New York. Eddie Cantor, late of Broadway, scurries past, followed by William Powell, just arrived from the East, to play in Eddie's picture. Louise Dresser and Jack Gardner pause for a moment at the curios displayed in Bertram Grassby's oriental shop, and are greeted by Lew Cody.

Writer, director, actor, just from New York, or about to return, are part of the throng who swirl through the doors of Hollywood's "little Algonquin."

GEORGE MARION, JR., suggests that the title of Constance Talmadge's picture, "The Vamp of Venice," be changed to "Where Girls Swim Home."

DOROTHY MACKAILL, as Mrs. Lothar Mendes, is a very busy young matron who divides her time between preparing for her next First National picture, searching for a cosy house for two and explaining to her Hollywood friends how she met the German director and married him before anyone had a chance to say "boo."

"I liked him immensely," explains Dorothy. "And I guess he liked me. So we married." It's all very simple, you see, with a simplicity that amounts to great happiness for both of them.

A STRIKING actor threatened to hold up Harold Lloyd's latest picture, "The Kid Brother," and cost thousands of dollars in retakes. Strategy won the day, however.

The offending actor was a monkey, who contributes materially to the comedy in this latest Lloyd picture.

The company was working on an old hulk, tied off the coast of Catalina Island by a cable. For days and days Jocko had been put through his stunts and finally he wearied of it all.

He decided to quit—leave them flat and the cable offered an avenue of escape. Out the cable went the monkey, headed landward, and all the honeyed words of his owner and the Lloyd troupe failed to halt him.

"Jocko" reached the beach in safety—amid the prayers of the Lloyd company—for if Jocko fell into the ocean and drowned many days work would be lost.

A couple of the men put off from the hulk in a dory intent on bringing back the runaway. Then a flock of black birds took a hand in the game.

They attacked the runaway from all sides, pecking maliciously, and the frightened monk fled into the ocean. When the rescue party reached Jocko and routed the birds he was entirely submerged, all but the tip of his nose, and more dead than alive.

The monk gladly returned to his acting. He had had enough of adventuring alone in the big world.

LATEST proof of the single-track feminine mind. A gorgeous creature was emoting beneath F. B. O. Kleigs. The director breathed instructions to her. At the sound of his voice she halted, peevishly:

"Please don't talk to me! You know I can't think and act at the same time!"

NOLA LUXFORD (visiting the M-G-M set): "What is that huge new set over there?"

Director: "That's no set. That's Marion Davies' dressing bungalow."

THERE are rumors that Marilyn Miller, Jack Pickford's wife, has established a legal residence in Chicago and will eventually secure a divorce there, but Jack declares he knows nothing about it. There is a persistent story that Marilyn wants her freedom so she may exchange it for marriage to Ben Lyon.

Ben is in Hollywood, picture-making, and is very disconsolate at his forced parting from Marilyn. So the course of loves runs turbulently.

HARRY LANGDON, as you know, has just begun to produce his own pictures. During the holiday season—his head full of gags and thoughts of his increasing bank account—Harry told his stenographer to send out Christmas telegrams to all the names on his list of correspondents.

The steno got one of those suggestion lists for holiday telegrams issued by the telegraph companies, and went to work.

To one actor whom Langdon had fired and whom he detested, she sent this one: "You are constantly in my thoughts, which carry to you today all affectionate wishes for a happy Christmas."

To a rival comedian, to whom he hadn't spoken for a year, she sent this: "It is my dearest wish that I might be with you at this season of happiness and goodwill."

LONG, long ago when Monte Banks was a youth of seventeen, he's twenty-seven now, he applied to an Italian steamship office for a ticket to America.

"Which America?" asked the ticket agent. "America," insisted Monte, who had heard his returned friends call the United States "America."

He got a ticket—for South America—and it was not until he was in the center of the Atlantic that he learned he was bound for Brazil, where the nuts come from. It was months before he worked himself to the north-

\$15,000 in Cash Prizes

Just for Ideas for Motion Pictures. If you have one it may bring you a fortune. See the April issue of

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

ern America, but by that time Monte knew his geography well enough so no ticket seller could spoof him.

JACK DEMPSEY took Estelle Taylor and Sylvia Breamer to the Orpheum the other night and in the foyer a freckle-faced kid dashed up to him and chortled, "Hallo, Jack!" receiving a mighty pat on the back from Jack. But that wasn't enough. The kid raced in front of Estelle and Sylvia, peered into each face and turned to Jack:

"Which one ya married to, Jack?" Another look into Estelle's face, "Pola Negri?"

Always gallant, Jack answered soberly, "Both of them."

The kid was satisfied.

THERE'S a most efficient gardener at the Paramount studios.

Orders are orders with him.

He had been told the flowers and shrubs weren't getting watered enough. This from one of the studio's high up executives. "Water things good every day—don't miss a day!" This was the order given him.

An actress, seeing the gardener diligently watering one rainy morning, was astounded.

"What's the idea, Mike? Why water in the rain!"

"Orders is orders, mum. I was told to water good ivery day, and water I will, mum."

WELL, there were more marriages than divorces in the films during 1926, if that's any consolation to anybody.

Of course it is true that some of the marriages have been made possible by some of the divorces. But that's a mere technicality.

There's been a lot of shuffling around though, for a fact, and statistics about it are invaluable to a film colony hostess, who doesn't want to make impossible mistakes at her parties.

One can't help wondering in this re-matching of marriages if the new ones are going to be happier than the old, and if so, why.

Anyway, here's the vital record:

Constance Bennett married Phil Plant, millionaire scion of an old New York family. Ricardo Cortez and Alma Rubens, this being Alma's third attempt, the two previous mistakes being Franklyn Farum and Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman. Mae Bush and John E. Cassell, the bridegroom being a handsome young oil worker. Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon, after Milton had been divorced by his wife, Gladys. Ruth Clifford and James Cornelius. Mabel Normand and Lew Cody—these being the real surprise package of the year. It is Mabel's first venture, but Lew had tried the marriage game a couple of times before, once with Dorothy Dalton. I think this marriage carries as many of Hollywood's hopes for happiness as any contracted for a long time, because of the affection everyone bears Mabel. To continue: Elinor Faire and William Boyd, after playing opposite each other in "The Volga Boatman." Marian Constance Blackton and Gardner James. Dorothy Mackaill and Lothar Mendes. Lowell Sherman and Pauline Garon. Louise Brooks and Eddie Sutherland, the result of a wild and swift courtship, and Eddie's second venture, the first being to Marjory Daw. Ben Turpin and Babette Elizabeth Dietz. Carlyle Blackwell and Leah Barnato Hexton, in London. Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor. Laura La Plante and William Seiter—the first society wedding of the Hollywood film colony, in a church with bridesmaids and ushers and all the trimmings. Viola Dana and Lefty Flynn. Robert Z. Leonard and Gertrude Olmsted. Roy D'Arcy and Mrs. Laura Rhonock Ducey. Olive Tell and Henry Hobart. Mae Murray and Prince Mdivani—Mae Murray was divorced from Bob Leonard, who married Gertrude Olmsted. May Allison and James R. Quirk. Jack Conway and Virginia Bushman, daughter of Francis X. Bushman.



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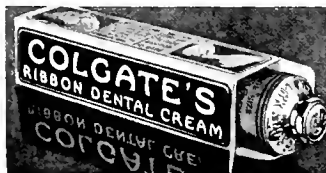
it thoroughly washes the entire mouth—sweeping away all impurities. Thus the dual action of Colgate's brings unequaled cleanness; thus it removes the causes of decay.

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It's very embarrassing to directors. When Pauline's mother is around the studio, directors are always mixing them up and giving orders to mother instead of Pauline. Girls nowadays have a lot of tough competition

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A CONDENSED book on diet entitled "Eating for Health and Efficiency" has been published for free distribution by the Health Extension Bureau of Battle Creek, Mich. Contains set of health rules, many of which may be easily followed right at home or while traveling. You will find in this book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

This book is for those who wish to keep physically fit and maintain normal weight. Not intended as a guide for chronic invalids as all such cases require the care of a competent physician. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

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Of course the Charlie Chaplin-Lita Grey divorce was the most prominent one of the year. And Constance Talmadge and Allistair MacIntosh have separated, but no divorce has yet been asked, as is the case with Mildred Harris. Charlie Chaplin's first wife, who has left Terry McGovern.

Divorce decrees have been granted to Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay; Dagmar Godowsky and Frank Mayo. Mac Murray and Bob Leonard, both remarried. Adolphe Menjou from his wife, Katherine. Beverly Bayne from Francis X. Bushman, marking the end of one of the screen's great early romances. Milton Sills by his wife, Gladys Florence Vidor from King Vidor. Louise Fazenda from Noel Smith, the divorce revealing for the first time that Louise had been married for years. Peggy Hopkins Joyce from Count Morner. Katherine MacDonald, once called "The American beauty," from Charles Johnson. Anna Q. Nilsson from J. M. Gunnerson, Robert Ames from Vivian Seegal. George Fitzmaurice from Cuida Bergere, and Natacha Rambova from Rudolph Valentino.

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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101]

M. L. D., MONMOUTH, ILL.—John Gilbert was born in Logan, Utah, July 10, 1897. He has brown eyes and dark brown hair and is five feet, eleven inches tall. His weight is 160 pounds. John is divorced from Leatrice Joy. Don't tell me that you didn't know that? Write to him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. His newest film is "Flesh and the Devil."

A. K., CHICAGO.—Aileen Pringle's name is pronounced Eye-leen and Pringle to rhyme with tingle. Alyce Mills has light brown hair and blue eyes. You see, it has been no trouble at all.

JEAN, RICHMOND, CALIF.—Anna O. Nilsson is about thirty years old. She is five feet, seven inches high. Divorced from John Gunnerson. The door is always open.

M. E. M., DUNSMUIR, CALIF.—Buster Collier's matrimonial prospects are uncertain. He is still single, but I can make no promises about these handsome fellows. Buster is five feet, ten inches tall, and was born Feb. 12, 1902.

M. E. B., GREENVILLE, O.—Wallace Reid was thirty-two when he died, and Rudolph Valentino just a year younger. "The Son of the Sheik" was completed before Valentino's death and is now showing all over the country. Robert Frazier may be reached at the F. B. O. Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Bebe Daniels' new picture is "The Campus Flirt." Hey, Corinne Griffith, will you please smile and oblige this lady!

F. B. W., ROSEMONT, PA.—Broadcasting all about Ian Keith! Mr. Keith was born in Boston, Mass., Feb. 27, 1899. Separated from his wife. Six feet, two inches tall. Grey eyes and brown hair. His next picture is "The Prince of Tempters." Signing off.

E. D., TRENTON, N. J.—Arthur Rankin was the boy you liked in "The Volga Boatman." He was born Aug. 30, 1900.

A. L., MONTAGUE CITY, MASS.—Mary Brian isn't married. That's her real name. Nita Naldi is an American of Italian descent. Nevertheless, Nita is a Manhattanite. Mary Pickford is thirty-three years old. Her real name is Gladys Smith Fairbanks. Leatrice Joy is divorced from John Gilbert. She is twenty-nine years old. That's her real name. Aren't you methodical to list your questions so neatly?

LOVEY MARY OF HARRISBURG.—That's pretty. Claire Windsor will be seen next in "The Little Journey." Married to Bert Lytell. Norma Talmadge was born May 2, 1897. No children. Ben Lyon may or may not be engaged. They say that if Marilyn Miller and Jack Pickford are divorced, that Ben may marry Marilyn. Complicated, isn't it?

M. M., ALLENTOWN, PA.—See "What the Stars and Directors Are Doing" in each issue of PHOTOPLAY for addresses of the players.

E. M. C., COLFAX, ILL.—You ask for my sympathy but, frankly now, isn't it lots of fun? It's safe and harmless and, pretty soon, someone will come along and you'll have another "ideal." Clive Brook was born in London, England, June 1, 1891. He is five feet, eleven inches high and weighs 150 pounds. Brown hair and grey eyes. He is married and has a daughter and a baby son. I haven't violated any confidences, have I?



When Venus made her reputation as a beauty, they didn't pay much attention to ankles!

The far-famed Goddess of Beauty was beautiful, no doubt. But, the much-press-agented mother of Cupid made her reputation long before the world had made up its mind as to what did, and what did not, constitute real beauty in ankles. And it is well that this was so. For, Venus' ankles would cause no more excitement on Fifth Avenue today than a traffic jam—that is, unless Venus chanced to wear Onyx Pointex.

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LUCILLE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Leslie Fenton is an Englishman, born in Liverpool. Not married. Mr Fenton has black hair and blue eyes and was born March 12, 1903. He made his debut on the stage as a boy and appeared for six years before going into the movies in March of last year. Sure, he had a small part in "Havoc." Glad to oblige.

YVONNE, BOSTON, MASS.—What a pretty name! And what pretty writing paper! And so nice of you to call me "Mr. Wisdom!" Mae Murray weighs 115 pounds and she gives her birthday as April 10, 1893. Mae is five feet, three inches tall.

M. K., KENOSHA, WIS.—I have promised not to tell my age. But I am still too young to marry. Buck Jones was born in Vincennes, Ind., in 1889. Address him at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

WILD, WILD SUSAN OR THE PRISONER'S SWEETHEART, STOCKTON, CALIF.—Hello, I'll artist. Back again so soon? But why not? So the boy friend is adopting a sophisticated manner because you like Adolphe Menjou. Well, if you ever fall in love with Ben Turpin, the boy friend will be out of luck. Menjou was born February 18, 1891. Dolores Costello is now appearing in a screen version of "Manon Lescaut." It is pronounced almost like "Manon Lets go."

SHORTY, ILL.—So "you'll love me always" if I'll answer your question. Sure, why wouldn't I, under the circumstances? Ernest and David Torrence are brothers. Ernest was born on June 26, 1878. David is several years older. Don't forget your promise.

PEGGY, EUREKA, CALIF.—Back again! Tom Tyler was born at Port Henry, N. Y., in 1903. Brown hair and brown eyes. Bill Haines was born on January 1, 1900. Have you forgotten anything this time?

A. S., PELHAM, N. Y.—Simple, my dear Dr. Watson. Ronald Colman speaks with an English accent because he is an Englishman. And a most fascinating, intelligent and likeable chap. He is five feet, eleven inches tall and has black hair and brown eyes. Separated from his wife. Constance Talmadge is five feet, six inches tall; Larry Grey, five feet, ten inches, and Greta Garbo, five feet, six inches. Ernest Torrence is the biggest of them all, with his six feet, three inches.

A. A., NEW ENGLAND, N. D.—Thanks for all those good wishes. Ramon Novarro is twenty-seven years old. He's five feet, ten inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Black hair and brown eyes. Think twice about dashing right off to Hollywood!

J. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Write to Gloria Swanson at 322 Fifth Avenue for her photograph. Send twenty-five cents with your request and I am sure it will be answered.

BESSIE LOVE ADMIRER, ZURICH, SWITZERLAND.—There was a picture of Bessie Love in the August, 1923, PHOTOPLAY; another picture and article in the issue of January, 1925; and still another picture of Miss Love in the February issue, 1926. Write to the Photoplay Publishing Company, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., for back copies of the magazines. And call on me again if you want to know more about Bessie.

ANDRINE, NEW YORK CITY.—Congratulations! Your English is wonderful—far better than my French. Now for the bushful of answers. John Gilbert was born in Logan, Utah. Do you know where that is? He is divorced from Leatrice Joy. His latest picture is "Bardelys the Magnificent." Renee Adoree was born in your own France—in Lille, to be exact. You can see her in "Tin Gods." She is divorced from Tom Moore.



Another successful family team of the movies. H. H. Caldwell and Katherine Hilliker wrote the subtitles for "Ben-Hur" and "Faust." They are now titling and editing pictures for William Fox. Miss Hilliker is Mrs. Caldwell—again two salaries prove better than one

G. D. C., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—It isn't always possible to answer the questions in an early issue, my sweet and patient friend. It takes some little time to print a magazine and then you should see how the letters do pile up! My hair is getting whiter and whiter. I am thinking of having it dyed. What color would you suggest? Alberta Vaughn wears her own natural hair and, I hope, will continue to do so. She was born on June 27, 1906. Yes, yes, Ramon is indeed a fine fellow.

J. E. F., COLUMBIA, S. C.—Polite girl! Lloyd Hughes is married to Gloria Hope. Born on October 21, 1897. Six feet tall. Oh yes, he is a native of Bisbee, Arizona.

T. B. M., GUINEA, VA.—Why all this sudden rush for French? Are you girls trying to transform this department into a French class? *Je me porte bien, merci.* John Gilbert's mother was on the stage. Does that check up with your family history? He was born on August 10, 1897, and has brown eyes and dark brown hair. Write him a letter at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. I like your name but don't let your friends spoil it by mispronouncing it.

M. K., NEW YORK, N. Y.—No, Charles Ray isn't a Greenwich Villager. Sorry to disappoint you. He was born in Jacksonville, Ill. John Gilbert is divorced from Leatrice Joy. He was born July 10, 1897. Lloyd Hughes is married to Gloria Hope. Born Oct. 21, 1897. Jack Holt is a native of Winchester, Va., born May 13, 1888. He has two daughters and one son. Weighs 172 pounds and is six feet tall. Brown hair, brown eyes and very, very nice looking!

L. M. L., PORTO RICO.—Renee Adoree is extremely French. She was born in Lille, France, twenty-five years ago. Renee is five feet, two inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. She has brown hair and blue eyes. Renee has been on the screen for five or six years, but only lately has she risen to prominence. Remember the old saying about "safety in numbers."

C. M., WORCESTER, MASS.—After reading your charming letter, I rushed in to the Editor and asked him to grant your request. You have such a sweet way of asking for things. I think you will see a photo of your favorite very shortly. You're welcome! Call again!

H. V. W., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—And why not? Ramon Novarro is working at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Address Evelyn Brent in care of the F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Now, as for Larry Gray, let me think; oh yes, Larry was born in San Francisco, Cal., July 27, 1900. You may write him at the Paramount Studios, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

L. J., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Now just sit down and write a nice interesting letter to Richard Dix and ask for a photograph. Not forgetting of course to enclose twenty-five cents. Richard and Lois are at the Paramount Studios, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y. Colleen Moore and Anna Q. Nilsson can be reached at the United Studios, Hollywood, Cal. John Gilbert puts on his make-up at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Norma Talmadge's bungalow is at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Cal., and last but not least, Corinne Griffith is at the Metropolitan Studio, 1040 La Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Now, don't you think I'm generous?

A GEORGE O'BRIEN FAN, MOLINE, ILL.—Gorgeous George is not married. He is twenty-six years old and was born in San Francisco. Address him at the Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

A theater. Darkness. The sudden glare of an orchestra. The flash of a spotlight. Caught in its glare, a single dazzled figure in a stage box. A moment of consternation, and then—a smile. Gleaming, white teeth. Natural beauty triumphant!

Thus unexpectedly, women meet beauty's greatest challenge—the SMILE TEST. Could you pass it now?

When Nature alone determines Beauty

Unexpected, even unrecognized, such moments come to everyone. Moments when beauty's artifices are swept away. When appraising eyes are seeking some evidence of that natural charm upon which real beauty rests.

Then, women as well as men, come to realize this important truth: Gleaming, clean teeth are the only attribute of beauty no artifice can adorn or conceal.

How vital they are to loveliness—these well-kept teeth! Yet how easy to have! Yours at the cost of but four minutes a day, with your Dr. West's Tooth Brush. Two minutes in the morning, two at night—thorough brushing, away from the gums.

For the convex shape of Dr. West's Tooth Brush fits the natural contour of the mouth. It cleans inside, outside, and between the teeth. Note how the sloping, tuftless end enables it to slip easily between teeth and cheek with sturdy bristles firmly erect.

Used faithfully, Dr. West's will not only clean your teeth, but will polish them to a new brilliance! If you would enjoy this special polishing quality, however, never try to "wear out" your brush. A long-lived Dr. West's may be serviceable months after its polishing ability is lost. The cost is small, the benefit great of changing frequently enough to have new, firm, lively bristles always.

For your protection, Dr. West's is packed in a sealed glassine container, inside the usual carton.



The adult's size Dr. West's is 50c; the youth's, 35c; the child's, 25c; the gum massage brush, 75c.

© 1927, W. B. M. Co.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 147]

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]



It sparkles

A GLISTENING toilet bowl is now easy to have. The stains, marks and incrustations, which used to be so hard to remove, vanish almost at once. The bowl sparkles like new! How? Use Sani-Flush!

You need only sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl, follow directions on the can, then flush. What used to be a disagreeable task is over in a jiffy. No scrubbing, scouring or dipping water.

The hidden trap, so difficult to reach with a brush, is clean. The whole closet is clean! And Sani-Flush banishes every foul odor. Harmless to plumbing connections. You need this household necessity. Keep it about the bathroom always.

Buy Sani-Flush in new punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store; or send 25c for full-sized can, 30c in Far West, 35c in Canada.

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio



STOP Skin Troubles!

Do you suffer from skin troubles? Do you long for relief from that irritating itch? What would you give for a cool, clear, velvety skin? Then try the famous lotion

D. D. D.

This healing antiseptic wash has a record of 25 years of success in relieving skin troubles. The action of D. D. D. is calm and gentle; it will soothe the irritated skin instantly. Apply D. D. D. to your troubled skin. It will remove your skin affliction and slay irritation.

Trial Bottle Free

Write today for generous free trial bottle of D. D. D. Prescription and get quick relief from your skin troubles. Sample mailed free and postpaid. No obligation. A postal will do. Send now!

D. D. D. Co., 1723 Batavia Ave., Batavia, Ill.

PHOTO ENLARGEMENTS

Size 16x20 inches
Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed.

98¢

SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, size 16x20 in., guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 89c plus postage or send \$1.00 with order and we pay postage.

Special Free Offer Enlargement we will send FREE a hand-colored miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer and send your photo today.

UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
115 N. Desplaines St., Dept. 133 Chicago, Ill.

THE TYPEWRITER GIRL.

Your little sister should be in bed by a quarter of eleven at least. To reduce your hips, stand in correct standing position with feet about two foot lengths apart. Then stretch arms sideward. Now try to touch the fingertips of the right hand to the toe of your left foot; keep abdomen flat and knees stiff. Repeat ten times, gradually increasing. If your nails break easily they should be soaked every night in slightly warm sweet almond or olive oil. The soaking should be at least for ten minutes. You can usually get rid of a corn by wearing surgeons' plaster over it for a continued length of time—say from two weeks to a month. The corn will come off when the plaster is removed. It is not the kind of powder that you use but the way you use it that causes your blackheads. You must be very careful and cleanse your face every night. The brand you use is very good. The perfumes the better class of women are using are those made not so much from synthetic preparations, but the natural scent of some flower, such as violet or heliotrope or rose. Something on that order would be best for you.

NONDAS.

Another stage letter. I advise you exactly as I do D. L. above. You are younger than she, and therefore your chances are just that much better. The school of which you speak is excellent. I know, for I've been there myself. My advice is to get yourself a good stenographic job in New York, study there in the evenings, and see if they will not help you toward your ambition. I know they will if they think you've got the stuff.

Miss A. F. C.

Your trouble is that you are washing your hair too frequently. The more often it is washed, the more oil the scalp glands secrete. It's a vicious circle. The more often you wash the oil off your hair, the oilier it gets. Try and hold out a little longer. Go from three to four weeks between shampoos and see if the condition does not remedy itself.

BLONDIE.

No, you're not over-weight. Try the following exercise to reduce your legs. Stand with hands on hips, raise right knee vigorously to form right angle with trunk and at same time stretch the toes downward and back. Repeat with left leg. Do these movements with snappy motion, five times each day, gradually increasing. I think Woodbury's soap with the blackhead treatment they recommend would be very good for your skin. Why are you worrying about keeping the same boy friends for long periods? If you do, then you will probably marry some one of them, and I judge from your letter that you are not prepared to settle down already. Since you are very popular with the boys you haven't anything to worry about.

YVONNE.

You are a little over-weight. It would be fine for you to lose about four pounds if you can without a great deal of dieting. You can wear these colors: black of high lustre; clear, oyster white; dark brown and bronze brown; peacock, navy and delft blues; pale and dark green; pearl and dove grays; soft violet and wistaria; no reds; softest yellow and most delicate shades of pink. Are you sure you are following the right diet and getting a sufficient amount of exercise? A combination of these two will banish your tired feeling. Eat all the green vegetables you possibly can and drink lots of water. Try to get more than the average amount of sleep. Ten hours a night is not a bit too much in your case.

LYDIA ELIZABETH MARKS.

Here, little dark brunette, are your colors. No black, ivory or cream white, mahogany brown, darkest blues, dark green, no gray, no purple, dark reds, terra cotta and buff and apricot, pink in pale shades. Yes, I think the perfume you chose is excellent for your type. White taffeta would be very nice on you, I think. It is very girlish. You should weigh about 120 pounds. Certainly, write me again whenever you want to.



Baseball in the pre-Landis days—before games were played under the grandstand. Here is a picture of the Cincinnati Red Stockings, America's first professional team, as reproduced for "Slide Kelly Slide." In those days, whiskers were considered an ornament, not an affliction

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

What Makes a Picture?

Baltimore, Md.

What makes a picture? The following points rank in the order named:

- First—the story.
- Second—the director.
- Third—the finish or technique.
- Fourth—the player.
- Fifth—the publicity and advertising.

I rank the story first because without the proper plot there is no picture.

Second, director. He must develop both story and players. Their weakness and strength. Strengthening its frailties. Ranging the beauty of the picture or the comedy relief.

Third, technique. Simple scenes. Moral pictures not overdone. Scenery just as one visualizes it. Costumes according to period.

Fourth, players. Some may rank them first for it is up to them to make or mar a picture. Sometimes a minor part will bring forth a feature rôle due to able playing.

Fifth, publicity. For at this age and generation advertising plays a strong rôle in everything, including the modern picture. When each company director and player dissects every picture, then and only then will we have clean and better pictures. Even if not so many, fewer and better.

ALBERT OPPENHEIMER.

The Younger Generation Speaks

Greenwich, Conn.

The narrow-mindedness of some of the people of today is amazing. I admit that I am of "the younger generation," but at least I am open to argument. Whereas the individuals of whom I am speaking would not even submit themselves to doubt upon the presentation of facts. I mentioned to an older couple with whom I was conversing that I had not seen a movie for a long time. The gentleman immediately began expostulating upon the harmfulness of pictures.

"Vulgar, sordid, immoral trash!"

I disagreed, stating that one saw in a picture exactly what one wished to see and no more. If one went with the intention of picking out and making the most, or rather the worst, of the incidents in a movie, one saw reflected on the screen the so-called sordidness, vulgarity and immorality. (I must admit that this was a "bit thick," but you see I am an ardent "movie fan" and defend it as a panther defends its young!) The gentleman held up his hands in a gesture of hopelessness mingled with a bit of "That's-what-you-have-to-expect-from-this-generation. You-can't-tell-them-a-thing!" expression. The woman then took up the argument.

"But they're such an immoral lot! They all have been married, divorced and married again! Their lives are made up of scandal and dissipation. How can you possibly admire such people?"

To that I retorted, "Ourselves, our friends, our acquaintances and our neighbors are all having divorces, scandals and dissipations every day, but, because they are not motion picture stars and consequently not before the limelight, it is not called to your attention but suppressed as quietly as possible. They are human—why should we drag forth into glaring press all their marital problems?"

I dared go no further. The man and woman were neither convinced nor shaken from their original ideas and furthermore they were both angry with me.

Won't some enterprising young person enlighten this sort of people and explain to them the policy of "live and let live"?

FLORENCE H. FITCH.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 118]

You can have lovely Oval Shaped Nails! by shaping the Cuticle correctly



"Do just TWO THINGS"
says NORTHAM WARREN

THE secret of attaining lovely oval nails is the shaping of that delicate rim at the base of the nail which we call the cuticle!

There are just two things to do for it, says Northam Warren, the great authority on the manicure.

First remove the roughnesses that seem so obstinate. Moisten each nail base with Cutex. It softens the dead broken cuticle, so you can just wipe it off!

And second, restore the oils your cuticle lacks. The more we use our hands, and expose them to water and grime and weather, the drier becomes the cuticle. After removing the broken cuticle with Cutex, rub into the nail base Cutex Cuticle Cream which supplies the very oils it needs. If your cuticle is in very bad shape, he advises you to rub it in every night. In a week it is easy to shape into perfect curves.

Cutex Sets containing everything for the manicure are from 35c to \$5.00. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. Q-3, 85 St. Alexander Street, Montreal, Canada.

Northam Warren, New York, Paris, London.



Remove every trace of dry broken cuticle that clings to the nail and disfigures it. To do this, moisten it with orange stick and cotton dipped in Cutex. Then you wipe it off!



Rub in, immediately, Cutex Cuticle Cream, to supply the cuticle and nail root with the oils they lack. Your cuticle is soft and pliant, immediately shaped to a beautiful curve.



LUCREZIA BORI is known throughout the world for her lovely lyric soprano voice.

LUCREZIA BORI

speaks of Charm of the Hands

"For every woman," Lucrezia Bori says, "the possession of smooth and shapely hands with graceful finger tips is an endless charm. I enjoy caring for mine the Cutex way."

Send 10c—Enough for 6 manicures!

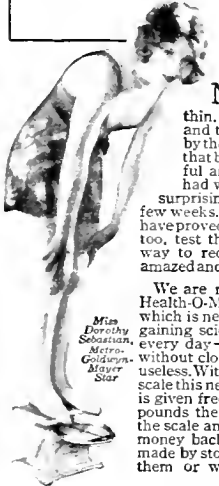
I enclose 10c for Introductory Set containing Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polishes, Cuticle Cream, emery board, orange stick, cotton, and booklet.

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. Q-3,
114 West 17th St., New York City



Watch Your Weight Each Day

Now gain or reduce according to latest scientific findings. New system (Free—see coupon) demands you weigh every day. See the new bathroom scale—Health-O-Meter.



NO excuse now for being fat or being too thin. There is a new way—and the only one approved by the medical profession—that brings back the beautiful and alluring body you had when a girl. And most surprising of all it takes only a few weeks. Thousands of women have proved it. So ask that you, too, test this safe and pleasant way to reduce. If you are amazed and delighted test is free.

We are manufacturers of the Health-O-Meter Automatic Scale which is necessary in reducing or gaining scientifically. You weigh every day—at the same time—without clothes. Public scales are useless. With the purchase of each scale this new method of reducing is given free. If you do not lose 5 pounds the first 2 weeks return the scale and course and get your money back. This guarantee is made by stores in your city. Go to them or write for Free Book.

HEALTH-O-METER

THE CONTINENTAL SCALE WORKS, Dept. C-37, 5701 So. Claremont Ave., Chicago. Send free book on reducing and gaining.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
(Please print name plainly)

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

The Star Developing System
Iron Mountain Michigan

MASCARILLO



Darkens and Beautifies Eyebrows. An absolutely harmless preparation for retouching and beautifying eyebrows, eyelashes, beard and hair. NOT A DYE. Prepared in all shades. Meyer's Mascarillo has been standard for over 20 years. For sale at Drug and Dept. Stores or sent on receipt of \$1.00. Six generous samples sent on receipt of **10¢**
CHARLES MEYER, 13 EAST 12th STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Making the Home Movie Production

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

Some of the amateur cameras have a special attachment for subtitles, which are made with white letters on a black board much as certain portable signs are made, and the projector for this machine has a "stop" arrangement that will show one frame of subtitle for a second or so, then resume winding the picture.

A good heavy tripod is advisable, so that persons walking about will not vibrate the camera, as its slightest movement will be "jumpy" on the screen. Also—action must be kept at an even tempo—the cameras have only one speed, regulated by the spring motors that actuate them.

SO much for the technique of the camera and the possibility of "interior" settings lighted by sunlight.

Before starting an amateur play, figure it all down to its briefest possible action, and mentally time it. Thus you will arrive at an idea of how many feet it will require. Jot down the action in the form of a scenario, remembering in each scene whether the camera is to be far or near. Usually such a scenario will have two central characters—the others being incidental. Therefore when the action is between these two characters only, we move the camera forward to include

actions—pick a building that looks like a castle, also a garden with a small cottage.

WE would start with a title suggesting the home of the widow and her little boy—then show the little boy coming out into the garden—then photograph him from a distance of six feet as he pets his dog or does something of the kind—and introduce him. Then we go to the first interior—and show his mother knitting at her table. The little boy comes in to her—they register great love. Then they hear a knock on the door and turn. (Here we show another scene—a messenger boy knocking on a door)—the boy enters with a letter. She reads it. She speaks to the little boy—close shot—then a title explains—"Your grandfather, Lord Fauntleroy, has sent for you." After this title we go back to the scene—the boy apparently asking if she can go too. She answers—another title says, "No, dear—when your father married me he disowned us both—but he is old—and wants you—he is rich—"

We come back to the scene, the little boy rebels at going—she tells him he has to—and we fade out.

Then a title explains that the little boy has arrived in England—at the home of his titled

Photoplay's Service for Movie Amateurs

Have you any technical questions to ask PHOTOPLAY'S department, THE AMATEUR MOVIE PRODUCER?

Have you camera or projection troubles?

Write to this department. A department of technical service, handled by an expert, starts in the April PHOTOPLAY.

If you want further details about any cameras, projection machines or accessories mentioned in THE AMATEUR MOVIE PRODUCER, send a stamped envelope to the department, care PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th St., New York.

just these—which keeps us from the sight of others standing awkwardly around, or, at any rate, distracting attention from the main theme. This is the basic reason for "close-ups" and long shots. The long shot outlines general surroundings, general action—establishes the scene. The close shot takes up the actual narrative. In other words, the long shot describes setting and situation—the closer shot tells the actual story.

THE "fadeout"—made by closing the diaphragm—or in the amateur camera by slowly passing a jagged piece of cardboard across the lens—corresponds to the period in punctuation. When we reach the end of a train of events we "fade out"—then take up the next.

As an instance—suppose we decide to film "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in an amateur way. The central characters are the little lord, his mother, and his old grandfather. The scenario—quite condensed of course for the amateur camera—would require two "interiors"—one a plain wall with a bare table and a chair—a basket of knitting for the mother,—the other could be the same space with drapes changed, some elaborate furniture—a great armchair for the grandfather and whatever bric-a-brac could be assembled. For lo-

grandfather—we show the building that looks like a castle—the little boy being driven to it in an auto which stops in front. We bring the camera closer—and show a butler helping him out and turning to take his luggage.

Then we go to the second interior—the old grandfather in the chair—perhaps with the gout—the butler ushers in the boy. The stern old grandfather looks him over and sends toward him.

A title says: "Tell me about America."
In the scene—a close shot of grandfather and boy now on the arm of his chair, talking animatedly.

Fade out.

A TITLE explains that the boy has brought the grandfather a new happiness. We show them in a garden, the grandfather quite proud; the boy now dressed in fine clothes—but seemingly not happy. We see the boy playing with toys or something—he looks at a letter from his mother—tears come in his eyes. Then we cut to the grandfather, watching him. The old man makes up his mind—and beckons—the servant comes in. The grandfather speaks.

"Wire for the boy's mother," says a title.

Back to the grandfather, who beckons the boy who runs into the scene to him—grand-

father starts telling him his mother is coming, and fade out.

Then a title, something to the effect that in forgiveness and the happiness of two others the old man found his true happiness.

We show the interior scene—grandfather in the chair—mother on one arm, boy on other—all very affectionate. The old man drops off to sleep with a happy smile on his face—and fade out.

THIS is just a very rough outline of what can be done—the amateur director can fill it with his own ideas, his own business, ad lib. Of course, it is quite long—a super feature for the amateur, although professionally it would be very brief—hardly a reel.

One can make a shorter play out of an episode in a newspaper comic supplement—just carry out the action in one of these pages—the Katzenjammer Kids, for instance, or Happy Hooligan, in just a few feet.

The ingenuity of the amateur director will suggest these things. The main thing is to jot the action down so that it can't be forgotten or mistakes develop—be sure the scenes and properties are all in place—that the camera is in a firm foundation—then go ahead. Practice will do the rest.

What the Amateur Is Doing

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

pictures. Try it out yourself. All you need is a reflector—and a blonde.

AMATEURS fall into a common error in taking scenics. Get action into your shots. Remember you are taking *motion* pictures. That shot you made of the Washington Monument would be a lot better if you had someone you know moving about in the near foreground.

Look over the professional scenics. Those shots of the Dutch windmills have interesting natives in wood shoes up by the camera. Esquimaux are skinning fish close to the lens in those shots of the Arctic does.

Remember—action, action, action!

AMATEURS have been complaining about the need of an arrangement to get scenes to fade in and out.

Most of us can remember when D.W. Griffith first created the fade-in and fade-out. Up to that time the camera had jumped sharply and abruptly from scene to scene. This jerky effect clashed with an observer's continuity of thought.

Griffith made it possible for the professional cameraman to ease in and out of scenes. Now amateurs can achieve the same professional effects. An Iris Vignetter has been put on the market, by which they can get the fade-in and fade-out of the most expert \$2 movie. Get one and try it. Try it particularly on close-ups. You will be surprised how much added force and shading it gives to a few feet of film.

WE are interested in recording adventures with small movie cameras. If you've had one, write us about it.

However, we doubt if you can equal the thrill won by J. M. Beatty, president of the Federal Glass Company, of Columbus, Ohio. Perhaps you remember the sinking of the Japanese freighter *Raijuku Maru* in 1925. The freighter foundered off the grand banks of Newfoundland, carrying the crew of thirty-eight to the bottom. Perhaps, too, you remember the remarkable news reel shots of the sinking freighter shown immediately after the disaster. These shots were taken by Mr. Beatty from the deck of the White Star liner *Homeric*.

But let Mr. Beatty tell you the story:

HINDS

Honey & Almond

CREAM

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



O-o-oh! What winter does to sensitive skins!

NEARLY A BLIZZARD—and how they revel in it! But cold, wind and snow sadly chap children's delicate skins, make them raw and sore—unless you first protect them with Hinds Cream & Almond Cream.

Keep Hinds Cream in the bathroom. Let the youngsters rub it on every time after they wash. Because Hinds Cream *prevents* chapping. Smooths the skin. Keeps it fresh.

(It's a good skin health habit for grown-ups, too.)

If their skins are already chapped, Hinds Cream will make them soft and smooth again. It does wonders for chapped knees and ankles.

And for your own skin, use Hinds Cream as a powder base. It will make the powder cling—for hours.

Would you like to try Hinds Cream? For a sample bottle just mail the coupon below.

Prevents windburn
Prevents sunburn
Prevents chapping
For children's skin
Makes enlarged pores normal

Try HINDS CREAM—

Smooths "catchy fingers"
Softens cuticle
After shaving

Softens skin
Soothes skin
Cleanses skin
Protects skin

Makes powder cling to face
Protects from hard water
Protects against alkali

Made by A. S. HINDS CO., a division of LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS COMPANY.



LEHN & FINK, INC., Sole Distributors
Bloomfield, New Jersey

Dept. 20

Send me a sample bottle of HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM,
the protecting cream for the skin.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ TOWN, STATE _____

(This coupon not good after March, 1928)



You can keep unruly hair in place!

Hair out of place? NEVER!

—if you use the dressing
more people rely on
than any other

Give your hair a new deal!

No more plastering it down with water! And no more *experimenting* with your hair.

From Coast to Coast, today, the hair dressing which more people prefer than any other is—*Stacomb*.

With *Stacomb* your hair becomes instantly tractable. All day long it stays in place—*right*.

Yet never looks gummy nor sticky. Nor dry and "dead," as when you wet it with water. *Stacomb* supplies the natural oils your hair needs. Helps to prevent dandruff.

You can now get *Stacomb* not only in cream form—in jars and tubes—but in the popular new liquid form as well. All drug and department stores.

FREE
OFFER

Stacomb
STACOMB CO.

Standard Laboratories, Inc.,
Dept. M-37, 113 W. 18th Street, New York

Send me free sample of *Stacomb* as checked:
Original, cream form New liquid form

Name.....
Address.....

"The camera I used was a *Filmo*, made by Bell & Howell of Chicago. I used this machine on a three months' trip through the Mediterranean countries in Europe and Africa, and also in France and England. As a result I have several thousand feet of film, outlining the entire trip from start to finish, ending with the sinking of the Japanese freighter *Raifuku Maru*, in April of 1925.

"THE International Newsreel representative boarded the *Homeric*, on which I was a passenger, at Quarantine, and learned that I had taken a shot at the Japanese boat. I turned my reel over to him and it was taken by airplane to the Eastman plant at Rochester for development and enlargement. On Saturday,

whether there was light enough to get any results. The waves were running forty to sixty feet high, and both ships were rolling heavily. I took what footage I did, and then decided to wait for a possibly more favorable opportunity for further pictures—and possibly some shots at the rescue work we felt would follow.

"As it developed, it was impossible to send help, as no boats could be lowered and live. Then, without warning, the Japanese boat turned completely over. Its bottom was exposed to view for a very few moments and then disappeared entirely. . . . We stood by for half an hour or more after it sank, trying to locate any of the crew, but not a single living person could be seen. Nothing was in sight but some odds and ends of wreckage."

Identification of Pictures on Pages 60 and 61

1. RAYMOND HATTON made his first hit as a character actor. He was *King James I* in "To Have and To Hold."

2. The member of the English burlesque troupe is CHARLIE CHAPLIN, then touring the country in "A Night in a London Club" and "A Night in an English Music Hall."

3. SYD CHAPLIN was another member of Fred Karno's London burlesque company.

4. CHESTER CONKLIN's moustache won him the nickname of *Walrus*. Mack Swain and Conklin starred in a comedy series, "Ambrose and the Walrus."

5. FORD STERLING, of course. And Mack Sennett's first prominent comic.

6. HAROLD LLOYD! Lloyd once played character roles with the John Lane O'Connor Stock Company.

7. WALLACE BEERY as *Sweetie*, a familiar figure in old Essanay comedies.

8. BUSTER KEATON. He played with his father and mother in vaudeville as The Three Keatons.

of the same week, the pictures were shown on the screen in New York City, and on Sunday I saw the pictures on the screen at Columbus, Ohio.

"I only caught about sixty-five feet of the Japanese ship, because it went down so suddenly. When we approached it, the situation was serious, as was easily observable, but I did not dream the end would come so soon.

"It was a terrible day, with a hard rain and a gale estimated at anywhere from sixty to eighty miles an hour blowing. The outlook was dark, and what footage I did take I was uncertain of. By that I mean I questioned

DID you try a color filter on your camera this winter? If you did, you added a lot to your snow shots. If you didn't, be sure to get one before summer comes. Try it on your bathing beach shots. You will be surprised at the shading it gives to sand, water and clouds.

Filters are inexpensive. You can get either the gelatine kind, in which a dyed piece of gelatine is cemented between two flat pieces of glass, or you can get special natural glass filters.

Since heat and moisture affect gelatine, the natural glass filters are best, even if they cost a shade more.



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"Old Town Canoes"

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115]

Smoking Ladies

Oakland, Calif.

My complaint is not against players or pictures, but directors. They unintentionally give the wrong impression of the modern woman of today. I refer particularly to the small item of cigarette smoking among ladies. Directors invariably depict in their pictures but two classes of the feminine sex who indulge

in Lady Nicotine. One class is the society woman who openly defies conventionalities and a cigarette is produced to enhance her vicious attitude on life. The other class is of the lowest strata of humanity, whose depravity is stigmatized by a vulgar use of the weed. Never, with but few exceptions, have I seen a maiden or matron on the screen smoke a cigarette in a modest manner becoming a lady.

CAROLINE BOONE.

A Grand Slam

Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Everyone offers suggestions as to the best picture of the year. It remains for me to suggest the worst. I think my vote goes to "Into Her Kingdom." It introduces the young Scandinavian, Einar Hansen, and if he's a representative specimen, Europe can have 'em! Of course he was under the handicap of a ridiculous attempt at a beard. He looked as though his face were raveling. The ending was too inane for words. Corinne Griffith played the part of a daughter of the Czar of Russia. She gave up all claim to the throne for bewiskered Einar Hansen, a notion shop in New Jersey, and a baby. . . .

A good second is "The Kick-Off," with George Walsh. I think he bears a great resemblance to Bull Montana. He may be the missing link Darwin was raving about. Thanks to the powers that be, he didn't play "Ben Hur." In this picture he gave us a sample of his prowess in chariot-driving. He drove a buggy in a thrilling race, to get to the football game in time to save the dear old Alma Mater's name in the last quarter. Some day one of those fellows will lose a football game, if they don't take care! E. MURIEL BARRIE.

The Bicuspid Babies

San Pedro, Calif.

For some time past I have been bothered by a most disturbing thought. It is this: What is the appropriate way for an actress to express emotion?

Seemingly most feminine stars consider it merely necessary to open their respective mouths. By this I mean they open their mouths and gaze vacantly at the camera, thus registering at will, viz.: surprise, anger, love or deep thought. Perhaps the director employs a dentist to stand behind the camera and repeatedly urge the sweet young ingenue to "open your mouth wider, please."

The chief advocates of this school of expression are, to my mind at least, Corinne Griffith, Dorothy Mackaill, Dolores Costello and Olive Borden. Lovely girls all, but evidently a little too proud of the fact that they are not the "four out of five."

MARGUERITE M. SNYDER.

Her Heroes

Portland, Oregon.

After reading "Brickbats and Bouquets" in two different issues of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, most of the praise was given to Ronald Colman, John Gilbert and Ramon Novarro. I am not writing against them, because they are good actors. But for my choice I select:

Richard Talmadge—the stunt king.

Fred Thomson—one of the best Western actors.

William Boyd—will be successor to Wallace Reid.

Richard Dix is one of the best actors in the movie colony.

Reginald Denny is a comedy by himself.

Lloyd Hughes, the typical American youth.

But why isn't there more praise given to Richard Talmadge? He has many admirers; but he deserves more. Is it because he is not well known? Or is it because there is not much published about him?

Here is best of luck to my six favorite actors and to PHOTOPLAY, the best magazine going.

MISS CAROLINE PROTENTOR.

Lon on His Own

Connersville, Ind.

Hoop-tee-le-a! Lon Chaney is coming out from behind the scenery. If he is going to use his own face in "Tell It to the Marines," I am going to see it. Take it from me, Lon, you've been putting it on a little too strong.

Oh, lovely Mary Brian! If ever I dream of a sweet girl with apple blossoms, sunshine and the fragrant breeze of a spring morning, it will be a girl just like you.

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That young intellectual, Ed Wynn, makes his screen debut in a Paramount comedy called "Rubber Heels." Mr. Wynn hopes to make good, in spite of the fact that he comes from Great Neck, L. I., and not Berlin. He feels that he has a very UFA face

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Now listen, Buster Keaton. Don't do it again,—I mean dress up like you did in "Battling Butler." If you're not going to smile, put on the pants you've been wearing. I would like to see Pola Negri in a sob story. I think she is a great actress.

Where are you, Wallace Beery? We want to see more of you with your mischievous grin that comes out through your cussedness. You're the real thing, Wallace, whiskers and all.

If a few more of our wealthy movie stars would take trips to Europe it would be quite a relief. Some of their faces are getting to be as common as the bull on a tobacco sign.

HARRY JAY NICKEL.

Some Jewelled Impressions

Birmingham, Ala. *Alma Rubens*—A topaz ring in an antique setting—Debussy's "Arabesque."

Pola Negri—A rare, square cut emerald—worn on the little finger.

Mac Murray—A crystal and pearl necklace—with the lights playing on it.

Lya De Putti—A cigarette holder of red and black lacquer with a circle of diamonds—smoke rings.

Esther Ralston—A gold locket hung on a black ribbon.

Mary Pickford—Necklace of tiny seed pearls.

Lillian Gish—A moonstone—church chimes.

Jetta Goudal—Bits of rare ivory—"Chanson d'Indy."

Mary Carr—A heavy gold band wedding ring—a braided hair breastpin.

Alberta Vaughn—A jeweled fraternity pin.

Dorothy Gish—A string of natural pink coral.

Mary Astor—A cameo—"Oh! Promise Me."

Gloria Swanson—A Marquis diamond.

SARA HELEN COLLINS.

Kenyon Fans, Please Note

Southport, England. We have a bouquet of the best kind to hand to Doris Kenyon for her work in "The Halfway

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Girl." We think it is the best work she has done. We would point out that we have not seen Miss Kenyon in "Men of Steel" as yet, but we are hoping it will be even better than "The Halfway Girl."

We have a bouquet for Lloyd Hughes, too, whose splendid acting helped to make "The Halfway Girl" such a success. May he play in many more films with Miss Kenyon.

We consider the combination of these two as great as, if not greater than, that of Talmadge and O'Brien, and we hope it will continue to flourish.

THE DORIS KENYON FAN CLUB,
Evelyn Jackson, Pres.
Finchfield, Kew Gardens,
Southport, England.

Dick's Defender

Marshall, Mich.

Why all these brickbats about Richard Barthelmess? Why criticize so severely one of our best screen men? No matter what the picture itself, Mr. Barthelmess makes it worth while.

He has that imitable sense of humor, that youthful boyishness and lightheartedness, and flings himself into his pictures with the carefree abandon of a schoolboy, or adds just the right touch of seriousness.

He has that look of extreme youth which enables him to take boyish parts. Who else but Richard Barthelmess could stand before the camera and be photographed with hundreds of young West Point Cadets, as he did in "Classmates"? Which, by the way, was one of his best pictures. Who else but Mr. Barthelmess could make some of his pictures possible?

If people are going to criticize in this manner let them turn their criticisms in other more justifiable channels.

Mr. Barthelmess is one in a thousand, one who will never lose the secret of youth and charm.

ETHEL PRATLEY.

Desiring Dix Dramatic

Williamsport, Pa.

We are all so interested in Richard Dix that we must throw one friendly brick in hopes that it will wake someone up. For such silly, play-boy, frothy rôles as he has had in his last pictures we could all punish, with pleasure, whoever is responsible.

Let us have more of his *acting*. More of such rôles as the ones in "The Ten Commandments," "The Vanishing American," "Ice-bound," and all of his serious pictures and less of "Say It Again" and "Woman-handled."

One letter in the last PHOTOPLAY said he should play in "Sheiky" rôles. We would rather say "manly" rôles, with their share of heart interest. Surely, in such a superb physique and handsome face with actual acting ability is better material than is needed for light comedy.

We are twenty girls, all twenty years old, and every girl in the club agrees, so we must represent what lots of girls want in the movies, and there are others not in our club that think as we do about Richard Dix's rôles. We want him serious!

THE TWENTY CLUB,
Miss M. Matilda Smith, Pres.

Praising Colleen

Syracuse, N. Y.

Thanks! Many thanks! to Colleen Moore for giving the public such splendid entertainments as "It Must Be Love." This play is decidedly in the superior group of pictures. It embraces love, humor, pathos, and works keenly upon our emotions. There is a strong sense of probability which merely lends enchantment to the picture. Who can see Colleen without living into the picture with her? Surely, to laugh, to cry, to be embarrassed, to enjoy life, to live and to be loved, and to be happy along with Colleen, will relieve the most fatigued mind and gladden every soul in the audience.

Keep up the good work, Colleen. You are giving us something for which we are truly



... often you've experienced it. Crowded in, close row on row... none too much air... tense, living life as it is played on the stage or screen. Perfect circumstances—these—for one of Nature's most unpleasant manifestations. Dampness creeping out in dark half moons under the arms. Worse... odor. But Nature never catches you off guard. Two times a week you, like millions of others, use your Odorono—a physician's formula for checking excessive perspiration. Thus you enjoy a constant assurance of after-the-bath freshness, of *continuous* daintiness... an assurance you know you can never have with soap and water alone.



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Mencken in Hollywood!

H. L. MENCKEN, the famous critic of American manners, morals and literary tastes, and editor of the *American Mercury*, made a visit to Hollywood recently.

He met all the movie stars and visited the studios.

Mr. Mencken has written his impressions of Hollywood exclusively for PHOTOPLAY.

Watch for his comments in the April issue

grateful, which we can enjoy, and which causes us to forget ourselves and troubles. Pictures like yours are a contribution of great value.

E. W. STONE.

A Beery Boost

Waco, Texas

Bet your last carfare on Noah Beery! I've met Noah Beery. Dignified and modest, he avoids notoriety. Eluding the cheering throng which greeted Paramount stars upon their arrival in San Antonio, Texas, to film "The Rough Riders," while fellow players were basking in the limelight, Noah was quietly renewing old friendships which dated back to his trooper days of legitimate drama.

His friends are legion. Grasp his hand, meet his friendly smile, get his philosophies of life, and proud you'll be you've met this star of the film world! Well read, a serious thinker, you'll do some rapid-fire thinking yourself to keep up with Noah! Characters like this lend dignity to his vocation, a profession at whose door everything from an Elinor Glyn complex to the break of day is laid.

Give us more like Noah, and movie critics along with the censors will get pink-eye looking for something further to cut.

Mrs. T. L.

Two Queens

Vancouver, B. C.

PHOTOPLAY is always delightful, but the October issue pleased me particularly because Alice Joyce adorns the cover. She is my favorite actress. She is the most beautiful woman on the screen. She affects me in the same way that certain pieces of music do. She is moving, exquisite, well-nigh divine. There is something not of this earth about her lovely face. And she is a splendid actress. Always convincing and sincere. I shall never forget her in the "Green Goddess." There are so many mediocre actresses among screenland's beauties, that when loveliness and talent go hand in hand they should be appreciated and receive a fitting reward.

Esther Ralston is another favorite of mine. I was interested to read of her happy married life. She, too, is very beautiful—it is a cozy type of womanhood, and a great relief from the wrist watch size flappers. DORA AUSTIE.

Teacher Replies

Middletown, N. Y.

In a recent PHOTOPLAY a correspondent asks, "Has any teacher been known to keep track of the distribution of good pictures in her town, has she advertised their showing?" Has any teacher? Yes, there are thousands of them.

Not only does the "bigoted" teacher suggest pictures which would help pupils in their class work or in some way make their lives bigger and happier, but they have often paid the way of children who otherwise could not have gone.

In reference to using pictures as subjects for oral English talks, the syllabus of the state of New York (which the teachers in city, town and country schools generally follow), suggests the moving picture they had seen as one very excellent topic.

The English book used in many places in this part of the state has, in six different places, outlines for discussing movies seen or questions asked about movies. One question is, "Was it a good movie? Why do you think so?"

History, oral English, geography and literature have been made more vital and real to the children for the past fifteen years, at least by the teachers' intelligent use of the movies.

ALTA M. TREPP.

Raving About Rod

London, England.

Stars come, and stars go, but Rod La Rocque goes on forever. There's one word applies to him perfectly—*dependable*. You can absolutely rely on Rod never to give you anything bad, or half and half; his work is perfect, it never deteriorates. You can *depend* on him. If one sees "Rod La Rocque" written outside a cinema, one need not trouble to see what the play is, or who else is in it; if Rod's there, you'll find a perfect performance.

His work is never shoddy, or weak, or false, or overdone. Apart from his work is the magnet of his personality. There again you'll find nothing artificial. He is the most natural actor in filmdom. He doesn't put over any nasty ideas of worldliness, or sophistication, or boredom; but presents to us a fine, straight, gay and charming fellow—most likeable. No, lovable. Vive La Rocque!

MISS C. MURRAY.

He's a Real Fan!

Seattle, Wash.

I am peculiarly indebted to the silver sheet, inasmuch as it is the medium that revealed to me the only image of perfect womanhood I ever hope to see. She has enamored me to the extent that I get a positive thrill just from seeing her name in print. I buy every movie publication I can find and peruse them eagerly in the hope of finding something about her. To me she is endowed with every attribute that constitutes perfection. I have been a patron of the movies for years and have seen all the stars in action, but she has captured my imagination to the exclusion of all the others. I have never

seen her in person, but they say the camera doesn't lie. I have not even a picture of her to console me, but this must be a mental world, for I glean contentment from the very fact that she exists. All my life (and I am not young) I have searched for an embodiment of my ideas of perfection in womanhood and at last she has materialized in the person of—Elaine Hammerstein.
J. W. HUNTINGTON.

A Call for Comedy

Glenside, Pa.

Enough of the big feature films are being made to satisfy the present needs of the regular movie patrons, and while there are a number of short humorous pictures, there is a woful lack of mirth-provoking feature comedy pictures.

Whether it's one of Harry Langdon's, Charlie Chaplin's, Harold Lloyd's or Raymond Griffith's pictures, crowded houses attest the fact that there is still room for more. Even the most blasé patron quickly responds to the tonic effects of a real laugh-producing film, especially when accompanied by the merriment of a delightful audience, the faint titter of a timid tot, the partly suppressed giggle of the girl in her 'teens, the loud "guffaw" of the old gentleman who formerly wore side-whiskers, and the "hyena-like" laugh of the portly movie fan. All are cheered and refreshed after such entertainment, the tired business man or busy housewife, the jaded old gent with the "hairless dome," and the rest of the patrons.

HARRY HILPERT.

An Enthusiastic Fan

Bloomington, Ind.

The thing that impresses me most about the movies is the way they keep moving—toward bigger things. Now and then comes a picture which seems perfect. It satisfies. Apparently it cannot be improved upon. But the next time a big picture appears it is better. This is not written merely as a compliment to the pictures. It is an effort to express a belief in their inevitable progress. The desire for excellence as well as success is a seed planted in them. It grows. Good movies today mean better movies tomorrow.

It should be recalled to the movie audience occasionally—though not too often, for in art the means are best lost sight of in the end—the painstaking toil of the actors in producing pleasing effects. The more delicate, the more graceful the effect, the greater the artistry. An art which works in silence! What can be more exquisite? What can require more intense concentration, more devoted study on the part of its followers? Let us value the movies fully!

ALTA BRUNT SEMBOWER.

Ladies Prefer Blondes

Boston, Mass.

I have long thought that Conrad Nagel has been holding the place as the Screen's Only Blond Leading Man for too long. And here, (God bless 'em) are three unusual blond gentlemen to hold the honor with him.

Ralph Forbes is one; perfect manners, delightfully different, with a most disarming smile. Pola, here is your next leading man.

Rex Ingram atones for any past sins (such as "Mare Nostrum") in giving us Ivan Petrovich, the blue-eyed Serbian who saved "The Magician" from utter disgrace. Here is deep emotion restrained under a mask of apparent carelessness. George Fitzmaurice could make him a blond John Gilbert.

Another foreigner, the sparkling Willy Fritsch, a German, who can teach our own John Gilbert how to smoke a cigarette in a most intriguing way. His technique is an unheard-of technique here with us. One cannot but realize it while watching "The Waltz Dream" unreel. He gives us a new charming hero—ah! if Von Stroheim could direct him! He is altogether different from any other actor.

MISS BARBARA PHILLIPS.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 129]



9 basic rules for BEAUTY

By HELENA RUBINSTEIN
International Beauty Scientist

IT ever has been my doctrine that no two skins are exactly alike . . . that each complexion is a law unto itself . . . that if you seek the utmost beauty in complexion and contour, you must care for your skin according to its individual needs. Nevertheless, there are nine fundamental rules for beauty which never vary no matter how widely skins may differ:

1. Know your own skin.
2. Make your skin work—the active skin alone is lovely.
3. Cleanse the skin thoroughly at least twice a day.
4. Tone and brace the tissues and muscles.
5. Protect the skin against extremes of climate.
6. Nourish and—where bleaching is necessary—bleach.
7. Do not mix various brands of preparations and expect your skin to harmonize them.
8. Use pure cosmetics—be sure they combine scientifically with your beauty preparations.
9. Persevere in regularity of home treatment.

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Mornings, cleanse with Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream (1.00). Remove and apply Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion (1.25) to tone, invigorate and brace.

FOR OILY SKINS

At Night, Valaze Beauty Grains (1.00) the gentle penetrative wash, cleanses and checks oiliness. Follow with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood (1.00), to purify and refine.

Mornings, use Valaze Pasteurized Cream (1.00) or, on alternate mornings, Valaze Beautifying Skinfood (1.00). Brace and tone with Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion (1.25). During day, use Valaze Liquidine (1.50) to remove shine, refresh complexion.

FOR DRY SKINS

At Night, cleanse thoroughly with Valaze Cleansing and Massage Cream (75c, 1.25). Follow with Valaze Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream (Anthosoros) (1.75)—richest of nourishing creams—leave on all night.

Mornings, or during day, film face with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood (1.00), to clear, whiten and refine—leave on twenty minutes. Follow with Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion Special (1.25) to tone and brace.

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Valaze Pore Paste Special—for sensitive skins—Valaze Pore Paste—for coarser skins—active, penetrative washes to remove blackheads, check oiliness, close and refine pores. (Each 1.00).

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91]

King Vidor was licked.

The limousine skidded through the big iron gates and splashed water upon a shivering figure under a lamp post. The hoy looked up, his face illuminated in the reflection from the wet pavement.

King Vidor let out a yell of command to his driver. The limousine slid across the boulevard and into the middle of the next block and stopped on two wheels. King Vidor was jumping up and down inside of it like a maniac, issuing commands. They swung around and started back.

A guy in a Ford stopped beside Jimmy Murray.

"Want a ride, kid?" he asked.

Jimmy gave him a grateful grin and jumped in, and pulled his coat collar up tighter. "Wet night," he said, because his Irish heart was still keeping him warm inside.

The traffic along Washington Boulevard was reduced to picturesque curses by the passage of a limousine gone mad. A big limousine that darted and skidded through at a reckless speed, while the pretty lady within wrapped her furs closer around her and the man urged further ahead.

They caught up with the flivver.

KING VIDOR and Jimmy Murray had met, strangely, brought together by fate on a rainy night.

"You're going to play the lead in my next picture," King Vidor yelled frantically through the darkness. "What's your name?"

"Am I now?" said Jimmy Murray, thinking that maybe the cold and hunger had turned his head a bit. "Well, my name's Jimmy Murray, and I'd be obliged for the same from you."

"Mine's King Vidor," said the man in the limousine.

Under his breath Jimmy Murray said, "The saints preserve me—'tis true."

He didn't believe it until the contract was signed. A five year contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

He didn't believe it then.

I don't think he quite believes it yet.

And why should he—remembering what had gone before.

Jimmy Murray was born in Tammany. In case you don't know what that means, I'll

mention that it is in New York City. He had four brothers and two sisters and nobody paid any more attention to Jimmy than they did to the other six Murray kids.

When he was old enough to go to work, he went to work. Christopher Murray expected his sons to go to work. There were no loafers in the Murray family. Jimmy began as a clerk.

And he hated being a clerk with all his heart and soul.

He had always wanted to be an actor. So Jimmy Murray got a small part in a William Brady stage play—on his looks—and that was a lucky engagement because it convinced him and everybody else that he wasn't cut out for a stage actor.

So he started for Hollywood. It takes a good man to get from New York to Hollywood without a cent in his pocket. Jimmy walked part of the way. He bummed rides. When he got to Hollywood he had a bit of luck, and it all looked like plain sailing. He worked three months as an extra in a Buster Keaton picture and wondered why people talked such rot about it being hard to get into the movies.

Then he didn't work again for six months. And being very hungry he decided to go home, where there was always corn beef and cabbage and a bit of home made bread in the Murray cupboard for a prodigal. He hummed his way home. He got a job as a theater usher, rose to be manager and saved his pennies. When he'd got a grub stake, he started back for the El Dorado of Hollywood once more.

AND the last of his grub stake had gone, for a meal the day before when he stood under the street lamp in front of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio that night. The next day would have seen him at sea, somehow, bound for a trip around the world.

But the luck of the Irish turned up again, and now he's James Murray with a slick contract and a great director back of him, and a chance to become a big motion picture star—the boy's handsome, and he has an Irish sort of charm, and King Vidor says he's a born actor.

Of course you mustn't forget that there are 90,000 boys who stand in the rain with their sole on the wet pavement—and don't even get a ride back to Hollywood. So don't let this



Eddie Cantor poses in his idea of the biggest lie in the world—a stranger from the East looking for a California realtor. Here is Eddie, right in the midst of a subdivision and not a fellow in sight to sell him a lot! Now you tell one

little Cinderella yarn start you westward for a movie career.

Murray's experiences and hardships are just the same old story of Heartbreak Town.

But he is made of fighting stuff.

Here's one they tell on him at M-G-M which happened when he was an extra, before the rainy night which skidded King Vidor across his path.

Murray was one of a couple of hundred called for work on the "Annie Laurie" set one day. There was a battle on the castle wall and Murray was one of those thrown off the wall and killed. The assistant director started taking names of those still on the wall. And Jimmy knew what that meant. The "dead" ones were through and the "alive ones" would get another day's work.

A FALL from a twenty foot wall isn't fun, but an extra day's work is three more days' food. Stealthily young Jimmy Murray detached himself from the "dead" at the foot of the wall and joined the "live" ones at the top.

And sure enough it won him another day's work—another ticket—and another fall off the high wall.

Murray had been tested by almost every big director in Hollywood before Vidor discovered him. "Either they didn't see the tests or they couldn't see me," says Jimmy, "until along comes Lady Luck in the form of Mr. Vidor.

"I'm sure going to keep my mouth shut, do just what he tells me to and make good or bust. I'm tired of being outside looking in and now that I'm in I want to stay. I'll do my best and now that the big chance has come I won't have any alibis if I don't make good."

Don't Go to Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

"Why do you follow me?" I asked.

He seized the opening quickly. "I know when a girlie's lonesome," he said. "I've been getting bad breaks lately and if you want to buy me my dinner, I'll see you get less lonesome."

The white pages of the magazines fluttered to the floor as I fled from him toward the elevator.

When I came down stairs, two hours later, I stopped to speak to the room clerk. It was largely because I wanted to hear my own voice.

"Mr. Blank over there could help you break into the movies," said the clerk, to whom I had deliberately confided my supposed ambition. "He's an assistant director and lives here in the hotel. I'll introduce you."

MR. BLANK spent an hour impressing me with his importance at an important studio. Then he whispered, "Say, a friend of mine's got a house in Laurel Canyon. He's away and I've got the key. Let's go up there for the evening. I can help you a lot and I bet we'll find we're on the same mental plane."

I knew we wouldn't, so I ate dinner alone. I took another walk. Suddenly in the stillness of a little dark street I heard a scream. I saw two figures twisting together before a stucco wall, and as I flew forward, with some vague idea of being of help, I recognized the girl. You would have known her, too, for she had been a well known leading woman. Her head was being vigorously slammed against the stucco by a thick throated gent. I stopped aghast but a girl, passing me, grinned unconcernedly. "It's only her husband," she explained. "He's a chauffeur and every time he gets tight he knocks her around trying to spoil her face. He's jealous of her success, I guess. No use to interfere. He's never spoiled her expression yet and she keeps on loving him."

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Your make-up will hold hours longer than before. Your skin will lose its oily look. Your nose will seldom call for powder.



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City..... State.....

Nor had I reached the limit for that day. I had been put on the trail of a certain assistant director at one of the largest studios. Knowing he had much to do with hiring extras, I rang him up, explaining who I really was and my connection with PHOTOPLAY, and asked him if he could give me some human interest stories.

Central Casting has tried to do away with the power of the assistants, the camera men, the prop boys over extra girls' destinies, but it hasn't succeeded conspicuously. When Central was formed, a rule was made that any girl recommended by any studio official must be placed on their lists. The result is that when a call comes from a studio asking for eighty girls, say, seventy-seven of the names are frequently already on the call. And behind each of those demanded names there is always a story of personal influence. Central protects itself by marking the girl's pay check "requested." Then if such a girl is unsatisfactory to the studio for any reason, the blame can not fall on the agency.

IN this case, the assistant knew perfectly well I wasn't some poor kid up against it, looking for a job and willing to pay almost anything to get it. Yet that stupid boob proceeded on the supposition I wanted to mix kisses with my facts and when I refused to give them, he refused to give the facts.

These are the types of men the lonely girl encounters. Not that a girl might not encounter such men in other lines of work, but in Hollywood there are more of them because there are more beautiful girls there, freed from all restraints of home.

That is that side of it. To get the other side I moved to Hollywood's best hotel, which is an excellent one, and registered for the first time under my own name.

I had little more than got to my room when the telephone began ringing. The hotel press agent wanted to give out a little story to the papers. A woman's press club asked me to be their guest at dinner. A man who manages a rising young star asked me to lunch with the little star and himself and maybe I could write something about the dear in PHOTOPLAY. The leading Hollywood restaurant invited me to dine there as its guest.

And those things are Hollywood, too, as much as extras are. I knew perfectly well it



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was only my association with PHOTOPLAY that made me suddenly so important, but I accepted all invitations as they came. Throughout a hectic week I went everywhere, for lunch with stars, for tea with stars, for dinner with stars and it was all perfectly marvelous. I went to the Writers' Club and to the magnificent beach clubs at Santa Monica. I attended a meeting at the Thaliens, a club organized by young Lincoln Stedman to which the movie youngsters who are climbing toward stardom belong. Earnest and ambitious, they held a solemn meeting, talked of their careers and art, and left at ten after a supper of ham sandwiches and cider. A more circumspect group couldn't have been found at the most select prep school.

EVERYWHERE I saw the miracles of the movies, the luxurious homes of Colleen Moore and Tony Moreno, the veritable palace set in formal gardens that Milton Sills recently purchased for his bride, Doris Kenyon, the apartments in Los Angeles that Norma Talmadge owns—wealth and ease purchased by movie success. I saw, too, an old woman come into a casting office and faint from hunger though she is the mother of one of our most successful stars. I went to cabarets near Culver City and to Henry's, the sandwich emporium run by a former Chaplin comedian. You see the crowd there, but never a star. A star who matters today can not afford night life.

There is little bohemia in the upper ranks of the movies. Their work demands too much.

Then because I wanted to learn if the girl beaten at extra work could get into a studio in any other capacity, I rang up First National, since I had already worked there, but giving my own name said I wanted to learn about scenario writing.

At the studio, June Mathis, that very successful writer, saw me. "A beginner at scenarios must face these facts," she said. "You will have to start at a salary of fifty to possibly seventy-five dollars a week for the most severe, nerve-racking creative work in the world. You will have to learn to do a treatment for a picture over and over again. Almost never will your first version be accepted, or your second or third, but maybe the tenth, when you're so tired of the plot your mind has gone stale on it. Possibly you'll discover another novice has been working on the same story and her tenth version, rather than yours, is accepted. But say, on the other hand, you succeed at once. Your story treatment is produced. The film made from it earns millions. Don't hope for that success to get you anywhere. Each picture you do stands by itself. What you have done in the past is forgotten. Today's picture must score, or you are out of luck."

MISS MATHIS sighed. "To me," she said, "that is the hardest part of all. I have been very fortunate and many of the pictures I have done have been highly successful at the box-office. Yet I can not, as a fiction writer often does, live on my name. I must fight as hard today to get points over with the director as I did when I was completely unknown. Movies need new writers with new ideas, but on those writers the struggle for survival, picture by picture, is merciless. If you think you can stand it, come in. The field is wide open, the rewards great. But I don't advise it to anyone."

Carey Wilson, who wrote the script for "Ben-Hur" and scores of other successes, agreed with her and yelled at me, "Why do you want to stay here? Hollywood is a terrible place, the world's newest illusion, the last gold coast, the final jumping off place. You lose your judgment here, your good taste, your energy, unless you get too much energy, as I have. If you don't succeed, you hang on, starving, struggling, daily believing you're about to win. When you succeed, you stick, believing always you'll soon quit. Only you

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Do other women have more attention at parties than you... MORE FUN?

SURELY it isn't because of their clothes—you are just as clever. It's a little dash of sophistication that captivates—a little sureness because they know they are looking their best. But how—how does one acquire that so confident a manner? Perhaps these clever women have attended to an all-important detail that you have overlooked. Your hair—have you noticed it lately? Has it a glint o' gold when the light falls on it? Is there just a gleam of bronze where the wave dips in? If not, you simply have not had a Golden Glint shampoo lately. It's NOT a dye—it's a shimmer and a gleam. Golden Glint!—At drug or toilet goods counters, or direct—25¢.

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don't. We all stay here and work like slaves, from stenographers to electricians. Get out, before the disease of Hollywood gets you."

Leaving his office I ran into Billie Dove who has recently signed a First National contract at a salary reputed to be \$1650 a week.

"Excited over being starred?" I asked her. "No," she smiled. "The first part I ever went after in the movies taught me better. It was with Lillian Gish at the time she first broke away from Griffith and was about to begin work for an independent company. Miss Gish chose me to be one section of a pair of twins. The other one had to be a blonde. For days I was kept at the studio making tests with the little blonde girls. It meant everything to me. After a week they decided to cut the sequence out, since they couldn't find the blonde. I couldn't be persuaded then it was for the best, but later I knew it. The picture was never finished.

"Miss Gish left the company, and those engage I never got paid for their work. So I'm neither joyous nor unhappy over pictures any more. If one hopes to survive in this game, one can't afford to be. The result of any contract here is almost always different from what you expect."

And that is the way three of Hollywood's most successful feel about it.

Let me give you two more pictures, and I am through.

I WENT to the opening of "Bardelys the Magnificent" that night. It was the first Hollywood premier I had seen and I was totally unprepared for the brilliance of it. It was the sort of scene that lures girls to Hollywood as inevitably as a candle flame lures the moths of a summer night.

Great sunlight arcs around the theater, great piercing searchlights crossing and recrossing the sky. The scream of motor cars, the rattle of trolleys, the noise of loaded buses. The crowd of fans, roped off at either side, the police holding them back. The "cash custom-

ers" coming in one path, the stellar world down another before the camera under the arc lights. Everyone of the movie world was present, out to see and be seen, out to watch John Gilbert, whose story is so typical of Hollywood. There was what Hollywood gave you if you won out, adulation, awe, money, beauty, luxury, jewels, clothes, comfort.

When I returned to my hotel I was still dazed with the exotic magnificence of it all. And there in the lobby was a girl weeping, a girl who had been a star and who has been off the screen for three years.

Now the Hollywood hotels have a habit of what is called "plugging keyholes." So many girls register with them while waiting the lucky break. A hotel bill doesn't have to be paid for a week. Sometimes it can be stalled a month. And in that time luck may turn. If it doesn't the girl can, if she's smart, drop her clothes out the window after dark, walk out and collect them and disappear, leaving the bill. And just this happened until the hotels learned their little trick. Now when a bill stays too long unpaid they plug the keyhole of the room, leaving the girl locked outside and her possessions inside.

The girl in the lobby was locked out of her room.

"I HAVEN'T a friend or a dollar left," she sobbed. "Used to have both. I've tried to get work but they don't believe I'm off the hop. I haven't a place to sleep. When I found my door plugged, I got drunk and raised a row on the Boulevard thinking I'd get pinched and locked up. That'd give me a place to sleep anyhow. Instead I just get dragged back here. Make 'em lock me up."

I rushed to the desk for a telegram blank. "Lost our bet," I wired my editor. "Returning East immediately where jobs are jobs and where the women have wide, homely faces." But he wouldn't let me pay it. He raised my salary instead.

Gee, I'm glad I didn't break into the movies.



Just Married—Gardner James and Marion Blackton were married in Hollywood on Christmas Day. Mr. James is the new star of Inspiration Pictures and Mrs. James writes scenarios. Also she is the daughter of J. Stuart Blackton

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123]

Wow! What a Bouquet

Pawtucket, R. I.

Here is a bouquet for William Boyd.

A toast to the man whose kisses have fire and tenderness, not lust; whose beauty is rugged, not feminine and affected; whose portrayals are always sound and big. To the great American fighter, victor, lover of 1930—a typical example of our finest manhood; a clean, very human boy; a generous and sincere actor, Bill Boyd! The sort of man you'd like to have for a friend *off* the screen.

I hope he will have plenty of opportunities in the future. His wonderful strength of character, and his sincerity, come across on the screen more vividly than any other actor's I can think of.

Bill Boyd looks as if he would go after his mate like a man, and conquer her by the sheer strength of his will. She wouldn't have a chance in a million to get away if he wanted to hold her—but it is nice to think that he would not hold her against her will! He is tender; and nothing suits a strong man so well as tenderness!

It makes him seem stronger.

Congratulations, Bill Boyd, and good luck! You're splendid!

D. P. D.

Producers, Take Notice

Independence, Mo.

To be miscast is a tragedy for both the player who is the victim of the crime and for the fan who is the victim of the resulting picture. Yet there are certain actors and actresses who are continually unfortunate in this respect; why, the producers only know.

Consider Esther Ralston, a girl of ethereal, almost incredible beauty. Though reminiscent of fairy princesses and medieval ladies she seems inevitably doomed to portray nothing but leggy American flappers. Alas, poor Esther!

Also, Aileen Pringle. Aileen has had only one rôle which was not an insult to her obvious intelligence—that of *Zora* in "The Mystic." Yet if we may believe Joseph Hergesheimer, her ambitions lie in a totally different type of character. If Aileen wants to do sophisticated comedy, why not let her? She could be a feminine Menjou, but she remains a Glyn heroine!

We all like to see capable players become artists, but they can never do it with poor stories and unsympathetic parts.

DOROTHY HORNE.

Yes, Teacher

Ralston, N. J.

I am not a movie fan; I am just a plain, very ordinary school teacher. However, the brightest spot in my vacation memories is a movie—"Ben-Hur." It is the most exquisite picture I have ever seen; the unseen presence, very keenly felt, of our Lord; the beauty of scenery; the magnitude of settings, the coloring—everything is perfect in every detail.

Ever since I have been old enough to think intelligently I have loved the book—"Ben-Hur." I hesitated about going to the picture for I feared it might be sadly mutilated. But each character, in his or her own part, I think has given the world a masterpiece of acting. And I, a perfectly sane twenty-four year old teacher, actually and literally sat on the edge of the seat during the galley scenes and the chariot race.

I am very happy that I have seen "Ben-Hur" for it was truly beautiful—beautiful!

ELIZABETH WELLS.



Portrait of Anna Q. Nilsson by the well-known English artist, Pearce Emett



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Once superfluous hair was a cause of anxiety only when the occasion demanded evening dress. But today—how much the world knows of women!

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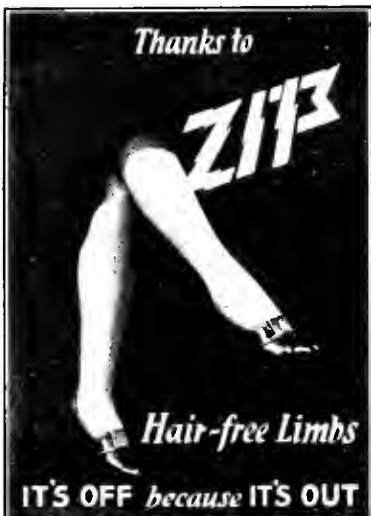
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What Happens to Your Movie Money?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

Back in 1917, in an interview given me for "The Dramatic Mirror," an official of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation named \$20,000 as the average cost of production. He also said that production costs could not advance further. Needless to say, he is no longer with Famous Players.

Richard W. Saunders, comptroller of Famous Players-Lasky, places the sum of \$250,000 as the average cost of all productions of his organization at the present time. This sum was \$150,000 two years ago. Big specials run much higher, of course.

Mr. Saunders outlined for me some of the details of financing picture making. "The production cost of 'Old Ironsides' ran to more than \$2,000,000," he said. "Add to this the cost of exploitation and the carrying charge of five per cent upon the money tied up in the investment, along with the other incidentals to the presentation of the film. 'Old Ironsides' will be far into its second year before the initial cost returns to us.

"Today big pictures are road showed for almost the entire first year of their existence. The road showing of 'Old Ironsides' will bring in somewhere between a few hundred thousand and more than a million, dependent upon the extent of its success. Profits in the case of 'Old Ironsides' will begin at about the end of the second year.

"**W**E figure the average so-called program picture to bring back two and a half times its cost in its gross. That means a \$250,000 picture should return almost \$700,000 in its gross. Naturally this difference in totals is not, by any means, entirely profit, or anywhere near that. Add twenty-five per cent to the picture's cost for distribution and advertising. There are other items, as the overhead of the bone office, taxes, and so on.

"Until recently we figured that the average so-called program picture returned the large portion of its earnings in the first ninety days of its release. The major portion of the earnings come in quicker now, because we issue more prints. Only the rare film earns anything

after its first year and a half. Even such an extraordinary success as 'The Miracle Man' brings in only a little here and there after the first eighteen months."

Famous Players issue 150 prints of each regular release. Fifty more prints go abroad, with titles and cutting adaptable to the country of release. Some years ago fifty prints was considered a record number for domestic release, Charlie Chaplin being the first star to achieve the fifty mark in prints.

MR. SAUNDERS brings out another reason why a big film corporation can afford to put a quarter of a million into each regular release. "While every picture can not be a success," he said, "an organization as large as Famous Players-Lasky can eliminate the failure. If a picture turns out badly, it has a big battery of experts to fix the production. The picture becomes a mere incident to the organization where it would break a small concern. In this way, our organization can absorb the lesser picture. Indeed, with a big organization, it is impossible to have a real bloomer."

The cost of the super-feature has advanced even more rapidly than the average release. The fourteen great money makers of the screen can easily be listed. "The Ten Commandments," "The Four Horsemen" and "The Birth of a Nation" probably lead at about \$4,500,000 each. "Way Down East" is said to have gathered \$3,500,000. The earnings of "The Gold Rush" are placed at this figure, one million coming from Great Britain. Behind these films come "The Covered Wagon" at \$3,000,000, and such notable pictures as "Over the Hill," "Robin Hood," "The Miracle Man," "Scaramouche," "The Sea Hawk" and "The Iron Horse." "The Big Parade" has already grossed more than \$1,000,000 in one New York theater alone. "Ben-Hur" is due to run a huge international gross.



Reunited after years of separation—Renee Adoree and her sister, Mira. Mira is visiting in Hollywood these days and so perhaps that means she is going into pictures. She is a stage actress and has been touring the country with "The Green Hat" company

Comparisons are interesting. Cecil B. De Mille spent \$1,700,000 in making "The Ten Commandments." He is spending more than \$2,000,000 in filming "The King of Kings." The Kalem Company once sent a company to the Holy Land and produced a life of Christ for \$2,500. This film is still playing churches in various parts of America.

"The Covered Wagon," as directed by James Cruze, cost \$700,000. Three years later Cruze ran over the \$2,000,000 mark in making "Old Ironsides."

CONSIDER the case of D.W. Griffith, maker of more big successes and big failures than any other one screen figure. "The Birth of a Nation" cost less than \$100,000, and has earned over \$4,000,000. "Way Down East" cost \$800,000 (\$125,000 of which was for the story) and has earned close to \$4,000,000. "Intolerance," rated a Griffith failure, cost \$700,000. The same film would cost over \$2,000,000 today to make. "Broken Blossoms" cost Griffith \$80,000. "America," which brought his independent production career temporarily to an end, put Griffith in the hole for \$500,000.

The Movie Dollar

J. Homer Platten's estimate of how each dollar goes into production costs:

Actors' salaries.....	\$.25
Directors, cameramen, assistants.....	.10
Scenarios and stories.....	.10
Sets (manufactured).....	.19
Studio overhead.....	.20
Costumes, etc.....	.03
Rental of locations, transportation.....	.08
Raw film.....	.05
Total.....	\$1.00

How each dollar is spent, and the profit:

Production cost.....	\$.40
Distribution.....	.30
Positive prints.....	.10
Administration and taxes.....	.05
Profit.....	.15
Total.....	\$1.00

Samuel Goldwyn recently stated that "The Winning of Barbara Worth" cost him \$600,000. At the same time he pointed out the tremendously advancing cost of film making. When he was the head of Goldwyn Pictures he produced "Carmen" for a cost of \$20,000, "Maria Rosa" at \$15,000 and "Temptation" for \$18,000. This included everything, among the items being Geraldine Farrar's stellar salary of \$20,000 for three pictures. Mr. Goldwyn estimates that "Carmen" could not be done now for \$150,000.

Cecil B. De Mille's career has not been completely one of successes, despite the tremendous record of "The Ten Commandments." "The Whispering Chorus," although it has always been looked upon as an artistic success and possibly De Mille's best picture, lost money, even at a production cost of \$100,000. "Joan the Woman," starring Miss Farrar, lost, despite its comparative low cost, \$250,000.

"Over the Hill," made in 1919, cost William Fox just \$50,000. It earned \$2,500,000. "The Iron Horse," made by Mr. Fox five years later, cost \$450,000. In making "What Price Glory" Mr. Fox had to go away beyond the cost of "The Big Parade," produced by Metro-Goldwyn.

You see, the picture business is no place for a piker. Better invest that \$15,000 in a chicken farm and lose the money slowly.



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And what happens? Thousands upon thousands of tiny nerves within the skin telegraph to the deeper nerves, "we're free,

we're free." Countless little blood vessels sleepily relaxed respond to the message, awaken and contract. They expel their sluggish, poisoned contents and rush fresh, pure blood to the skin, making it tingle and glow with new health and life. Through the "reflex arc," all of nature's forces are concentrated to benefit the skin.

You Do Nothing New, But Your Cream Does

You apply Princess Pat Cleansing Cream just as you would any other cold cream. No new habits to form. But how different the results! A few days free from pore film, a few days with the pores really cleansed and awakened, and you could not be persuaded to go back to creams which do not remove the injurious acid film. Too, Princess Pat Cleansing Cream is delightful to use—entirely free from objectionable "stickiness." It is utterly free of any ingredient that could promote hair growth. You cannot help but delight in its use.

You cannot reasonably deny yourself the advantages of pore film removal. One jar of Princess Pat Skin Cleanser will convince—or your dealer will refund its cost.

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Life For a Night

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

hours which could happen only in Hollywood—Proud stars who were in the picture, envious ones who were not, directors swelling with achievement, producers, scoffers who came to criticize, society folk to give the smart touch, all the dazzling personnel of an opening night.

Half an hour later, radiant in Bunny's only slightly worn dress, the precious shawl about her shoulders, Amber awaited her taxi. Bunny had advised this latter luxury. "You can eat a chocolate bar on the train. Tonight is curtains for you in Hollywood, and you might as well take it big."

THE boulevard surged with activity, glowed with anticipation. This was premiere night in Hollywood. The uninvited curious came thronging to watch the pageantry, to gaze upon those who had been blessed beyond belief with beauty and fame and wealth all at once. The huge theater was a focal point of light. Kleigis and sun-arcs had been mounted for the occasion. They beat a shaft of light straight down the great out-door court which was the lobby. A dazzling promenade to glorify the smart men and women already descending from their cars. Expensive cars worthy of a show by themselves. A sun-arc, swinging back and forth, picked up here and there patches of upturned faces, draining the color from them, little green-white patches which were curious eyes and open mouths. Persons of no importance gathered to watch the personages promenade, peacock-wise, down the path of light.

"Oh, I'm a lucky girl, a very lucky girl," whispered Amber to the little voice of anxiety within her. She paid the driver with a flourish and turned her back on the cab that was driving off with her last dollar. Tonight she was a princess, tonight she was playing a part. Tomorrow she would return to reality.

The door-man unctuously escorted her to the announcer. Even for publicity man he was exuberant, having acquired the feeling that he was giving this show himself. Amber caught the admiration in his glance. It buoyed her up. He swung his megaphone to his lips.

"Miss Amber Evans. Miss Amber Evans—"

HE frowned for a moment. A darned pretty girl, but who was she? The crowd waited, interested but unconvinced. They were out for blood tonight. Names and big ones—Talmadge, Pickford, Lloyd, Negri, alone would satisfy them. A grin of appraisal, a twinkle of inspiration—

"Miss Amber Evans—Hollywood's Golden Girl," and she started the long, long march to the entrance. A patter of hands, the sun-arcs turning her hair to golden green, shimmering sea gold. A smile, and the crowd approved. They couldn't just remember who she was, but they liked her. Amber found her way, breathless, accompanied by the sound of a cordial clapping.

"It would be like this if I were a star. Like this all the time." Trembling, she handed her lately orphaned ticket to the usherette who waved her down the aisle with all the imperious grace of the Egyptian Princess whom she was dressed to represent.

It was a very good seat, evidently, among distinctive guests. Sudden panic assailed Amber. She should have turned in the ticket. Suppose she were questioned? Suppose she were forced to do a march of shame over her recent path of stolen glory? Her thoughts whirled around in her head as her feet carried her on to an unknown crisis. About her she dimly sensed a clash of expensive perfumes, each varring for supremacy. Splash of Spanish shawls—glitter of sequin gowns!

The only vacant seat in an area of resplendent show was third from the aisle. Amber turned toward it, going forward only because she



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no longer had the strength to flee. Unexpectedly she found herself facing the man in the fourth seat. He rose, a polite, exquisitely black and white silhouette, and lowered her seat. He bowed slightly. Amber gasped. Eviction, then? Exposure?

"Don't you like this seat?" A pleasant voice, vaguely bantering.

Amber managed to raise a shamed face to his, "I really—!" Her eyes met his. As they did so she gave a dismayed gasp. The theater took a whirl or two about her, and because her knees gave out, she sat down.

Thousands of maidens had looked upon the face bending graciously above hers, had looked upon his love-making and lived through ecstasies of imagined joys. Later they had married mere grocers, automobile salesmen—and hardware merchants. Matrons, seeing him, had wept over their lost youth. He was Romance, he was Conquering Love, incarnate. He was Julio Conrad!

AMBER gathered her shawl about her for instant flight. Back of her, dimly, came a buzz. Already a hundred tongues were conjecturing as to her identity, the woman next to Julio. Dismay complete, embarrassment overwhelming, rushed over her in waves. She didn't have money to pay for the ticket and no very plausible excuse came to her out of the heavily perfumed air. She found, after a moment of agony, that her hand was clenched around her seat stub. A very anaemic straw at which to clutch. With a smile she held out this stub to the World's Champion Lover.

"You are very careless. I brought this to you to remind you that finders are keepers." Her own audacity took her breath away.

Julio was agreeably surprised. He had not anticipated that she would use the good old strategical trick of striking first. Having fired a shot which she felt would leave her a few rags of dignity, Amber started to go. The flawless black-and-white silhouette was alarmed.

"Please don't go. You're an answer to prayer."

A prelude to the cheapest of all cheap lines, thought Amber. It was peddled gratis on the lots. She had hoped better things of Julio. Narrowed eyes and scornful mouth betrayed her thought.

"No, no—I don't mean that the way it sounded. When Wayne—Wayne's my secretary—lost the ticket I was hoping some one unusual would pick it up and use it. You know, an 'adventure for a night,' sort of thing."

Amber appreciated the mood, but she declined to be the chef d'oeuvre of such an entertainment. The modern exponent of Romeo's art, who had learned how to put it on a paying basis, saw that he was losing. He threw all of his famous charm, smile, eyes and gracious adulation into the breach. Pleading was new to him. He rather liked it—for a while.

"Well, Girl of Gold, if I can't threaten you, and you won't be flattered, let me throw myself upon your mercy." His hand closed over hers, lightly, with practiced skill. Amber enjoyed it, as one professional to another, she told herself.

"If you leave this seat vacant there is a large talkative woman with three chins going to pounce on me. She is five seats to your left in front. Look, and have pity."

FAITHFUL disciple of Eve, Amber looked.

She saw a perfect boyish bob above a neck that had long since reached voting age. As she looked the woman turned. Amber was subjected to quick appraisal. She felt herself sized up as someone who might, must possibly, be of use later on, but at present was nobody. There was a flattering, intimate smile for Julio, which said, "Ah, you and I are familiars, dear boy." Cheeks flushed with excitement, Amber turned incredulous eyes upon Julio, the famed.

"Alas, she doesn't want me for myself," murmured America's great lover. "She desires me only as exhibition stuff at a party afterward. Pasadena society racket. Then



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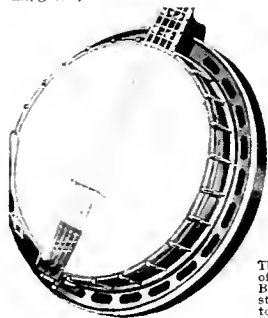
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she's going to ask me to get daughter into the movies. Daughter was raised scientifically on oat meal, and swings a wicked golf club, tennis racket or polo stick—depends on the hour of the day, consider that!

Amber chuckled and leaned back, considering. Keeping Julio waiting was an unheard of luxury which few women had experienced. So Amber indulged it, revelled in it.

"Stay, lady fair. We can have one evening of joy together, you and I, before we go our ways. Besides, think how much it'll worry the gossips and publicity women." Julio's desire to speak in the flowery idiom of his mother-tongue had a most entrancing way of tangling with his more recently acquired American diction.

WOMEN had fainted and been trampled on in an effort to shake his hand. Who was Amber to turn down a date with him? She thought of the society woman's daughter who might get a chance while she went home defeated. The thought rankled. She surrendered to the lowered lights, the orchestra's crashing overture. Reveling in condescension she allowed Julio to remove the shawl. The lights went black.

An hour and a half of strained attention to the feature film. People finding fault, experts in hot air criticizing, kindly experts temporizing, lights once more and fifteen minutes of glittering intermission standing by Julio in the lobby with all the experts, kindly or severe, coming up to tell Julio how much they revered him and how wonderful he was. Bows, glances, whispers for Amber. They didn't know who she was, but Julio made her a personage. "I suppose," thought Amber, "suppose, it was I they were praising. Blessed luck. I've almost been a star for a night."

She knew very well, of course, that as far as Julio was concerned it was just for that night. Something of the wary stag, over-cautious of pitfalls was in his attitude.

"Del'Orà! That's what we'll call you tonight. Golden!" Julio had whispered this in the scented darkness during the first reel. He had not asked her name. For him, Amber knew this evening was nothing. For her, with all its fleeting sweetness, it was a great adventure.

The picture was over. Out upon the boulevard, which still pulsed with life, they waited for his super-gorgeous chariot. Amber hugged every second to her heart. She didn't question Julio. She would follow the adventure to the end. Down the boulevard the car swung. They took their triumphant way to a cafe, hotter, more heavily scented, far more hectic than the theater.

Julio displayed extreme deference to Amber. She played the game with him. Women speculated her to penetrating inspection, men speculated, trying to remember whether she was somebody they should have known. In the protection of Julio's arm Amber didn't care if this night should be the world's last. The Latin blood within Julio came forward on the dance floor and did his ancestors' credit.

"Hello there, Amber. Why don't you come around and see your Uncle Jim?" She raised a star-eyed face over Julio's shoulder and saw a fat, pompous director who was desperately climbing to recognition. Amber knew that seeing her with Julio had made him fear he had overlooked a chance. She smiled and nodded. One mustn't spoil magic with reasoning or resentment. Perhaps tomorrow she might see him. He might give her a bit, a part. Tomorrow, Bosworth, important Bosworth, whom she had been trying to see for months, danced by and spoke to her. Why didn't she come in to see him soon, he questioned. Sure, come tomorrow if she liked. Glad to have her. A reporter on the Los Angeles Eagle came through the crowd and deliberately asked her name. One could never tell what such a change of attitude might bring. Tomorrow, she mused—she recalled her dreams, came back to earth and remembering the check in her bag and Dale-town, she swayed closer to Julio, her hand on his arm tightening, clutching to her the youth and the folly, the chance and change of Hollywood.

JULIO smiled, looking down at her, lazy-wise through his lashes. "Sorry you stayed?" Step and step and sway to "Valencia," Julio, a flame of quickness, a masterpiece of motion, held Amber to him, entranced.

"No, oh, no. I'll never forget it, never." He could never dream what it meant to her.

"Neither will I," replied Julio agreeably, his eyes over Amber's head turned upon Sonya, newest importation from Poland.

"It's been almost like being a star myself," Amber said.

"How long have you been here?" Julio recalled himself politely.

"Two years—"

"And you still want to go on with it? Hit the top and glitter around for a while?" He assumed high contempt for the luster which he spent his every waking hour to preserve.

"I want to be a star," said Amber.

"You poor kid." He looked at her directly after that, and with all manner of trinkets, a Pierrot doll and a sad floppy dog, and then they started home.

On the rickety porch, screened by a vener-



Little Numa is just as tame as a cat. Harrison Ford and Phyllis Haver have complete confidence in his gentle disposition. Numa, incidentally, has made a fortune for his trainer as he is one of the few lions in captivity that won't bite the hand that feeds him

able palm, *Julio suddenly gathered her, floppy dog and all, into his arms.* "The cherry on the cocktail, you know," he whispered very close. Amber did not protest the sudden fleeting warmth of his lips, his swifter leaving.

Standing on the steps she watched the tail-light of his car far up the street. She was all alone now with Tod Brunt's check. It loomed ominously, portentously in her little bag. Her shaking fingers drew it forth. Hollywood! Manana land. Tomorrow coming. Her firm fingers tore the check to impotent bits. They fluttered white upon the walk.

Gathering Pierrot and the dog to her, as a child clutches its toys in the dark, Amber fled into the house.

Say You Believe in Peter Pan

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

quick and nervous. Her hands are fluttering. She wants to enjoy herself, but she works so hard that she doesn't find much time for fun. When Sir James Barrie dragged the unknown child from obscurity, he unwittingly started another drama. And Miss Bronson is forced to play it.

As for this business of being selected by Elinor Glyn: "I really don't know much about it," said Betty. "But I suppose it must be true. I saw it in two newspapers. One newspaper might make a mistake. Two newspapers could not be wrong."

Can it be that the child was kidding? "I only met Mrs. Glyn once. It was at a party—at Mary Pickford's, I think. And Mrs. Glyn was analyzing the guests. She was telling them what to do and what not to do. Well, she pointed to me and said, 'You are all out of balance, my child. Your forehead is too high for your figure. You ought to wear your hair pulled down over your eyes.' And I was rather disturbed."

HOWEVER, there was no real cause for Miss Bronson to worry. The inspired Elinor once assured the 100 per cent Spanish Antonio Moreno that he had been an Irishman in another incarnation. And Tony was plunged into Castilian melancholy for a week.

"So if she really is going to write a story for me," continued Betty, "I don't understand it. However, I'll get out the tiger skin."

Whereupon, Betty confessed that Mal St. Clair's pronouncement that she was the most sophisticated girl on the screen delighted her more than anything that ever had been said about her. Especially because Mr. St. Clair, in the next breath, announced that Pola Negri was the most child-like of all the stars. Perhaps Mr. St. Clair observed that Betty wears thin black silk stockings instead of the conventional flesh-tinted ones. It denotes an uncanny wisdom in one so young and otherwise guileless. Perhaps Mr. St. Clair leaped at the conclusion that it was not alone Betty's elin profile that influenced Sir James' selection.

I asked Miss Bronson, frankly, how she would feel about playing *Peter Pan* today. How, in the light of the experiences of the last two years, she would feel about attempting such an important rôle.

"I should be frightened," she answered, without hesitation. "It was a joy, of course. But I realize now it was a tremendously difficult rôle." There you have Betty's problem. She wants to remain in the Never Never Land of children's stories. She wants to play fairy tales. But good children's stories are hard to find and elin tales are precarious undertakings—financially speaking. The tom-toms of sex stories drown out the more delicate music of the screen. It's tobewingsortigerskinsfor Betty.

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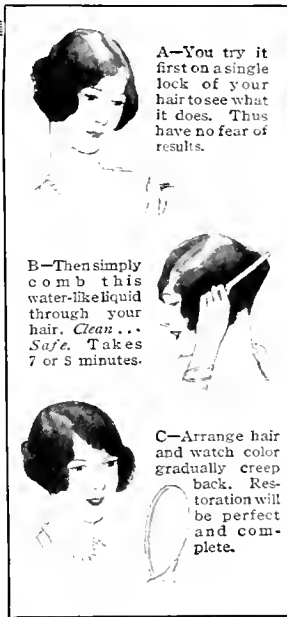
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The Port of Missing Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

'yes, we have no bananas.' Tell me something—are you straight?"
A crimson flood burned over Greta's face.

"ALL right, don't get excited," said Hazel. "I read about this girl Anna Christie come from your part of the country and I just wanted to know. I guess I better take me a nap. The old brain appears to be off its course in a fog somewhere. Hold everything until I come to. When I'm myself, I'm full of ideas. Most of them are wrong, but at least they're a sign of life."

True to this promise, when she woke up, she produced an idea.

"I know everybody," said Hazel Dupont.

"At least I know all the assistant directors, and cameramen and assistant cameramen, and press agents, and they're the only ones that count in an extra girl's life. But my old pan, while it does well enough when the lights are low, sort of breaks all up in front of a camera. Next year I can start playing grandmothers.

"Say I move in here with you and get you some work. You look young and fresh. You can pay the bills for the both of us outta what jobs I get you. I'm no Shylock. But I punched the last hole in a sorta meal ticket I had last night, and this could give me eating and sleeping until I can hook onto a boy friend or a job as charwoman." Greta, visioning work, consented.

The next day Hazel Dupont produced an assistant director by the name of Bill Lane. They seemed to know each other very well. To him, Hazel explained what she called the plot of the scenario.

"This kid is still carrying a lily, Bill," she said, and Bill nodded.

The method was this. Bill Lane sent her to the central casting office with a request that she be registered, as his director wished to use her in a picture. She was registered. Then Bill Lane, sending in his list of extra girls to be called for three days work on a ball room set, had her name well up in front.

The day after that, Greta went to work. Six months later, she was on the preferred extra list and was working regularly for ten dollars a day. Her blondeness positively shone on the screen and her figure, both dressed and undressed, was exquisite.

Funny, too, how the boys liked her and pulled for her, though she granted favors to nobody. But that was largely due to her cooking.

Funny, if you come to that, about the little house of Greta's and all the things it led to.

As soon as she began to have a fairly steady income, Greta took an old, ramshackle cottage out on the Dark Canyon Road. It wasn't much of a place, goodness knows, and very lonely, but it had a little ground around it, so that you could see and breathe and move. And it had a big, old-fashioned kitchen, painted

Dutch blue. The rent was so cheap that Greta could easily afford to drive her little second-hand car in to the studios, and besides, living was cheaper, for she kept a few chickens and did her own cooking.

And a lot of "the boys"—those assistant directors and cameramen and press agents to whom Hazel Dupont had rightly referred as really important in an extra girl's life—actually found a good, home-cooked meal harder to get in Hollywood than more intimate favors. They were so sated with cheap perfume in cheap boudoirs that they actually preferred occasionally the fragrance of fried chicken and creamed cabbage in Greta's warm kitchen. So, Hazel having drifted out of her

life as casually as she had drifted in, Greta paid commission to the boys who kept her working in matchless dumplings and apple pies rather than in the common coinage of Hollywood.

True, she hadn't become a star overnight. But she was working in the movies. She was wearing marvellous gowns made especially for her by the wardrobe departments. She could walk in and out of any studio. She had worked on the same set with many of the biggest stars—had talked with them. Hollywood knew her—a little. She thought she had a chance.

If Mrs. Harkness and Ambrose Peters wondered what had become of her

in the Port of Missing Girls, it was not mutual, for she never gave them a thought.

She was happy, everything was progressing smoothly, until she met Larry Devore.

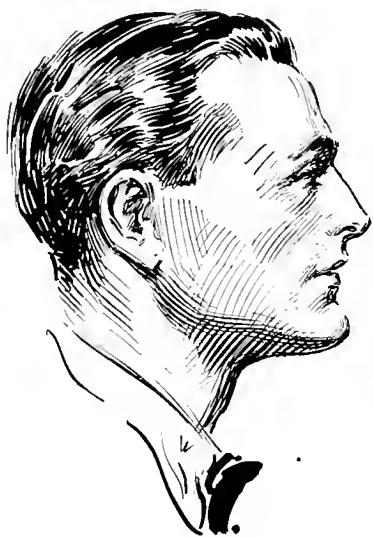
Ah, but you see that is the chance every girl takes in coming to Hollywood—the chance that she will meet Larry Devore or someone like him. For there are more men in Hollywood who kiss and ride away than anywhere else, but that is only because it is a part of their business to be attractive and attractive men have more chances to kiss and usually more reasons to ride away. After all, with men, it is merely a question of opportunity.

LARRY—Larry Devore. Never meant to harm anyone. Wouldn't so much as step on a spider. Just wanted to be friendly and gay and flattered.

Was it Larry's fault that women's hearts melted like wax at the sound of his voice and women's souls beat themselves ragged against the light of his eyes? Was it Larry's fault that he created a sort of madness in women and that, being easy and kindly and acquiescent by nature, he could never refuse what their madness led them to offer?

Truly, he did not seek women. He did not have to.

Certainly, when he came through the door of Greta's little cottage that night with Bill Lane, he intended no harm. He had never seen Greta, but the boys, with whom he was always friendly and democratic in spite of his



Larry Devore

great fame, had told him about the funny little house out in Dark Canyon, and what a good sort Greta was. His wife was in Europe, and he was having one of his casual free evenings when he met Bill, who was on his way to Greta's to dinner. So, the easiest way being with Larry always the most travelled, he simply went along.

He liked Greta. And he felt instantly at home in her kitchen. He had been born and brought up on a west Missouri farm himself, and this somehow took him back. He insisted on setting the table, and they sat around and ate hugely, and smoked and laughed a lot, because Bill Lane was very amusing in a dry, bitter way, and both Larry and Greta laughed easily.

ABOUT nine o'clock it began to rain and they could hear the drops rattle on the tin roof of the woodshed and it made them feel snug and comfortable.

People get acquainted very quickly in a warm kitchen on a rainy night.

When they left, Larry kissed Greta good-night.

And that was that. Just an evening. Meant nothing.

Only it happened that Greta had fallen in love.

Few women could have spent that kind of an evening with Larry Devore and been unmoved by it.

In Greta it lighted a fire that was almost to consume her.

She felt it while they sat over the table and Larry smiled at her. He could no more help smiling at a pretty girl than he could help breathing. And Greta felt the very springs of her being flow out to meet that smile. When he kissed her goodnight, for no good reason except that he always kissed a pretty girl goodnight, she knew it. When they were gone, she sat very still, breathless, swamped in a dizzy sweetness.

Perhaps you have met girls like Greta. They are not so uncommon.

All the money in the world, all the fame on the silversheet, could never have bought one touch of her lips. Not that anybody wanted to buy her, but if they had Greta was not for sale.

But for love!

The very slowness of her awakening suggested its strong, steady flame. The simplicity of her nature foretold the absorption of her soul in her love. No one knew, no one even guessed.

IF Larry Devore had formed the habit of dropping into the little house now and again for an evening, what did that matter? He was only one of the many who did the same.

Larry was a queer sort of duck. He liked the rank and file of the picture industry better than he did its aristocracy. His pals were apt to be a bit varied and by no means socially eligible.

Prize-fighters and musicians and racing drivers interested him. Actors did not.

Usually he sought Greta's when necessity had forced him for some time into the social channels of Hollywood, when he had been obliged to put on his dinner clothes for three nights in succession, or when he had been forced by the studio powers-that-be to attend a banquet for exhibitors, or when his wife had insisted upon his appearance at the opening of some fellow star's picture.

"One must do these things, Larry," she would say.

And Larry did them, pleasantly enough, and then, feeling the need of being himself, drifted out to Greta's.

He liked the way she met him at the door. He liked the strong, vivid, earthy quality of her. He liked the way she served him with her own hands.

For a long time it did not dawn upon Larry that Greta loved him. He knew she spoiled him, babied him outrageously. That satisfied him.

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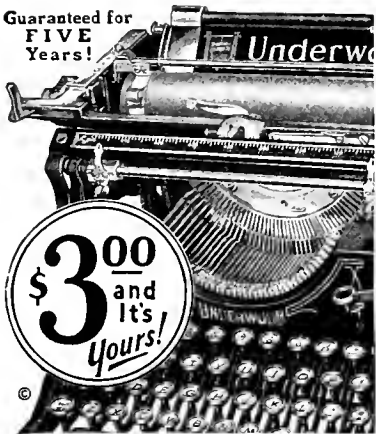
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And then one night, it rained again. They were quite alone. The rain poured down in one of those infrequent California cloudbursts. Little torrents drowned the window panes. Soon the little house lay, an island, surrounded by muddy lakes and rivulets, "I guess I'd better go," said Larry, lazily uncurling himself. He kissed her. Perhaps it was the rain, the lonely feeling rain gives. Perhaps it was the end of her long months of longing, hunger, for him. Greta clung to him suddenly. Her lips grew hot beneath his. "Larry—" she said. There were not many men who knew that real love-note in a woman's voice better than Larry Devore. And of course he had hated the idea of going out in the rain, anyway.

HE went to Greta's just the same after that. No less and no more frequently. If he stayed longer, that was nobody's business, since nobody knew it. And Greta got what joy and comfort she could from those casual visits. For she loved him better than all the world. She loved him to madness. She was powerless even to desire to stop loving him. She had no conscience, no regrets, no morals, no fear. She was all love for this man. You must not blame her too much. You have never known Larry Devore. She would have told you that nothing could make her stop loving Larry in just that same way.

But something did. When she knew she was going to have a baby, everything in her that had been held silent rushed forth like a Niagara of icy water. The worst of it was that Greta had always wanted a baby. Naturally. That is the kind of woman she was. She was actually built for it—the wide, soft breast, the big, capable, tender hands, the crooning voice, the love of service.

And to know that she was going to have a baby who had no right to be born struck deep enough into her heart to pierce the love-spell that had held her.

The torture of it wrung no cry from her. The old stubbornness settled upon her, squared her jaw. She took the thing silently, absolutely alone.

She had never been articulate. Besides, she knew Hollywood.

They would be kind, they might even be helpful, but they would be annoyed with her for getting herself into such a mess. Any girl ought to know better than that in this day and age.

They would make wise-cracks—oh yes they would—about somebody having done wrong by our Nell. She would have to accept it, because that was to date the one law that Hollywood had achieved—you must not take yourself seriously. You must not annoy other

people with sadness. You must not gloom up the atmosphere with your troubles. It wasn't done.

With the coming of this thing, Greta had reverted back to the simple, primitive laws of her childhood. The veneer she had acquired in Hollywood, along with her bobbed head and her short skirts, her cigarettes and her slang, wore so thin that she could see her own soul through.

She was just a girl alone "in trouble." She worked as long as she could, for she needed the money.

Then she quietly disappeared. It is strange how a girl can disappear without leaving a ripple upon the waters of the Port of Missing Girls.

Alone, in the dawn, Greta met woman's greatest experience.

Alone in a strange hospital with an indifferently kind and efficient nurse and doctor working over her, on the narrow, white operating table.

This was not the way her child should have been born! It should have been born in a huge old-fashioned bed, in a big, barren bedroom, with the windows open to the sun and the scent of the prairies, with friendly women comforting her with tea and reassuring tales, and with her husband awaiting the glorious news of a son.

There was no one to welcome Greta's son. Greta was down somewhere in a dark pit fighting for her life.

And as for his father, Larry knew nothing of all this, then or ever.

Perhaps that is why Greta's son stayed such a very little while in this world. Little, unwelcomed baby.

So when Greta fought up out of the darkness and called for him, it was too late.

"You mean—" she said, and the poor, dazed eyes implored an answer the nurse could not give.

"My baby," said Greta, softly, and then she broke for the first time in all this sorry business. "You're not keeping him because—I've been wicked?"

She cried wildly, weakly. "Let me have him. Please, God, don't take him away from me. I'll be good—I'll be good."

The woman in the next bed spoke irritably.

"I wish to heaven you'd shut up," she said.

Greta stared at her a long moment, her aching arms clasped tight about breasts that ached.

"All right," she said, and lay back like a stone effigy on a coffin.

HAZEL DUPONT met her on the street a week after she got back to Hollywood. Amazing how much Hazel saw with those indifferently eyes of hers.

"Hello, Lady Macbeth," she said, "is it that extra twenty pounds you've put on or have you another tragedy in your life?"

Greta laughed. "Do I look so terrible?" she asked anxiously.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"Well, I could do with a lot less of you, especially around the hips," said Hazel.

"I'm dieting," said Greta.

And she was. But if she didn't work pretty soon, the diet would pass the stage of beauty treatment and become grim and deadly earnest.

Things didn't break.

In the first place, Greta had no heart to put into them. No easy camaraderie to oil the wheels of getting a job. Moreover, she had come back broke, without clothes, and twenty pounds overweight. There was something about her mouth that did not go with entertainment. Her name had been dropped from the list of preferred extra girls and when her old friends, the boys, took a good look at her they didn't quite dare put it back on. After all, an assistant director can go just so far without getting bawled out by the man higher up.

Her time had passed.

Her chance, which had she only known it had never been worth a fifty cent lottery ticket, was gone forever.

She hung onto the ragged edge for a while and then she got a job as housekeeper to a young scenario writer she knew. And she soon discovered what many another girl has discovered, that the name of housekeeper can, upon occasion, cover a multitude of sins. So she left.

There was no joy in her now. No ambition. Only a great fear and an almost insupportable loneliness.

No pride, either.

That was why she was able to go to Bill Lane—you will remember Bill Lane, that assistant director who gave Greta her first job—and beg him for work.

He was hard-boiled, Bill Lane.

And sored with waiting too long for a chance to direct.

"You can come up to Tulare with us if you want to," said Bill Lane. "We've got some small town stuff to do. No class. We're only paying five. But then, Greta, you can't expect to do high class stuff any more. You don't look so good."

Greta met his eyes stonily.

"I know," she said. "I'll go."

THE troupe stayed at the hotel in Tulare, but they went out every morning to location—which was a grape ranch belonging to a man named Tilden, Sam Tilden.

He was a big, homely young man, who went on about his business, undisturbed by the presence of a motion picture company within his borders. They paid him well for the privilege of photographing his ranch and he needed the money, but he saw no reason to change his quiet and philosophical demeanor on their behalf.

Besides, it was time to gather the grapes, help was scarce and it took him eighteen hours a day hard labor to keep one jump ahead of the work.

They didn't pay any attention to him, and at first he returned the compliment.

He couldn't have told exactly when he became conscious of the blond girl.

Odd, how she behaved.

He'd actually found her once, lying flat in the vineyard, her cheek pillowed on the soil. She lay quite motionless, her eyes were open, and her breast rose and fell against the dark earth as though it were against the breast of a lover.

ONE night he came in late and she was sitting on the back steps of his two room shack, looking out at the barn and the windmill.

"You'd ought to keep a cow," she said absently.

She had gone before it occurred to him to ask her how she was going to get back to town. The company had gone. Certainly she couldn't walk those eight miles—a movie actress! Probably somebody had been waiting for her.



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By Edna Wallace Hopper

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And she seemed actually to have fallen in love with the big oak.

It was a noble tree, that big oak. Sam always admired it himself when he had time. It gave him an uplifted feeling, like music in a church. There was strength for you—the kind of strength a man needed to conquer himself, and meet life. And its great branches spread out like wings of a mother hen, strong, gentle, and safe.

That blond girl was always down there somewhere, when she wasn't actually being photographed.

He could see her head, a golden spot in the shadow.

He was glad if she loved his tree. But nevertheless he was completely bowled over when she came to him with her request.

ACCORDING to the terrific standards of Hollywood, Greta might not be as fresh and lovely as she had been once. But Sam Tilden saw with different eyes and as she stood before him he became suddenly conscious of how strong and vivid she looked, and of the strong gold of her hair, and the fiery crimson of her cheeks, and of the deep blue of her eyes.

His heart began to beat hard, as it had done the first time he went over the top at Chateau-Thierry.

Then, deliberately, he took himself in hand. A movie actress! Fine business he'd be in, a rancher sweating eighteen hours a day to get a bare living off his land, getting stuck on a movie actress. Why he'd be laying up enough torment and unfulfilled desire to last him the rest of his life.

So he faced her. And she said, "I was wondering—you're pretty short handed ain't you, Mr. Tilden?"

He nodded. Now, how had she known that? "I was wondering if you'd let me stay and work for you for a—while?"

The amazement in his eyes called for some explanation.

"I thought maybe I'd like an outdoor vacation," she said, slowly. "I couldn't afford one any other way."

"You wouldn't need to pay me—much. I could help with the grapes—and I'd sleep in the barn."

So Greta stayed. She worked until the sweat poured in rivulets over her body, until her heart pounded like an overworked engine. She lay down at night on a cot in the barn loft, every muscle aching with a fatigue that was pain. Youth came back to her face, and her eyes sparkled with joy in what they rested upon. Her blood was warm in her veins again, it sang as it pounded.

She didn't know herself what had happened. She did not realize that the land had reached out and claimed her again, drawn her back to its bosom. But she knew that she was at peace.

She dared not look into the future, she saw the grapes disappearing from the vines with a little sense of panic that she was the only flaw in her new peace.

She was thinking of the end of the harvest, as she stood in the sandy loam and counted the acres left to pick, when Sam Tilden came up and stood beside her.

THE late sunshine of the vineyards turned them black and gold.

At the first hint of evening, a little chill had crept into the air. Greta trembled a little under it.

Sam Tilden did not tremble, but his homely face was white and set.

Greta spoke suddenly, passionately, from the ache of bitter-sweet memory. "I love it," she said.

Sam Tilden stared at her profile. His voice was harsh. "It does look pretty now, don't it? Everything cool and quiet and growing. But—it's a hard life. Might seem fun for a vacation. But—for a steady diet, it means working awful steady. It's a terrible hard

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life for a woman, too, if folks want to get ahead. I'd not be satisfied now not to get ahead.

"I been through too many panics, what with had years and no water and unsettled markets, for grapes, since prohibition."

"I know," said Greta. "I was raised on a farm."

He looked at her in astonishment. His blue eyes were alight.

"I thought you was an actress," he said simply.

"I'm just a bum extra girl," Greta's voice was hard, her eyes were hard, "but I know about farming. I can milk and raise chickens and make garden—"

No one except the boys who had been in his company overseas knew that Big Sam Tilden could move so swiftly.

At her side he said, "Greta, would you marry me? I've been crazy for you ever since I saw you."

"There's not much to offer—"

GRETA looked out upon the land. Her heart squeezed tight with longing. The smell of growing things! The creak of the windmill! The welcomed end to the day, bringing rest to man and beast! The earth itself, still warm with the sun!

A love for it all swelled within her like the bursting of a seed. This was love, this was life.

Her face was aflame with courage when she turned to him.

"I've been bad," she said.

She knew she must tell him. Even if it cost her all this that she loved, she must speak the truth now. This very thing that had once been hers for the mere taking and that she had so lightly spurned, now seemed like a paradise almost within her weary grasp, something that might elude her. But a strange honesty pervaded her, came to her from the very ground beneath her feet.

She left the land, she trod again in words the circle of her lost honor, of her broken heart, her love-child lowered into a nameless grave.

She came back from that unhappy journey to stand facing him with brave, honest, fearful eyes.

"I'm right back where I started from," she said, "and it seems like all that was such a waste. But maybe I had to be taught how much—all this—is worth."

"I'd work my fingers to the bone to make a good wife for you."

HER eyes were on the great oak raised in benediction against the evening sky. Pleading crept into her voice, though she tried to choke it down, pleading that revealed nakedly her fear and her longing.

The man's arm went around her.

"I guess any woman is too good for a man," he said.

Greta's face puckered, her throat pumped terribly.

And then she turned suddenly to kiss him. It was Greta's first kiss.

Oh, she had been kissed before. She had lain acquiescent before love.

But it was the first time she had ever kissed a man.

The night had grown darker about them. And turning, shoulder to shoulder, they walked across their land and into the house.

NEXT MONTH!
Another fascinating and sensational story of The Port of Missing Girls, complete in itself, will appear in the April issue of
PHOTOPLAY



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

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panned a plenty. So when Miss Arzner earned the title of one of the two or three best, if not the best cutter in the motion picture business, it meant a lot.

But let me take you back of that way back—and give you something of this girl's background, and perhaps you'll understand why she won her megaphone in spite of prejudice and tradition.

IT began, as lots of things did, in the old Hoffman Cafe in Los Angeles.

The Hoffman Cafe was one of those places that O. Henry loved to write about. It smelled of garlic and spices and beer. It was a small place, with dark paneled walls and dim, warm lights. The kind of a place where folks went for dinner and left at two o'clock in the morning—and there was no dance floor and no music.

It had an atmosphere, that was it—libat and its famous food and its excellent beer. Newspaper men gathered there, and lawyers, and the wits and characters of the day.

They loved the Hoffman and they loved old Louis Arzner, who ran it. And they all knew his daughter, little Dorothy Arzner, who used to come and walk about the tables with big, serious blue eyes, never saying a word, but always looking.

Seventeen years ago the Hoffman was the rendezvous for the pioneers of the motion picture industry. They were mostly poor in those days—poor and very full of ideas. They came to the Hoffman because you could get a great deal of food there for a little money, and you could get quiet in which to talk—talk all night, if the mood held. And these young men wanted to talk about the great future of the then lowly and scorned art of the motion picture.

They wanted to tell their visions, outline their plans, talk over new discoveries.

IN the center of the Hoffman was a Round Table, sacred to their use at the dinner hour. And around it would gather D. W. Griffith, Bill Hart, Eric von Stroheim, Charlie Chaplin, Jimmy Cruze, Marshall Neilan, Harry Pollard, Mack Sennett, Hal Roach, Lew Cody, J. Stuart Blackton, Chester Conklin, Ford Sterling. That round table was little Dorothy's favorite. Naturally. The tales they told! And then they were generous. And Dorothy, we cannot deny, had a fondness for sweets, for the French pastry and the after-dinner mints of which the Hoffman made a specialty. She would creep up to the arm of Mr. Griffith's chair—when he not a Pied Piper for the kiddies, the great D. W.?—and stand there listening, fascinated, until he would turn and see her and with his rare smile pop a sweetmeat into her little red mouth, open with awe and excitement.

Bill Hart was her hero. They exchanged long and solemn glances. And it worried her because he looked so sad. Her little heart was troubled over the sadness of his expression, and she used to try and make him laugh. Why, she even used to slip around and offer to share with him the loot she had gathered from the rest of the table.

But Jimmy Cruze became her pal. He used to take her on his knee, where she would sit motionless, and tell her for hours about his deeds before the camera—he was a leading man then, with a salary any truck driver would have scorned, not the highest priced—six thousand dollars a week—director in the movies.

He liked to tell stories. And she adored to listen. He told her the scenario of every picture he made, and acted out the scenes, too.

She was audience to them all, this funny, solemn little kid.

Once Charlie Chaplin got her off in one corner of the cafe and pantomimed a bit he was doing for his new picture, tried out a gag on her to see how the rest of the children all over the world were going to take it.

Can you imagine the impression on an alert child-mind by these men who were to impress the whole world with their genius, and blaze the great trail of a new art?

NATURALLY, she decided that some day she was going to be in motion pictures. But her father was a level-headed man. Schooling, he said, was important. It was necessary, and Dorothy Arzner went to the proper finishing school—the Westlake School for girls—and helped with the school plays and graduated—just as war was declared. She enlisted as a member of the Los Angeles Emergency Ambulance Corps, of which William de Mille was one of the organizers.

When she got back from France after the Armistice, she met William de Mille and asked for a job in pictures. There was nothing unusual about that. Nine out of ten girls he met asked Mr. de Mille for a job in pictures. But this girl was different.

She didn't want to be a star or a scenario writer that minute. She wanted to start, she said, at the very bottom.

"And what do you consider the very bottom?" he asked her.

She considered a while, and decided that it was typing scripts, and that is where she began. But she didn't stay long. She progressed steadily upward—script girl, cutter—and there Fate took a hand.

JIMMY CRUZE, by that time one of the best young directors in the business, was bound for his projection room at the Famous-Players-Lasky studio one day. By chance, he stumbled into the room where Miss Arzner was running several reels of the Valentino picture, "Blood and Sand," which she was cutting.

The young director was interested in the way the picture was cut and stayed to see what it was like. When the showing was complete and the lights went up, he demanded the name of the cutter.

"I cut it," said a girl in the background.

Cruze turned to look at her.

"Hello, Mr. Cruze," she said, with a little smile. "I'm Dorothy Arzner. Don't you remember me?"

"By the great horn spoon," said Jimmy Cruze, "little Dorothy Arzner that I used to hold on my knee not so many years ago."

Cruze had just completed "The Covered Wagon." Incidentally, he was having trouble with the cutting. He went to Mr. Lasky and asked for his old-time playmate as a cutter. And her work on that picture brought her recognition with the whole industry.

After that, she decided to write continuities, for the experience. And this she did. Until Jimmy Cruze insisted she come back to cut "Old Ironsides." I don't know whether Dorothy held out for her megaphone then, or whether Jimmy Cruze recommended her for it afterwards. But anyway, she got it, and she deserved it.

And I rather think, from the calm, determined, wise way she goes about it, and from the things she has learned in her seven years of working up from the bottom, and the inspiration that she got seventeen years ago at the Round Table in the Hoffman, that she will make good.

Her first picture will be "Fashions for Women," starring Esther Ralston.

The Girl with Sexpression

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

Before that they had just returned from Tia Juana in Mexico, a little pleasure jaunt. A week before that they had returned from New York.

Always traveling.
Always going places.
But always glad to be back home. They seem to move, united, on the impulse of the moment. Sometimes I wonder if they don't go places so they can come home again.

There was that time they were billed to appear together in Seattle. Their manager arranged letters of introduction, interviews, appearances.

The day arrived for their Seattle appearance, and no Jack and Estelle.

Frantic wires sizzled back and forth between theater and manager.

Then a reassuring wire from the Dempseys, over two thousand miles in the wrong direction—in Chicago: "We are on our way to New York. Home soon."

I THINK they were running away from publicity that time. Being plain "Mr. and Mrs." while the rest of the world was gaping for them elsewhere.

They always run into publicity. In New York on her last trip, Estelle tells me she had the crowds in front of the court house following her, yelling: "Hey! How's Jack?" "Tell him 'hello' for me!" Luther Reed, who was directing "New York," used her as a decoy to move the thousands of people who were gathered to see the picture making. Cameras were everywhere. Focused from the Brooklyn Bridge, from the inside of delivery trucks parked at the curb, and Estelle was in the milling center of the crowd, leading them this way and that, to the cry of "Where's Jack?" "How's Jack?"

BACK to Estelle, who has suddenly developed the most regular habit of stealing pictures. She has been in pictures eight years, during which time she has appeared in good pictures and bad pictures, but mostly mediocre pictures, with occasional striking performances such as in one of her early pictures, "When New York Sleeps," *Mary Stuart* in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," and *Miriam* in "The Ten Commandments." Then suddenly in "Don Juan" this amazing performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*.

Estelle would probably attribute it to her blond wig, to working with Barrymore, to anything but herself. But it rests entirely with Estelle Taylor. After eight years she has come upon her proper meter. There is a rhythm to her work. She has poise and assurance.

Confidence, no matter what she says, and, of course, sexpression.

The little girl from Wilmington, Delaware, has made good.

Let's give her a big hand.

Men's Eyes See

these little faults that must be guarded against

NOW, more than ever before, is woman's beauty exposed to discerning eyes. Knee length dresses, sheer silk hose, revealing evening frocks, all demand that skin be free from blemish—free from disfiguring hair.

To avoid the razor, whose use women know coarsens hair and stimulates its growth, most women have turned to Neet, the dainty hair removing cream. Millions use it.

You apply Neet to arms, under-arms or legs—then rinse with clear, cool water. Offending hair disappears like magic. Skia takes on amazing new beauty and whiteness. Test it, just once, we urge. You'll be delighted. Any drug or department store can supply you with the liberal size, ready-to-use tubes at only 50c. *Hannibal Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis.*

Fully as important is freedom from body odors. So we ask, also, that you test **I.M.A.C.**, the cream deodorant that banishes perspiration's odor.

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Have it with you always, ready for instant use—for fast minute retouching just before going out. Order by color—black, dark brown, medium brown, light brown, auburn, golden. By mail only \$1.00, quantity reduced. Money-back guarantee.

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Velvety Hands

By Edna Wallace Hopper

Whoever touches my hand feels a velvet clasp. Whoever looks at my hands sees a skin as fair as my face. And I notice that many regard those youthful hands as a major beauty item. Yet in my stage work I wash my hands many times a day. And I meet all kinds of water.

But after each washing I apply my Youth Hand Lotion. It was made for me by the greatest experts I know. The lotion immediately sinks into the skin, leaving no residue, no grease. And whatever the water or weather my hands keep soft and white. They never chaps.

I don't see how anyone who uses her hands or exposes her hands can do without Youth Hand Lotion. The hands are bound to get rough, bound to discolor, bound to grow old without it.

Let me send you a sample. It is the best hand lotion I ever found. The coupon will bring a trial bottle with my Beauty Book. Clip it now.

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91P

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Name.....

Address.....



"She's a Septic!"

Many women want to be, deserve to be, and *could* be far more popular than is their lot. Doctors know why. So do nurses. They call such cases *septic*.

To remedy obnoxious body odors and bad breath, you must recognize their cause. The trouble is deep-seated. Frankly, in the colon. Semi-constipation makes millions of systems septic. The bowels may move every day, but all the waste is not eliminated. The matter that remains poisons the blood, and permeates the perspiration. It taints the breath. *Nature* is signaling her need of a little calcium.

Calcium works wonders in one's appearance, too. With the inner system sweet and clean, the complexion clears most marvelously. Eyes brighten. Teeth whiten. The tongue is no longer coated, even on arising. And you never need take another harsh cathartic.

Perhaps you are septic, and don't know it. Try a tiny bit of calcium, and see! It may make all the difference in the world. Leave harsh, habit-forming cathartics alone. You never need them if you take an occasional calcium tablet.

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"KID BROTHER, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—The cast: *Harold Hickory*, Harold Lloyd; *Mary Powers*, Jobyna Ralston; *Jim Hickory*, Walter James; *Leo Hickory*, Leo Willis; *Olin Hickory*, Olin Francis; *Sandomi*, Constantine Romanoff; "*Flash*" *Farrell*, Eddie Boland; *Sam Hooper*, Frank Lanning; *Hank Hooper*, Ralph Yearsley.

"FIRE BRIGADE, THE"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Kate Corbaley. Directed by William Nigh. Photography by John Arnold. The cast: *Helen Corwin*, May McAvoy; *Terry O'Neil*, Charles Ray; *James Corwin*, Holmes Herbert; *Joe O'Neil*, Tom O'Brien; *Mrs. O'Neil*, Eugenie Besserer; *Jim O'Neil*, Warner P. Richmond; *Captain O'Neil*, Bert Woodruff; *Bridget*, Vivia Ogden; *Fire Chief Wallace*, DeWitt Jennings; *Peggy Murphy*, Dan Mason; *Thomas Wainwright*, Erwin Connelly.

"TELL IT TO THE MARINES"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by E. Richard Schroyer. Directed by George Hill. Photography by Ira Morgan. The cast: *Sergeant O'Hara*, Lon Chaney; *Private "Skeet" Burns*, William Haines; *Norma Dale*, Eleanor Boardman; *Corporal Madden*, Eddie Gribbon; *Zaya*, Carmel Myers; *Chinese Bandit Leader*, Warner Oland; *Nalite*, Mitchell Lewis; *General Wilcox*, Frank Currier; *Harry*, Maurice Kains.

"BLONDE OR BRUNETTE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the stage play by Jacques Bousquet and Henri Falk. Adapted by John McDermott. Directed by Richard Rosson. Photography by Victor Milner. The cast: *Henri Martel*, Adolphe Menjou; *Fanny*, Greta Nissen; *Blanche*, Arlette Marchal; *Grandmother*, Mary Carr; *Mother-in-law*, Evelyn Sherman; *Father-in-law*, Emile Chautard; *Butler*, Paul Weigel; *Turney*, Henry Sedley; *Hubert*, Andre Lanoie; *Detective*, Henry Menjou.

"GENERAL, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—Adapted by Al Boasberg and Bert Haines. Directed by Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman. The cast: *Johnnie Gray*, Buster Keaton; *Captain Anderson*, Glenn Cavender; *General Thatcher*, Jim Farley; *A Southern General*, Frederick Vroom; *Annabelle Lee*, Marian Mack; *Her Father*, Charles Smith; *Her Brother*, Frank Barnes; *Three Union Officers*, Joe Keaton, Mike Donlin, Tom Nawn.

"POTTERS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by J. P. McAvoy. Adapted by Sam Mintz and Ray S. Harris. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. Photography by Paul Vogel. The cast: *Pa Potter*, W. C. Fields; *Ma Potter*, Mary Alden; *Mamie*, Ivy Harris; *Bill*, Jack Egan; *Red Miller*, Richard "Skeets" Gallagher; *Rankin*, Joseph Smiley; *Eagle*, Bradley Barker.

"A LITTLE JOURNEY"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—From the play by Rachel Crothers. Continuity by Albert Lewin. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Photography by Ira Morgan. The cast: *Judie Rutherford*, Claire Windsor; *George Manning*, William Haines; *Alexander Smith*, Harry Carey; *Aunt Louise*, Claire McDowell; *Alfred Bemis*, Lawford Davidson.

"IT"—PARAMOUNT.—Written and adapted by Elinor Glyn. Scenario by Hope Loring and Louis D. Lighton. Directed by Clarence Badger. Photography by H. Kinley Martin. The cast: *Betty Lou*, Clara Bow; *Cyrus Waltham*, Antonio Moreno; *Monty*, William Austin; *Adela Van Norman*, Jacqueline Gadsdon; *Mrs. Van Norman*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Molly*, Priscilla Bonner; *First Welfare Worker*, Eleanor Lawson; *Second Welfare Worker*, Rose Tapley.

"ONE INCREASING PURPOSE"—WILLIAM FOX.—From the novel by A. S. M. Hutchinson. Scenario by Bradley King. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Sim Paris*, Edmund Lowe; *Elizabeth Glade*, Lila Lee; *Charles Paris*, Holmes Herbert; *Linda Paris*, May Allison; *Andrew Paris*, Huntly Gordon; *Doctor Byrne*, Lawford Davidson; *Miss Andiron*, Emily Fitzroy; *Mr. Glade*, George Irving; *Old Gund*, Josef Swickard; *Alice Paris*, Jane Novak; *Jules*, Nicholas Soussani; *Sir Torrid Lesson*, Frank Elliott; *Blinky*, Tom Maguire; *Lardy Quinnet*, Patrick Somerset; *Mrs. Yeoman*, Gwyneth Bristowe; *Old Mr. Yeoman*, Fisher White.

"LADY IN ERMINE, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the operetta by Rudolph Schanzer and Ernest Welisch. Screen play by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by James Flood. The cast: *Countess Mariana*, Corinne Griffith; *Count Adrian*, Einar Hansen; *Archduke Stephan*, Ward Crane; *General Dostal*, Francis X. Bushman; *Mariana's Maid*, Jane Keckley.

"POPULAR SIN, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Original story by Monta Bell. Scenario by James Ashmore Creelman. Directed by Mal St. Clair. Photography by Lee Garmes. The cast: *Yvonne Montfort*, Florence Vidor; *Jean Corot*, Clive Brook; *La Belle Toulouse*, Greta Nissen; *George Montfort*, Philip Strange; *Alphonse Martin*, Andre Beranger; *Lulu*, Iris Gray.

"BERTHA, THE SEWING MACHINE GIRL"—WILLIAM FOX.—From the play by Theodore Kremer. Scenario by Gertrude Orr. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Bertha Sloan*, Madge Bellamy; *Roy Davis*, Allan Simpson; *Jessie*, Sally Phipps; *Jules Morton*, Paul Nicholson; *Flo Mason*, Anita Garvin; *Mr. Sloan*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Mrs. Sloan*, Ethel Wales; *Salesman*, Arthur Housman; *Sam Ginsberg*, Harry Bailey.

"NEW YORK"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Barbara Chambers and Becky Gardiner. Scenario by Forrest Halsey. Directed by Luther Reed. Photography by J. Roy Hunt. The cast: *Michael Angelo Cassidy*, Ricardo Cortez; *Marjorie Church*, Lois Wilson; *Angie Miller*, Estelle Taylor; *Trent Regan*, William Powell; *Randolph Church*, Norman Trevor; *Buck*, Richard "Skeets" Gallagher; *Helena Matthews*, Margaret Quimby; *Iszy Blumenstein*, Lester Scharf; *Jimmie Wharton*, Charles Byers.

"SUMMER BACHELORS"—WILLIAM FOX.—From the novel by Warner Fabian. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *Dorry Thomas*, Madge Bellamy; *Tony Landor*, Allan Forrest; *Walter Blakely*, Matt Moore; *Greenway*, Hale Hamilton; *Willowdale*, Leila Hyams; *Preston Smith*, Charles Winninger.

"NOBODY'S WIDOW"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—From the stage play by Avery Hopwood. Adapted by Clara Beranger and Douglas S. Doty. Directed by Donald Crisp. The cast: *Roxanna Smith*, Leatrice Joy; *Honorable John Clayton*, Charles Ray; *Betty Jackson*, Phyllis Haver; *Ned Stevens*, David Butler; *Roxanna's Maid*, Dot Farley; *Mlle. Renee*, Fritzie Ridgeway; *Valet*, Charles West.

"JIM THE CONQUEROR"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—Story by Peter B. Kyne. Adapted by Will M. Ritchey. Directed by George B. Seitz. Photography by Hal Rosson. The cast: *Jim Burgess*, William Boyd; *Polly Graydon*, Elinor Faire; *Hank Milford*, Walter Long; *Dave Mahler*, Tully Marshall; *Sam Black*, Tom Santschi; *Judy*, Marcelle Corday.

"OVERLAND STAGE, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL. — Story by Marion Jackson. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: *Jack Jessup*, Ken Maynard; *Barbara Marshall*, Kathleen Collins; *Itawik Lespard*, Tom Santschi; *Jules*, Sheldon Lewis; *Aunt Viney*, Dot Farley; *Alice Gregg*, Florence Turner; *John Gregg*, Jay Hunt; *John Marshall*, Wm. Malan; *Hell A-Poppin' Casey*, Paul Hurst; *Butterfield*, Fred Burns.

"PERFECT SAP, THE"—FIRST NATION AL.—Adapted from the play by Howard Irving Young. Directed by Howard Higgins. The cast: *Herbert Alden*, Ben Lyon; *Polly Stoddard*, Pauline Starke; *Ruth Webster*, Virginia Lee Corbin; *Tracy Sutton*, Lloyd Whitlock; *Roberta Alden*, Diana Kane; *Stephen Alden*, Byron Douglas; *Mrs. Stephen Alden*, Christine Compton; *Fletcher*, Charles Craig; *Nick Fanshaw*, Sam Hardy; *George Barrow*, Tammany Young; *Cissie Alden*, Helen Rowland.

"WOLF'S CLOTHING"—WARNER BROS. —From the story by Arthur Somers Roche. Scenario by Darryl Francis Zanuck. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Photography by Byron Haskins. The cast: *Barry Baline*, Monte Blue; *Minnie Humphrey*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Johnson Craigie*, John Miljan; *Herbert Candish*, Douglas Gerrard; *Vanelli*, Lewis Harvey; *Vanelli's Pal*, Ethan Laidlaw; *Hotel Manager*, J. C. Fowler; *Hotel Doctor*, Walter Rodgers; *Hotel Detective*, Arthur Millet; *Crook "Doctor"*, John Webb Dillion; *Millionaire*, Lee Moran; *Three Toughs*, Paul Panzer, Charles Haefeli, Jack Cooper; *Ship Captain*, Kala Pasha; *Two Sailors*, Jack Curtis, Edwin Sturgis.

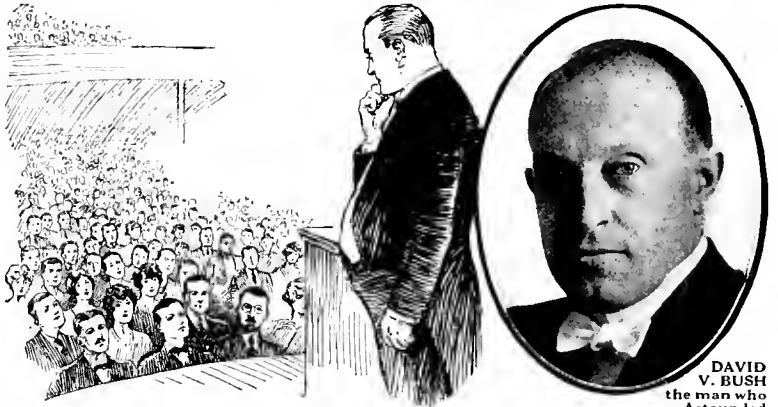
"WINNERS OF THE WILDERNESS"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER. — Author, John Thomas Neville. Director, W. S. Van Dyke. Photographer, Clyde De Vinna. The cast: *Colonel O'Hara*, Tim McCoy; *Renée Contrecoeur*, Joan Crawford; *General Contrecoeur*, Edward Connelly; *Governor de Vaudreuil*, Frank Currier; *Captain Dumas*, Roy D'Arcy; *Mimi*, Louise Lorraine; *George Washington*, Edward Hearn; *General Braddock*, Will K. Walling; *Timothy*, Tom O'Brien; *Pontiac*, Chief Big Tree; *Governor Dinwiddie*, Lionel Belmore.

"STAGE MADNESS"—FOX.—Story by Polan Banks. Scenario by Randall H. Faye. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. Photography by Glenn McWilliams. The cast: *Marcia Ferrand*, Mrs. Andrew Marlowe, *Madame Lamphier*, Virginia Valli; *Andrew Marlowe*, Tullio Carminati; *Dora Anderson*, Virginia Bradford; *Pierre Dourmier*, Lou Tellegen; *Jimmy Mason*, Richard Walling; *H. H. Bragg*, Tyler Brooke; *French Maid*, Lillian Knight; *Maid*, Bodil Rosing.

"FINGER PRINTS"—WARNER BROS.—From the story by Arthur Somers Roche. Scenario by Graham Baker and Ed. Clark. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Photography by Virgil Miller. The cast: *Dora Traynor*, Louise Fazenda; *Ilomer Fairchild*, John T. Murray; *Jacqueline Norton*, Helene Costello; *S. V. Sweeney*, George Nichols; *Mother Malone*, Martha Mattox; *The Bandoline Kid*, Franklin Pangborn; *Cuffs Egan*, William Demarest; *Hard-Boiled Ryan*, Robert Perry; *O. K. McDuff*, Ed Kennedy; *Chicago Ed*, Jerry Miley; *Cabbage Head McCarthy*, Joseph B. (Doc) Stone; *"Annie Laurie"*, Andy Norton, Warner Richmond; *Secret Service Man*, Lou Harvey.

"REDHEADS PREFERRED"—TIFFANY. —Story by Douglas Bronston. Directed by Alan Dale. Photography by Milton Moore and Jos. A. Dubray. The cast: *Henry Carter*, Raymond Hitchcock; *Angela Morgan*, Marjorie Daw; *John Morgan*, Theo Von Eltz; *Mrs. Henry Carter*, Cissy Fitzgerald; *Mrs. Bull Williams*, Vivien Oakland; *Bill Williams*, Charles A. Post; *Office Boy*, Leon Holmes; *Miss Crisp*, Geraldine Leslie.

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My first and only attack of stage fright showed me the way to banish excess fat—forever!

MY heart beat fast! In 15 minutes I was going to face a vast audience! In 15 minutes I was going to speak in Carnegie Hall, New York—the most famous lecture platform in America! One of the largest crowds that had ever assembled in that great hall was waiting for me.

Why did my heart beat fast? Why did I hesitate to face my vast audience? I was a seasoned speaker. I had lectured for years. I had spoken before thousands of people in the greatest auditoriums in the United States. Why should I feel afraid?

The answer was simple. That very afternoon I had received a critical letter from one of my followers. Here's what the letter said:

"Why is it you are so fat?" my critic wrote. "You—David V. Bush—America's greatest authority on right living. You tell others how to live—what to eat—how to care for themselves mentally and physically. And yet you do nothing about your own stoutness."

This letter stung me like a lash! My methods of right living had proved wonderfully beneficial to thousands of men and women. They had proved beneficial in my own case. Yet there was one thing I had been unable to conquer—my stoutness.

Vain Efforts to Reduce

For years I had tried to reduce. I had tried fasting, dieting, exercises, and mechanical appliances—everything I could think of. Nothing seemed to help. I remained as stout as ever.

I couldn't figure out the cause of my stoutness. I am not a heavy eater, but to look at my rotund figure, anyone would think I ate too much. Such was not the case. I ate moderately—lived temperately and took a normal amount of exercise.

A Startling Discovery

That night after the lecture a comforting thought came to me. It was this: All the reducing methods which I had tried were other people's inventions. I had never tackled the problem myself. I had never tried to invent a reducing method of my own.

For weeks I studied. For weeks I tried to find the secret. Finally I came to the conclusion that there was only one logical way to get rid of fat. Then I began to experiment on myself.

Imagine my astonishment! Imagine my delight! In 24 hours I lost 2 pounds! During the next 24 hours I lost 3 pounds more! Day after day I continued my new method of reducing. Day after day I continued to watch my weight. And day after day I continued to lose excess pounds.

I felt better than I had felt in years. I felt vigorous—vital—overflowing with energy. I slept soundly. My appetite increased. I lost that sluggish feeling that fat brings. My mind grew crystal clear. I was able to go through a long, hard day without the slightest fatigue! Needless to say, I continued my amazing reducing treatment. In three weeks I was back to normal weight! To say that I was pleased would be putting it mildly. I was overjoyed!

Nature's Method of Reducing. It Works or It Costs Nothing!

I want to tell you all about this amazing method of reducing which I have discovered. It is simply wonderful. I am delighted with it. My friends are delighted with it. Everyone who hears about it becomes enthusiastic!

I don't care how stout you are. I don't care how many times you have tried to reduce and failed. My amazing new method will make your excess fat melt away like magic—give you a normal, youthful figure—make you slim, buoyant, energetic, as Nature intended you to be, or the treatment won't cost you a single penny!

No starving—no exercising, no drugs—no external agencies—no mechanical appliances. You simply follow my instructions for a few days until your excess pounds disappear—until the scales tell you that you weigh exactly what you should.

This method is so simple that anyone, even a child, can understand how it works and why it works. It is so logical, so reasonable, so sensible that the moment you hear about it you will know instantly that it works.

Send No Money

Merely send me your name and address. When the postman brings you my complete instructions, "How to Reduce," simply pay him the special, low price of only \$2.98 plus a few cents postage. If at the end of two weeks you are not completely satisfied—if you do not lose weight rapidly and easily—then simply tell me so and your money will be instantly refunded. You risk nothing. WRITE TODAY. DAVID V. BUSH, Dept. II-1273, 225 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

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"EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS" — PREFERRED PICTURES.—Based on the story by Jerome N. Wilson. Adapted by Eve Unsell. Directed by Frank O'Connor. Photography by Andre Barlatier. The cast: *Stanley Warton*, Gayne Whitman; *Catharine Courtwright*, Lillian Rich; *Mac Arton*, Gloria Gordon; *Mack Miller*, Raymond McKee; *Flash Fleming*, Gaston Glass; *Night Club Hostess*, Grace Cunard; *Bickel*, Sheldon Lewis; *Boss Morris*, Charles Mails; *Sadie Tower*, Shirley Palmer. *But Hoover*, James Bradbury, Jr.; *Garth*, Fletcher Norton; *Specialty Dancer*, Jimmy Savo.

"ROUGH AND READY" — UNIVERSAL.—Story by Gardner Bradford. Continuity by William Leste. Directed by Al Rogell. Photography by Wm. Nobles. The cast: *Ned Raleigh*, Jack Hoxie; *Beth Stone*, Ena Gregory; *"Poison"* Smith, Jack Pratt; *Morris Manning*, Wm. Steele; *"Rachide"* Barton, Monte Montague; *John Stone*, Clark Comstock; *Martha Bowman*, Marin Sais; *Blake*, Bert DeMar.

"LIGHTNING LARIATS" — F. B. O.—Story by George W. Yates, Jr. Continuity by F. A. E. Pine. Directed by B. DeLacy. Photography by Nich Musuraca. The cast: *Tom Potter*, Tom Tyler; *Janet Holbrook*, Dorothy Dunbar; *Alexis, King of Roxenbor*, Frankie Darro; *Cynthia Storne*, Ruby Blaine; *Henry Storm*, Fred Holmes; *First Officer*, Ervin Renard; *Second Officer*, Carl Silvero; *Gus*, Terry Scott.

"AUCTIONEER, THE" — WILLIAM FOX.—From the play by Charles Klein and Lee Arthur. Scenario by L. G. Righy. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Simon Levi*, George Sidney; *Ruth Levi*, Marion Nixon; *Richard Egan*, Garth Hughes; *Ester Levi*, Doris Lloyd; *Paul Groode*, Ward Crane; *Mo (Finiski)*, Sammy Cohen; *Mrs. Tim Egan*, Claire McDowell.

"THIRD DEGREE, THE" — WARNER BROS.—From the play by Charles Klein. Adaptation by Graham Baker. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Photography by Hal Mohr. The cast: *Annie Daly*, Dolores Costello; *Alicia Daly*, Louise Dresser; *Underwood*, Rockcliffe Fellowes; *Howard Jefferies, Jr.*, Jason Robards; *Mrs. Chubb*, Kate Price; *"Daredevil Daly"*, Tom Santschi; *Mrs. Chubb*, Harry Todd; *Annie as a baby*, Mary Louise Miller; *Clinton, Chief of Detectives*, Michael Vavitch; *Howard Jefferies, Sr.*, David Torrence; *Asst. Chief of Detectives*, Fred Kelsey.

"MUSICMASTER, THE" — WILLIAM FOX.—From the play by Charles Klein. Scenario by Philip Klein. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *Anton Von Borvig*, Alec B. Francis; *Helene Stanton*, Lois Moran; *Beverly Cruger*, Neil Hamilton; *Andrew Cruger*, Norman Trevor; *Richard Stanton*, Charles Lane; *Joles*, William T. Tilden; *Jenny*, Helen Chandler; *Miss Husted*, Marcia Harris; *Mrs. Andrew Cruger*, Kathleen Kerrigan; *August Poons*, Howard Cull; *Pinac*, Armand Cortes; *Fico*, Leo Feodoroff; *Mrs. Mangenborn*, Carrie Scott; *Pawnbroker*, Dore Davidson; *Medicine Show Barker*, Walter Catlett.

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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113]

S. J. OF SEATTLE.—So you think I have "Wallace Beery's nose, Ben Turpin's eyes, Buster Keaton's smile and the charming and gracious personality of Billy Bevan." Yes, and Harry Langdon's bright expression. And you think that Ramon Novarro ought to get married. Listen to some wisdom from an old man: If more young fellows—and young girls—were in less of a hurry to take the fatal leap, we'd hear of more happy marriages.

V. S., WICHITA, KAN.—Betty Bronson was born Nov. 17, 1906. She has brown hair and blue eyes. Address her at Famous Players-Lasky, Astoria, L. I. Ricardo Cortez was born Sept. 10, 1890. He is six feet, one inch tall and has black hair and brown eyes.

FRANK M. P. B., PENSACOLA, FLA.—Virginia Valli was born Jan. 10, 1900. She's an American. Address her at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Oh, yes, Virginia has been married, but she is divorced now.

S. T., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—The "Geste" in "Beau Geste" is pronounced with the G sound soft as in the French "je." The English "Jest" is pretty near to it, but not quite. It's a French word and you'll have to get your French teacher to give you the correct sound of the soft G. But "Guest" is absolutely wrong.

M. B. L., NEW YORK.—Richard Dix's real name is Ernest Carlton Brimmer.

PEGGY, OAKLAND, CALIF.—"How many times has Mary Brian been married?" Oh, my dear girl, Mary is nothing but a child and never has been married. She was born in Corsicana, Texas, in 1908. Mary weighs 100 pounds and is five feet tall. Alberta Vaughn was born June 27, 1906. I think her hair must be naturally curly. It looks so to me. But I am no authority on these feminine questions.

D. L. OF MINNESOTA.—William Haines has black hair. He was born Jan. 1, 1900, and you may write to him at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. Not married. King Vidor never was married to Lila Lee. Lila is married to James Kirkwood. Mr. Vidor's first wife was Florence Vidor and he's married now to Eleanor Boardman. Sure, come again.

DORIS C. BOWEN, KANSAS CITY, MO.—Good-natured letters never bore me. Did you send a quarter with your request for a photograph of Ben Lyon? Malcolm McGregor is five feet, eleven inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. He is married and has a young daughter. He was born Oct. 13, 1896. See The Studio Directory in PHOTOPLAY for his address.

BLUE EYES FROM OTTAWA.—Don't be angry. It isn't exactly my fault. Sometimes there are so many questions that there isn't room for all the answers. You see, you must wait your turn. Alene Ray was born Jan. 2, 1901. She is five feet, three inches tall and is married to Larry Wheeler. Walter Miller was born in 1892 and is six feet tall. Married to Lillian Coffin. Richard Barthelmess was born May 9, 1897. "The Patent Leather Kid" is his next film. Not so angry now, are you?

E. H., LANSDOWNE, PA.—Seems to me I have written about Larry Gray. Anyway, I don't want to be accused of neglecting him, so here goes: Mr. Gray was born in San Francisco, Calif., July 27, 1898. He is five feet, ten inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. He started in pictures in 1924. Cal York tells me that he is engaged to marry Marion Coakley, a stage actress.



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H. L. Wood, a clerk, made more than \$700 "on the side" before he had completed his course and also won \$125 in prizes. Harry William Lord writes that he has more than doubled his salary as a result of studying this I. C. S. course in spare time. William Whitman, a former wagon builder, now has a sign painting business of his own and is earning nearly three times as much as he did before enrolling with the International Correspondence Schools.

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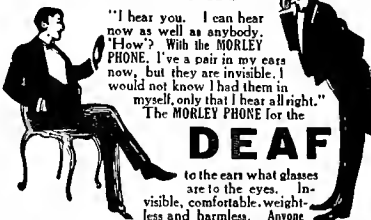
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This dentifrice which is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., for years a Pyorrhoea specialist, wards off Pyorrhoea or checks its progress, if used in time.

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 clean, brilliant and at-
 tractive.*

THE coupon will bring you a ten-day tube of Ipana Tooth Paste, very gladly sent. That is enough to acquaint you with Ipana's delightful flavor and its power to clean your teeth.

But a large tube, bought of your druggist, will do far more than the sample ever can. Containing enough for a hundred brushings, it will show you what the faithful use of Ipana can do for the health of your mouth and the health of your gums in particular.

How modern soft food impairs the health of our gums

To remain firm and sound, our gums need work and exercise. Hard, fibrous foods once supplied this, and even a generation ago gum troubles were far less prevalent than today. But our modern cooks, in their unceasing quest for more delicious foods, have taken from our diet the rough and fibrous elements.

As a result, our gums are deprived of the

stimulation they were meant to receive from the act of mastication. The blood does not circulate freely through the gum tissues, and they become soft and tender. Sometimes they bleed. And "pink tooth brush" is a warning of more serious troubles to come.

How Ipana helps to keep gums firm and healthy

Ask your dentist about the benefits of massage. Very likely he will tell you to massage

your gums regularly. Very likely, too, he will advise that the massage itself be performed with Ipana *after* the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush.

For our professional men have acquainted 50,000 dentists with Ipana and its unique properties. Its content of ziralol, an antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by the profession, gives Ipana the power to aid in the toning and strengthening of gums, and to render them more resistant to disease.

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The ten-day tube will be gladly sent if you mail the coupon. But for your gums' sake, isn't it better to make the full thirty-day trial? A single brushing will acquaint you with Ipana's splendid cleaning power and delicious flavor. But thirty days' use makes a better test of its benefits to your gums. So ask your druggist for a full-size tube today and let Ipana start its good work for your teeth and your gums tonight.

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with Ipana. This will rouse the dormant circulation. And because of its ziralol content, Ipana will aid the massage in toning your gums and in rendering them more resistant to disease.

Ipana has a delicious taste. Ipana will keep your teeth clean, white and brilliant. And Ipana will help you to have healthier, firmer gums.

So won't you ask for a full-size tube when next you are at the drug store? There is a coupon in the corner and the ten-day tube is gladly sent, but, after all, you will find it simpler and better to give Ipana the full-tube trial which may change your tooth paste habits for life.

WHEN you wake up in the morning do your gums remain asleep? The chances are that they do, for the gums of most of us are dull and dormant, and their circulation is sluggish and slow.

In tracking down the cause of these troubles of the gums that plague so many thousands, dentists have found that our gums are dependent for their daily stimulation on the natural roughage in our food. And our food, they point out, is too soft, too quickly eaten, to give the gums the stimulation which they need so much.

How soft food injures gums

For we buy white, refined flours, we order the tenderest cuts of meat. We peel our fruits. We cook our vegetables soft and cover them with creamy sauces. The roughage and the fibre have departed from our food. The act of mastication no longer yields to our gums the exercise and massage so needful to keep them in health.

Small wonder that gums become soft, weak and tender—that "pink tooth brush," the first sign of gingival breakdown, may almost be counted a national ailment.

At the first sign of trouble, speak to

your dentist. Very probably he will recommend massage of the gums—to make up for the lack in your diet. Very likely, too, he will mention Ipana's benefits. For our professional men have acquainted more than 50,000 dentists with Ipana, and it is the dentists themselves who, through their recommendations, first gave Ipana its start.

Why Ipana is good for the gums

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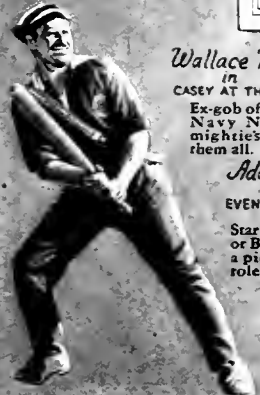
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Vol. XXXII

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As we go to PRESS

Last Minute News from East and West



RICHARD DIX breaks rib in mimic prize fight of "Knockout Reilly." Jack Renault, the heavyweight, did the trick with a right smash. The fight scene, by the way, was broadcasted by WEA and a chain of radio stations. Graham McNamee handled the blow-by-blow description.

LILLIAN GISH decides not to do Channing Pollock's "The Enemy." Too many war plays now, she thinks. Miss Gish will do "The Wind" instead, with Victor Seastrom directing.

TAYLOR HOLMES starting a series of two-reelers modeled after the late Sidney Drew's comedies.

BENJAMIN CHRISTIANSON, the Danish director, returns to Metro-Goldwyn studios after a vacation abroad.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN to complete "The Circus" at the Cosmopolitan Studios in New York.

METRO-GOLDWYN to produce a series of comedies with Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle co-featured.

FIRST NATIONAL planning to spend \$2,000,000 in making "The Miracle." Both Billie Dove and Colleen Moore are mentioned for the principal rôle.

THE John Griffith Wrays separate after fifteen years of married life.

W. C. FIELDS' next comedy to be "The Timid Soul."

ROD LA ROCQUE starts suit to break his five-year contract with Cecil B. De Mille. He believes his name has not been handled according to contract in the company billing. If the courts release him, Rod is to co-star with Dolores Del Rio in "La Tosca," to be made abroad by Director Edwin Carewe. Meanwhile, La Rocque is continuing work under the De Mille arrangement.

MAE MURRAY likely to go to England to make films for British Na-

tional Films. Dorothy Gish is now making pictures for this firm.

GEORGE K. ARTHUR added to cast of "Old Heidelberg."

PLANS of the Warner Brothers to co-star Irene Rich and May McAvoy are off. Miss McAvoy, newly elevated to stardom, declines to share billing, it is said.

JOHN T. MURRAY'S contract with Warner Brothers dissolved.

REPORTS of friction between Sam Goldwyn and Belle Bennett, who scored in "Stella Dallas."

AFTER "Old Heidelberg," Ramon Novarro is to do Joseph Conrad's "Romance," directed by John Robertson.

ALICE WHITE leaves First National.

A DOLPHE MENJOU to do "Follies Bergere," an original comedy by Ernest Vajda.

MARIE PREVOST chosen queen of Mardi Gras at Fresno, Calif.

UNIVERSAL co-starring Ivan Moskiné with Mary Philbin in "Lea Lyon," to be directed by Edward Sloman.

TITLE of First National's war comedy "Bayo-Nuts," changed to "Big Bertha." Charlie Murray and George Sidney are featured.

FRANK LLOYD, the director, leaves Famous Players. He has just finished "Children of Divorce."

MABEL NORMAND very ill of pneumonia.

MARION DAVIES about to begin work in Barrie's "Quality Street," with Conrad Nagel playing the male lead.

DIRECTOR JAMES CRUZE said to be leaving Famous Players after two more productions. Then he will make films for United Artists.

VIRGINIA VALLI convalescing from operation for appendicitis.

UNIVERSAL purchases Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Finders Keepers" for Laura La Plante.

DIRECTOR IRVIN WILLAT signed by Universal.

JOSEPH SCHENCK pays a visit to New York. Norma Talmadge, his wife, couldn't accompany him, so Mrs. Peg Talmadge came along to keep him company.

HAROLD LLOYD and Mildred Davis also among the visitors to New York.

METRO-GOLDWYN has signed Byron Morgan to write original stories and Monta Bell to direct.

MARY PHILBIN and Norman Kerry mentioned as possibilities for *Juliet* and *Romeo* in possible Universal production.

LARS HANSEN and Pauline Starke playing the leads in "Captain Salvation," being directed by John Robertson.



Presenting the heaviest rival of John Gilbert. George Herman Ruth goes to bat for the dramatic art and plays the leading rôle in "Babe Comes Home," a story—how did you guess it?—of a baseball player. Richard Rowland and John McCormick are Babe's bosses



MISS ANDERSON'S STATEMENT

When I arrived at the Kaufmann & Fabry Studio my hair was straight as you may see in the picture above. I had very little faith in any of the so-called hair-wavers and expected I would have to visit my hairdresser before keeping my other posing appointments in the afternoon. To my delight, as you will see from the center photograph, it was not necessary. My hair was perfectly waved. I have proved to my own satisfaction, that Maison Marcellers will save time, money and the bother of waiting to have one's hair marcelled. They can be worn any time, which means that you may be doing useful work while the hair is being waved.

(Signed) Miss Evelyn Anderson.



NOTICE TO READERS
A Chicago representative of this magazine and representatives of over 100 other publishers, witnessed a successful and satisfactory demonstration of these wavers.



KAUFMANN & FABRY CO.
Commercial Photographers

Maison de Beaute,
Chicago, Illinois.

I, Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these are actual photographs taken by me while Miss Evelyn Anderson's hair was marcelled with Maison Marcellers. The one at the left shows Miss Anderson's hair as she entered my studio. That at the right shows the Maison Marcellers in place. The center photograph shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30 minutes later.

(Signed) Edward J. Cook.

Subscribed and sworn to before me
this 24th day of March, 1926.

Emma W. Stolzenbach,
Notary Public.

Yours . . . The Loveliest Marcel Imaginable

Just 30 minutes—once a week—at home

BE FREE—free from slavery to your hair, the expense of the beauty shop, the iron, from the tyranny of the hot hair, from the inconvenient "appointments."

Of course you're weary of your unceasing slavery to your hair. You are sick of the endless round of beauty shop appointments, the indifferent operators, the difficulty of appointments, the disastrous results of hot irons, the tedious process of the "permanent," the bother of water waves, the constant expense.

But, more than ever, you know how imperative it is to keep looking your best. "If other women can take the time and trouble, if they can afford the money, to keep their hair constantly waved, then I must, too." And you go the weary round again.

End—TODAY—the expensive, time-consuming, hair-ruining "beauty shop" habit

Don't be a slave to hair care a minute longer. It isn't necessary. You can be immediately and permanently free from all the nuisance of hot iron marcel, "permanents" and water waves. But that doesn't mean that you must let your hair go, that you are doomed to straight, straggly, unkempt locks. Far from it!

A More Beautiful Marcel Than You Have Ever Known

You can have the most gloriously waved hair you have ever had—a coiffure of smooth, loose, becoming waves framing your face, showing off your hair in all the beauty of its natural lustre, giving new grace to your shapely head. Just 30 minutes with the Maison Marcellers once a week—at home—gives you this marcel of unbelievable loveliness.

Think what an untold convenience it will be—never to have to step outside your home again for a wave—never to bother with appointments—never again to experience the disastrous effect of the hot iron.

A \$1.50 Marcel Saved Every Time You Use Them

You know how appallingly your waving expense mounts up—particularly in summer. Often the wave on which you have spent a dollar or more is gone before you reach home. Or a few minutes in a hot, steamy kitchen ruins it. Frequently you are forced to forego a dip in the lake, or other sport, for fear you will spoil an expensive new marcel.

The Maison Marcellers save all this expense and worry. Just the price of a marcel or two, and you are free forever from further expense. In no time at all, you have saved the price of a new hat, in a little more time, you can afford the little frock you want—paid for out of the money saved by the Maison Marcellers.

Be the Envy of All Your Friends

Think how your friends will envy you your constant good grooming! Think what a reputation you will earn for unflinching smartness, with hair never straggly and unkempt, but always in the loveliest of soft, becoming waves!

Now you can do what you please, when you please—and have beautifully marcelled locks a week in and week out. What does it matter if outdoor sports—skating—swimming—motoring or tennis—strangle your locks? Thirty minutes with the Maison Marcellers—just the time it takes you to bathe and change into fresh clothes—restores your hair's glorious wave.

What if your morning is spent in heating house-work? By the time you have slipped into your crisp afternoon frock your hair, thanks to your Maison Marcellers, will look as if you had just been waved by the finest operator in town.

What if you do have a last-minute invitation, just as you are washing your hair? By the time it's dry, the Maison Marcellers, slipped on in a jiffy, will have formed every strand into deep, undulating waves smoother and more perfect than it is possible to attain by ruinous hot irons.

It Waves While You Dress

All you do is slip the Maison Marcellers on slightly dampened locks—and while you dress, your hair is waving. At the end of thirty minutes you slip the Maison Marcellers off—and your hair lies in a wave utterly charming as the one pictured above. Does it sound too good to be true? Let your mirror decide. It will prove the almost unbelievable wonder of the Maison Marceller results.

Bring Back Your Hair's Natural Beauty

No matter how ruined your hair has been by previous waving methods—your Maison Marcellers give it a chance to regain its own soft, silky lustre. It's amazing how quickly you will find it recovering from the harmful results of its mistreatment. As you know, every time you have your hair waved by a hot iron, each tiny, fragile, hollow tube of hair is bent and twisted first in one direction and then another. It is constant bending back and forth breaks the hair off, leaving you with brittle, uneven-length hair.

Once you are freed from the tyranny of hot irons that burn, break and discolor the hair and dry the scalp, the hot blast of water-wave "setting," that makes the hair so dry and brittle, or other waving methods, that take out all the life and lustre and make the hair harsh and kinky, your hair begins to return to health and vigor. Six months of the Maison Marcellers, and you won't know your hair, so thick, even and lustrous will it have become.

Ideal for Any Type of Hair—Any Arrangement

It doesn't matter how you wear your hair, in a shingle bob, Ina Claire, horseshow wave, of post-pudour, center or side part, the Maison Marcellers give it the correct line for that style. And it doesn't matter whether your hair is soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short—you will have a wave that is utterly lovely.

It is the simplest thing imaginable to marcel your

hair with the Maison Marcellers. Just slip them on, catch the locks in place, and slip them off again at the end of thirty minutes. Anyone can do it. You can marcel your whole head, or you can simply reset the difficult side locks or a few unruly strands in the back. You can sleep with the Maison Marcellers on, if you want. They are made of soft rubber, light and flexible, scientifically designed.

A Wonderful Offer—For a Limited Time

We know that the quickest, surest way to give this revolutionary new invention complete supremacy over all other waving methods is to place it in the hands of women who will use it. Their enthusiastic endorsement will give Maison Marcellers country-wide popularity. To safeguard purchasers who order now, we guarantee to honor all orders from this advertisement at price shown. A complete set of Maison Marcellers, including a new and authentic marcel fashion chart, for only \$2.98, plus a few cents' postage—a price that scarcely covers the cost of making, packing and advertising.

Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon

Even at this special price, you need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon. In a few days, when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit \$2.98 with him (plus a few cents' postage). And when you put in your first marcel, you'll see it was the best purchase you ever made in your life, for your hair waving troubles are ended. Every time you use this outfit, you'll get better and better results and you'll never have to spend your good time and money for marcel again. After you have tried this marvelous new marceling outfit for 5 days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon today!

MAISON DE BEAUTE

124 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.

—COUPON—

Maison de Beaute,
124 W. Illinois St., Dept. 96, Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen: Please send my new invented marceling outfit, including Maison Marcellers, Marcel style Chart, and complete directions which I agree to follow. I agree to deposit \$2.98 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If the marcellers do not put a well defined wave in my hair I will return the outfit within 5 days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

Name

Address

City..... State

NOTE: If you expect to be out when the postman comes, enclose \$3.10 with your order and the Marcelling Outfit will be sent postpaid.



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

AGE OF CADS, THE—Paramount.—Just missed being one of the six best. Menjou, Alice Joyce and Luther Reed's sane direction make it interesting. (December.)

ACROSS THE PACIFIC—Warner Bros.—The old native gal was just as vamps in the days of the Philippine insurrection as she is today. You'll be bored to death. (December.)

AMATEUR GENTLEMAN, THE—First National.—It's not Dick Barthelmess at his best—but who gives a hoot about story or anything else as long as we have Dick. (Nov.)

AUCTIONEER, THE—Fox.—A slow motion version of the Blasco stage play. With George Sidney in the Warfield role. (March.)

BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Your season won't be complete unless you see this picture. It's safe enough for the children. John Gilbert and Eleanor Boardman head the cast. (Nov.)

BATTLING BUTLER—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Here's an amusing number presented by Buster Keaton. Check this a must. (Nov.)

BEAU GESTE—Paramount.—Percival Wren's best seller has been followed with fidelity. The screen's best mystery story. (Nov.)

BELLS, THE—Chadwick.—An old favorite with some real Barrymore acting by brother Lionel. If you like heavy drama, here is your meat. (January.)

BERTHA, THE SEWING MACHINE GIRL—Fox.—The old stock company thriller brought up-to-date and made into a jazzy tale of a modern working girl. With Madge Bollamy. (March.)

BETTER 'OLE, THE—Warner Bros.—Syd Chaplin makes a picture which is to comedy what "The Big Parade" is to drama. It's the type of comedy that Charlie made, years ago. (December.)

BLARNEY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—If it wasn't for Renee Adoree this certainly would be a lot of blarney. (December.)

BLONDE OR BRUNETTE—Paramount.—A sparkling and sophisticated comedy, charmingly played by Adolphe Menjou. The presence of Greta Nissen helps a lot. (March.)

BLONDE SAINT, THE—First National.—Wherein Lewis Stone plays the cave-man, and love triumphs again over something or other. Not so much. (February.)

BLUE EAGLE, THE—Fox.—A fair picture. (Nov.)

BREED OF THE SEA—F. B. O.—Be sure to see this fascinating, romantic and adventurous sea tale. (December.)

BROKEN HEARTS OF HOLLYWOOD—Warner Bros.—It's just as bad as it sounds. (December.)

CALL OF THE WILDERNESS, THE—Pathe.—The hero, cast off by his rich dad, wins a fortune of his own, with the help of his dog. Good propaganda for dogs. (February.)

CAMPUS FLIRT, THE—Paramount.—Not to be outdone by the football heroes, Bebe Daniels shows the feminine side of college life in a neat running suit. Amusing. (December.)

CANADIAN, THE—Paramount.—Just Thomas Meighan in a story that has moments that remind you that Elinor Glyn was born in Canada. In spite of its burst of sentiment, the film is pointless. (February.)

CANYON OF LIGHT, THE—Fox.—Evidently tired of flooring villains, Tom Mix knocks down a couple of houses. The current Mix film—and good fun. (February.)

CHEERFUL FRAUD, THE—Universal.—A silly farce made bearable—and even amusing—by the agreeable presence of Reginald Denny. (February.)

CITY, THE—Fox.—Proving the crookedness of urban ways as compared with the high moral tone of small town life. Yes, yes? Robert Frazer, May Allison, Welter McGrail and Nancy Nash are in the cast. (February.)

COLLEGE BOOB, THE—F. B. O.—Lofty Flynn, in a popular college football affair. It will please the youngsters. (October.)

COLLEGE DAYS—Tiffany.—Once again the day is saved for dear old Alma Mater on the football field. But isn't it about time to desert football for chess? (January.)

CORPORAL KATE—Producers Dist. Corp.—The girls get their chance at winning the war, with Vera Reynolds as leader of the feminine contingent. Will the big parade of war films never end? (February.)

DUCHESS OF BUFFALO, THE—First National.—Connie Talmadge in a brisk, racy and lightly amusing farce. (October.)

EAGLE OF THE SEA, THE—Paramount.—An adventure tale of pirates and lovely ladies that fails to make its thrills. Ricardo Cortez and Florence Vidor head the cast. (February.)

EVERYBODY'S ACTING—Paramount.—A great cast, an entertaining story and some of Mickey Neilan's happiest direction. A refreshing and amusing tale of stage life. (January.)

EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS—Preferred.—The pardon comes from the governor in time to save the hero—but not in time to rescue the audience from boredom. (March.)

EXIT SMILING—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A comedy story that fails to "sell." Plus Beatrice Lillie, a stage cut-up, who fails to register. Sorry. (Jan.)

FAMILY UPSTAIRS, THE—Fox.—Take the whole family to see this enjoyable picture. (October.)

FAUST—UFA-M.-G.-M.—An extraordinary adaptation of Goethe's poem, with Emil Jannings as *Mephisto* and Camilla Horn as *Marguerite*. Miss Horn runs away with the picture. It's a fine achievement. (January.)

FINE MANNERS—Paramount.—Gloria Swanson is delightful in one of those rôles she does so perfectly—that of a shabby working girl who loves devotedly. (October.)

FINGER PRINTS—Warner Brothers.—It's a comedy mystery. The comedy is furnished by Louise Fazenda. The mystery is why the picture was produced. (March.)

FIRE BRIGADE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—One of the best thrillers ever produced. A real picture of the heroism of fire-fighters and fine entertainment for children. Charles Ray scores a big come-back in this one. (March.)

FLAMING FOREST, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—James Oliver Curwood tells you how the Royal Mounted got its first man—or first girl. In spite of the excellent cast, the acting is stilted and the conventional direction spoils the story possibilities. (February.)

FLESH AND THE DEVIL—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A burn 'em up love story with John Gilbert and Greta Garbo. A Sudermann story dashingy acted. Lars Hanson also helps a lot. (February.)

FOR ALIMONY ONLY—Producers Dist. Corp.—A light sophisticated domestic comedy for grown-ups. (December.)

FOR WIVES ONLY—Producers Dist. Corp.—One of those conventional stories of the pretty wife and the neglected husband. Just about enough story to fill two reels. (February.)

FOREVER AFTER—First National.—All the ingredients of a box-office picture—sweet girl and boy romance, football and war. Passable. (December.)

FOURTH COMMANDMENT, THE—Universal.—Cast your eagle eyes over the pictures we recommend and forget that such a thing as this was ever produced. (December.)

GAY DECEIVER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Plenty of glitter of the Paris variety in this entertaining piece. (Nov.)

GENERAL, THE—United Artists.—Buster Keaton spoofs the Civil War most uncivily. Good satire on war melodramas and excellent comedy thrills. (March.)

GIGOLO—Producers Dist. Corp.—Rod La Rocque's fine performances rescue this from the hokum class. (December.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]

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

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

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

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

COUNTRY BEYOND, THE—Fox.—Another of James Oliver Curwood's stories of the great North makes good screen material. (December.)

COWBOY COP, THE—F. B. O.—Don't miss the delightful combination of Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro. They're good. (October.)

DEVIL'S ISLAND—Chadwick.—At least we can recommend the performance of Pauline Frederick. The rest of the picture is the bunk. (October.)

DIPLOMACY—Paramount.—Sardou's play had its fate lifted by Marshall Neilan—unsuccessfully. (Nov.)

DON JUAN—Warner Bros.—A picture that has great acting, thrilling melodrama and real beauty. With the Vitaphone, a real film event. (October.)

What Spell Does This Strange Book *cast over its readers?*

Examine it free for 5 days. If it does not give color, charm and magnetism to your personality, return it within the 5-day period—and the examination will have cost you nothing.

YOU have had books that interested you—books that interested you—books, even, that amazed you. But never a book like this!

Here is a book that seems to cast a spell over every person who turns its pages!

Almost every page radiates brilliant ideas. Every paragraph guides you unerringly in developing a new, dominant, powerful, magnetic personality.

A copy of this singular book was left lying on a hotel table for a few weeks. Nearly 400 people saw the book—read a few pages—and then sent for a copy.

In another case a physician placed a copy on the table in his waiting room. More than 200 of his patients saw the book—read part of it—and then ordered copies for themselves.

You can sway and control others! You can command success. You can influence people to do things you want them to do. *This strange magnetic book shows how!*

**Once for the Wealthy Only
—Now Within the Reach of All!**

“Instantaneous Personal Magnetism,” just completed after fifty years of research and study, is now off the press and ready for you. Edmund Shaftesbury, founder of this interesting system, devoted a lifetime to it. Such men and women as Queen Victoria, Cardinal Gibbons, Lord Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Henry Ward Beecher, were among his friends and pupils.

“Instantaneous Personal Magnetism” tells how to draw people to you at once, irresistibly—how to be popular everywhere, in any society—how to be a magnet of human attraction, popular and well-liked wherever you go!

It not only tells exactly how to accomplish these things—it tells how to accomplish many of them without delay—*instantly!* How to develop your mental, passional and personal magnetism!



Shaftesbury's amazing science of magnetic control was at first confined to the use of those wealthy few who could pay from \$200.00 to \$500.00 for the scientist's private instruction.

With the publication of “Instantaneous Personal Magnetism,” Shaftesbury's complete method of magnetic development is within the reach of everyone. Everything that he taught on the cultivation of personal magnetism is in this one authentic book. It will show you how to awaken your creative energies and set free your great thought-force and magnetic self!

What Personal Magnetism Is

Personal Magnetism is not necessarily in-born. It can be cultivated, fostered, until it becomes a natural part of you. Your eyes, hands, lips, voice, bearing — all radiate personality of an individual kind. All lend themselves to the one great fundamental quality known as *Personal Magnetism*.

Strange Effect on Readers

Readers of this book quickly become masters of a singular power to attract others—to influence men and women around them. Not by force —not by loud argument. But rather by some subtle, insinuating power that sways men's minds and emotions. They are able to play on people's feelings just as a skilled violinist plays upon a violin.

Folks are rarely the same after reading this book. Their manner changes. The tone of their voice, the expression in their eyes—yes, even their actual features seem to change—seem to grow more cultured, more refined.

Release this dormant magnetism within you—and watch yourself become more and more successful, popular.

Give verve, color, magnetism to your personality—and see what a difference it makes in your life! The drab, colorless personality is a handicap; the irresistible dynamic, compelling personality cannot fail to be recognized and respected in every society and under all circumstances—in your business, your profession.

Instantaneous Personal Magnetism—Now Yours!

The principles that Edmund Shaftesbury taught to those famous men and women—and for which many paid as high as \$500—have been brought up to date and the new, revised edition can now be yours—for little more than the cost of an ordinary volume! Imagine it! Edmund Shaftesbury's whole astounding principle of magnetic control to apply to your own personality and use in your daily contacts with people!

Mail Coupon Today For 5 Days' FREE OFFER

If you want a compelling personality—if you want magnetism, new power, new strength, send for “Instantaneous Personal Magnetism” at once. Mail the coupon today; this remarkable volume, bound in handsome dark cloth and gold embossed, will be sent to you at once for a 5 days' FREE examination.

If you are not thrilled and inspired by this amazing book, just return it within the 5-day period, and the examination will have cost you nothing. Otherwise keep it as your own and send only \$3 in full payment. Clip and mail this coupon, NOW, before you forget, for the most magnetic book you ever saw! Ralston University Press, Dept. 9-H, Meriden, Conn.

**RALSTON UNIVERSITY PRESS,
Dept. 9-H, Meriden, Conn.**

You may send me “Instantaneous Personal Magnetism” for a 5-days' free examination in my own home. I will be the judge. Within the 5-day period I will either remit the special low price of \$3 in full payment or return it without cost or obligation.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

What Grateful Readers Say

“I am indebted to Shaftesbury for all that I am in this world.”

“Made me a success financially, socially and morally.”

“I would not give up what Shaftesbury has taught me for \$100,000.”

The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views



Brickbats and Bouquets

LETTERS from
PHOTOPLAY READERS

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

The Monthly Barometer

THE month's letters proved that war is box-office. The Bouquets for the "Big Parade" are being augmented by praise of "What Price Glory" and "Beau Geste." It is the production of "What Price Glory" that delights the fans, and the acting in "Beau Geste" which scores. Incidentally, girls seem to prefer blondes, too, in this instance, for it is not the darkly handsome Ronald Colman who wins the most praise, but the blue-eyed newcomer, Ralph Forbes.

There's a general clamor for less comedies and more drama, the fans declaring recent pictures too frothy. Maybe that explains the new, increasing popularity of old-fashioned "Westerns." All the he-men of the horse dramas got posies this month.

Greta Garbo continued to outdistance her sister stars in reader interest. Greta even got some Brickbats, but all signs point to an overwhelming interest in her.

Tommy Meighan, Richard Barthelmess, Betty Bronson and Tom Mix are asked for better stories. And one of the surprises of the month's mailbag were the letters announcing Lya de Putti should play sweet, tragic young things.

\$25.00 Letter

Denver, Colo.

Down the aisles of the great theater the soft tones of the pipe-organ echoed. It was Mary Pickford in "Sparrows." Just another of her wonderful child pictures, but what an effect it had on my life.

I am just another "unfortunate girl." And no one except the other "unfortunates" can understand just what it means to have a tiny life placed in your keeping in the winter's cold with no job, no money and no one who cares. I had almost reached the end of the road when a friend invited me to see "Sparrows." I nearly refused. How thankful I am that I did not.

I had decided to give my little one up, for I knew no other course to follow. Then the mother love that shone from Mary Pickford's eyes that night touched a responsive chord in my heart. I couldn't do it.

I have no job and no money now, but I've

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about 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.

kept my three-weeks old baby, and I am rich in the possession of that which God has given. And when I close my eyes, there flashes before me the smiling face and shining eyes of the Mary I saw in "Sparrows" and then peace, faith and hope are mine again.

Surely God will see fit to provide a way for a mother to keep her child. I am trusting, hoping, believing—

Thanks, little Mary, for the lesson you have given, and may your life be filled with a goodly portion of the sunshine and cheer you give to others.

VIRGINIA SCOTT.

\$10.00 Letter

Connellsville, Pa.

Dear Screen Stars: I love you all! You are the most charming, handsome people I've ever been privileged to know and the most lovable, too. I thank you for the hundreds of happy hours I've spent in theaters in the past few years while you gave me joy and laughter and understanding.

There's no group of people on the face of the

earth who can equal you in beauty and personality and general charm. You are the flower of mankind and in you there is a magic everyone craves. As long as you weave your dreams across the screen there will always be adventure and romance in the world.

As long as you are you, we'll always seek the sunshine that lies in Mary Pickford's hair and the laughter in Richard Dix's smile.

As long as you weep and love and laugh on the screen so long will we believe in dreams come true and of one day reaching a land where the sky is always as blue as Claire Windsor's eyes.

You are charming people, and I repeat, I love you all and wish you thrice the amount of happiness you have given me.

LUCILE WILD.

\$5.00 Letter

Columbus, Miss.

The movie today is as much a part of the college girl's education as are Horace's Odes, mathematics, psychology or languages. Just as an appreciative study of literature serves to broaden her knowledge of facts, so do motion pictures serve to give her a comprehensive view of life.

We always have books, but they mean most to us when we see them interpreted in pictures. A bit of description, some peculiar type of character, often the strengthening feature of a story is lost through unfamiliarity with the country or people depicted, or through lack of personal experience.

Though I had read Sam Pepy's Diary, never did I have an intimate glimpse of his personality until in the movie "Nell Gwynn" he moistened his pencil and wrote an observation on the king's behavior. After that, the whole Diary lived for me.

Studying shouldn't be just a dreary massing of facts. A good picture gives one relief from books and presents a host of new ideas and opinions for themes, discussions, illustrations in every subject. Motion pictures are one of the college girl's most educational courses.

ELIZABETH JOULIAN,
Mississippi State College for Women,
Box 606

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 17]

ROYAL ENTERTAINMENT

ROYALLY HOUSED



FINE jewels deserve fine mountings. Royal entertainment deserves royal presentation.

This has now been accomplished through the linking of De Mille-Metropolitan Productions with Keith-Albee-Orpheum theatres.

The very name of Cecil B. De Mille stands for pictures that realize the dreams of mankind. Over and over De Mille has opened for us the gates that lead to adventure, mystery and romance—has made it possible for us to escape from the humdrum facts of existence into an exciting new world. His very name has come to have a magic meaning. To the initiated it is a guarantee of gorgeous, soul-satisfying entertainment.

It is fitting that these screen masterpieces should be shown in America's finest theatres. And so, from the famous Hippodrome in New York clear across to the magnificent Hillstreet theatre, Los Angeles, Keith-Albee-Orpheum theatres everywhere twinkle with the names of De Mille-Metropolitan great films. And, just as the Hippodrome in New York has become a national institution, each one of these theatres has become a community institution—a place where unsurpassable programs can be taken for granted.

The Hillstreet Theatre, Los Angeles, one of the magnificent show houses in the great Orpheum Circuit of theatres featuring De Mille-Metropolitan Pictures.



CECIL B. DEMILLE
Master Producer



E. F. ALBEE
President Keith-Albee Circuit



MARCUS HEIMAN
President-Orpheum Circuit

The association of these personalities, combining the foremost genius in the field of photoplay production with the world's greatest showmen, represents a guarantee of superlative entertainment.

DEMILLE- METROPOLITAN PICTURES

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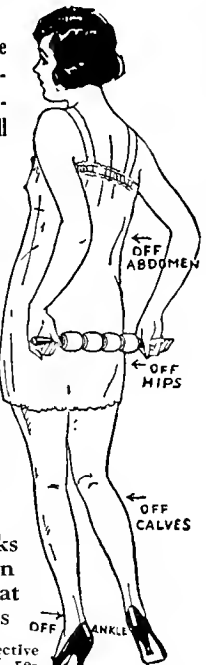
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

GOD GAVE ME TWENTY CENTS—Paramount.—A story with an original idea that comes out, under screen analysis, as too far-fetched for credibility. Good performances by Lois Moran and Jack Mullah. (February.)

GOING CROOKED—Fox.—A crook story—but stop! Bessie Love is the crook. And that makes the film easy to look at. (February.)

GREAT DECEPTION, THE—First National.—This is sadly lacking in entertainment value. The secret-service again. (October.)

GREAT GATSBY, THE—Paramount.—Fitzgerald's novel, with its unscrupulous hero, violates some pet screen traditions. It's unusual entertainment and Lois Wilson makes a hit for herself as the jazz, cocktail-drinking Daisy Buchanan. (February.)

GREAT K & A TRAIN ROBBERY, THE—Fox.—A fast and furious Tom Mix picture. Need more be said? (December.)

HER BIG NIGHT—Universal.—Some inside dope on the movies. Quite interesting. (Nov.)

HER HONOR THE GOVERNOR—F. B. O.—Pauline Frederick and Carroll Nye waste masterly performances on celluloid clatrap. Their work is worth seeing, but the film itself is a disappointment. (October.)

HIDDEN WAY, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—Another weepy affair that isn't worth the famous twobits. (October.)

HIS NEW YORK WIFE—Baclman.—Well, it seems there was a little country girl who came to New York to fight for success—ta, ta! There's more plot than entertainment in this one. (January.)

HOLD THAT LION—Paramount.—The usual Douglas MacLean farce. Fair. (Nov.)

HONEYMOON EXPRESS, THE—Warner Bros.—Some more carryings-on of the younger generation. It's not so bad. (October.)

HOTEL IMPERIAL—Paramount.—At last Pola Negri has an unqualified success. Credit her new director, Mauritz Stiller, with an assist. It's the story of an incident between the Austrian and Russian lines during the war. Highly recommended. (January.)

ICE FLOOD, THE—Universal.—Don't waste any precious moments on this. (Nov.)

INTO HER KINGDOM—First National.—Don't waste your money on this atrocity filled with flowery subtleties, stupid symbolism, bad photography and commonplace direction. (October.)

IT—Paramount.—Clara Bow in Elinor Glyn's snappy story of a modern young girl. Good popular stuff with little Clara making the hit of her life. (March.)

IT MUST BE LOVE—First National.—A light bit of nonsense. A good cast—Colleen Moore, Jean Hersholt and Malcolm MacGregor. (Oct.)

JIM THE CONQUEROR—Producers Dist. Corp.—Another version of the old feud between the cattle-men and the sheepmen, with William Boyd as its chief redeeming feature. (March.)

JOSELYN'S NIFE—Tiffany.—Pauline Frederick in a Kathleen Norris story—and that guarantees that the picture is worth-while. (February.)

JUST ANOTHER BLONDE—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill, Jack Mullah, Louise Brooks and Buster Collier are in this one. A lot of good talent is wasted on a plot that fails to get anywhere. (February.)

KICKOFF, THE—Excellent Pictures.—A splendid football picture featuring George Walsh and Leila Hyams. (Nov.)

KID BOOTS—Paramount.—Eddie Cantor brings a new face to the screen. And such a face! As slapstick, this film is very funny—and too, it has Clara Bow as a sizzling light. (December.)

KID BROTHER, THE—Paramount.—A top-notch Harold Lloyd picture. It's a comedy version of "Tol'able David" and one of the best of the current releases. (March.)

KOSHER KITTY KELLY—F. B. O.—The funniest of the carbon copies of "Abie's Irish Rose." (December.)

LADIES AT PLAY—First National.—Nothing new in the plot, but a lot that is spontaneous and hilariously funny in the performance of Louise Fazenda and Ethel Wales. Worth your money. (February.)

LADY IN ERMINE, THE—First National.—This film tries hard to be subtle, but dear me, how times have changed! Corinne Griffith's vaunted beauty fails to register and the acting is very ham. (March.)

LAST FRONTIER, THE—Prod. Dist. Corp.—Here is another and feeble version of "The Covered Wagon" plot, with the long trek over the plains, the buffalo stampede, the rascally redskins, the battle and the brave young hero. (October.)

LIGHTNING LARIATS—F. B. O.—Our old pals, Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro, step forward with their version of the Mythical Kingdom yarn. (March.)

LILY, THE—Fox.—The sisterly love stuff presented in a weepy manner. Yep, Belle Bennett sobs throughout the entire piece. Fair. (December.)

LITTLE JOURNEY, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—An airy, inconsequential story, delightfully directed and charmingly acted by William Haines, Claire Windsor and Harry Carey. Nice amusement. (March.)

LONDON—Paramount.—Rags to riches in the London slums, played by Dorothy Gish. Filmed in England. Come on home, Dorothy. (January.)

LONE HAND SAUNDERS—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson in a human Western that will be great for the kids. (February.)

LOVE'S BLINDNESS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Written, supervised and dominated by Elinor Glyn. The old stuff with a change of names and Pauline Starke as the owner of IT. (January.)

LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM—Paramount.—What goes on behind the counters in a department store. Amusing true-to-life stuff with Louise Brooks as a cute little vamp. (February.)

MAGICIAN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Rex Ingram messes around with some more weird characters and with some weirder emotions. Except for Alice Terry, a foreign cast. (January.)

MAN OF QUALITY, A—Excellent Pictures.—A good mystery yarn with George Walsh. (December.)

MARRIAGE LICENSE?—Fox.—The tear ducts will be long in this weepy affair. Alma Rubens' performance is worth seeing. (Nov.)

MICHAEL STROGOFF—Universal.—A spectacular Russian importation that cannot be compared with the recent successful foreign pictures. Passable. (Nov.)

MIDNIGHT KISS, THE—Fox.—A nice little movie with a nice little plot well enacted by a nice little cast. (October.)

MIDNIGHT LOVERS—First National.—Proving that Lewis Stone can be as funny as any of the comics. In spite of the cheap title, there are a lot of clever moments in this picture. (January.)

MILLIONAIRES—Warner Bros.—More Ghetto stuff and more tenth-rate humok. Stick to the Vitaphone, boys! (January.)

MISMATES—First National.—The cast is the only interesting thing. Doris Kenyon, Warner Baxter and May Allison. The story is the bunk. (Oct.)

MORAN OF THE MOUNTED—Rayart.—The title tells the story. Reed Howes makes it quite interesting. (October.)

MUSIC MASTER, THE—Fox.—An exquisite version of the much-loved stage play, told with charming sentiment. Lois Moran, Alec Francis and Helen Chandler head the cast. (March.)

MY OFFICIAL WIFE—Warner Bros.—Terrible cheap sex stuff—we don't even recommend it for the older folks. (December.)

MYSTERY CLUB, THE—Universal.—If you like your movies thrilling and chilling don't overlook this. (December.)

NERVOUS WRECK, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—The easiest way to spend an evening. Thoroughly amusing. (Nov.)

NEW YORK—Paramount.—The story of a Tin Pan Alley genius who marries a society's girl. Who can they mean? A trite and obvious picture with Ricardo Cortez and Estelle Taylor indulging in some bad acting. (March.)

NIGHT OF LOVE, THE—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Beautiful romance, exquisitely played by Ronald Colman and Vilma Banks. Treat yourself. (February.)

NOBODY'S WIDOW—Producers' Dist. Corp.—A good little comedy, starring Leatrice Joy. But Charles Ray is the whole show. You'll like it. (March.)

NO MAN'S GOLD—Fox.—A good Tom Mix picture—what more could be said? (October.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]



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OBEY THE LAW—Columbia.—Romance and domestic sentiment in the lives of a couple of jailbirds. So-so. (February.)

OH, BABY—Universal.—A lot of fun for everybody. (October.)

ONE INCREASING PURPOSE—Fox.—A slow moving and diffused story made fairly interesting by the acting of Edmund Lowe, May Allison and Lila Lee. (March.)

ONE MINUTE TO PLAY—F. B. O.—Red Grange is a real screen personality in this football picture—the very spirit of youth and good sport. It's a gem. (October.)

OLD IRONSIDES—Paramount.—The great story of the Constitution, told in stirring and beautiful fashion by James Cagney. Finely acted by Wallace Berry, George Bancroft, Charles Farrell and Esther Ralston. A real screen achievement. (February.)

OUTLAW EXPRESS, THE—Pathe.—Of all things! A Western story about bad men, sheriffs and sheriff's daughters in the great open spaces! (Jan.)

OVERLAND STAGE—First National.—Ken Maynard takes a hand at making American history. And he does a good job of it. A rousing Western and good for the whole family. (February.)

PALS IN PARADISE—Producers Dist. Corp.—What, or what, is duller than a dull Western? (February.)

PALS FIRST—First National.—Don't be annoyed. (October.)

PARADISE—First National.—This isn't worth a dime unless you're keen about Milton Sills and Betty Bronson. (December.)

PERFECT SAP, THE—First National.—An amusing tale of a rich boy who tries to be a Sherlock Holmes. Ben Lyon's best picture in a long time. (March.)

PLEASURE GARDEN, THE—Ayrton.—A foreign picture. And "can they make wiener schnitzels? Yes, they can make wiener schnitzels." Two American girls—Virginia Valli and Carmelita Geraghty—got in this one by mistake. (January.)

POPULAR SIN, THE—Paramount.—Modern marriage and divorce, as observed, none too originally by Mal St. Clair, Florence Vidor, Greta Nissen and Clive Brook are the principals. (March.)

POTTERS, THE—Paramount.—W. C. Fields in a middle-class, middle-aged comedy, adapted from the popular newspaper comic series. Pretty fair entertainment. (March.)

PRINCE OF TEMPTERS—First National.—So much camera artiness that the humanness is overlooked. Lya de Putti is the world's worst vamp. (December.)

PRIVATE IZZY MURPHY—Warner Bros.—Abie's Irish Rose joins the Big Parade of War Pictures, and the result is nobody's business. George Jessel's film debut is just so-so. (January.)

PROWLERS OF THE NIGHT—Universal.—Just a Western, built according to the same old primitive formula. (February.)

QUARTERBACK, THE—Paramount.—Richard Dix in a real football classic. It's a WOW. (Dec.)

RED HEADS PREFERRED—Tiffany.—Raymond Hitchcock has his own way in this one. But Raymond doesn't know his film groceries. Pretty awful. (March.)

RED HOT HOOPS—F. B. O.—A Western with a real story and a sense of humor. Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro are featured. (January.)

RED HOT LEATHER—Universal.—Jack Hoxie does a lot of hard riding just to pay the mortgage on the old ranch. (February.)

REGULAR SCOUT, A—F. B. O.—A simple tale of a bad boy who would steal the widow's money. But the widow has a daughter—and that's the stuff that films are made of. (February.)

RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, THE—Fox.—An effective translation of a charming stage success, with young Janet Gaynor contributing some fine acting. (January.)

RISKY BUSINESS—Producers Dist. Corp.—Trite can be marked against this one. (Nov.)

ROMANCE OF A MILLION DOLLARS, A—Bachman.—You'll like this—if you aren't too fussy. (October.)

ROSE OF THE TENEMENTS—F. B. O.—A war story plus the Ghetto atmosphere. But don't be frightened, because the film isn't half bad. Johnnie Harron and Shirley Mason in the leading roles. (February.)

ROUGH AND READY—Universal.—Jack Hoxie is the honest cowboy who protects the gal's ranch from the villain. Ouch! (March.)

RUNAWAY EXPRESS, THE—Universal.—Nothing like the good old-fashioned railroad melodrama. This is worth-while. (October.)

SAVAGE, THE—First National.—An insult to the human intelligence to think such a story is plausible. Ben Lyon and May McAvoy are in the cast. (Oct.)

SCARLET LETTER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Hawthorne's classic and sombre study of the New England conscience has been just as somberly translated to the screen. For the older folks. (October.)

SHAMEFUL BEHAVIOR—Bachman.—Shameful behavior to any audience that is coaxed into seeing this one! (January.)

SHOW-OFF, THE—Paramount.—An amusing study of a smart aleck, played broadly but expertly by Rod Sterling. (Nov.)

SILENT LOVER, THE—First National.—Movie hash concocted from remnants of old plots—a little Van Stroheim, a little Foreign Legion and a few Arabs. With Milton Sills. (February.)

SILENT RIDER, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson again goes through his paces in the conventional Western plot. (February.)

SIN CARGO—Tiffany.—Not as bad as the title but not for children. Heavy smuggling in high society. (February.)

SUDON OF THE SHEIK, THE—United Artists.—Rudolph Valentino's last effort before the silver screen. He was the old Rudy again and his work ranked at the top of the best performances of the month. Long will this picture remain in the memory of those fortunate enough to see it. (October.)

SORROWS OF SATAN—Paramount.—Marie Corelli's novel, a shocker of thirty years ago, makes real old-fashioned cinema "melodrama." Carol Dempster, Adolphe Menjou and Riccardo Cortez are excellent. (December.)

SO'S YOUR OLD MAN—Paramount.—An amusing tale of a disreputable small townner who becomes the pal of a haughty visiting princess. W. C. Fields and Alice Joyce make it worth your while. (Jan.)

SPANGLES—Universal.—Romance under the Big Top. Also a murder thrown in, just to make it exciting. (January.)

STAGE MADNESS—Fox.—Palpitating yarn of an actress who gives up marriage for the stage, only to be confronted by her own child later in life. Well, if you like this sort of thing— (March.)

STEPPING ALONG—First National.—Johnny Hines overplays in this one. The comedy is too long and the gags fail to explode. (February.)

STRANDED IN PARIS—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels at her prettiest and snappiest in a comedy of a department store girl innocently masquerading as a Countess. (February.)

STRONG MAN, THE—First National.—A grand and glorious laugh from start to finish. If your sides ache, don't blame us, blame Harry Langdon. (Nov.)

SUBWAY SADIE—First National.—A true and human story of New York's underground army. Dorothy Mackaill is splendid. (Nov.)

SUMMER BACHELORS—Fox.—A hotsy-totsy Warner Fabian story of cheating husbands and wily flappers. Silly material but good direction and snappy acting by Madge Bellamy and Leda Hyams. (March.)

SYNCPATING SUE—First National.—Corinne Griffith breaks away from the society stuff and appears in a story of Tin Pan Alley. It's good entertainment. (January.)

SWEET ROSE O'GRADY—Columbia.—They are all imitating "The Big Parade" and "Abie's Irish Rose." This plays on the Irish-Jewish theme. (February.)

TAKE IT FROM ME—Universal.—The trials and tribulations of a department store owner are snappily presented by Reginald Denny. (December.)

TELL IT TO THE MARINES—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The adventures of the Devil Dogs in China. Grade A entertainment, with Lon Chaney and William Haines adding further glory to their reputations. (March.)

TEMPRESS, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The Ibanez story is forgiven and forgotten when Greta Garbo is in the cast. Greta is a show in herself. (December.)

TEXAS STREAK, THE—Universal.—A fairly interesting Western with Hoot Gibson. (Nov.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 17]

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

THAT MODEL FROM PARIS—Tiffany.—Showing how the office Plain Jane wins the boss's son—but not without interference from the villain. Not so bad. (January.)

THERE YOU ARE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—What happens when daughter mixes in papa's business. A fair comedy. (January.)

THIRD DEGREE—Warner Brothers.—Dolores Costello wasted in a dreadful mess. Dizzy camera work and poor direction only add to the confusion of the story. (March.)

THREE BAD MEN—Fox.—Real good entertainment—the kind the whole family can enjoy. (Oct.)

TIMID TERROR, THE—F. R. O.—Badly directed, badly acted and old story. Why waste space? (February.)

***TIN GODS**—Paramount.—Tommie Meighan needed a good story, director and cast to prove he's still a good actor. Of course Renée Adoree helps to make this interesting. (Nov.)

TIN HATS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Well, it seems there are three soldiers who get lost in Germany. And the handsomest boy wins a German Countess. A strain on the probabilities, but often genuinely funny. (February.)

***TWINKLETOES**—First National.—A beautiful performance by Colleen Moore in a delicate and charming story of Limbohouse. Decidedly worth your kind attention. (February.)

TWISTED TRIGGERS—Associated Exhibitors.—There is no reason why you should waste a perfectly good hour on this silly nonsense. (October.)

UNKNOWN CAVALIER, THE—First National.—The newest cowboy star, Ken Maynard, in a picture that is a decided flop. (December.)

***UPSTAGE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—There is genuine originality and authentic and keenly observed comedy in this story of vaudeville life. Norma Shearer and Oscar Shaw are excellent in the leading rôles. (January.)

VALENCIA—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Mae Murray, Lloyd Hughes and Roy D'Arcy are awfully funny, without trying. Stay home and tell your own jokes. (February.)

***WALTZ DREAM, THE**—UFA-Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A gay comedy of old Vienna. If you have any prejudice against foreign films, make an exception of this one. (October.)

WANING SEX, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Is woman's place in the home or in business? See Norma Shearer and be convinced. (December.)

***WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW**—Paramount.—Another genuinely amusing comedy of the life of the underdogs in the Great War, with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton offering two amusing character sketches. (January.)

***WHAT PRICE GLORY**—Fox.—The war drama that started all the fun. A fine screen version of a great play, with excellent acting and sincere direction. Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and Dolores Del Rio deserve high praise. (February.)

WHILE LONDON SLEEPS—Warner Brothers.—Not a great picture but a great star—none other than Rin-Tin-Tin. He puts over the film. (February.)

WHISPERING WIRES—Fox.—If you have to borrow the money—be sure to see this. You won't go wrong on our advice. (December.)

WHITE BACK SHEEP, THE—First National.—Richard Bartholomew again plays the wandering boy who fights his way back for dear old England, this time. (Hokum.) (February.)

WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING, THE—Universal.—Feel like laughing tonight? See this interesting version of the John Emerson and Anita Loos stage play. (October.)

WILD HORSE STAMPEDE, THE—Universal.—Pass this up. It's stupid. (October.)

WINNERS OF THE WILDERNESS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Three cheers for Colonel Tim McCoy, the new western star! He knows the ropes and he has a great personality. Unfortunately, Roy D'Arcy is also in the cast. (March.)

***WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH, THE**—United Artists.—A natural drama so powerful that it completely overshadows every living thing. A picture worth seeing. (December.)

WINGS OF THE STORM—Fox.—A new canine star—Thunder—makes his appearance. The story has a real appeal for children. It's the autobiography of a dog. (February.)

WOLVES' CLOTHING—Warner Brothers.—A feeble attempt at comedy. It is more likely to annoy you than make you laugh. (March.)

YOU'D BE SURPRISED—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith proves that a real good murder has its amusing moments. (December.)

***YOU NEVER KNOW WOMEN**—Famous Players.—Florence Vidor's first starring vehicle will go over big with any audience. (October.)

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

News Thrills

Boston, Mass. For a long time I have been reading the letters in this column with great enjoyment, but never have I come across one which peeved me to such an extent as the letter in the January issue from A. N. Hartshorne kicking because she "is forced to sit through a visit to Yellowstone National Park or a tour about the Grand Canyon" in the weekly news reels.

I look forward to the Pathe News every week with the keenest delight and have often gone to a show twice just to see a news event. Only last evening I saw pictures in the Pathe News of six army planes flying in formation over a bank of clouds, a most astounding and thrilling sight. Then followed a race horse in action, then a speed boat race which made my hair stand on end with excitement and, last, a volcano belching smoke and lava, so near, that I seemed almost to feel its intense heat.

To me there is nothing more wonderful than these events brought so vividly before us on the screen. I marvel at the courage of the men who risk their lives to take these pictures and I would like to thank them personally for the many hours of pleasure they have given me.

GENEVIEVE HARTING.

Desert Drama

Whipple, Ariz. A trip to a motion picture theater, after spending a year on the drab, monotonous Arizona desert, revealed to me how invigorating a picture can be to a stale, depressed mind. I entered the theater in a discouraged mood, for the harsh atmosphere of the desert still seemed to cling to me; I came out a new man. My emotional nature, which had become sluggish due to constant repression, had received a healthful outlet. I had sat through a picture which, by its appeal to the spiritual side of me, had stimulated every part of my being.

Give us more of the "emotional" type of pictures with real stories behind them showing the shadows and depths of life.

The market has recently become flooded with too many feature-length comedies. Too many of our best stars have turned to the field of laughter. A good hearty laugh is appreciated by all of us. But to me, the interior of a motion picture theater is beginning to assume the attitude of that irritating type of individual who wears an eternal smile upon his face.

JOSEPH V. SINGER.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]

*Among the
Society Debutantes
of Eleven Cities*

this soap leads all
others in popularity
for the care of
the skin



*That last lingering look in the mirror—does it show a skin clear,
smooth, radiant with fresh beauty?*

YOUNG society girls of eleven American cities, asked what soap they use for their skin, replied overwhelmingly, "Woodbury's Facial Soap!"

From luxurious, jazz-loving New York to straight-laced Philadelphia—from Boston, aristocratic and high-brow, to lovely, romantic Baltimore, Nashville, New Orleans—the answer was the same.

In New York, Woodbury's is nearly three times as popular among society debutantes as any other toilet soap.

Among the lovely debutantes of Southern cities—Baltimore—Nashville—New Orleans—Savannah—Birmingham—Richmond—Atlanta—Woodbury's is nine times as popular.

In conservative Philadelphia, Woodbury's is preferred seven times to any other. Two-thirds of Boston debutantes are using Woodbury's; more than half the Washington debutantes.

"Its purity" is the quality they name oftenest, in telling why they prefer Woodbury's Facial Soap. "Its soothing, non-irritating effect on the skin."

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

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

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., 2307 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
For the enclosed 10c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2307 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name

Street

City

State

*Send for the new
large-size trial set!*



Copyright
1927,
by The
Andrew
Jergens
Co.



New Pictures

There were no movies when Grandma was a girl. If there had been, Blanche Sweet's grandmother would have been the leading flapper of her day. Grandma Alexander dances, skates and plays golf. You can easily see where Blanche gets it.



CHARLES FARRELL—a young man very much on the up and up. Girls witnessing his performance in "Old Ironsides" leave the theater inspired by a new love for their country. He also plays the hero of the coming patriotic spectacle, "Wings."



STRIKE up the band for Gilda Gray! Miss Gray is filming "Cabaret," a picture that will bring a New York night club to your local theater. She is introducing a dance calculated to make the current Black Bottom look like an old-time polka.



Spurr

EVERYONE who has seen "What Price Glory" knows that Victor McLaglen is a blankety-blank good *Captain Flagg*. Mr. McLaglen is now playing the boastful, swaggering, girl-stealing, bull-throwing *Toreador* in R. A. Walsh's production of "Carmen."



Hommel

EVELYN BRENT is such a good little crook that producers won't let her play an honest gal. In private life, she never has cracked a safe; in movies, she's the beautiful bandit. Her next adventure in crime is Ben Hecht's story, "Underworld."



VILMA BANKY, formerly of Budapest, and now a girl of the Goldwyn West. In "King Harlequin," she is again paired off with Ronald Colman, which is good news to those who think that Vilma and Ronald are our best co-starring team.

Insouciant grace —



Unconscious figure grace — such is the gift of Gossard figure garments to women. She who is Gossard-supported feels a thrill of confident grace when she strides over the green, following a long, straight drive — a thrill of exhilaration free from fatigue when she reaches the eighteenth hole. Figure charm and figure comfort both depend on proper support. There is a Gossard for every figure and every type of gown.

Model 2425, an ideal Spring athletic garment, is shown in the illustration. \$3.50.

The H. W. Gossard Co., Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Atlanta, Dallas, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires

The Gossard Line of Beauty



"You know how red they used to get"

"My hands . . . they don't say 'Dishpan' now"

WHEN you wash dishes your hands are exposed to the soap nearly half an hour, three times a day.

The free alkali in most soaps—regardless of whether they are flakes, chips or cakes—dries up the delicate oils Nature placed under the outer skin of your hands to protect their smooth loveliness.

Lux diamonds contain no free alkali. They cannot redden or roughen the skin.

Women, themselves, washing their fine things in Lux, discovered how kind Lux is to

hands. Quickly they began to use it for dishwashing and freed their hands of that tell-tale "in the dishpan look."

One teaspoonful whips quickly into all the foamy suds you need for a whole panful of dishes. The light Lux suds rinse off so quickly and leave your dishes, glassware and silver so sparkling that Lux actually makes dishwashing easier and quicker.

Save your hands. Keep a package of Lux always on your pantry shelf. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



*One teaspoonful
is plenty*

[TRADE MARK]

PHOTOPLAY

April, 1927

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk



Their best personal attractions of last year are cleaning up in the studios and the best they have today are with them only because they are camera rejects.

CONSIDER the sad plight of the so-called *legitimate* theater. The old dodocs of the spoken drama are in a bad way.

What with the cops dragging the producers into the night courts for putting on brothel plays; the rush of the "angels" to duplicate Ann Nichols' private mint, "Abie's Irish Rose"; the clanging of the storehouse ambulance wagons carting away dead plays; the awakening of the boobery to obvious collusion of theater managers and ticket speculators; the reluctance of movie magnates to reach their burned fingers into their pocket-books for second hand plays; the dog-like death of road shows; and the popularity of motion pictures, their teeth are gnashing Broadway curbstones.

THE only reasons they do not go into the motion picture business are the horrible examples of their fellow *legitimatists* who failed to make the grade and the remaining spark of sanity warning them of their own ineptitude.

TRAINING in a real estate office is the sure road to theatrical success today and the only ones who dare a Dunn and Bradstreet rating are those who build the theaters and lease them to the boys who remain in the catch-penny business of stage production, or to movie companies who cling to the delusion that they

are kidding the yokel exhibitors with the trade-paper claim of "A year on Broadway." The theory is that the exhibitor in Hutchinson, Kansas, still believes the world is flat.

THE truth is that the small town exhibitor is a shrewd fellow who balances his cash every night and knows that Herbert Brenon is a more reliable director than this chap Ayearon Broadway.

[CON'D ON PAGE 78]



The Honking Ganders of Censorship



THE logical result of short and still shorter skirts—demonstrated by Olive Borden. Miss Borden—who looks like a Hollywood version of Lenore Ulric—is the lucky girl who jumped from obscurity to stardom in a year. Allan Dwan has invited her to come to New York to play in "The Joy Girl." It will be her first film adventure in the big city.

What's the Matter with Greta Garbo?

By Cal York



Is Greta right or wrong?

WITH only three American pictures to her credit, "The Torrent," "The Temptress" and "Flesh and the Devil," Greta Garbo has established herself on the screen in more sensational fashion than any other player since Rudolph Valentino blazed out of "The Four Horsemen."

Miss Garbo already has created a crisis for herself. She has withdrawn from production at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Culver City, Cal., studios so often that studio company officials have lost count. Probably she has cost her producers a large sum of money. She has cost herself a considerable sum of money in lost salary.

Yet Miss Garbo never has walked off a set. Her troubles have been over the kind of rôle she should play. On the studio floor she is not temperamental. Indeed, she is almost phlegmatic until the camera starts grinding. Then she flashes.

Miss Garbo is precipitating a show-down on the rights of producers and stars. Where is the dividing line between right and wrong in questions of this kind?

According to the Metro officials, Miss Garbo was signed in Germany, brought to this country and given her chance to make good. Had she failed, they say, the company would have lost. She made good, and the company should profit. Here is the story of Miss Garbo's coming to America as outlined to PHOTOPLAY by an executive of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company:

"Miss Garbo and Mauritz Stiller, the director who had discovered her in Sweden, were signed in Germany by our representative.

"Miss Garbo was a minor and it would have been necessary, in order to make the contract binding, to have it ratified in California. This contract was for three years.

"ALL foreign players and directors seem to be suspicious of Americans. They look upon us as shrewd and crafty business people, who must be watched every second. Suspicion guides everything they do.

"Mauritz Stiller and Miss Garbo were typical of this suspicious attitude. They came over at their own expense, rather than accept our advance. Once in New York, they asked for a change in

Miss Garbo's contract—for more money and more authority.

"With this eventually adjusted, the two went to California. Miss Garbo played in 'The Torrent' without particular objections and she agreed to do 'The Temptress' if Mr. Stiller directed. Stiller started the picture but couldn't get along with our organization. Fred Niblo was substituted. Miss Garbo finally agreed to finish the film.

"THEN came 'Flesh and the Devil,' Miss Garbo kicked over the traces. She insisted upon playing sweet rôles, rather than anything savoring of the vamp. Her attorneys went over the situation with us—and Miss Garbo finally came back to work.

"Miss Garbo is a type. She can not play guileless, sweet heroines any more than Gloria Swanson can play them. If we let her have her way, she would be ruined quickly. Sympathetic rôles, which she demands, would kill her almost instantly.

"Miss Garbo refused to do another rôle unless it was one of her liking. This has blocked everything thus far."

That is the company side of the controversy. Here is the Garbo side:

Metro wanted Stiller, and Miss Garbo, his find, was signed reluctantly, at a sliding scale of \$400, \$600 and \$1,000 a week for three years, more to please him than anything else.

After Miss Garbo's hit in "The Torrent," the studio executives realized that they had a big film bet. They tried to sign her for five years. She declined and ever since the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 123]



Greta Garbo wants to pout and simp.
Lois Wilson wants to vamp and sin.
PHOTOPLAY believes that every star has
a perfect right to commit screen suicide

\$15,000 in Prizes

IT is not a new thought that great pictures must have great themes. With few exceptions, it will be noted that most of the great financial successes of motion picture history have been built from the best sellers of fiction or the written-to-order-work of famous authors.

In the future the screen must depend on creativeness more than it has in the past. The names of great authors are no longer drawing cards. And it has been demonstrated that the mere flashing of a screen star's name means very little when the picture itself is of mediocre caliber.

The executives of all motion picture companies are striving for ideas, and, with all the creative minds actively engaged in the business, the production and supply does not in any way near approximate the demand.

The Editor of **PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE** hit upon the idea of appealing to the vast motion picture public of the world for new screen themes and so submitted his idea to the officers of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. They were quick to sense the possibilities of it.

Immediately an arrangement was made with **PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE** to conduct a contest for ideas and suggestions, which might be elaborated upon and converted into basic themes. The company offered \$15,000 to encourage the participants in this fascinating search for ideas.

At the same time they pointed out the danger of claims of plagiarism, for it seems that anyone can sue anyone on any pretext in the courts and all motion picture companies have had scores of experiences where they have been accused, unjustly, causing them considerable annoyance.

THE Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and other leading moving picture companies are willing to pay any reasonable amount for stories from which to make pictures, and very often pay large sums for works of literature which contain just a germ of the picture and which must be radically changed to meet the requirements of motion picture conditions.

One of the most successful pictures ever made under the Famous Play-

List of Prizes

First Prize \$5,000

Second Prize 2,000

Third and Fourth Prizes \$1,000 each

Fifth and Sixth Prizes \$500 each

Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Prizes . \$250 each

Forty Prizes . . . \$100 each

ers-Lasky banner was "The Ten Commandments," which was suggested by a person who had no direct connection with pictures. Another great success, "Old Ironsides," was the result of a suggestion by a Los Angeles newspaper writer, Harry Carr.

If you will stop and think of the fine pictures you have seen lately you will see that most of them have an underlying theme, and it is the underlying theme which grew from a simple idea or suggestion that made them great.

EVERYONE at some time or another has felt that he or she had an idea for a motion picture. Here is an opportunity to win a cash prize, if you have an idea that you think has merit.

Don't struggle around with ideas that are nothing more or less than plots. Get something big and vital, some great problem, or one that you can present in an original manner. Talk it over with your friends, or discuss it thoroughly over the dinner table with your family. Put on your thinking cap and set out to win one of these prizes.

Read the rules and regulations on the opposite page carefully and then set out to write your ideas and suggestions within 200 words. You may think 200 words a brief allotment but an idea can be presented in that space.

If you want a practical demonstration of classic economy of words, get down your Bible and read the story of the creation of the world in Genesis. Don't hesitate to write and rewrite—and then write it again.

The completed manuscripts of the greatest writers in the world are the results of painstaking and laborious rearrangement and rewriting. The best writers excel in brevity.

THE reputation of this magazine is behind the fairness with which this contest will be conducted and no idea other than the prize winners' will be submitted to the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, which is donating the awards, nor does that company bind itself to convert any of the winners' ideas or suggestions in a screen production. Obviously it cannot, because it does not know what the results of the contest will



The big Famous Players-Lasky picture, "Old Ironsides," was built from an idea conceived and developed by a Los Angeles newspaper man. It is a proven fact that all big successes are photoplays carrying a big and sweeping idea

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]

for Picture Ideas

Rules and Conditions of Contest— Read Carefully

1. Every suggestion must be written in 200 words or less; and must be submitted in type-writing, on one side of a sheet of paper, and mailed in a post-paid envelope to:
Judges, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Idea Contest,
221 West 57th Street, New York City.

2. Suggestions will be read, prior to award of prizes, only by the judges of the contest and persons employed by them for that purpose. Suggestions submitted will be kept in locked steel files, prior to award, at the offices of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, where they are accessible to no other persons. No responsibility is assumed, however, for their safe-keeping or for unauthorized access to them. No suggestions will be returned at the conclusion of the contest, unless sufficient postage is forwarded. They may, at the option of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, be destroyed after award or kept on file.

3. Every suggestion must be signed with the full name of the person making the same and must be accompanied by the form or a copy of the form which appears on this page, personally signed by the contestant, together with his or her full address, in which the contestant agrees to the conditions set forth therein. These rules and the form should be read carefully by contestants before submission.

4. Everyone, whether a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or not, may enter this contest, except persons in any way connected with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, their relatives or members of their household, or anyone actively employed in the production departments of any other motion-picture company.

5. The Board of Judges shall consist of three members. The Editor of PHOTOPLAY shall be Chairman. No person connected with Famous Players-Lasky Corporation shall be a judge. The decision of the judges shall be final. The judges will be selected by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

6. The prizes to be awarded shall be as follows:

First Prize.....	\$5,000
Second Prize.....	2,000
Third and Fourth Prizes.....	1,000 each
Fifth and Sixth Prizes.....	500 each

Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Prizes.....	\$250 each
Forty Prizes.....	100 each

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

7. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation will donate the prizes which PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will pay for the winning suggestions and will be entitled to full and complete rights for their use in motion-picture productions and for any and all other purposes, as well as to use the name and likeness of any successful contestant in connection therewith, at its option, without further payment. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation may use the suggestion in whole or in part, alter the same, change the title, if any, and require the execution of any papers by the successful contestant which, before payment, it deems necessary or expedient.

8. There is always danger that contestants become so convinced of the merit or originality of their own ideas or suggestions that they become suspicious when they see something approximating theirs which may be quite old, in fact, or come from another source. To avoid all questions of this sort, or of any other character whatsoever, all contestants must submit, and will be deemed to have submitted their ideas and suggestions upon the distinct agreement and understanding that no liability of any sort, save as to the prizes, may be placed upon PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; that each of the latter two is released from any and all liability for any cause or reason by each contestant.

9. Every effort will be made by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and the judges to make this contest as fair and open as possible and to conduct it in strict accordance with these Rules. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation will simply donate the prizes and will be under no obligation, either legal or moral, to do anything except to donate the same.

10. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation shall not be bound to use any of such suggestions even though they win prizes. All prize winners, however, bind themselves not to, nor to suffer or permit anyone other than Famous Players-Lasky Corporation to make any use of such suggestions in whole or in part. If they con-

tain copyrightable matter, all rights therein, including the copyright and the right to secure copyright therein, shall become the property of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

11. In case several ideas are submitted involving historical, religious and dramatic events in the world's history, and to avoid the possibility of ties, it is understood that no idea or suggestion which covers any event in a general way, for instance, a general idea or suggestion of the making of a picture based on the American Revolution, or the discovery of America, or the life of Shakespeare without specific argument or suggestion of story and treatment, will be considered.

12. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will each month conduct a department of instruction and helpful suggestions, but it is understood that none of the suggestions made therein will be considered unless they are treated in an original and meritorious manner. Ideas or suggestions taken from picture productions which have already been made will not be considered unless they conform to this general qualification. Ideas or suggestions involving great works of literature will be considered if accompanied by ideas and suggestions of treatment and reasons for their use.

13. While facility of writing and style of expression are not necessary to the winning of a prize, the clearness and specific quality of the idea will be considered.

14. Ideas or suggestions expressed in exactly the same language, or slight variations of the same language, which would seem to indicate collusion between different individuals, shall not be considered, although any one person may submit the same idea or suggestion in different treatments and with different arguments as to their merit.

15. No profane, immoral, libelous or copy-righted matter shall be submitted or suggested.

16. The contest will close at midnight, August 15th, 1927. No ideas received after that date will be considered by the judges and no responsibility in the matter of mail delays or loss will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Ideas may be sent in at any time after the 15th of March, when the April issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE appears on the newsstands.

IN submitting the accompanying idea or suggestion, as a contestant for one of the cash prizes offered by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, I agree to all the terms and conditions contained in the Rules of the Contest, as published in said Magazine, which terms and conditions I acknowledge I have read, and in consideration of my suggestion being examined and considered in said contest, I hereby release said PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Photoplay Publishing Co. and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation from any and all claims or liability, present or future, by reason of any use or asserted use thereof, in whole or in part, in any form or manner, by either of them, except from payment of one of such prizes if awarded to me.

I state that this suggestion is wholly original with me.

I hereby grant to the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO. and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation the sole and exclusive right to use this suggestion in any form or manner without any compensation to me or my legal representatives, save for one of such prizes, if awarded, and I request that the said PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO. and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation act on the agreements and statements herein contained.

.....[L.S.]

Address:

.....

The Port of Missing Girls

Illustrated by
Frank Godwin

HOLLYWOOD is the port of missing girls.

Little Judy King, who lived around the corner in the old home town, went out to Hollywood and she doesn't write any more.

Nobody wants them to come. Nobody asks them.

But they come.

With mothers and without. With a grubstake and without a dime. Hard-boiled and soft.

Tell them it is a ten-thousand-to-one shot. Still they will wager their very souls against Hollywood for the sake of movie fame and fortune. Tell them it is the most heart-breaking game in the world. Still they will play with it.

Poor little amateurs pitting their skill and strength against that old sphinx, Hollywood, indifferent as fate, impersonal as the grave.

They know too well the story of that one girl out of ten thousand who succeeds.

The failures? Pooh, who cares about the failures? Who even hears of the strange little tragedies and the tragic little comedies of the thousands who come to Hollywood and leave no record upon the twenty-four sheets?

Some of them come in innocence—as came Greta, whom you may remember. And Marilyn, the lily maid.

Some are onto Hollywood. They know. They've seen.

Patty was like that.

11

Patty of the Flappers

PATTY knew he was a travelling salesman before the train had left the city limits of Chicago.

But, then, Patty knew a great deal.

Not as much as she thought she did, perhaps, but a great deal.

She looked him over from his slick, patent leather hair to his pointed shoes and decided he had a flask on his hip, a bottle in his suitcase, and would be good for one dinner, maybe two.

He was.



Brydon: "Don't waste that come-hither look on me, my girl."

By



Adela
Rogers
St. Johns

No. 2

Patty, the hard-boiled flapper, who knew the game, the second of six girls of Hollywood

After the first dinner, at which Patty ordered liberally enough to eliminate the necessity of luncheon the next day, he produced the flask.

Patty shifted her cigarette from one corner of her round little mouth to the other and shook her red head.

"Don't use it," she said, and grinned at his incredulous expression.

He urged her. "It's good stuff," he said. "I have all mine sent to a laboratory and tested, girlie. You needn't be afraid."

"I'm not afraid of anything," said Patty, staring off to

where the sheet lightning blazed along the line of the Colorado hills. "But I don't drink."

Having requested, accepted and lighted another of his cigarettes, she was moved to further explanation.

THE night was very dark and no one else had ventured out on the observation platform.

A strong wind rattled wet sand and gravel against the car and against their faces, but Patty was oblivious of it. She had a one-track mind.

"I'm not pouring any alcohol into my brain cells," she said, wisely. "I've got 'em in fairly good working order now, but they won't stand any extra strain. All the girls I know that turned into total eclipses tried mixing whiskey with their banana oil. I'm smart, but I'm not smart enough to figure straight when I see two dollars where only one grew."

"Well," said the travelling man, "a little drink never did anybody any harm. I don't like to see a girl lit myself. But you don't need to take too much."

"You show me a girl who knows how much too much is and I'll string with you," said Patty. "I come from a college town myself—never got inside the college, but I've acquired a lot of second-hand information, because that's one thing college boys are sure free with, free information—but that's something I never got straightened out. One thing I learned, though. Girl's got to look out for herself. Nobody's going to do it for her."

He offered her a fresh cigarette and a change of subject. He felt that the possibilities of that one had already been fairly dealt with.

"Where do you come from, Miss Wise-Guy?"

"Syracuse."

"I been there lots of times. Nice town."

"Is it?" said Patty. "Well, I only lived there seventeen years. Don't suppose I know much about the place."

"Is that all the older you are?"

HE turned to stare at her. True, she was slim and flat, nothing to her really, and her red hair was sort of tousled like a kid's. But her face suggested youth no more than it suggested age. Girl-face, woman-face, without age and eternally alluring. The dark eyes, much darker than you expected to find under that red hair, were certainly not young eyes. They were too wise for that.

She gave him a side-long look that had a twinkle in it.

"Still under the age limit," she said, with a throaty giggle.

And that made him laugh. "You sure know your onions," he said, admiringly.



Patty: "Gee, I thought you'd have a gray beard."

How long can



Patty and Shoe measured each other. A couple of wise young eggs. "I've an appointment with Mr. Brydon," Patty announced

so that she could see out, she stretched happily, kicking the covers with her feet and flinging her arms as wide as she could.

She hated being messed about by men. She *hated* it. Under that glittering surface, there was a virginal something that always drew back from the hot approaches of men. Like a cat, she would stand just so much petting, then she jumped.

Her creed—get what you can and give nothing—went hand in hand with her inclinations.

At last she went to sleep lulled by the blissful realization that every turn of the wheels brought her nearer to the land of promise, the Eldorado of her hopes.

Sleeping there with her knees tucked up under her chin and her lashes quiet on her cheeks—she looked young, very young. Hardly more than seventeen. Just a kid.

* * * *

MR. BRYDON'S secretary came in noiselessly and stood waiting at attention beside the big desk. She knew how to wait without annoying Mr. Brydon by her presence. That was part of her job, just as the rich but unobtrusive black gown was part of her job, and the neatly trimmed shingle and the finely manicured hands and the well-fitting black oxfords.

Mr. Brydon was one of the new executives—one of the new order of executives, too.

Miss Elson had been Mr. Hirtzfelt's stenographer in the old days. Mr. Brydon had taken her over, with the office, and transformed them both, when Mr. Hirtzfelt retired—well, not exactly retired, but gradually eased out to a less strenuous life of golf and an occasional conference.

As she waited, Miss Elson looked around the office, at the oak panelled walls that had been so carefully carved under Mr. Brydon's personal supervision, at the heavy red velvet curtains over stained glass windows, at the stately stone fireplace. Not much like the old pine office, painted grey, with the net curtains Mrs. Hirtzfelt had made herself.

It all aroused a feeling of intense admiration in Miss Elson's well-conducted bosom. But then of course she admired everything that Mr. Brydon did. He was really the man who had put the Hirtz studio on a higher plane—who had actually introduced big business into entertainment. Some people were unkind enough to say that he had turned it into a canning factory. But Miss Elson didn't feel that way about it. She responded warmly to the elegance and importance with which Mr. Brydon surrounded himself. She admired the tremendous drive and efficiency that Mr. Brydon had put into things.

LOOK at the way he had dealt with the situation the other day when he discovered that the scenario department was actually taking an hour and forty-five minutes for lunch, instead of the allotted hour. Mr. Brydon had simply spoken to the waitress in charge of the scenario writers' private dining room, and the next day when Mr. Isham, the well-known English novelist, had ordered a steak, the waitress had calmly told him that orders were that the scenario department should only have what was ready to serve on the menu.

True, Mr. Isham had quit and gone back to England, but that hadn't concerned Mr. Brydon in the least, and the rest of the scenario writers were now eating their lunch in forty-five minutes.

That was efficiency.

Miss Elson admired Mr. Brydon personally, too—in a quite lady-like way, of course. He was young, and he dressed better than any actor in the studio, and he had such poise. Poise was

"Yeh," said Patty, casually. "No scruples but lots of sense—that's me."

"Where you bound for?"

"Hollywood," said Patty.

Words are funny things. They have personalities just like people. Some words are always intriguing, they catch the imagination as glittering baubles catch the eye. Words like fame and fortune and romance and adventure.

Hollywood is synonym to them all.

You could tell it had caught the man's fancy by the look in his eye and the sudden snap in his voice.

"Going in the movies?"

"And *how!*" said Patty.

"Well, I guess you ought to make good. You sure got what they call sex appeal."

"I've gathered that," said Patty.

"But I've heard it's quite a dangerous thing for a girl to go there all by herself. Fellow I knew had a friend who had a cousin that was in pictures and he told me they didn't encourage young girls coming out there. Guess it's pretty wild."

"Pooh," said Patty—you see, I told you. "Pooh, I guess it's no wilder than any other place. May be dangerous for some girls that still believe in Santa Claus. But I got my motto pasted right inside my hat. 'Get all you can for as little as you can.' I know my way around."

OH, how cocky she was! Like a little bantam hen, with her red head on one side and her dark eyes snapping, and her little chest thrown out.

She kissed the travelling salesman four times, in the narrow, dark little corridor entrance to her car. She didn't mind much. Kisses cost her nothing and there was tomorrow's dinner to be thought of. He used nice shaving lotion.

But in her berth, with the pillows all tucked under her head

a girl get by, taking all and giving nothing?

a wonderful thing in the motion picture business—almost a necessary thing, really.

When he had finished reading the fourteen page code night letter before him, Mr. Brydon turned to the telephone and had his own personal operator put him through to one of the company supervisors.

"I've decided to separate D'Alba and Miss Brandon in the next picture," he said dispassionately. "Get some inexpensive leading woman for D'Alba. I'll star Miss Brandon alone in that new play of Strobridge's I just bought."

He listened, without expression.

"Then have the scenario department change the story," he said, his voice crisp with finality. "I can't afford to waste both those people on one picture any longer. They'll each hold up alone now."

He hung up and looked at Miss Elson.

"MR. SHAW telephoned asking for an appointment this afternoon," she said instantaneously. "He says it's extremely important."

Max Brydon relaxed a moment, and showed his unusually white and perfect teeth in a brief smile.

"Did you find out what it was about, Miss Elson?"

Miss Elson permitted an answering flicker of a smile to go with her demure, "He wouldn't say, Mr. Brydon."

They both knew old Shaw.

"I'll see him at two-fifteen. I want Miss Brandon here at five. Have I fifteen minutes free late this afternoon?"

From the photographic record of his appointment sheet which she carried in her head, the secretary said, "Six-thirty, Mr. Brydon."

"Better save that for this girl Shaw wants me to see. And please telephone my florist, at once, and have him send roses to Mrs. Hirtzfelt, and orchids to Miss Brandon."

When she had gone noiselessly out and closed the door quietly behind her, Max Brydon drew his straight, dark brows together in momentary annoyance. The old idiot! Of course his bank and his millions had stood behind Brydon in his gigantic expansion of the Hirtz interests, and if he wanted to make the studio a clearing house for all the sickening flappers he went dotty over, that was his business. But it was deucedly undignified. These bankers and millionaires and Wall Street big wigs! They were the ones that cut a wide circle when once they got a golden claw inside the picture industry. And they all had a complex about wanting their girl friends put on the pay roll and given a chance.

THEY looked on the whole thing as a dizzy playground, invested money so as to be part of it, so as to have entree to the studios and the stars and the parties. Of course they did. The outsiders made half the trouble, really—these rich widows and titled gentlemen and gay younger sons who camped in Hollywood and hung around the film colony.

Brydon brought his thoughts back with a snap to the business in hand.

This time, it appeared, Shaw was more than unusually dotty.

The old boy had a manner, not getting away from that. You could see him at the head of directors' tables. That gardenia in his buttonhole, and the gold-headed stick. And the way he

kept tugging at his little white moustache gave him a distinguished air. In his youth he must have been a riot with the women. And something about him suggested that he hated growing old as much as any pretty woman—that he was fighting off old age with every weapon he could lay his hands on.

"I TELL you" he said, pulling the little moustache with an especially vigorous tug, "this girl is remarkable. Remarkable personality. She's the impersonation of the jazz age, Max. Not bad that,—the impersonation of the jazz age. Of course I haven't any personal interest in the matter and I don't presume to interfere with your—ah—artistic pursuits, but it's a suggestion. A suggestion. But the girl's remarkable."

When his pearl gray fedora and the light tan overcoat had taken themselves out through the private door, Max Brydon rang for Miss Elson.

"I will see Miss Patty Hall at six-thirty," he said to her.

To himself, he said, "And Miss Patty Hall must be a darn clever girl, getting the old boy to sign on the dotted line while he's still on the anxious seat."

The youth who guarded the main door of the big office at the Hirtz lot was no mere office boy. He was, in point of fact, a genius. Only a genius could be so utterly disillusioned at twenty.

He possessed other talents in addition to disillusionment. He could spot tourists and fans with his back turned. He never kept the right person out nor let the wrong person in. He had a memory like the Bertillon system. His hair was disorderly, his eyes were weary, he received a salary out of all proportion to his social position and his name was Johnny Shoebottom. Wherefore most people called him Shoe.

But even Shoe, omniscient as he often was, did not suspect that Patty's heart was heating several knots an hour faster than any heart is supposed to heat in public, nor that she was about to set her very small foot inside the Hirtz studio for the first time.

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Patty, one of the most promising girls who ever hit Hollywood. She found that promises, like rent, must be paid, or out you go

The Low-Down on



H. L. Mencken's favorite music is the squealing of hypocrites and holier-than-thous as their tender skins smart from the blows of his logic and wit

HAVING completed your aesthetic researches at Hollywood, what is your view of the film art now?

I made no researches at Hollywood, and was within the corporate bounds of the town, in fact, only on a few occasions, and then for only a few hours. I spent my time in Los Angeles, studying the Christian pathology of that great city. When not so engaged I mainly devoted myself to quiet guzzling with Joe Hergesheimer, Jim Quirk, Johnny Hemphill, Walter Wanger and other such literati. For the rest, I visited friends in the adjacent deserts, some of them employed in the pictures and some not. They treated me with immense politeness. Nothing would have been easier than to have had me killed, but they let me go.

Did you meet any of the eminent stars? If so, what reflections did they inspire in you?

Simply that they were all most wonderfully nice. I had known some of them for a long while; others I met for the first time. They were all charming.

Did any of them introduce you to the wild night-life of the town? The wildest night-life I encountered was at Aimee McPherson's tabernaacle. I saw no wildness among the movie-folk. They seemed to me, in the main, to be very serious and even sombre people. And no wonder, for they are worked like Pullman porters or magazine editors. When they finish their day's labors they are far too tired for any recreation requiring stamina.

I encountered but two authentic souses in three weeks. One was a cowboy and the other was an author. I heard of a lady getting tight at a party, but I was not present. The news was a sensation in the town. Such are the sorrows of poor mummies: their most banal peccadilloes are magnified into horrors.

Regard the unfortunate Chaplin. If he were a lime and cement dealer his divorce case would not get two lines in the

America's most brilliant critic reports his views on the Motion Picture Capital

THIS article was won on a bet. I mixed a better mint julep than Joe Hergesheimer, the bon vivant of West Chester, Pa.

Mencken—you don't prefix him with "Mister" any more than you do any other great celebrity of the arts—insisted that I set down seventeen questions on which he would draft his report. Why seventeen I do not know. He just thought of a number—a whim of his, I suppose.

They call him the leader of the intelligenzia of this country, but he is not an intellectual by my standards because every genuine highbrow is an egotist and a bore, and Mencken is neither.

Anyhow, the AMERICAN MERCURY is recognized as the most brilliant critical review in America because Mencken's flag flies from its editorial masthead. Long may it wave.

JAMES R. QUIRK.

newspapers. But now he is placarded all over the front pages because he has had a banal disagreement with his wife. I don't know him, but he has my prayers.

The world hears of such wild, frenzied fellows as Jim Tully, and puts them down as typical of Hollywood. But Jim is not an actor; he eats actors. I saw him devour half a dozen of them on the half-shell in an hour. He wears a No. 30 collar and has a colossal capacity for wine-bibbing; I had to call up my last reserves to keep up with him. But the typical actor is a slim and tender fellow. What would be a mere *apéritif* for Tully or me would put him under the table, yelling for his pastor.

So you caught no glimpses of immorality?

Immorality? Oh, my God! Hollywood seemed to me to be one of the most respectable towns in America. Even Baltimore can't beat it. The notion that actors are immoral fellows is a delusion that comes down to us from Puritan days, just as the delusion that rum is a viper will go down to posterity from our days. There is no truth in it whatsoever.

THE typical actor, at least in America, is the most upright of men; he always marries the girl. It is his incurable sentimentality that makes him do it. He is a born romantic, and sweats only the most refined emotions. Worse, his profession supports his natural weakness for decency. In plays and movies he almost invariably marries the girl in the end, and so he finds it only natural to do so in real life.

I heard, of course, a great deal of gossip in Los Angeles, but all save a trivial part of it was excessively romantic. Nearly every great female star, it appeared, was desperately in love with either her husband or some pretty and worthy fellow, usually not an actor. And every male star was mooning over some coy and lovely miss.

I heard more sweet love stories in three weeks than I had heard in New York in the previous thirty years. The whole place was perfumed with orange-blossoms. Is honest love conducive to vice? Then one may argue that it is conducive to

Hollywood

By
H. L. Mencken

boozing to be a Presbyterian elder. One of the largest industries in Hollywood is that of the florists. Next comes that of the traffickers in wedding presents. One beautiful lady star told me that buying such presents cost her \$11,000 last year.

But the tales go 'round. Is there no truth in them at all?

To the best of my knowledge and belief, none. They are believed because the great masses of the plain people, though they admire movie actors, also envy them, and hence hate them. It is the old human story. Why am I hated by theologians? It is because I am an almost unparalleled expert in all branches of theology. Whenever they tackle me, my superior knowledge and talent floor them.

IN precisely the same way I hate such fellows as Jack Gilbert. Gilbert is an amiable and tactful young man, and treats me with the politeness properly due to my years and learning. But I heard in Culver City that no less than two thousand head of women, many of them rich, were mashed on him. Well, I can recall but fifteen or twenty women who show any sign of being flustered by me, and not one of them, at a forced sale, would realize \$200. Hence I hate Gilbert, and would rejoice unaffectedly to see him taken in some scandal that would stagger humanity. If he is accused of anything less than murdering his wife and eight children I shall be disappointed.

Then why do you speak for Mr. Chaplin?

Simply because he is not a handsome dog, as Gilbert is. The people who hate him do so because he is rich. It is the thought that his troubles will bust him that gives them delight. But I have no desire for money and so his prosperity does not offend me. I always have too much money; it is easy to get in New York, provided one is not a Christian. Gilbert, I suppose, is rich too; he wears very natty clothes. But it is not his wealth that bothers me: it is those two thousand head of women.

Did you see any movies in the Western country?

Exactly three, and one of them was three years old and another I had seen before. The remaining one was "What Price Glory" I saw it the first night, and the vast herd of morons that stormed the theater interested me, I fear, somewhat more than the picture. I was the guest of King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman, and was hauled to the theater by Aileen Pringle.

When I got out of the motor-car with Miss Pringle the proletariat on the side-lines gave us a rousing cheer. But though they knew her, of course, they didn't know who I was, and so they began to speculate after we had gone into the theater. A private agent later informed me that they had come to the conclusion that I was Tom Mix. This somehow flattered me.

Then you continue quite ignorant of the film art in all its phases?



"The wildest night life I encountered was at Aimee McPherson's Tabernacle," says Mr. Mencken. "I saw no wildness among the movie folk"

MENCKENISMS

Q The movies need a Shakespeare.

Q A star is simply a performer who pleases better than the average.

Q Hollywood, I believe, is full of unhappy people.

Q The stars are worked like Pullman porters.

Q Hollywood seemed to me to be one of the most respectable towns in America.

Ignorant? How could a man continue ignorant of the movies after three weeks in Los Angeles? As well continue ignorant of laparotomy after three weeks on a hospital veranda. No, I am full of information about them, for I heard them talked day and night, and by people who actually knew something about them. Moreover, I have hatched some ideas of my own.

As for example?

That the movie folks are on the hooks of a sad dilemma. In order to meet the immense cost of making a gaudy modern film they have to make it appeal to a gigantic audience. And in order to make it appeal to a gigantic audience they have to keep it within a narrow range of ideas and emotions, fatal to genuine ingenuity. Soon or late the movies will have to split into two halves. There will be movies for the mob, and there will be movies for the relatively civilized minority. The former will continue idiotic; the latter, if competent men to make them are unearthed, will show sense and beauty.

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The Dove Tries Her Wings



Fitzmaurice frames Miss Dove in a colorful and exotic background in "An Affair of the Follies"

Great beauty never has been the answer to enduring success on the screen. Will Billie Dove be an exception to the rule?

By Ivan St. Johns

MY wife tells me that beauty is becoming less important every year. She says that if a girl has nice legs and a good barber she's pretty near anybody's equal.

"Chic is everything," she informs me. "Smartness and class and sex appeal and a sense of humor are the things that matter nowadays. It must be nice to be beautiful. But it isn't necessary any more."

She may be right. She often is.

I was by way of being persuaded to agree with her, until I saw Billie Dove.

Then I remembered all about beauty again, and I knew that though the plain women have been smart enough to invent some darn good substitutes, beauty is just as wonderful and just as important and just as awe-inspiring now as it was when Helen's launched a thousand ships and Guinevere's held the great Lancelot captive.

An hour with Billie Dove convinced me of several things.

Brains are useful, but they don't matter.

Style is great, but entirely unessential.

Wit is the spice of life, but a good listener is more important to a man than the best broadcaster in the world.

Now don't misunderstand me. That would be unfair to Miss Dove.

She may be as brainy as George Sand, I don't know. And that's exactly the point I am trying to

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JOAN CRAWFORD got her start in pictures because she could dance. And how! But she has made a lot of progress since those days of the Winter Garden chorus and she is now playing prominent rôles in Metro-Goldwyn films. You'll see her next in "The Taxi Dancer."



Wound Stripes

Out where stars are stars, these stripes are diamond bracelets and, says Tom Mix, local jewelers have got misdemeanors weighed to a carat

By
Tom
Mix

NOTHIN' was ever quite so popular in this country as wound stripes.

When the big show was over any of the boys that come home without the above mentioned decorations sewed on their sleeves was sure out of luck. While these that were correctly ornamented with proof of a persistent pursuit of them Heinie's was received with gratifyin' ceremony. In quite a few instances I'm acquainted with, the wound stripe soldier was met at the station with the local silver cornet band and a few unornamental females, dressed in white, they bein' the only persons in town who knew the words of the first verse of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The biggest collection of wound stripes I ever see was sported by a young gent from my native Texas, who put in most of his time while in France doin' kitchen police or restin' up in the guard house. The only shot this lad heard durin' the whole war was when the gun of another soldier on guard duty went off accidental. Yet when this martial error reached Amarillo, the girl he left behind him was the most envied of her species, on account of the wound stripes he wore reachin' from his wrist to his elbow. No man on earth could have been shot that many times and live. But the boy turned a wicked game of blackjack and them wound stripes was his reward.

NOW the wound stripe, as it is referred to in Hollywood at the present date, is a diamond bracelet. These little marks of distinction don't necessarily figure up as any more truthful than my young friend's from Amarillo, but they're right now the most popular decorations known in the picture business.

You can go into the Ambassador or the Biltmore in Los Angeles for dinner, or stray into the Montmartre in Hollywood on Saturday for lunch, count the diamond bracelets on the arms of the women present and tell exactly how many times their husbands came home stewed in the past year.

Durin' the war the men who wore wound stripes were supposed to have suffered to get 'em—today in Hollywood you suffer and give 'em. Each diamond bracelet in Hollywood represents considerable sufferin' and anguish, but the anguishee don't wear 'em. He just pays for 'em, while the anguisshor lugs 'em around to bridge parties and shows 'em triumphantly to the other women.

I attend a lot of bridge parties and social functions these days. Not that I like bridge. I can't even play it, accordin' to Mrs. Mix who knows every bridge rule on earth and a few she made up herself. Personally, I prefer a game with a few less rules and a lot more action. Anyhow, I go to see the wound stripes.

I've got most of 'em catalogued and indexed, bein' of a methodical turn of mind, and I can spot a new one a mile away. Then I get some congenial spirit, which has likewise been nicked in that fashion ever and anon, and we get off in a secluded corner and speculate on what Bill McSwatt has been a-doin' this time and how much this here decoration cost him in order to get the white bird of peace once again roostin' on the family tree.

When the women spot a new wound stripe they remark in some such fashion as, "I'm so sorry about Jimmy! Isn't your new bracelet lovely?"

Not alone does the wound stripe inform all the interested spectators that Jimmy jumped the corral fence again, but the

Tom Mix says the quest for Hollywood wound stripes goes to any length: "Wives even get together and frame their husbands, feeling the need of new jewelry. Anything to get their feelings salved with diamond dust"

of Hollywood



Mrs. Tom Mix wears a lot of diamond bracelets, but Tom says they're service—not wound—strips. The Mixs have been married twelve years and Tom says he's an indulgent and affectionate husband

experienced ones can tell from the amount of platinum and the number of diamonds just how high and how far Jimmy jumped. Some of the so-called experts can even estimate what part of town Jimmy done his high hurdle act in.

Hollywood and Los Angeles jewelers have got misdemeanors weighed to a carat. They have got the situation standardized to where the number of diamonds it takes to square a misdirected evening is a matter of what you might call public record.

A jeweler is a mighty confidential party in Hollywood these days.

"NO, I don't reckon as how this little thousand dollar bracelet would do you much good," says the jeweler to his customer. "From what I've heard about that little rumpus up in Laurel Canyon, I should suggest this one for thirty-two hundred. Sapphires always have a soothing effect. Like the bluebird."

So you see it isn't exactly the high cost of livin' in Hollywood that makes away-from-home evenings expensive, it's the high cost of squarin' yourself. The poor down-trodden little wife that used to be so popular in fiction and the drama has passed out of the picture. The modern wife reacts to down-troddings more after the manner of a rattlesnake.

When you see a wife with a wound stripe an inch and a half wide set solid with glitterin' gems, you can bet a hundred dollars to nothing at all that her husband was missin' for two or three days and what would happen to that particular bird if he stayed away a week nobody but a wife or a jeweler could contemplate without bustin' into tears.

There's one little phase of this here section of modern social life, however, that I asks you to pause and consider, in mere justice to the menfolks. The collection of wound stripes flashed by some dame at an opening or a festivity, don't always mean her husband has had that many Thursday evenings out. A lot of these here wound stripes that I'm referring to are won by cold frame-ups, like the kitchen police soldier's decorations.

Not so long ago a Hollywood woman that I knew right well was leavin' for a long trip abroad. And happenin' to set next to her at a dinner party on what these literary sharps likes to call the eve of her departure she slips me an earful of lowdown on the methods of gettin' wound stripes. And it sure is a heap exoneratin' to a lot of men that I've hated to suspect wasn't just what they'd ought to be in their matrimonial relations.

THIS lady confides in me how some of these Hollywood wives gets together and frames up on their husbands. Feelin' the need of more jewelry to compete with their sister social ornaments, they seek new reasons for havin' their feelings salved with diamond dust.

Just as an example. Mrs. McLuke goes out to a hen party—callin' 'em "cat parties" don't change the general style. While she's there, she hears as how Sam McSwatt, who's the husband of her best friend, was seen comin' out of the Biltmore Hotel at 1:30 A. M., without his wife, when he was supposed to be at the studio workin'. She dashes home, gets on the telephone and urges sister McSwatt to come over right away.

"I know something about your husband," is the magic word that starts these janets flyin' in each other's directions without any further explanations being necessary.

The two of 'em get together, add a Hollywood extra girl to the exit, a couple of hours to the time and a lot of suspicious circumstances in general to the scenario.

That night Mrs. McSwatt refuses to come down for dinner, feelin' too disgraced for even her husband to see her. After much persuasion, the poor, heart-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 136]

News and Gossip



May Allison was playing a hot scene in "The Telephone Girl" when her negligee caught fire from a cigarette. Herbert Brenon played impromptu hero and put it out. May, turning the burnt side away from the camera, went on working

JOBYNA RALSTON and Richard Arlen are married. So are Marie Adaire and Leslie Fenton. Ditto for Vola Vale and J. W. Gorman. And the same goes for Shirley Mason and Sidney Landfield. Don't say that I don't tell you everything. P. S. And so are Virginia Brown Faire and Jack Daugherty.

FIRST NATIONAL now owns the full rights to "The Miracle" and is going ahead with ambitious plans for producing the Morris Gest spectacle. It isn't likely that Max Reinhardt will assist in making the film version of the story, because Max is returning to Germany.

Billie Dove will probably play the rôle of the *Nun*. It is the most important rôle that has come along for a long time. George Fitzmaurice will be the director in charge and with Miss Dove's beauty and Fitzmaurice's pictorial sense, the production ought to be a big event.

"**YOU** might say," said the old man looking over Norman Kerry's shoulder as he read the details of the latest divorce, "that the movies are still in their infamy."

MAY ALLISON'S ambition to play a burn 'em up vamp nearly had disastrous consequences. May was working late one night on a scene from "The Telephone Girl" in which she was called upon to smoke a cigarette. In real life, May is no smoker and so she had some trouble in handling the cigarette like an expert. She put the cigarette on a table, without putting it out. The flowing sleeves of her filmy negligee brushed the cigarette and the garment burst into flames.

Herbert Brenon, her director, jumped to the rescue and put out the fire before May really realized her danger. In fact, May was the coolest person on the set. Arranging the folds of the negligee so that the burn would not show, she went on with her work without so much as giving way to the faintest trace of nervousness. The next day Lois Wilson offered to send her an asbestos tea gown for vamp parts and offered her heartiest congratulations on her spontaneous combustion.

AFTER John Robertson completes "Captain Salvation" for Cosmopolitan, he will direct Ramon Novarro in Joseph Conrad's story, "Romance." The combination of



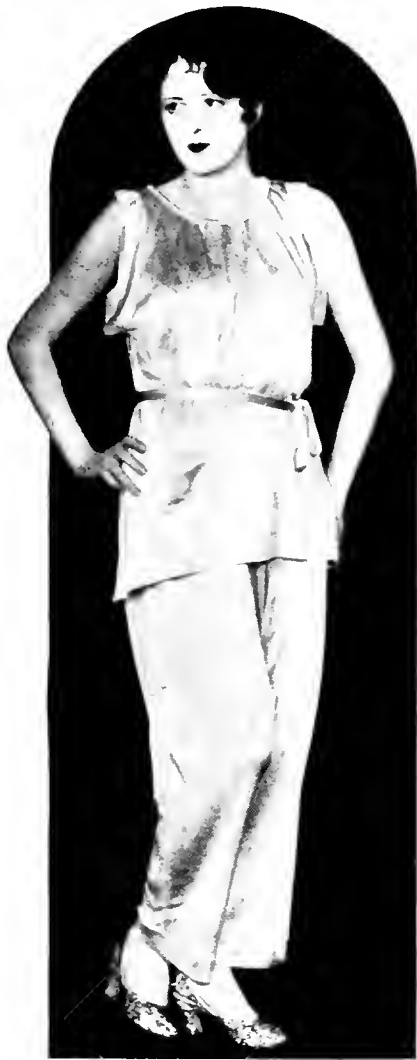
Pajamas—but you'd never guess it. They are made of shadow lace and flesh-colored chiffon and they are worn by Greta Nissen. But maybe you would prefer something like—

Novarro and Robertson ought to be a particularly happy one, because Mr. Robertson not only understands all there is to know about film technique but he has the rare gift of understanding the human beings with whom he is associated. And it is this latter gift that makes him worth a whole shipload of foreign importations.

RICHARD DIX has discovered a girl who is so dumb that she thinks a night club is a stick carried by a policeman.

A HEAVY epidemic of temperament is raging in the studios. The most conspicuous case is the Greta Garbo hubbub, treated elsewhere in this issue. But nearly every studio has a war on hand with one of its players. Dorothy Mackaill and

of all The Studios



This pair of pink satin pajamas have a charm equal to the loose, flowing drapery of a Greek robe. They are worn by Billie Dove. Or perhaps you will stick to your red flannels

First National are at outs because Dorothy refused to play in a film called "See You in Jail." Dorothy claims that she was promised the leading feminine rôle in Dick Barthelmess' picture, "The Patent Leather Kid." Anyway, Dorothy has received formal notice that she is no longer on the First National pay roll.

RICHARD DIX, Paramount's steadiest worker, also has a grievance. It seems that Paramount has purchased an old picture made by him some years ago for an independent producer. It is called "Quicksands." Paramount intends to re-release it and Richard, who says that the picture is not so good, threatens to walk out if the picture is turned loose on the public. Richard has been making more pictures than almost any other star and making 'em in double-quick time, too.



Professor Bebe Daniels presents a problem to Chester Conklin. The first line of the sign reads: "Haf you any hem." The second line goes: "Ess, ve haf hem." Now that you get the idea, you can finish the rest of it for yourself

So he feels that a film of inferior merit would injure his prestige at the box-office.

BEFORE starting work on "Cabaret," Gilda Gray visited the home-folks out West. One night she appeared before her father wearing a gorgeous ermine coat.

"When did you get that?" asked her father. "I never saw it before."

"Well, you see," explained Gilda, "it is a white coat, so I only wear it in the evening."

"Why don't you dye it black?" suggested the thrifty foreigner, "then you could get more wear out of it."

ERICH POMMER, the gentleman from the UFA studio, is now working for Metro-Goldwyn. Mr. Pommer quit Paramount after a disagreement with B. P. Schulberg. There are fights and fights in movie studios, but this little row shook all Hollywood and rattled the dishes on the tables of New York restaurants.

I hear, too, that James Cruze is leaving Paramount to tie up with United Artists. Also that his wife, Betty Compson, is going with Universal.

AMONG the good lines of the month, credit this one up to Chester Conklin.

Chester was asked to explain the ancestry of the somewhat melancholy hound which he possesses.

"Oh, him," said Chester, "he's a curb setter."

LOIS WILSON'S first few weeks of freedom from her Paramount contract were spent learning the "Black Bottom." Upon proclaiming her Declaration of Independence, Lois was signed to play the rôle of a cabaret dancer in a picture tentatively titled "Broadway Nights."

In the first part of the picture, Lois is seen as an entertainer in a Hotsy-Totsy night club. Later she marries, has a child and reforms. Lois says it is the sort of part she has always been looking for—especially the sequences that come before the reformation.

Heretofore, Lois always has played girls who reformed before the film started.



Wallace Beery gets all set for the big yodeling contest. No, that isn't a microphone. It is a yodeling meter and used to test the strength of the "He-lay-ee-oh!" The gentleman with whiskers is Tollaire, long distance yodeling champion

MARY PICKFORD and Douglas Fairbanks have again called off all plans for appearing in a film together. Doug has begun work on "Captain Cavalier" by Jackson Goodrich. Mary engaged Kathleen Norris to write a story especially for her. It is called "Mary of the Slums."

I HEAR, upon excellent authority, that Corinne Griffith's first picture for United Artists will be a film version of the musical comedy, "Sunny."

Corinne is still in Europe. She made a quiet sneak through New York and she will probably return to Hollywood just as softly. However, when she was in New York, one of my detectives recognized her tripping into a dressmaking establishment. He didn't see her face, but he knew her immediately by her ankles.

HERE'S a grin overheard by Patsy Ruth Miller at Coconut Grove in the Ambassador.

Bill: "Have you seen the latest college picture?"

Jill: "No."

Bill: "'The Scarlet Letter,' or How Hester Won Her 'A.'"

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is living quietly in New York—going to shows, attending parties and enjoying himself. New York is a great place to be forgotten. After a brief spasm of newspaper notoriety, Chaplin was entirely submerged by the Daddy-Peaches case and by the raids on Broadway's sex shows. Last week's scandal is quickly forgotten on Broadway and Daddy Browning's affairs sent Charlie into a much-welcomed oblivion.

CHAPLIN appeared on the stage at a Lambs' Gambol and received an ovation. He was introduced by Will Rogers, who made a nice speech about the Mothers of Hollywood. Rogers says that, as Mayor of Beverly Hills, one of his first official acts will be to do something about the mothers of young actresses who are more anxious to feather their own nests than to consecrate their daughters to Art. Of course, he didn't say anything about Lita Gray and her mother, but, nevertheless, Charlie got a big hand.

NOT so long ago vast mobs fought for the merest glimpse of her.

Today few people remember she is still alive.

She is Clara Kimball Young, who in the early Vitagraph days was considered the most beautiful woman on the screen. She still has her beauty but very little else. The story that the papers published last year about her losing her jewels in a



The camera goes cock-eyed to get a weird shot of Lon Chaney and Louise Dresser in "Mr. Wu." Cameras, these days, are so clever that they can shoot around the corners

taxicab was not a press yarn. It was tragically true for Clara. The jewels represented the savings of her entire career. She has never been able to get any trace of them.

She lives today in a small New York hotel and is trying to stage a come-back via vaudeville.

THE month's most important news item. Imogene Wilson—the erstwhile blonde sparring partner of Frank Tinney—has gone to Hollywood to get into pictures. At least that's Imogene's story. Also Imogene says she has no use for newspaper men.

That, as everyone knows, is a swell way of making a hit on the screen.

WELL, Josef von Sternberg has landed at last. He wrote a story called "The King of Soho" and submitted it to Emil Jannings. Jannings liked it and has selected it as his second picture for Paramount.

REGGY DENNY went home from picture-making with a tummy ache the other day and the following morning lost his appendix. Contrary to the popular parlor sport, he is not displaying it in an alcohol-filled bottle.

MUCH ado about the selection of a name for First National's newest home-grown Celtic starlet. When she comedied about the Hal Roach lot she answered to the name of Sue O'Neil. First National signed her and under their direction she became Kitty Kelly, which brought a thundering telegram from a New York actress who objected to sharing her birth



Dorothy Dwan, at the age of four weeks, sits on her own lap. Unscrambling the situation, we find big Dorothy is giving little Dorothy a lecture. A triumph for the double exposure experts



"One drop of this and you will look at things differently," prescribes Dr. Menjou. Yes, it is our Adolphe, back of those whiskers. And the lady with the Ben Turpin eyes is none other than Florence Vidor, gone goofy

of seventeen, very much embarrassed at the sudden spray of publicity. For over a week he made nightly appearances at Grauman's Egyptian Theater.

Young, of course, was swamped for autographs. After writing his name for the some-hundredths time, he turned to Sid and said: "Gee, I'm getting a cramp in my arm." Then, as an afterthought, "but I'd rather have it now than when I was swimming."

EXAMPLE of dignified advertising. Red letters on a white card hung in a prominent position at Paramount: George Dromgold and Jean Plannette wish to announce their association as title writers in their own quiet way.

EDDIE CANTOR stepped on the stage of Grauman's Egyptian Theater at the opening of "Old Ironsides" and completely upset the established order of ceremonies by wise-cracking everyone from Sid to Jesse Lasky. The introduction of the cast proceeded with the informality of a strawberry festival and finished in a roar of laughter.

It was a very distinguished first night audience. Mauve-shed eyelids fluttered above white ermine wraps, orchids nestled on white shoulders and darting lights were everywhere.

THE entrance of the Jesse Lasky party was the signal for an almost regal ovation. A pattering of applause within the theater greeted them, and, swelling louder, it seemed to sweep them to their seats. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. Lasky, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, making one of their rare public appearances; Will Hays and Mrs. Sarah Lasky. Mary wore something soft and shirred and blue, what I can't say, because my eyes never strayed from the golden coils of her simple coiffure.

IN Wally Beery's party were his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lloyd, ZaSu Pitts and Ford Sterling. The Costello girls, Dolores and Helene, were there with Mrs. Costello; Norma Shearer, in a party with Irving Thalberg, wore a slim Chanel red velvet frock with cape of the same lined in vivid blue; Esther Ralston, there with George Webb, her husband, had a flesh chiffon, crystal beaded, ending in a swallow-tailed train which terminated at the floor; Carmelita Geraghty and Charles Farrell came together, and I saw Mr. and Mrs. Victor McLaglen, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Brown, the Harry Rapfs, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix with Richard Barthelmess in their party, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Scardon (Betty Blythe), James Hall; Patsy Ruth Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Willat (Billie Dove), Mr. and Mrs. John McCormick (Colleen Moore), John Gilbert and George Bancroft.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]

name. The latest concoction is Molly O'Day. And what, in the name of St. Patrick, is wrong with the moniker her parents gave her—Suzanne Noonan?

ALL sorts of fun with that title, "God Gave Me Twenty Cents," but the funniest combination is one that Bill Powell stumbled upon. A little Hollywood theater was advertising its feature and comedy for that night. Plastered across the front was the sign: GOD GAVE ME TWENTY CENTS AND THUNDERING FLEAS.

DYEING for art is the newest wrinkle among the juvenile heroes. Hair dyeing, of course, that makes dark hair gleam like hay in the sunshine. Arthur Lake, the boy actor of the "Sweet Sixteen" series, dyed for a rôle in Fox's "Cradle Snatchers," and Charles "Buddy" Post now has hair the color of a chorus girl on the opening night.

ALBERT PARKER took his daughter, Beverly, to see Emil Jannings in "Faust." With the first appearance of *Mephisto*, young Beverly raised her voice, loudly and clearly, in childish protest. "A fine thing, I must say!" she cried. "A nice picture for a child to see! It is full of devils and not a proper show for a little girl!"

Parker, a shamed and disgraced parent, slunk from the theater.

ONE of Hollywood's heroes of the moment is George Young, who didn't go to Catalina on a glass-bottomed boat. The kid who won the channel swim is a good-natured husky chap



You just knew she had them, but no lady revealed her ears until after Anna Q. Nilsson's "Ponjola" bob was screened

What the

The screen's black and white magic is building a new world, compounded of dreams and beauty

IT was a love story of course.

He was the passionate Latin Lover and she was the elusive feminine in passive pursuit. There were all sorts of complications in the way of the inevitable consummation, the triumph of sex over plotters and circumstances and geography and convention—all of the bazards that a scenario writer can erect to prove the final mastery of the hero and the triumphant feminine glory of the heroine.

It was sure fire and full of "box office." The story was "Beyond the Rocks" by Elinor Glyn, the discoverer of sex, the inventor of "IT" and the author who made "three weeks" mean as much as nine months ever meant before.

He was Rudolph Valentino. She was Gloria Swanson.

Now among the most important outward elements of the art of these two artists in that special phase of their careers was how Valentino wore his hair, how Miss Swanson wore her clothes and how they both wore their "IT."

The action started in England, wandered about the Alps and came to its climax in the Arabian desert. But for the purposes of this scientific examination into the subject we can pause at the real center of interest, the boudoir of *Theodora Fitzgerald*, the heroine, played by Miss Swanson.

Just here the suspense of the plot narrowed down to the technique of *Theodora* and her endearing young charms, as enhanced and treated at the dressing table.

THE picture was in the making at the Hollywood studio. The boudoir set was ready and cameras focused. A property man took a last look about before the lights came on for the picture making. The dressing table needed just a few more deft touches—and as an after-thought another perfume bottle was added. It was a peculiarly shaped bottle, squat and wide-spread, with a curious and imposing big black stopper, ornamented with flower carvings. It was a unique smart touch for the dressing table. There was no other bottle anything like it.

In a moment came the call of "Lights." There was a bit of rehearsal. Then Sam Wood, director, called "Camera." The scene was in the making, portraying *Theodora* making up. It



When Gloria descended to her bath she started much. Before "Male and Female" the white tiled bathroom was the last word in eloquence. De Mille, the screen's gift to plumbers, tinted the tiles of the nation

The answer to the barber's prayer, Irene Castle, the girl who did more than any single individual toward changing the slender styles of Paris



Pictures Do to Us

By Terry Ramsaye



Glistening, glittering, the glorified male head of Rudy Valentino. He made hair oil heroic. He brought honor to the comb and brush



A property man's whim—a squat bottle of perfume displayed for an instant's close-up on the dressing table used by Gloria Swanson in "Beyond the Rocks"—and the owners of an obscure perfume plant were made millionaires

Legs, legs, beautiful legs. The screen revealed them. Skirts got the air when screen legs got the spotlight. The vogue the Sennett beauties started is ruling the mode. Brevity has become the soul of style.

Diet now controls destiny

came to a close-up for the final nifty touches as the glorious Gloria made ready for the next scene in the sequence where she was to meet the valiant Valentino. This last touch was of course a dab of scent—from the curious and conspicuous perfume bottle with the black stopper.

When the picture was completed Rudolph-the-passionate was shown to be thoroughly ignited by the subtle poignancy of the mysteriously potent perfume. It was the triumph of the modern equivalent of the ancient magic of the love philtre.

In due course "Beyond the Rocks" went its way out to the motion picture theaters and the millions who buy their dreams at the box office.

Now the scene changes and we leave the motion picture and its dream purveying theaters for the broad light of day and the matter-of-fact world of business—from the screen to the New York department store, famed for the largest toilet goods department in the world.

IT was the very next day after "Beyond the Rocks" had flowered out in national release. The early morning shoppers came trickling through. They were stenographers, secretaries and the like, hurrying in on their way to work. They surveyed the perfume case. They were looking for something—something very definite. It was a certain perfume. They did not know the name "but it comes in that squatty little bottle with the big black stopper." Clerks, obliging and puzzled, hunted through the stock and offered this and that. The customers were not interested in alternatives. At last an obscure and unimportant brand came to light—in that same squatty bottle with the black stopper. It was *Narcisse Noir*.

Within a half hour the last of the twelve bottles in stock at that store had been sold out. But the customers kept coming and leaving orders. At noon the orders had mounted up to a total of two hundred bottles. The "carriage trade," the dowagers in furs, the elegant debutantes, the matrons and just housewives were pouring in, demanding the new perfume. It was a hit without a parallel in

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 132]



(Clarence Sinclair Bull photo)

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN comes from Birmingham, Alabama. Hence, all those songs about the popularity of the "midnight choo-choo" that leaves for Alabam'. And, believe it or not, Dorothy went to the University of Alabama. But she finished her higher education by taking a post-graduate course in George White's Scandals. And now Dorothy is in Hollywood.

Revolt A La McAvoy

By
Madeline Mablon



"I want to flap while I can," announced May McAvoy. So henceforth you'll see her in rôles that are daring—but discreet

IT didn't look like a revolt. Not according to the best Hollywood traditions. No "Quiet" signs. No invitations to "Keep Off This Set!" Instead a bunch of contented extras browsing on their ten dollar a day checks. Bridge in one corner. Stories in another. And May McAvoy before the camera with her cigarette tray.

The cigarette tray was a symbol. A symbol of a battle just won. Eve, I am told, had her apple. Joan of Arc her standard with its shimmering fleur-de-lis. Even Liberty, that statue, has her torch. May has her cigarette tray.

May had just staged a private revolt. After seven years of being the sweet pursued heroine she decided to do a bit of flapping. Not the horrid, obvious kind of flapping. Oh no! Something delicate and subtle that only a girl with a sense of humor could do. And right off the bat she met with a rebuff.

It might have been one of the producers. And it might not. It might have been one of the unnamed powers in the organization who pooh-poohed the name McAvoy when it was presented for consideration.

"McAvoy?" it said in a voice that was a cross between a roar and a guffaw. "McAvoy as a cigarette girl in a cafe! Run out and retrieve your head, you must have parked it to get your hair cut. McAvoy, indeed. After 'Sentimental Tommy' and 'West of the Water Tower' and 'Ben-Hur' and 'The Fire Brigade.' She's good, but not for a cigarette girl."

It did sound rather absurd, the way he put it. Picture gentle golden-haired *Esther* of "Ben-Hur" threading her way among the tables of a jazz temple. Or *Grizel* of "Sentimental Tommy" pocketing her tip for a package of Chesterfields or Camels. You will admit, it was hard to imagine.

SO May staged her revolt. It was a nice lady-like revolt, Sunderstand. Nothing chaotic like Pola used to effect, when it was rumored that even Jesse Lasky tiptoed around the lot. None of the sullen storm clouds like those that sweep Greta Garbo from the studio.

"I made up my mind that I was going to get out of the dramatic ingenue class," said May to us. "I don't want to abandon it entirely, but I want to flap while I can."

"There is plenty of time for drama later," said a snowy-haired woman who had been a great actress.

May adjusted the flippant little costume she had fought for. It was audacious but discreet. Not so discreet, however, but what its silk skirt, ending at the knee, was slashed six inches higher in rounded panels. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]

The Amateur

Conducted by Frederick James Smith

Read PHOTOPLAY'S advice each month
and try for the \$2,000 in prizes

THERE are seven cardinal errors made by movie amateurs, according to W. A. Shoemaker, editor of The Cine-Kodak News, published by the Eastman Kodak Company for the benefit of users of the Cine-Kodak. Here are the seven:

- Over-exposure
- Camera movement or unsteadiness
- Bad composition
- Under-exposure
- Tilting of the camera
- Wrong camera angle
- Dirty lenses

* * * *

REGARDING the second fault, unsteadiness, Mr. Shoemaker writes to PHOTOPLAY:

One of the most common faults of the amateur cinematographer is failure to hold the camera steady during exposure, which results in "jumpy" and "wobbly" pictures on the screen.

When it is considered that each little movement of the camera during exposure is magnified hundreds of times in the projected picture, the reason for this is readily seen. The variation of a fraction of an inch during exposure is so magnified during projection that the picture has the effect of taking a very pronounced jump. A series of these "jumps" is unpleasant to watch, and detract largely from the beauty of the picture.

Despite the frequency of this fault, it is easily corrected. It is not a difficult matter to hold the camera steady if a little thought is given to this matter while the exposure is being

made. If a camera is held at waist height, it should be placed firmly against the body, either above or to one side of the diaphragm, so that the breathing of the operator will not cause movement. A satisfactory method of photographing from waist height is to place the feet about eighteen inches apart, with the camera held firmly against the right or the left hip.

At eye level, the camera should be held firmly against the cheek, the elbows snug against the body. If possible, the arms should be rested on any firm object, or the back braced against a tree or any convenient upright body that will lend additional steadiness to the body of the operator.

If these simple precautions are taken, the results will more than justify the slight extra effort they demand.

RALPH BARTON, the well known caricaturist who has contributed frequently to PHOTOPLAY, is just completing a burlesque version of "Camille" with the most remarkable cast ever gathered for an amateur

film play. The film presents the lady of the Camillas as having two personalities, Anita Loos, the author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," playing the good side and Fania Marinoff, the actress and wife of Carl Van Vechten, appearing as the evil half. Madeline Boyd is *Madame Prudence*, Lois Moran is *Nichette*, Ethel Barrymore is *Olympe*, Fanny Ward is Camille's daughter, in a convent, Charles G. Shaw is *Armand*, Carl Van Vechten is *Armand's* father, Paul Robson

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]

Photoplay's \$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest

1. \$2,000 in cash prizes will be awarded by PHOTOPLAY as follows:
 1. \$500 for the best 1,000 foot 35 mm. film.
 2. \$500 for the best 400 ft. 16 mm. film.
 3. \$500 for the best 60 ft. 9 mm. film.
 4. \$500 as an added prize for the best film submitted in any one of these three divisions.

In the event that two or more films prove of equal merit in any division, prizes of \$500 will be awarded each of the winners.

2. The submitted film need not necessarily be a drama. It may be dramatic, comic, a news event, home pictures, a travelogue, a diary or any form of screen entertainment presented within the prescribed length. It need not be narrative. It may be anything the amateur creates. In selecting the win-

ners the judges will consider the general workmanship, as well as the cleverness, novelty and freshness of idea and treatment. Under the head of general workmanship comes photography, titling, editing and cutting and lighting. In considering dramas or comedies, amateur acting ability and make-up will be considered.

3. Films are to be submitted on non-inflammable stock with names and addresses of the senders securely attached or pasted to the reel or the box containing the reel.
4. Any number of reels may be submitted by an individual.
5. Any person can enter this contest except professional photographers or cinematographers or anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or any relatives of anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY.

6. All films are to be addressed to the judges, The Amateur Movie Producer Contest, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York, and are to be submitted between June 1, 1927, and midnight of December 31, 1927.

7. The judges will be James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY, Frederick James Smith, managing editor of PHOTOPLAY, and three others to be selected by them.

8. PHOTOPLAY assumes no responsibility for loss of films in transit, and while every precaution will be taken to safeguard them, the publication will not be responsible for loss in any way.

9. At the conclusion of the contest, the prize winners will be announced, and films returned to senders on receipt of sufficient postage for return.

Movie Producer

Are you one of the army of amateur film camera users? This department is for YOU



The amateur movie camera is invaluable in making a family record

By Nickolas Muray

Nickolas Muray is one of New York's foremost photographers. His experiments in amateur movie photography will be of unusual interest to PHOTOPLAY readers.

WHEN PHOTOPLAY asked me to outline my adventures with a small movie camera from the standpoint of a professional photographer, I felt aghast. It is so much easier to tell a story with a picture. However, since I started to play with my camera, both in this country and abroad, I have had a lot of interesting experiences.

Naturally, many of my experiments with my movie camera have been in the field of personal photography. Just what is the best way to get the most from a single subject? Having experimented with lights in straight photography for years, I probably started off with an advantage on the average amateur.

When I take a still photograph I place one light directly facing my subject. This is usually a powerful hanging light, just out of range of my still camera's lens. Then another light goes at the side of my subject, and slightly back of him. This to soften the first light and to give outline and contour to the face.

Now, with my camera, I have experimented with a number of well known subjects. Among them, for instance, were Aileen Pringle and Lya de Putti. I placed one light

facing my subject, arranged beside the camera but fixed three feet above the camera's lens. Then I placed another light at the side and slightly back of the subject, out of the field of the camera. This light should be exactly on the level of the lens.

The average amateur, when he attempts personal photography, overlights his subject. There is too much white and black. Don't put your lights too close to your subject. Never take a picture closer than three feet, regardless of the capabilities of your lens, unless you are trying for a special effect. I have done it, for instance, to get a close-up of a child's hand painting. For personal portraiture I use, in connection with my camera, a special lens.

I am experimenting continually. Last year I attended the circus in Madison Square Garden and got a reel of remarkable shots, using this special lens.

The average user of a small motion picture camera understands too little about the 8 and 16 speeds, or with double-speed, the 16 and 32 speeds. Using your camera set at 8, means that you expose your film for 1-16 of a second. Using

the 16 means a 1-32nd of a second exposure and so on. The 8 speed is not fast enough for normal movement. For instance, it will get a man walking slowly, but it will not film a street car in normal movement. Since it permits twice as much light to reach the film as the

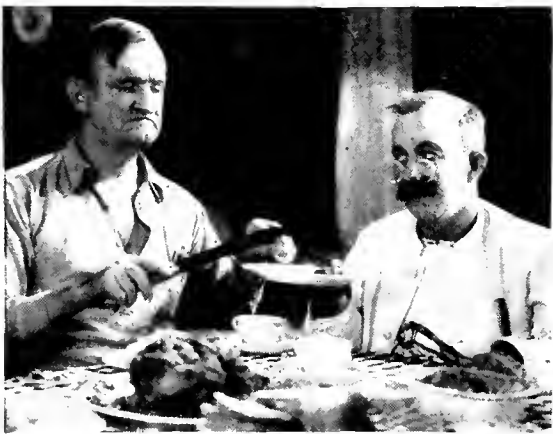
Write PHOTOPLAY for details of how to get a Movie Camera FREE

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PARADISE FOR TWO—Paramount

RICHARD DIX is developing steadily as a comedian. His work has style and *finesse* in this newest version of the young man who must get married within a specified time in order to inherit a legacy. The story, of course, is hackneyed; but, between Mr. Dix, Betty Bronson and the resourceful director, Gregory La Cava, the comedy assumes real proportions of humor and entertainment. Incidentally, a word for Miss Bronson. This young woman, who possesses a real sense of comedy, isn't getting the breaks she deserves. The rest of the small cast is admirable: Edmund Breese being the benevolent uncle with the legacy, and Andre Beranger the booking agent who engages Miss Bronson to act the rôle of Dix's make-believe wife. You can guess the complications.



McFADDEN'S FLATS—First National

HERE is comedy broad as a prairie and subtle as a brick, but if you are bored with "touches" and languid acting, you'll find joyous relief at sight of Charlie Murray and Chester Conklin acting all over the screen as an Irishman and a Scotchman who try breaking into society.

Dan McFadden and *Jock McTavish* are friendly enemies. *Dan* starts realizing the dream of a lifetime when he begins building *McFadden's Flats*. He sends his pretty daughter to boarding school and turns his home from late Irish to early Italian. Then he goes broke. *Jock*, who never before parted with anything except his comb, risks his entire savings to save *Dan*. Charlie Murray has been given most of the footage but Chester Conklin, true to his usual custom, steals the picture.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



THE MONKEY TALKS—Fox

HERE is a film that possesses the priceless asset of an original story idea. The stage melodrama was imported from France and William Fox has been holding it for some time as a trump card. You will pardon us, I hope, if we give you a little idea of the plot. A vaudeville performer owns a sensational talking monkey. The weird little animal is not a real monkey but a strange little man who, at the sacrifice of his own human identity, carries on the grotesque masquerade.

The big kick of the picture comes when the villain steals the man monkey and substitutes a real simian in his place. And when the real monkey—a murderous beast—slinks into the dressing room of the lovely young girl whom the talking monkey had loved, you get a scene that is a real thriller. In the working out of the plot of this original melodrama, you get one of the best pictures of its kind of the year.

The high spot of the film is the performance of Jacques Lerner as the talking monkey.

Mr. Lerner played the rôle on the stage, both in New York and in Paris.

It is a performance that will make Lon Chaney cry his eyes out, because it is a real achievement in character make-up.

Moreover, the rôle is so expertly drawn that Mr. Lerner makes it sympathetic rather than repellent.

Such a bizarre story needs good acting.

And it gets it.

Olive Borden once again proves that she is stellar material and a young man, Don Alvarez, merits your especial attention.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

THE MONKEY TALKS THE SHOW
 ' PARADISE FOR TWO
 McFADDEN'S FLATS
WHEN A MAN LOVES THE RED MILL

The Best Performances of the Month

Jacques Lerner in "The Monkey Talks"
Olive Borden in "The Monkey Talks"
Dolores Costello in "When a Man Loves"
 Renee Adoree in "The Show"
 John Gilbert in "The Show"
Richard Dix in "Paradise for Two"
Marion Davies in "The Red Mill"



WHEN A MAN LOVES—Warner Bros.

THE romance of *Manon*, fair, frail beauty of the Court of Louis XV and *des Grieux*, chevalier of the shifting conscience, is told in bald movie style. The tale, originally a piece of perfumed French sentiment, is turned into a hodge-podge of noisy melodrama and conventional romance.

Summed up, the picture is a long hymn of praise to Dolores Costello. And that makes it worth seeing. For Dolores has real gifts in addition to her heart-breaking beauty. John Barrymore goes in to his scenes as one who says: "Now watch what a fine actor I am! Please note my chiselled profile!" The production is one of those costume pictures that looks "Wiggy." It carries no great illusion. But Miss Costello, who is the whole show, makes up for most of the deficiencies by the magic of her presence.



THE SHOW—M-G-M

SINCE the hit of "The Big Parade," any film in which Jack Gilbert and Renee Adoree have the leading rôles is bound to attract a lot of attention. "The Show" has the Gilbert-Adoree combination, besides a great deal of color and highly keyed melodrama. And there is a strange and deadly reptile in the cast—resembling a gila monster—which will provide all sorts of authentic shudders.

"The Show" is a story of a Budapest sideshow. Gilbert is *Cock Robin*, the spieler. Miss Adoree is *Salome* in a trick act in the garish Palace of Illusions. The resemblance of *Cock Robin* to *Liliom*, by the way, is more than marked. *Cock Robin* is the arrogant idol of all the Budapest servant girls. He steals and loves with equal abandon. *Salome* loves him and, in the end, brings about his redemption.

However, in the sideshow is a villainous Greek who casts covetous eyes upon *Salome*. To get his revenge, he drops Mr. Gila Monster in *Salome's* garret boudoir, hoping, of course, that it will nip *Cock Robin*. Here is where the shudders come in.

When the reptile starts flipping about the place, we positively guarantee your kick.

We give Miss Adoree a bit the best of it for her moving performance of *Salome*. With half a chance, this player can steal a picture. Gilbert is excellent as *Cock Robin*. Unlike most stars, he isn't afraid to hit an unsympathetic note when the characterization calls for it. No stellar sugar coating for Monsieur Gilbert.

Tod Browning's direction has vigor and atmosphere. It comes up close behind his "The Unholy Three" and "The Road to Mandalay."



THE RED MILL—M-G-M

IF there has been any doubt in your mind about Marion Davies' abilities as a comedienne, be sure and see "The Red Mill." The plot has as many holes as a mustard plaster, but what's a plot with Marion's capers and pantomime, plus Joe Farnum's wisecracking titles?

Tina, the Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom comic opera heroine, cavorts through one slapstick situation after another and finally marries Owen Moore, who has been conveniently available for several reels.

Here is a fairly amusing comedy with the star giving a cheery performance of the Holland hoyden. Incidentally, the direction is the work of William Goodrich, who is no other than Fatty Arbuckle under his newer megaphone cognomen.

**THE
MAGIC
GARDEN—
F. B. O.**



**LOVE'S
GREATEST
MISTAKE—
Paramount**



ANOTHER of Gene Stratton Porter's back to nature studies. Romance, romance, romance is in the air in the magic garden fashioned by the pen of the late novelist. Childish love blossoms forth in true movie-fashion. Those who are lovers of the works of the late Hoosier writer, who made the picturesque Dunes country nationally known, will find this to their liking, but for real romantic sugary minds this is only saccharine.

BEING adapted from a serial, this picture possesses too much story. It is a brisk melodrama of life in New York; that is, that part of Manhattan revolving around the night clubs. Josephine Dunn, elevated to feature prominence from the Paramount school, is too immature for the chief rôle but good performances are contributed by William Powell and Evelyn Brent. Iris Gray, another school graduate, reveals possibilities as a minor vamp.

**A LUNATIC
AT LARGE—
F. N.**



**JOHNNY
GETS A
HAIRCUT—
M-G-M**



LEON ERROL proves that he can be as funny on the screen as on the stage. You'll get many hearty laughs out of this. The story is a crazy affair about Errol changing places with an inmate of a lunatic asylum. Here he meets a fellow who is just as sane as he (?). How Errol escapes and prevents the real crazy guy from marrying the girl, Dorothy Mackaill, is where the plot comes in. If you think this is a crazy picture blame the fellow who made it.

THIS is Jackie Coogan's first grown-up picture. Jackie has still the same delightful personality that dominated his earlier pictures. And those big brown soulful eyes—no one can ever forget them. Jackie gets a job as a "waitress" in a jockey's boarding house. He becomes half-owner of a horse and foils the plot to throw the race. Jackie gets the threatened haircut and blossoms out a real man to the amusement of the audience. Take the children.

**THE
LAST
TRAIL—
Fox**



**MARRIAGE—
Fox**



ZANE GREY'S red hot thrillers are perfectly suited to Tom Mix and Tony. Just the mixture for this dashing pair of comrades. Lots of good fights, shooting, and here as an extra added attraction a wild and woolly stage coach race that is a race. Tom's a sheriff who cleans up the town and in his spare time still has the opportunity to think of romance. This will prove a winner with all Mix fans. Here you see Tom, Carmelita Geraghty and Jerry Madden.

H. G. WELLS didn't tell us anything new—that two can live as cheaply as one. Everyone who hasn't tried it, knows that. The villain appears in the disguise of a philanthropist by buying hubby's invention. Wifey goes wild with all her diamonds and clothes. Hubby suspects the villain and leaves home. Later they are reunited in a little jungle but in Africa. Yes, it's the same old plot. Just a lot of apple-sauce, sister.

**THE
DENVER
DUDE—
Universal**



HOOT GIBSON gets all dolled up like Astor's pet horse to get the girl. I thought women only did those things to get their man or birds of paradise to dazzle the modest female. Anyhow, Hoot foils the villain and shows he is a real he-man and of course the girl falls for him because he is. The kiddies will look upon this as a glorious event but we have a sneaky suspicion grownups will only have a yawning good time.



**GETTING
GERTIE'S
GARTER—
Producers
Dist. Corp.**

BEFORE they started making this picture somebody should have remembered garters are not what they used to be. In 1927 it is rather difficult to believe any girl would be terrorized over the fact she had been twice engaged, and had once accepted a jeweled garter from an ex-fiancée. That's the whole plot here. Marie Prevost, pounds beyond the pleasingly plump stage, plays *Gertie*. Charles Ray is too sterling an actor to waste on the stupid hero.

**UPSTREAM—
Fox**



THIS is not a picture of the great outdoors. It is an enjoyable story of the lives of the stage folk without their grease paint. "Upstream" relates to the good fortune of the "hams" who are fortunate enough to play Shakespearean rôles. Sammy Cohen and Ted McNamara, the comedy team of "What Price Glory," are priceless in this. Earle Fox, Nancy Nash and Grant Withers head the cast. Better see this. You'll like it.



**TAXI, TAXI—
Universal**

SEVEN reels of this type comedy is too long. Cutting would improve it, bringing the laughs closer together and leaving out the dull spots. Edward Everett Horton meets the boss's daughter and falls in love. He's the kind of an employee who is always getting in Dutch but at the proper time shows he has the goods. Marion Nixon is very cute as the heroine. All in all, you'll find this rather entertaining. We'll guarantee you won't be bored.

**MANBAIT—
Producers
Dist. Corp.**



MARIE PREVOST is one of those good little sales-ladies who smashes a masher and is promptly fired. It has happened before in the lives of screen heroines. She becomes a dance hall hostess and meets a wealthy boy. To mix in his social class she needs training, and during the course of instruction the older brother falls in love with her. Marie's pals make a *faux pas* at a grand party but everything ends joyfully. Mild stuff.



**THE TAXI
DANCER—
M-G-M**

AWEAK and unsavory story, of a Southern girl who longs to be a dance star. She comes to Manhattan, gets involved with scoundrily millionaires and dancers but wins the true love of a young Irish gambler. There are unnecessarily repellant incidents. Joan Crawford, however, rides high over the inferior material. Here is a girl of singular beauty and promise. And she certainly has IT. Just now she is very much in need of good direction. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]



P Perfect Behavior

You've had to wait two months for this advice and we would not urge you to accept it—but the laughs are worth the reading of it

*Maybe this is a synopsis of preceding chapters.
Maybe it isn't. Here it is, anyway:*

JESSIE" JAMES, a religious fanatic, is conducting revival services in Los Angeles, a small but growing city near Hollywood. In his audience are two young men, Lew Cody and Norman Kerry, who have come out West from Chambersburg to try "pot luck" in moving pictures. They wake up and everybody has gone home, so they start to look around for their hats. Outside the tent they find "Jessie," who is counting the day's receipts and wearing Norman's hat. They decide to embrace religion and in the struggle the evangelist is knocked cold. They pick him up and carry him to their room.

When he "comes to," he discovers that the two young men are planning to become motion-picture actors and he tries to

reform them. He pictures the terrible temptations that will probably beset the young of America who are beginning to come West from all over the country to enter the "films." He prophesies that Hollywood will one day rival Sodom and Gomorrah in iniquity. This is the first good news that the two have had since their arrival and they are very grateful to the evangelist. They offer to help him to get into pictures if they ever have any success themselves.

"I would rather die first," replies the man of God.
"There's going to be a lot of money in it for some one," says Cody.

"I would rather die first," repeats the evangelist, and then he adds: "How do you mean—a lot of money?"

Lew tells him of the stories he has heard about the possible profits, if the business ever takes hold, and the evangelist goes out for a walk. When he returns, he announces that



Suppose a big super-production of "The Life of Christ" is under way. In the first place the wheels of the publicity department have to be set in motion to prepare the public. Here you see the publicity men considering ways and means of bringing interest in angels to a fever heat

Donald Ogden Stewart's

GUIDE to

in Hollywood

God has spoken to him and commanded him to go into the motion-picture business for its own good.

"I have had a vision," he says. "A beautiful, wonderful vision—and my eyes were opened—and I saw that what the motion-picture business needs is men like myself—men with ideals."

So he changes his name from "Jessie" James to Louis B. Ginsberg and becomes president of Supreme Pictures, Inc.

Meanwhile, in far distant New York City, a famous actress is dying. At her bedside kneels her young and only child, a daughter of seventeen whom the mother has devotedly trained in all the secrets of her art until the public has already begun to acclaim the daughter as a worthy successor of her great mother.

"And remember, my child," says the mother, with her last breaths of life, "the Theater is a Temple—a Temple of the People. It is Holy—and you are its Priestess."

"Yes, mother," replies the girl through her tears. "And what should I do with this offer of a contract in moving pictures?"

The dying woman does not seem to hear.

"I pass on to you the torch," she whispers painfully through

clenched teeth. "Keep it bright. Remember—your family name has been great on the stage for generations."

The daughter bows her head. The mother is silent. Finally she speaks and the girl bends over to catch her dying words.

"How—much—was—that contract?" she gasps.

"Two thousand dollars a week," replies the daughter.

The mother's eyes close. At last her lips move.

"In the lower left hand pigeonhole of that desk," she gasps, "you will find a time-table."

The daughter, fighting back her sobs, decides to humor her mother's last request.

"A time-table for Heaven, mother dear?" she asks with trembling lips.

"For Hollywood," replied the mother, "and I think we'll need a drawing room."

MEANWHILE, in far-off Columbus, Ohio, a famous writer named Donald Ogden Stewart is sitting at a desk writing a great book. He finishes the first few sentences of the first paragraph of the first chapter and glances up into a mirror over the desk. Something about the face reflected there reminds him somehow of Shakespeare [CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]



Sea Sky Solitude

John Held, Jr., gives you a behind-the-camera glimpse of little Lillie Lovely in her big scene from "Shipwrecked Passions"



BECAUSE he wanted a girl who could act and because he wanted an actress who could wear clothes and because he wanted a woman who could look like Somebody Important, Herbert Brenon selected May Allison for an important rôle in his new special, "The Telephone Girl."

Whose



One. Formerly known as the "legs of the Lasky lot." Now they have walked to another studio. Said to be the most shapely in pictures.

Three. Legs were legs in the Elegant Eighties. Ask Dad who played the rôle of Gabriel in "Evangeline" and Serpolette in "The Chimes of Normandy." Then watch him blush!



Two. The owner of these legs is always sure of good support. The lady is a native of Kentucky and has only recently burst into stardom. Her sister is a Baby Star.



Four. Don't be deceived by the cotton stockings and the flat pumps. These simple, childish legs are the most expensive in movies.



Five. Exotic limbs—the property of a tall siren who is just beginning to climb the ladder of fame. The lady is the owner of a name with an Oriental flavor.

Legs?

See Page 118



Six. This splendid pair of "kicks" belongs to a young, dark-haired beauty who has made one of the outstanding hits of the year. Try this in your gymnasium.



Seven. They Charle-toned to stardom—heh! heh! Musical comedy lost one of its best bets when this young person hit the trail westward.



Ten. The Original Synonym for Beautiful Legs. The most famous pair that ever trod the boards.



Eight. The slim legs of an elfin child. No, she is not naturally knock-kneed and bowlegged. Just cuttin' up!

Nine. The grandest, swellest, most awe-inspiring works of art that ever stepped from the "Scandals" chorus to the studio floor to delight, amaze and uplift the followers of the Eighth Art.



*"April, April,
laugh thy girl-
ish laughter
And, a moment
after, weep thy
girlish tears."*

Betty Bronson—
and her garden—
—remind you that
Spring is here.



Alexander

Their Funniest Fan Letters

By

Frances Clark

FIVE million letters are received every year by motion picture stars.

Every month, PHOTOPLAY receives thirty thousand such letters, commenting on the work of the stars.

A single good performance by an unknown player in one picture calls forth thousands of letters.

These "fan" letters are the barometer of motion picture popularity. A steady increase in "fan" letters means a nice new contract for a star. A slight decrease is instantly noted by the producers.

Do the stars read these letters? Yes, they do. They may not read all of them, but the ones that register serious criticism—favorable or unfavorable—are carefully heeded. Stars never believe anything until they see it in black and white. If the "fan" mail of a star registers disapproval of a certain type of story, the star usually sees fit to change his or her policy. Like the articles and criticisms which appear in PHOTOPLAY, these reactions carry real weight in the studios.

The "fan" letters accurately reflect the trend of public opinion. Even the domestic affairs of the actresses and actors are candidly discussed in these letters from the unknown friends. Once an actor announced that he and his wife were to break their domestic ties. This star's mail doubled in a week. The death of Valentino brought an unprecedented amount of mail to PHOTOPLAY's office. Old-timers, now off the screen, are mentioned in scores of letters.

THE letters come from all parts of the world; they are written in all languages. They come from children, just learning to write, and octogenarians. They contain appeals for money, for old clothes, stock-selling schemes. Some of them are from those letter-writing "nuts" who will write anyone whose name appears in print. But perhaps the most amusing are the hollers for help from lonely hearts or the ingenious stories invented to separate the stars from their salaries.

PHOTOPLAY asked some of the stars to select their funniest "fan" letters for publication. With names deleted, of course.

WHAT BECOMES OF "FAN" LETTERS?

The studios turn over the letters to the stars' secretaries or to the secretaries employed by the company to handle this mail.

Requests for photographs are sorted from the rest of the mail. If you want to be sure of getting a photograph, enclose a quarter. Requests unaccompanied by money to cover the cost of mailing are thrown in the waste basket.

All other letters are read by the secretaries. Letters containing sound, well-expressed criticism are sorted from the others and read by the stars. An intelligent letter seldom fails to get a hearing, even if it doesn't get an answer. After being carefully counted, as an indication of the star's popularity, all other letters are destroyed.

If you write to a star and want your letter to be read, don't write gushing nonsense. Say something and say it briefly and intelligently. In other words, write as you would to a respected friend.

And here they are—an interesting sidelight into this popularity business.

Consider this heart-rending appeal made to Buster Keaton by a lonely widow.

"I AM not very happy here in Elgin, and if you have ever been in Elgin, you'd know why I feel as I do. Not only does my residence here make me unhappy, but the man I married left me the day after our wedding.

"One afternoon, while feeling blue, I sat in a picture theater all afternoon, and saw you twice. You didn't smile once, and I feel sorry to think you had nothing to smile about. If you will send me money for R. R. fare I will be glad to oblige you by taking the train to Sunny California and if you are the kind of a man I think you are you will marry me and I will bring sunshine into your life and make you laugh from the time you see me. I am not pretty but I have brains, and am fond of home cooking and like music, in fact I like to play the radio.

"P. S. I have written you four letters and am sure they were opened by someone else as you didn't answer me. If you don't answer this one, I will write a postal next time as nobody can open a postal card. By the way, please make 'Smilin' Thru' as your next."

FROM the Philippine Islands, May Allison received a letter from an "Isolated" mind that taught her some brand new variations of the English language:

"It is my intention to disturb your tranquility and ask from you a sly remembrance from your admirable self, with eyes so bright as the morning shine of the sun and your face a beautiful avora, for when I cannot see a bit of your shadow I am falling in the ocean.

"I am longing for your beautiful picture, for I am with your finger struck, and I would with you like to have me always.

"These words are so simple but best I can obtain from this poor and isolated mind at present. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 138]

The Roman Knows

Illustrated by
J. J. Gould

HEADED by Director Julius Caesar Clump, the twenty-three members of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., temporarily sojourning in Rome, Italy, clambered up to the first tier of the Colosseum and crowded into the box from which emperors had viewed titanic and bloody struggles.

They gazed raptly across the magnificent breadth of the Flavian amphitheater and Florian Slappety expressed the depth of his feeling in a highly expressive way:

"Hot ziggity dam! Some theater!"

"Ain't you tootin'?" endorsed the colored director. He turned toward two large gentlemen who hovered near him. "Down yonder, fellers, is where you-all is gwine fight."

Glowering at one another, the two largest members of the traveling troupe moved forward to where they commanded an uninterrupted view of the vast arena.

Simeon Broughton was huge and muscular. Opus Randall was even more huge but not nearly so powerful. Yet Opus's natural timidity had vanished before the onslaughts of green jealousy. He stared at the space where valiant gladiators had exterminated one another—where lean and hungry animals from the jungles of Asia and Africa had dined lavishly on martyrs—and he turned a sneery eye upon the other large gentleman.

"Down yonder, Simeon," he postulated—"is where you is gwine to become extinct."

"Fumadiddles! Tha's the ve'y spot where you is gwine happen to a catastrophe, Opus. An' fo' one lire, I'd stah in right now."

"Boasts what you utters! You aint got the nerve to stah nothin', an' if you did—"

Simeon doubled his fists and moved toward the belligerent Opus, but Caesar Clump and the portly president—Orlice R. Latimer—stepped quickly between the would-be combatants.

"You boys lay off that rough stuff. Opporchunity to fight this thing out is the one thing you bofe aint gwine have nothin' else but."

"Hmph! An' Opus is gwine wish—"

"—I aint gwine wish nothin' 'cept that you was twins so I could bust you twice."

A SLIM and elegant creature of the feminine persuasion insinuated herself between the two large gentlemen. Miss Magnesia Jones, minor actress with Midnight, pleaded for peace. "I don't want you two fellers fightin' over me. I aint wuth it . . ."

"Who says you aint?"

"I does. I aint nothin' but a po' cullud gal, an'—"

"You is the mos' magnificentest lady I ever set eyes on," averred Opus loudly, "an' I can lick the man what says you saint." He shoved his countenance across Director Clump's shoulder and leered at Simeon. "An' that means you mos' specific, Mistuh Broughton!"

Simeon struggled to break loose. "Why dog-gone yo' ornery hide, you measley hunk of tripe! Fo' a nickel I'd—"

"C'mon! C'mon along an' see how you enjoy countin' roots fo' the rest of time! I craves action—"

The company pressed close in the narrow confines of the royal box. Bodies were tense and eyes glistened. The Opus-Simeon feud had been brewing for a considerable length of time. Day after day it had increased in bitterness until it seemed that nothing short of mortal combat could satisfy either man.

The situation did not involve the eternal triangle, except by indirection. It was true enough that the radiant Magnesia Jones was at the bottom of the trouble, but Opus and Simeon



were by no means rivals for her hand. As a matter of fact, Simeon possessed a buxom and adored wife back in Birmingham, Alabama. But there were certain things . . .

Ever since the company had landed in Naples more than six weeks previously, Opus Randall had exhibited a marked eagerness for the society of Miss Jones. They took long walks together, they ate together in out-of-the-way restaurants. They afforded every symptom of serious romance.

Opus Randall Takes the Glad Out of a Gladiator—Don't Miss This One

By



Octavus
Roy
Cohen

Opus Randall picked up his trident viciously and turned to his director. "Caesar Clump," he demanded, "I has been done dirt, but Ise goin' th'oo with it. I asks you right now: Is you gwine permit me to make a good job of this feller Broughton once I gits him where I wants him?"



Then something happened. Forcep Swain, Midnight's imminent author, was credited with making a remark of highly derogatory nature anent Miss Jones. Opus descended on the slim young author in a cloud and demanded retraction. Forcep indignantly denied authorship of the remark although he admitted that he had repeated it.

"Then who said it fust?" demanded the irate Opus.
"Nemmin' who."

"You po' significant, misguided shrimp. You either tells me or I slams you so hard yo' ancestors is gwine think a yearthquake has mused 'em up. C'mon now—"

In sheer self-defense, Forcep told. "It was Simeon Broughton," said he.

In the presence of many spectators Opus proceeded to express uncomplimentary opinions of Midnight's star scenario writer—thus incurring the eternal displeasure of that sensitive person.

Our Heroes Crash the Colosseum Gates



Opus and Magnesia Jones spent the afternoon in the Colosseum and across the way at the Forum. Magnesia wasn't thoroughly impressed with the historic ruins, however. "Tain't that I don't like this, Opus," she exclaimed. "But it seems to me that they has let things get kind of run down."

He then set off to wreak revenge on the husky body of Simeon Broughton.

He did not immediately find Simeon, which may have been fortunate, since Mr. Broughton possessed an avoirdupois of nearly two hundred pounds, most of which was muscle. Until joining the Midnight organization, Mr. Broughton had been by profession a neighborhood janitor in Birmingham—a man whose summer labors consisted of manicuring lawns and who, in winter, chaperoned furnaces.

But even though Opus did not instantly assault Simeon, the outraged Forcep Swain took good care that Simeon learned of Mr. Randall's threats. Mr. Broughton roared with fury. He sent back a deft to Opus and followed it with further loud speechments of the very nature which had started all the trouble.

Only the fact that Opus was hopelessly enamored of Magnesia Jones could have made him forget his idiosyncrasy against personal injury. Not that Opus immediately sailed into battle. But he let his hatred of Simeon grow upon him until he no longer counted cost: he felt that action was becoming incumbent upon him . . . and above all, he knew that if he did not do something definite, he would lose favor in the eyes of the lady whom he had vowed to protect against calumny.

Meanwhile, all of this had come to the ears of Director J. Caesar Clump, and Mr. Clump was far from unhappy. He discussed the matter at some length with President Latimer and they agreed that the feud could be used by Midnight to excellent advantage.

"Heah us is in Rome," explained Caesar. "Ev'body back in

the States that knows Midnight is makin' two-reel comedies in Europe is gwine expect us to shoot somethin' in the Colosseum, an' that somethin' has got to be a gladiator fight. All right; heah's our chance to git somethin' good. Us gladiates Opus an' Simeon."

"Hot dawg! Against each other?"

"Nothin' less. An' if we can keep 'em apart until then, we gits a swell battle."

Thus far they had been kept apart. Meanwhile, Clump had conferred with Author Forcep Swain, not suspecting Mr. Swain's ignoble rôle at the outset of the trouble. He commissioned Forcep to do a bit of research and then concoct a scenario which would bring together Opus and Simeon in gladiatorial combat.

Forcep's eyes glistened. Here was his chance. He rushed down to the English bookstore which flourishes in the magnificent arcade near the corner of the Via del Tritone and the Corso Umberto. There he made several purchases and that night immersed himself in the lore of ancient Rome.

At two o'clock in the morning, Mr. Swain made a discovery. Instantly he rushed through the corridor of his modest hotel and beat upon the door of Simeon's room. Mr. Broughton grumblingly admitted him.

"Whaffo' you wakes up somebody at this hour of the night, Forcep?"

"Oh, boy! Jus' wait 'til you hear!"

"Heah which?"

"What I got to tell you about how you are going to smear Opus Randall all over the Appian Way."

Simeon blinked the slumber from his eyes. He seated the visitor in a chair. "A'right," commanded Mr. Broughton—"Shoot!"

Long before Mr. Swain had completed his exposition, Simeon was rocking with laughter.

"Sweet Sufferin' Patooties, Forcep—what a brain you has got in yo' haid." Then he grew doubtful. "But do you reckon Caesar Clump is gwine stan' fo' any such of a tbing?"

"He's got to!"

"How come?"

"Because," murmured Forcep beatifically—"I don't deliver the details of the battle scene until most of the rest of the pitcher is shot. By that time you has registered as one person an' Opus has registered as t'other an' they won't be no chance of doin' it all over on account it would cos' too much cash money."

THE conspirators chuckled gleefully, and then, because sleep had been banished effectually, they left the hotel and strolled the dark and deserted streets of Rome, which aroused the suspicions of certain wandering members of the *carabinieri*.

But that had been more than a week ago. Since that time much of the Tiber had flowed through Rome, and many a foot of film sped by the camera lens as the trials, tribulations, troubles and trespassings of two valiant Romans had been recorded by the expert and indefatigable cameraman, Exotic Hines.

Now the company grouped in the royal box and listened to the vituperation with which Opus and Simeon besprinkled one another. Magnesia Jones, terrifically bappy in her rôle of lady fayre, tried to keep the would-be combatants apart. The director, however, was willing that they indulge in actual hostilities—his only desire being that they await the proper moment, when costuming should be right and the busy camera properly focused.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 144]

The First Screen Actress

The Toast of the Nineties



The Cissy Fitzgerald of the Nineties who did her famous "Gayety Girl" dance before a funny little black box camera, operated by Thomas A. Edison

Cissy's naughty wink was the first screen mannerism to become famous. She was also one of the first comedians to be starred in a series

By
Dorothy Spensley

"YOU will see," said Cissy Fitzgerald, lifting the brown and red plaid of her skirt in Mary Garden-like gesture, "why I am late.

"I had an automobile accident which left me with this." A black-blue-green-red bruise on the side of a far-too-shapely leg.

Not at all the kind of a leg that the Original Motion Picture Actress would be expected to have. And that is what Cissy Fitzgerald is. The One and Only Original Motion Picture Actress. There is Thomas A. Edison to prove it, and there is Cissy.

It was thirty years ago this winter. A bleak, dark, cold day in East Orange, New Jersey, where Edison has his laboratory. Cissy shivered and by way of contrast removed her fashionable fur scarf from brown-velveted shoulders:

"I remember very well the day. It was in the winter of 1896. A very cold day—" Cissy says "ver-ry" in the English way. "We were bundled in furs, my maid and I. We came over from Hoyt's Theater in New York where I was playing a musical comedy called 'The Foundling.'

Cissy doesn't look a bit like a pioneer. And yet her journey to Edison's laboratory, thirty years ago, blazed the first trail from stage to studio

"Mr. Edison was in his laboratory. At one end of the room was this little black box with a handle. It stood on a tripod, in just the way it does today. He commenced to crank. It sounded like a Gatling gun. The noise was terrific for such a small black box. It clattered and spluttered and I danced my 'Gayety Girl' dance. Back and forth I dipped and curtsied. I sang snatches of my little song. . . .

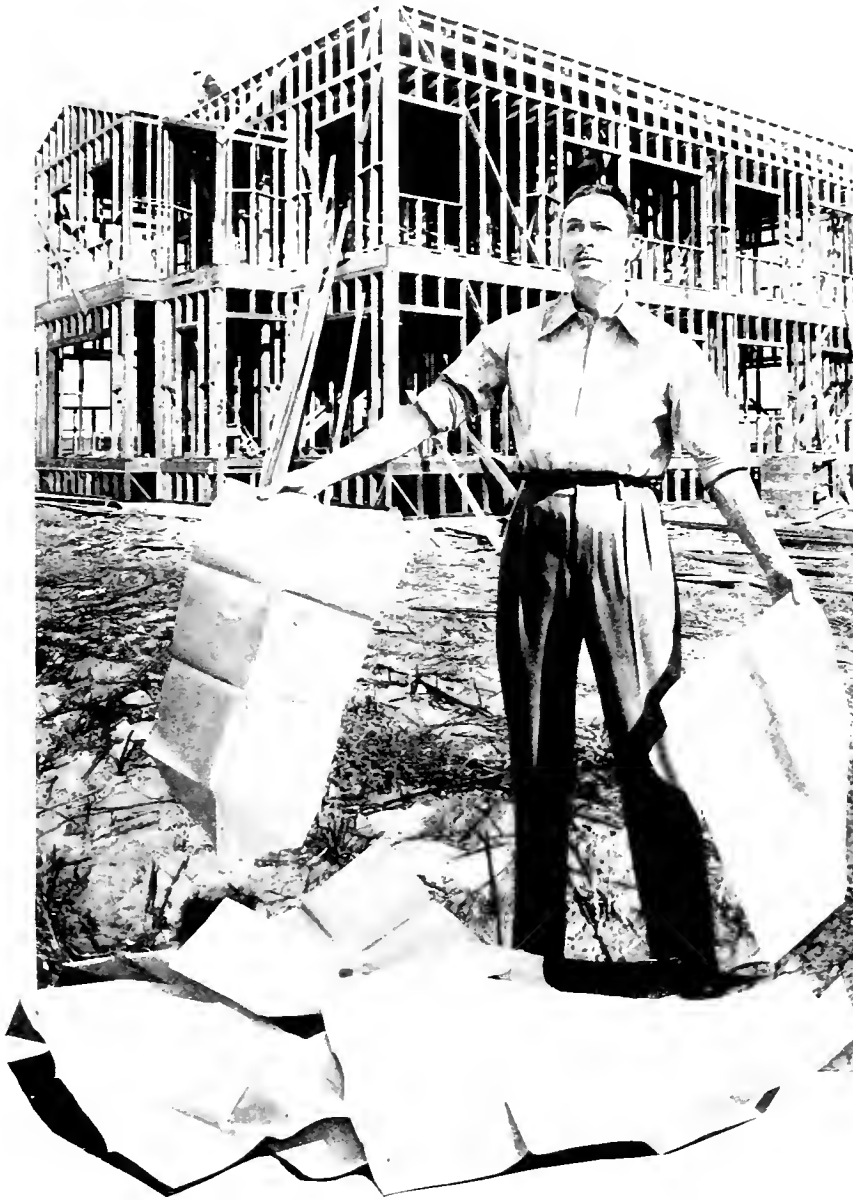
"I'm up-to-date and rather fly, My way about I know, I'm not too forward or too shy, I'm neither fast nor slow, I'm not demure nor am I loud, I keep this side the bar, I'll push my way in any crowd, But I'll never go too far. . . .

"And my dress. White muslin that fell in a frou-frou about my ankles. A froth of lace on a half a dozen petticoats. Cherry-colored ribbons and a wasp waist. Hair all crimped and knotted at the back of my head. And bangs, oh yes, 'Cissy Fitzgerald bangs.' You know, I used to have a bonnet named after me, too. It was worn on the back of the head—such a little thing—and tied with ribbons. If you wore a 'Cissy Fitzgerald bonnet' you were in vogue in [CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

Hearthstones *and* Heart

By
Rod
La Rocque

*Who battled
twenty rounds
with an archi-
tect to win a
home*



Picture of a young man (the author, of course) at the mercy of contractors, painters and plumbers. And only a lot of blueprints between him and hopeless insanity! Just ready to play *Hamlet*

BUILDING a house is one of those things that has to be seen to be believed.

I wouldn't take anything for the one I did build, but I wouldn't build another one for a million dollars.

People will tell you, quite intelligent people, that you'll never really be satisfied with a house until you build it yourself and have every little thing just the way you want it. That's true. But the process by which you get every little thing just the way you want it—the heartbreaks, cold steel and blood it requires!

First of all, if you contemplate building a large house, or even a small one, I should advise you to lay off your regular employment for at least six months. A year would be better, but six months will do. Abandon everything—hope, family, and the pursuit of such career as you have mapped out for yourself.

You might just as well make a clean sweep at the beginning, because in the end you'll be forced to it.

Then buy yourself a pair of good strong overalls—male or female—a pair of spiked football shoes and a lunch pail.

I had always wanted my own home. Living on the road a lot, as I did when I was getting my experience on the stage, that wish grew into a sort of craving. As soon as I could afford it, as soon as I was settled halfway permanently in any one place, I was going to have a home.

I think almost every man has that feeling somewhere inside his cranium.

It was one of the happiest days of my life when I told my mother and sister that I was going to build a house. Not exactly with my own hands, but I was going to have a house just

breaks

the way I wanted it. I thought mother gave me a slightly disturbed look. But she didn't say anything. She is a very wise woman and she has learned that you can't tell young folks much. They have to go and find out for themselves. She gave me a specially motherly kiss and let it go at that.

Now I want it thoroughly understood that I am mentioning no names. Not a name. And also let me assure you that it doesn't make a darn bit of difference what architect, what contractor, what carpenters, plumbers, electricians, painters, plasterers, lathers, bricklayers, masons, and tile-workers you have. It all happens just the same.

FIRST you start in with the plans. I did. Optimistically, I knew exactly what I wanted. I wanted a pretty chateau, of the rambling French-Italian style, with a mediæval library and a long gallery for my pictures. I wanted about ten rooms, not more than eleven.

I got a Georgian Colonial, with sixteen rooms in the house and three over the garage. And *liked* it. That's the funny part of it.

You see there are so many things about building a house that a neophyte doesn't realize. First place, my chateau idea didn't fit my prop-



A living room like this is worth fighting for. But, oh, the torture back of that peaceful fireplace! And oh, the conflict over the bland tone of those walls!



A bathtub in which a six-footer may bathe in comfort. A soap dish placed for convenience. But at what a price! This bit of plumbing nearly cost Rod his job



erty. Didn't belong with the trees, or the general lay of the land. Secondly, I found that I couldn't actually have the effects I wanted in a chateau.

More than that, it's funny how many things you can't do, when it comes to building a house. You think it's all very simple, and you'd think in these days of radio and Vitaphones that they'd invent a way to build houses the way a man wants 'em.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 142]

Rod wanted a French chateau with ten rooms. He got a Georgian Colonial with sixteen. But he wouldn't sell it for a million dollars. Nor would he ever build another



The Vionnet neckline of the simple one piece frock above is a perennially smart spring note. With hand drawn work as its sole adornment, this is the sort of frock that can as bravely face a city shopping tour as afternoon tea at the country club. Navy, tan, Queen blue, Palmetto, green, maize, flesh or white crepe de chine. Sizes 14-40. Reasonably priced at \$14.93. The bags sketched at the left above are of alligator calf and come in the seasonable shades, such as tan, green, red, etc. Each \$2.95

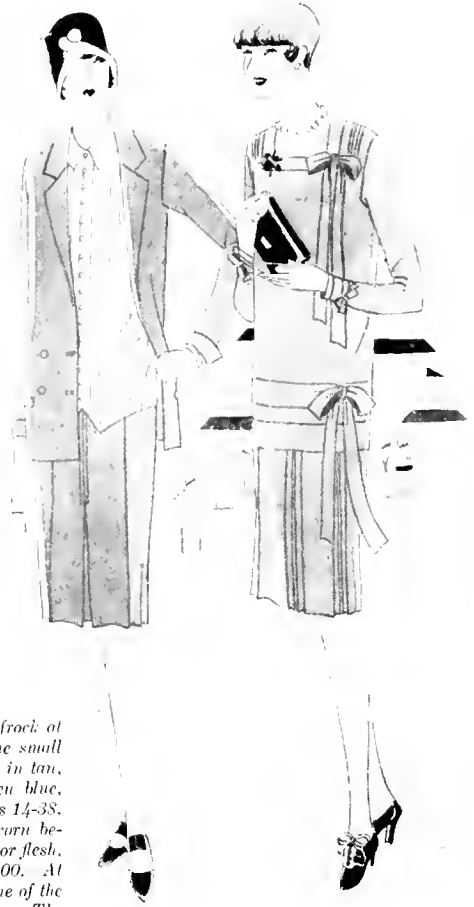
Sweaters and skirts are indispensable to a Spring wardrobe, if one would be appropriately clad in the country. Be sure, however, that your sweater has the new square neckline. And if you are slim, you can wear the attractive sweater of zephyr yarn sketched above. It comes in lovely three tone color combinations with white, buff, grey, powder blue or green background. Sizes 36-42. Price \$5.00. The skirt of kasha cloth comes in colors to match the background of the sweater, in 27 to 34 inch waistbands. Price \$6.95

Another simple crepe de chine frock, useful for the informal occasions of Spring, is sketched above. This is hand made, hand drawn and hand embroidered. Sizes 16-40. Price \$10.95. In tan, green, copen and white. The patent leather oxford sketched at right comes also in parchment, grey or water lily, with contrasting saddle and piping. Sizes 3-8. Widths AAA-D. \$13.50. The strap pump comes in brown or grey kid, or patent, with a two tone suede underlay. \$12.50. Sizes 3-8. Widths AAA-D

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The inexpensive tured suit-frock at right will be becoming to the small and slim readers. It comes in tan, green, grey, rose and Queen blue, and costs only \$10.95. Sizes 14-38. The silk waistcoat blouse worn beneath it comes in white, tan or flesh, and sizes 34-42. Price \$5.00. At extreme right is a copy of one of the smartest frocks of the season. The square neckline, bows at neck and hip, and smart "bug" pin are all new. It is made of excellent quality canton crepe, well cut and finished. Beige, green and navy. Sizes 14-20. Price \$16.75

Two tones of taffeta, an uneren hemline, and rosebuds outlining an attractive neckline all combine to glorify youth in this girlish evening frock. The colors are flesh, coral, orchid and Nile, the sizes are 14 to 20, and the price only \$25.00

The printed silk negligee at right is a trim little garment that will make hours of leisure very attractive. It can be ordered with any desired color predominating, such as pink, blue, rose, etc., in sizes from 34 to 40. Price \$7.95



The Town of Types

By
John Hanlon



THIS business of making motion pictures has been responsible for a number of things. For one thing, it has dragged forth into the light of day the oddest of the world's human oddities. It has called them from the four corners of the earth to Hollywood — and to the precarious, though colorful, life of motion picture "extras."

The making of motion pictures has placed a premium upon physical eccentricities. It has enabled many of those to whom Nature has been unkind to convert their misfortunes into sources of revenue. Have you an abnormally long nose and a chin that is an indentation instead of a protuberance, come to Hollywood. Have you legs with the joints inverted, so that the knees are in the rear, come to Hollywood. Do you bear a striking resemblance to the tufted huzzamaguzza of Andalusia, come to Hollywood. If you have but one eye, come to Hollywood. Do you bounce when dropped ter stories, come to Hollywood. And so it goes — motion pictures calling to the oddities of the world to come help furnish edification and amusement to an insatiable humanity.

In motion picture parlance these people are

"Drug-store cow-boys" — discussing the "horse opera" market at the corner boot-black stand. They are the most clannish of the extra groups



The whiskered gentry are known simply as "Beards." Here's a group waiting to cash their tickets at the Paramount pay window. If they shaved, they would cut off their sole source of revenue

Hollywood—Mecca of Nature's Stepchildren

known as "types"—and the types include those of all ages, those of all nationalities and those possessing every conceivable sort of personal idiosyncrasy. They come from everywhere; they have been everything. Their number includes morons and scholars; delinquents and soldiers of fortune; degenerates, adventurers and the most decent of people.

I know an ex-champion wrestler of Moscow. I know a man who acquired the scars upon his face some years ago in Zamboanga, when he fought a Philippine mongrel with his teeth alone. I know an Oxford graduate, who has managed to earn enough in pictures for years to supply himself with the drug he craves. I know a Hindoo who is never without a book on metaphysics. I knew the refined little fellow, well past middle age, who collapsed upon a set recently after five hours in the broiling sun, and who died right there on the lot. I know four beautiful young men who have posed for Leven-decker for his Arrow Collar ads. I know any number of odd fish in pictures, who live by virtue of their oddity.

MANY of the extras are drifters—they come and go; but the number who remain and work in pictures year after year is astonishing. As to *where* they live, they are scattered all over Hollywood and parts of Los Angeles. As to *how* they live, that is the mystery of motion pictures. How these thousands of people manage to hold body and soul together by means of the chance and occasional days they procure as supplying the atmosphere in pictures, is the mystery of the industry.

Without the types, the majority of pictures could not be made. In the present stage of motion picture making, they are absolutely essential; yet, how little kindness and consideration and justice they receive from those who are so dependent upon them. Millions of words have been prodigally strewn before millions of eyes, describing the many phases of the stars' sugar-coated lives; but our types remain unheralded and unsung. They are mere background. And into the fabric of that background is woven stark and bitter tragedy—the tragedy of living.

The element of tragedy in the lives of these people is not apparent to the casual observer—one must go beneath the surface to find that. Superficially, the impression one gathers of the extras is that of a pervading childishness of mind. They are steeped in misery when there is no work; and elated to the skies when things are humming in the atmospheric world. What wails and lamentations and grievances are flung back and forth as they cluster in groups about the various studio casting offices. But how quickly the gloom is dispelled, once the call to work arrives!

The employment bureau known as The Central Casting Corporation is the fixed point around which the world of our types virtually revolves. This institution is primarily of interest only to those who depend upon it for a living. Twenty thousand



Gus Corder of the Metro-Goldwyn casting office interviewing a bunch of "Number 1 Boys," as they are known in the business, or "Bronze Boys" as they are called by the other extras. They get \$10 a day. Top extra money

motion picture extras, all ticketed, filed, tabulated, photographed, measured as to length, breadth, thickness and capacity, previous condition of servitude, sex, nationality, general condition of plumbing—well, just carry that on for yourself. They've got it *all* up there, cold turkey. It matters not what may be needed in a picture, from someone to impersonate a three-toed sloth to a group of Tibetan llamas, the "Central" will get it for you and have it on the job—all shined up in the proper accoutrements. The Central Casting Corporation was established by Will Hays to eradicate the flagrant evils that attended the management of a former organization for the employment of extras, which was a privately owned commission agency; and the manner in which this has been accomplished is something extraneous to the matter at hand.

Perhaps you would like an intimate glimpse of some of the types? Suppose we go for a stroll on the Boulevard? We will stroll up past the intersection of Cahuenga Avenue; and if we encounter not some types in that vicinity, 'twill be odd, indeed.

Now there are the ever-present groups. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 140]

How to Meet An Indian Socially



Tim McCoy, cowboy star, is the only movie player who can carry on a conversation in the Indian sign language. This gesture means *elk* and indicates that a group of Elks are visiting the studio



The Indian sign for *buffalo*. Mr. McCoy is saying that he wants a round trip ticket to Buffalo, with no stop-over privileges



No, this familiar gesture does *not* mean "Two beers, Gus!" It means *wolf*. This should be remembered for it is a very convenient sign to convey to Indian bill-collectors that the wolf is at the door



"Comes Dawn," says little Hiawatha to old Nokomis, in good Indian subtitle language. The widespread hands indicate lack of cover—hence day. What could be more logical?



One hand covering the other—hence shadows, night. Just as simple as all that. The follow-up Indian sign to this gesture says, "How about stepping out for a little snake dance?"



This sign illustrates a knife cutting the stomach. That is the red man's way of telling you he is hungry. The white woman expresses the same feeling by telling you she thinks she will go off her diet, just this one time



Suffering to Stardom

By Dorothy Spensley

One poignant scene, one heart-rending moment, and Gary Cooper was there



Engaged? "Clara Bow is a great actress," answers Gary Cooper. What can he mean?

IT was Monday. All Mondays should be abolished. They should be struck from the calendar, unwept. Gray reminders of blithe Sundays, they are the almanac hangers of happy week-ends. Hopeful Tuesday should start the new week.

Gary Cooper thought so too.

Being a man he sought solace in food. Being six feet two inches and hungry he ordered plentifully in this fashion:

"Roast lamb with dressing and some of that mint—mint julep—" he paused.

"Mint sauce?" helped the waitress.

Gary, as you see, does not come from the south where mint juleps flow.

He comes from the west. There is a breath of sage, of sand, of the spaces about him. Long limbs, tumbled black locks, keen blue eyes, a twisted smile.

Frank Lloyd, his director, has spoken of him as having the bashful charm of a juvenile Will Rogers, minus the gum and the rope.

HE has something more than that. He has a great deal of that boyish quality that made Wally Reid beloved. He has a bit of the Rogers bashfulness too. But he is entirely individual, even to the way he has of draining his words through closed teeth, sieving them out into the great void, and biting the last word off hastily as if he would retain some of it.

His mouth is half caress and half sneer, but before I tell you about that, let me tell you of Gary.

Gary Cooper is the boy you saw as *Abe Lee* in "The Winning of Barbara Worth."

He is the lad who loved and lost the girl and then in justice Henry King and Sam Goldwyn, who had their sway with the picture, permitted him to be wounded and suffer. Few men are born to suffer handsomely. Nurses and wives will tell this.

They usually contract lumbago, and are noisy and peevish.

But Gary was born to suffer. The bullet that tore through his body lifted him straight to the lap of fame. He suffered his way into the heart of the public. And having made that sort of entrance I am inclined to think he will stay.

FRANK LLOYD thinks so. Frank Lloyd thinks that in a year or so when Gary has learned a bit more about the technique of acting, but not too much, that he will be there among the stars. Those two have just finished "Children of Divorce." Lloyd sweated and worked and worried over him on that picture.

To begin with they had a bad start. After "Barbara Worth" Gary did several Western pictures. Upon signing his Lasky contract he played a bit in "Wings"—died, because he could suffer so beautifully, I take it—and in "It" there was a bit. Then came this dramatic rôle in "Children of Divorce." Lloyd admits it would have taxed a trained actor.

Acting in the saddle, making slam-bang westerns, bits in pictures where the action is carried by experienced actors, all this had been done

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]



The Lark of the Month

Example of smart repartee between Gary Cooper and Clara Bow. Clara is seen driving from the Lasky studios, accompanied by a rapid youth. From the left rear tire of her roadster air is visibly escaping.

"Hey, Clara!" yells Gary. "You've got a flat tire!"

"I know it," shouts Clara, "but I'll soon be rid of him."

Here They Come



Joan Standing, who made a hit as Bebe Daniels' roommate in "The Campus Flirt," has a great deal of theatrical history to uphold. She is the youngest child of Herbert Standing, the English actor, and a sister of Wyndham and Percy Standing. Wyndham is well known to screen audiences. At fourteen Joan visited the Goldwyn studio with her father. They gave her a tiny rôle with Mabel Normand in "When Doctors Disagree." Joan played freckled kid parts for six months and then returned to school. She has been in quite a few films since her return to Hollywood, but "The Campus Flirt" presented her first real chance. Joan, who was born in Worcester, England, lays claim to being the youngest character actress in pictures



John T. Murray has been selected by Warner Brothers to succeed the late Willard Lewis as co-star with Louise Fazenda. Although an Australian by birth, Murray passed his youth in England. At the age of ten he won a prize for a soprano rendition of "Every Morn I Bring Thee Violets." Here began his theatrical career, although his father sent him to Canada to go into business. But John joined a barnstorming troupe. Finally he found his way to New York and to vaudeville. He was a featured comedian in Shubert shows for 8 years. With his wife, Vivien Oakland, he toured America a number of times in vaudeville. Murray went to Hollywood when his wife was signed for films. He got a job in pictures himself and made his first real hit as the king's "yes man" in "Bardelys the Magnificent"



Elmer Goodfellow Brendel has been termed "the man with the wide open pan." Brendel was born in 1892 in Philadelphia, where he received his education. The stage attracted him and for seventeen years he played behind the footlights, little suspecting any screen talents. Vaudeville knew Brendel for years as a member of the team of Brendel and Bert. Flo Bert being his wife. Brendel created a number of variety gags, including the breakaway dress suit. Then Jesse Lasky signed him for the rôle of the vaudevillian with the trained goose in "You Never Know Women." He made a real hit and duplicated it in "The Campus Flirt." Brendel is an ingenious comedian who may follow in the path of our best sad faced comedians. He knows pantomime and he knows comedy well enough to do it

They're new personalities in the films—and you're going to see more of them



These Two Creams will safeguard the loveliness of your skin

· · distinguished women have selected them · ·

DISTINGUISHED in name and position, the beautiful women of the smart world demand for themselves an equal distinction of appearance. They know that nothing adds so much to a woman's presence as a smooth skin and clear, fresh coloring. So they choose two delicate creams and maintain the traditions of feminine beauty that taste and good breeding have established.

Apply Pond's Cold Cream at night and whenever your skin feels tired, or dusty. Leave it for a few moments, so that its fine oils may penetrate

H. M. The Queen of Spain
The Duchess of Vendome
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The Princesse Eugène Murat
Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt
Mrs. Nicholas Longworth

the pores and lift out the dust and powder. Wipe off and repeat. If your skin is dry, a little cream left on overnight will restore suppleness.

Pond's Vanishing Cream gives a delicate finish. Smoothed lightly over the face and hands after every daytime cleansing, it keeps the skin soft and white, takes powder evenly and affords certain protection against the irritation of the sun and wind.

Give your skin this daily care with Pond's Two Creams and possess the clear, fresh color and smooth complexion which society demands.

FREE OFFER: Send this coupon for free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

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Close-Ups and Long-Shots *By James R. Quirk*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

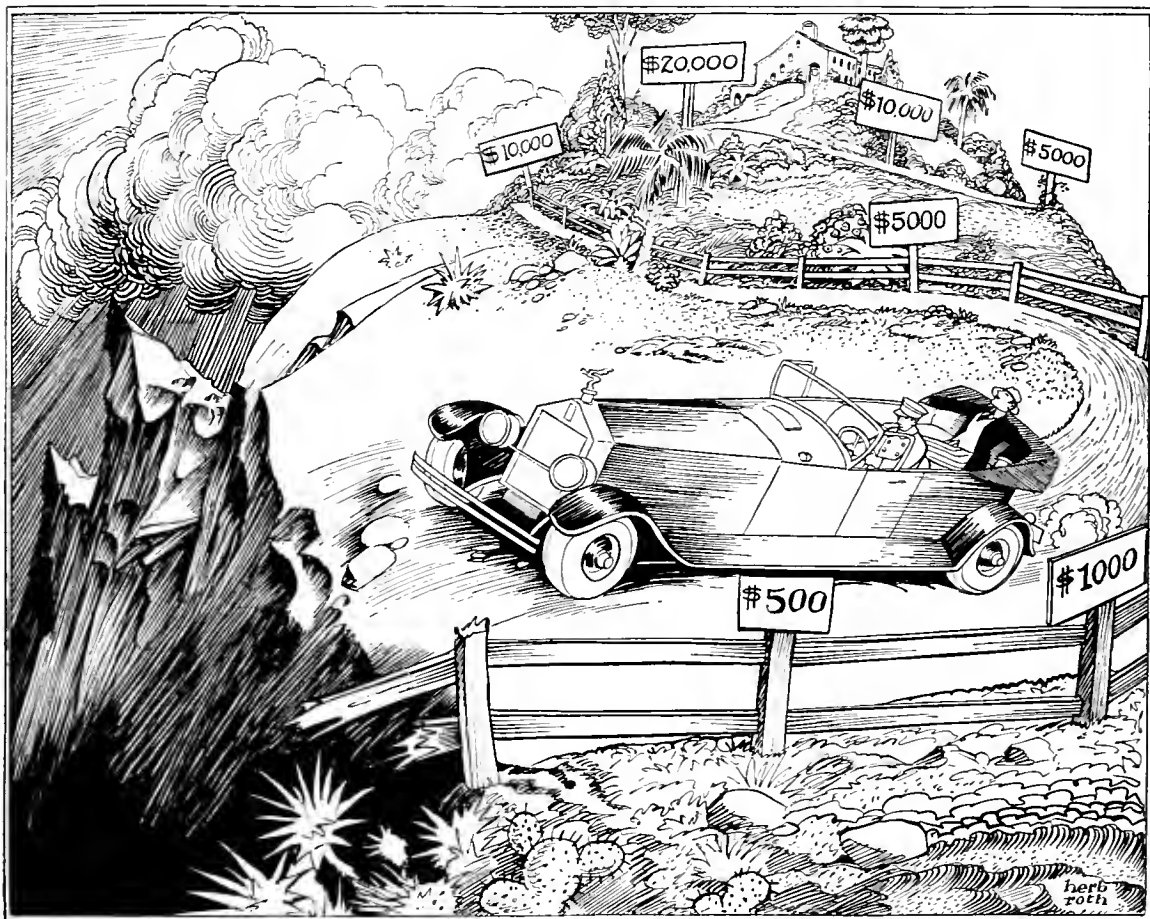
IT is significant that while the theater mogul of a decade ago turned up his nose at the motion picture producer, we now see Adolph Zukor force the closing of "The Captive" because the motion picture cannot be contaminated by any suspicion that it has the slightest connection with the legitimate producer of that perfume sprayed piece of parlor filth.

Canon Chase and the other honking ganders of censorship have at last a reasonable complaint against the movie. They set the stage such a pace in legitimate entertainment that, in desperation, the stage producer was forced to resort to pornographic garlic.

EX-CONGRESSMAN UPSHAW, who introduced the bill for Federal censorship and confiscation of the screen, having failed to get his brain child through the committee on education and into Congress, is packing his carpet bag to tour the country in an effort to stir up the God-fearing populace to the sinister partnership of Hell and motion pictures. One helpful suggestion: that he avoid the towns where Aimee Semple McPherson is putting on her show, for he has not enough sex appeal to compete with her. Although Aimee's ankles are not as fetching as Clara Bow's, she is still Elinor Glyn's favorite salvation salesman.

FOLKS in search of vicarious emotions have a new complaint against the silent drama. They must stand in line to get into the movie palaces or stay home and listen to the advertisements on the radio. One night, accompanied by my severest critic, I tried to get into three, and finally, without the least struggle, got into the theater where "The Better 'Ole" was showing. PHOTOPLAY's reviewers had said it was good, but after sitting through half an hour of the Vitaphone and learning that we would have to endure it for thirty minutes longer before the picture came on we walked out and stood in line at the New Paramount to see a picture the reviewers rated half as good. My feet are not as sensitive as my ears.

TWELVE students commit suicide within two weeks. A twelve year old burglar kills a shopkeeper. A ten year old stays out all night. And the latter was the only crime for which the preachers and the newspapers gave the movies credit. This, on top of their similar neglect in the Hall-Mills murder, the Rhinelander divorce, the Browning case, and the Chinese revolution, is unfair. Is Will Hays scrubbing the movies right off the front page? It is getting so that folks will notice them only in the theaters and the fan magazines. We are grateful to Charlie and Lita that we get any notice at all.



The Road to Oblivion



“That’s a Bear of a Bar, Jim!”

Rugged grown-ups with hearty appetites find in **Baby Ruth** a candy that both delights and satisfies.

To those who love good candy, it brings more than sweetness—more than deliciousness. There’s unusual food value—wholesome

nourishment and health-giving energy in every bar.

That’s why **Baby Ruth** is eagerly welcomed at the firesides of millions—of all ages and appetites—of both masses and classes—as America’s Favorite Candy.

NEW YORK
BOSTON

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO

Otto Y. Schmering, PRESIDENT

Candy Makers to the American Nation

LOS ANGELES
SAN FRANCISCO



CURTISS
Baby Ruth
America's Favorite 5¢

5¢



THEY HAVE REACHED A VERDICT

Dentists say we must guard The Danger Line by neutralizing the acids which attack our teeth and gums

For years, there has been a great deal of confusion regarding dentifrices. There are dozens of tooth pastes on the market—dozens of theories on what constitutes proper oral hygiene. Millions who regularly brush their teeth suffer from tooth decay and gum infection.

E. R. Squibb & Sons felt certain that their warning to guard The Danger Line from acids was correct in every way. But they thought that in view of the existing confusion the public should receive official advice.

So it was decided to make an investigation of the matter. A questionnaire was sent to every dentist in the country. Their answers told us what the dental profession thought was the greatest danger to the teeth and gums, and also what was considered the best safeguard.

As a result, we offer you the combined opinion of the dental profession—the highest authority obtainable. This is what they say:

95% of the answers agree that mouth acids are the most frequent cause of decay and infected gums.

95% of the answers state that the most treacherous decay and gum infection occur where teeth and gums meet—the place known as The Danger Line—especially at that part of The Danger Line between the teeth where a tooth-brush cannot reach.

85% state that Milk of Magnesia is the best product to neutralize these dangerous acids.

The dental profession has given you its verdict. It constitutes the most convincing evidence that

**SQUIBB'S
DENTAL
CREAM**

Squibb's Dental Cream brings real protection. For Squibb's contains more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in a most convenient form. The Milk of Magnesia neutralizes acids in your mouth. And particles of it lodge at The Danger Line after brushing, protecting your teeth and gums afterwards.

Squibb's Dental Cream meets every requirement of a correct dentifrice. It cleans thoroughly—soothes and heals the gums—relieves sensitive teeth—contains no harsh abrasives—is pleasant to use.

In the face of these facts, no one should be confused as to the correct way to protect teeth and gums. Just see your dentist regularly. Guard The Danger Line by using Squibb's Dental Cream, made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. At all druggists—only 40c for a large tube. © 1927

THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER.

Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck on



Girls' Problems

The Value of VANITY

DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:

I'm crazy about clothes. I spend every cent I can earn on them. I'm just wild about looking nicely and having my hair waved and always being just as well turned-out as possible. I wasn't brought up in a very tidy home and now my mother doesn't approve of my fastidiousness. She says I might better be humble and save my money and think less of my personal appearance. But oh, Mrs. Van Wyck, it makes me so happy when I look my prettiest. I don't want to be silly about it. Maybe I'm just vain, but do you think vanity a sin?

LOIS W.

I DO not think vanity a sin, Lois W. I think it is a virtue and I only ask for more and better vanity in you girls who write to me. There is simply no estimating the pleasantness, the courtesy and the happiness vanity brings into life, and I hold with anything that makes the spirit proud and life joyous. Without vanity there would be little advancement in the world, less color and no conflict. And a world without conflict would certainly be deadly.

Many people of the older generation, like your mother, Lois, are afraid to admit their interest in their own personalities. Life in this country, even twenty years ago, was so much harder than it is today, money was so much more scarce, that vanity had to be minimized and self-denial made popular. But human beings are so funny, and truly vain creatures, that humility became as self-centered a mood as vanity ever could be—and was much less easy on the eyes. Women simply turned their minds around and became vain about their defects. They neglected their teeth, their figures, their clothes and their complexions and became old in their thirties, rather than appear “con-

ceited” enough to make efforts to be attractive. It was the style, then, to show off one's facial faults.

Today that style has changed, thank heaven and the beauty parlors. We are more honest now and realize the actual value of charm. So when women shout at another woman's “vanity” today, you may be sure it is nothing but envy which prompts them.

Some people, mothers particularly, think it wise to discourage vanity in girls. I think just the other way and here you will find my reasons why.

Have you been on the scales lately, and been discouraged by the pounds they indicated? Send ten cents for my reducing instructions. And I am still sending advice on skin treatment and personal answers to personal problems in exchange for a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

Go in for vanity, Lois, only making sure first that it is the vanity of true beauty you are seeking. Don't be satisfied with the cheap and tawdry. Don't powder your face white to hide blackheads. Be vainer than that. Get rid of the bad complexion first.

Real vanity means thought, study and discipline. No skin, ruined by careless, indulgent eating, can be made fair by cosmetics. Money

can't buy you the right clothes, unless you have taste enough to select them. The right clothes will be ruined in effect if you've let yourself get fat. Real vanity makes you work and grow in intelligence and social cleverness. You don't necessarily have to expend money, but you can't get along without spending time and thought.

Take the complex problem of make-up, for example. Any modern girl who is content to dab two bits of rouge on her cheeks and one dab of powder on her nose and let it go at that is a slouch who deserves a dull life. Any girl can learn to put on a make-up that will take five years from her apparent age and give her an appearance of beauty which may change the course of her destiny.

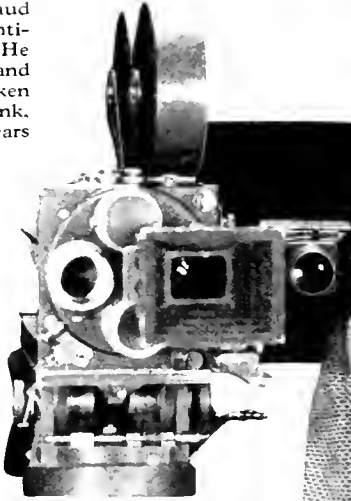
Here are some simple rules. Cleanliness, first, foremost and all the time, inside and out. Lots of baths, lots of drinking water, lots of sleep, lots of vegetables. Very little pastry, very little candy, very little temper and very little laziness.

Study your face. It is the only one you will ever get, and it is just as good now as it ever will be, unless you are willing to be honest with it, and work on it. Study the tints of your hair, skin, eyes and lips. Study the lights you are under during your waking hours. Then purchase a pale powder for day, a rosier one for evening. But remember, your head is part of your body, and see that your facial make-up matches the skin tint of your arms and back.

Rouge up towards your eyebrows, when your face needs slenderizing. Rouge down toward your mouth when you want it to appear round. Don't put rouge on in careless spots like a china doll. Work it in carefully, over a cold cream base. For this a paste rouge is always most satisfactory. For evening, if you wish to produce an interesting effect, make-up your upper eyelids. A little rouge as a basis, a little blue or black grease paint over that, a little powder on top and your eyes will be

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 131]

George Archainbaud belongs to the continental clique. He comes from a land where love is taken lightly, with a wink, or darkly, with tears and a sigh



Where there is Life there is Sex

By



Dorothy Spensley

George Archainbaud protests at screen drama built around the little girl in organdy who knows nothing of love

THE man must know. Almost tall, olive-skinned, even, black brows bridging wise but kindly brown eyes, the slim expressive hands of the Frenchman, ushering the way for speech that is still Gallic. Occasionally an impudent "b" knocking a correct "p" out of position.

That is George Archainbaud, the man who directed "Men of Steel," one of the best box office pictures of the year.

He is the man who took iron ore and fiery furnaces and steel and the love of one man for a woman and made them into a great picture. Those sexless automatons of industry—the giant cranes, the locomotives, the ore cars, the cauldrons of fire-white steel, the furnaces—were given gender. Their ceaseless movements reflected the turmoil of the lovers. It gave the Wagnerian vigor to the drama of steel.

He knows sex.

"This drama that ends with the first kiss . . . these little girls in organdy who know nothing of love!" Mr. Archainbaud does not like them. "You tell them to kiss the hero. But, no! they peck at his lips. They do not know life. They do not know love. You must, then, tell them how the leading man should be kissed. You waste your inspiration teaching them the mechanics of the kiss. By that time you have no desire to continue the scene.

"But why should they know how to make love, to kiss? The

screen never goes beyond the first embrace. The sweet little thing kisses the nice boy and they walk into a sunset. Well and good. But there is room on the screen for the real drama of life. The drama of the future should revolve around the men and women who have lived and loved. The real stories are there."

Where there is Life there is Sex.

Archainbaud has the Continental viewpoint upon adolescence. All good in its function, but why bother wisdom with growing pains?

Remember "The Common Law" three or four years ago? Archainbaud directed it. Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle were in it. It burned up the box office. It was the first American picture in which a woman was disrobed. At least the first publicly shown picture.

Remember its throbbing tensity? The passion, the fear, the love that swept the screen during even the most simple scenes between Griffith and Tearle? The audience was consumed with ecstasy at their slightest contact. The tempo, like a muted violin, communicated itself to the audience. It was an exquisite dream unmarred by the grossness of the realists, Von Stroheim, Von Sternberg, Chaplin. It was sex as Archainbaud would see it served.

More than just sex, Archainbaud explains, it was *mental sex*. There is nothing mental in [CONTINUED ON PAGE 95]

“For three years I dragged along —half sick”

“DAILY HEADACHES—tiredness that I could not seem to throw off. Then a breaking out all over my body. I dragged along—with cathartics—until I was many pounds underweight.

“I had read often of the wonderful results others had obtained with Fleischmann’s Yeast, but for a long time I did not think of Yeast in connection with myself.

“Finally I decided to make the trial. It turned out to be very easy and simple. Today I am a strong robust man. My ailments have disappeared. I weigh 186 pounds of pure bone and muscle and feel a picture of health and happiness.”

A. L. DIXON, Dallas, Texas

FLEISCHMANN’S YEAST—a food, not a medicine—keeps the whole digestive and intestinal tract clean. The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake remove the poisons of chronic constipation, and restore the muscles of elimination to their normal strength. Your skin clears, your digestion becomes normal, your old listlessness vanishes. You are really well again.

Fleischmann’s Yeast is the simple, natural way to counteract intestinal poisoning. Eat Fleischmann’s Yeast regularly. You can get it at any grocer’s. Buy two or three days’ supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Start today to eat Fleischmann’s Yeast.

Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health, Health Research Dept. 28. The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



Mr. A. L. Dixon taking “time off” at Dallas, Texas. Once he was not able to enjoy life like this. He tells how easily and naturally he got rid of his ills.



New York City’s only woman judge—the Hon. JEAN H. NORRIS, LL.B., LL.M., for three years President, National Women Lawyers’ Assn., Member of American Bar Assn.

“MY JUDICIAL DUTIES in the New York City Courts call for the expenditure of a great deal of nervous energy. The criminal courts in which I preside are open 365 days in the year. One must keep fit. Insomnia caused by indigestion has frequently prevented me from getting an adequate amount of sleep and threatened the impairment of the abundant energy with which I have been blessed. I tried Fleischmann’s Yeast—septicaenly enough in the beginning but thankfully at the expiration of only two weeks, as the improvement in my digestion resulted in more restful sleep than I had had for years.”

JEAN H. NORRIS

LEFT

“GIRLS AVOIDED ME because of the unsightly pimples on my face and I was subjected to many embarrassing remarks. It was with great difficulty that I could shave. All this unpleasantness contributed to making me feel very grouchy and unhappy. In good faith I tried many suggested remedies but with no results. I was urged finally to try Fleischmann’s Yeast by an old friend who had used it long before it became a national remedy. Accordingly, I purchased a cake the following day. The next day I bought two cakes. After three months I was entirely free of skin trouble just by eating two cakes of Yeast each day. My skin is clear and smooth and easy to shave. And I have a much better disposition.”

WESLEY J. PIERCE, Richmond, Va.



This Easy, Natural Way to have your rightful, vigorous health

• Eat three cakes of Fleischmann’s Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water, or just plain, in small pieces. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary. Start eating Fleischmann’s Yeast today.

or just plain, in small pieces. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary. Start eating Fleischmann’s Yeast today.

“Marry? I Zink Ya!”



By
Mildred Kenworthy

“Maybe ze husband
make Meestaire Gold-
wyn let me bob ze hair,”
says Vilma Banky

I T was about as peaceful as a pre-Volstead Tammany picnic when I dropped in at the Goldwyn studio to see Vilma Banky the other day. A highly dramatic scene was in progress. Vilma in real tears; Samuel Goldwyn pacing the floor in a rage, with renewed tearing of his hair at each glance at Miss Banky's smart new shingled hob.

“Ach, but Meestaire Goldwyn, it ees only a wig an' can you not to see? I mus' to cut my hair—so!” she sobbed. “You do to wish me to be a true Amereecan girl, but how I can to be with ze long hair?”

“No! Do you want to lose your charm, your crowning glory?” then, exasperatedly, “You simply can't cut it.”

She continued to beg, “I even can to work for lees one hundred dollars on a week if but you weel to allow—”

“No! Never, and that's final!”

Learning to be an American is Miss Banky's pet hobby. That is reason enough for the affray at the studio that particular day. Her explanation of the affair impressed me as being an appeal for her happiness.

“You weel to excuse me for my Engleesh—ze ees so verree bad yet. You know?”

She laughed over it as she greeted me, but I assured her that I could understand perfectly. In fact, to lose her adorable Hungarian accent, intermingled with French and English and foreign idioms, would be to forfeit some of her charm.

“Ach, how I do to envy you ze sheengle cut!” Then confi-

dentially, “My long hair only ees ze zing which do not to make me completely happee. I want to wear short brunette wig in a picture once. You know? I like it so much, but Meestaire Goldwyn did not to like it an' said ‘No!’ I did to feel so sad. I zink maybe he zink black hair not to become me, so I have ze gorgeous blond wig made an' I wear it to see Meestaire Goldwyn. It fool him so much, he did to—what you say?—fly off handle. He thought sure I did to cut ze hair.

“So-o, you zink I look as Amereecan.—even with ze awful hair?” she beamed responsive to my compliment. “An' you ask, how can I to adapt me so weel?”

A GENTLE shrug. “I don't know. Maybe—for one year we are in Spain—we look as Spanish, for one year in France, zen we are French, in Amereeca, so—you know? Always we like to travel—to learn—maybe gypsies? Here, I wear, ooh color, like ze countree. You know, ze dress I like ze most ees ze Western like ze peoples wear for ze kosbul.”

After that word, we both floundered. I was a total blank and Miss Banky, puzzled, trying in vain to find an explanation, made little circles with her forefinger on her forehead. Finally I guessed it—“Costume ball?” She nodded all smiles again and continued, “I like it—color here,” pointing to an imaginary handkerchief tie at the throat, “Ze beeg hat so,—uh, zat ees for why I like so much ze part in ze ‘Winning of Barbara Worth.’”

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 04]

Like the Stars, do you appear Always at Your Best?

CAN you imagine a great star like Anna Q. Nilsson allowing herself to be worried by such a thing as a foot ache? Her success depends on keeping herself free from every sort of annoyance and handicap—so that she may appear always at her best.

Like many other great stars, she enjoys complete foot health and comfort without sacrificing a particle of style by wearing

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

This shoe, though designed by the cleverest New York and Paris fashion authorities, gives her foot comfort and vigor clear through the most tedious scene—just as it will give you foot happiness clear through the busiest day. The concealed, built-in arch bridge prevents sagging of the foot structure, while the flat inner sole prevents pinching of the nerves, muscles and blood-vessels.

Feet that wear the Arch Preserver Shoe not only are shod in the latest mode but they are so comfortable, active, graceful, that their beauty is increased immeasurably. It is because the Arch Preserver Shoe *combines* beauty with foot happiness that it has become the "star" among shoes. There is no other like it. It is patented.

THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY
605 Seventh Street, Portsmouth, O.



Anna Q. Nilsson, the famous First National Star, as she appeared in the "Anna Q" model of the Arch Preserver Shoe after the shooting of a scene in her latest release, "Easy Pickings".



Look for trade-mark on sole and lining. Sold by 2000 dealers. All widths, AAAA to E. Made for women, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, O., for men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Company, Inc., Rockland, Mass.



The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, O.
605 Seventh St., Portsmouth, O.
Please send booklet "A New World" T-05



Name.....
Address..... State.....
City.....



Places to go
Things to eat
Parties·Worries·Work

*Little wonder the nervous pitch of living
... rich food ... no exercise ... lead to
Auto-Intoxication — which is to blame for
so many ailments.*

1 1 1

UNDER the strain of a fast moving day, can we avoid the headaches, the indigestion, the weariness so common to American men and women? Must we pay a price for every hour of play and pleasure with a day of dull depression?

We rush to meetings, we dash to parties. We are on the go all day long. We exercise too little and we eat too much. And, in consequence, we impair our bodily functions—often we retain our food within us too long.

And when that occurs, poisons are set up—Auto-Intoxication begins, bringing a host of ills in its train.

Varied as the outward form of this self-poisoning may be, nearly all its effects are taken away when we make and keep ourselves internally clean. For internal purification helps keep the blood stream free of poisons and aids the body in its fight against disease.

* * *

In keeping clear of Auto-Intoxication, the first step is to correct "stoppage" and to sweep away the enervating poisons of waste. Sal Hepatica, an effervescent saline combination, is the approved way to do this quickly, safely and thoroughly. It is a stand-by in hundreds of thousands of homes.

* * *

Send for the new booklet on Auto-Intoxication which tells you how to keep physically fit.

For booklet please address

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. G-47, 71 West St.
N. Y. C.



Sal
Hepatica

© 1927

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

EASY PICKINGS—First National

THIS picture was spoiled by the seemingly novel ending. It's all about a scheming lawyer who forces a girl to pose as a wealthy man's heir—with the usual complications. Anna Q. Nilsson and Kenneth Harlan are in the cast.

THE WAR HORSE—Fox

IF you do not enjoy this picture you are very hard to please. It is one of the finest things Buck Jones has ever done. A thrilling story of the adventures of a cowpuncher, who goes to France in search of his pet horse, commandeered by the army. Buck collaborated on this story. Lola Todd is the Red Cross nurse who causes Buck's heart to flutter.

PLAY SAFE—Pathe

IF you want to play safe stay away from this. A Monty Banks comedy that has a few funny moments. Pretty poor.

UNEASY PAYMENTS—F. B. O.

SLIM entertainment. Alberta Vaughn's first feature length comedy is no different from the usual series in which she appeared. Alberta is a little country girl who comes to New York hoping to knock the town dead. She gets a job in a chorus and proceeds to get dolled up a la installment plan. She loses her position but gains the love of her employer, so what's the difference.

WOMEN LOVE DIAMONDS—M-G-M

THIS is about as bad as the same studio's "Valencia." Under various titles, it is the story refused by Mae Murray and Greta Garbo. A strange and bizarre tale, of a young woman, maintained by a wealthy oil man, who falls in love with her Irish chauffeur. *Maxis Ray* lives in a garish apartment and parades about in the most outlandish attire since Theda Bara was imported from the Pyramids.



Guess who is hiding behind that stein of beer. Surely you have seen those eyes before, only wearing a more soulful expression. The lucky actor is Ramon Novarro. He is playing the royal student in that lovely romance, "Old Heidelberg"

Under the Most Trying Hygienic Handicaps

One Can Now Have Peace-of-Mind, Poise, Immaculacy



The filmy frocks that women used to fear are now worn in security. This new way brings protection, PLUS freedom forever from the embarrassment of disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

NO matter how audaciously filmy one's frock or gown, no matter how exacting the social demands of the moment—one meets them now in confidence and security.

Wear the sheerest of gowns, dance, motor, go about for hours without a second's doubt or fear. The most amazing hygienic problem of yesterday, as millions of women have learned, is but an incident of today.

KOTEX—What it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary" pads of yesterday and adopted Kotex.



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

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal. It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus cnds all fear of offending.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

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

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



① Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

Easy Disposal and 2 other important factors



② True protection—5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton "pads."



③ Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex-Regular 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super 90c per dozen

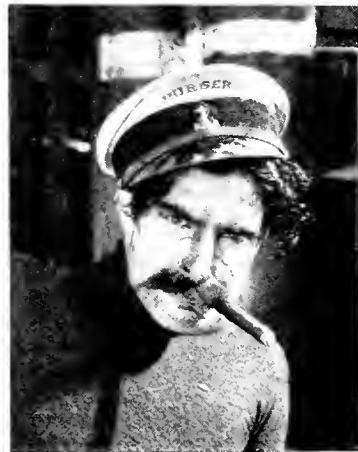
No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

Faces to Order

Youth will be served
—but that makes no
difference to a studio
make-up man



George Lewis, top, as the nice nineteen-year-old hero of the Universal's "Collegian Series" and, just above, after the make-up man, Wallace Rogers, got through with him. See what a couple of scars, some crepe hair and blackened teeth do



Both the gentlemen above are Raymond Keane. Keane is called the flappers' delight, but you wouldn't think so from the lower portrait. It merely indicates what a walrus mustache and a Pittsburgh stogie will do to a nineteen-year-old



It took the make-up man, Mr. Rogers, ten minutes to transform Clarence Thompson, Harvard graduate, into a wharf rat. Just a little grease paint and putty did the trick. In "Butterflies in the Rain" you may observe Mr. Thompson as his boyish self

Matty Kemp, in two center studies above, used to pose for collar advertisements in New York before Carl Laemmle collared him for the films. He's seventeen and also in the "Collegian Series"

H A V E A C A M E L



Camels add to the joy of living

SMOKING is one of the keen pleasures of life.

The choice of a cigarette deserves your most careful judgment because it determines the degree of enjoyment you will have.

Camels welcome comparison on every count. Compare their goodness in every way. Each successive Camel brings a fresh pleasure no

matter how constantly you smoke.

Such mellow mildness can come only from the world's choicest tobaccos, supremely blended, with the sole purpose of giving you, the smoker, a cigarette which you can enjoy to the fullest.

The verdict of the experienced smoker is —

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.



**MARION DAVIES in
"TILLIE, THE TOILER"**

YOU'VE seen Tillie in
HER immutable, r-b heady
COMIC trip of the new paper
NOW she's on the screen
WITH all her jolly pal,
COME and see Mac, Simpkins
AND Bubbles and the rest!
MARION Davies, as Tillie, play a
RHAPSODIE of blue sky romance
TILLIE ringle a dozen
THROBBING heart strings in the
COMEDY you'll scream of complication!

Produced by
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Distributed by
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Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Inc. New York, N. Y.

Read in the
Kodak
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Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More fun than there are in Heaven"

**A Prize
To Test
Your Eyes!**

HOW keen are your eyes? How sharp, quick, alert, receptive are they? Do you really see all that we strive to put into our portrayals? You ought to, it isn't enough merely to look. I, for example, strive to put more and more into my pictures for I want you to get more and more out of them. You can't realize how much it will increase your enjoyment and appreciation of all motion pictures—simply to sharpen up your observation a bit! To encourage this, I have prepared five questions for you to answer. They give you an idea of what I mean by actually seeing the performance you attend. I hope they won't prove difficult for I'd like every one of you to have a chance to win a prize; anyway I think you'll enjoy this test.

To the man who submits the best list of answers I will present the dressing gown I wore in "Slide Kelly Slide". But if the fortunate one is a lady, Sally O'Neil will give her the sports sweater she wore in the same picture.

In addition, fifty of my favorite photographs are all autographed and ready for those who send in the fifty next best sets of answers.

You can win one of these prizes, I'm sure. Here's luck!

(Signed)

William Haines

William Haines' Five Questions

- 1 What is the most famous haircut in screen history?
- 2 What is a "taxi dancer" and who is the M.G.-M star featured in the picture of that name?
- 3 With what type of production is Tod Browning identified and what star appears frequently in his pictures?
- 4 In what M.G.-M picture featuring William Haines and Claire Windsor does most of the action take place in a Pullman train?
- 5 What in your opinion has been John Gilbert's most powerful characterization? Tell why in not over 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 April 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend the picture yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of the Marion Davies Contest of January
MISS CLARA FOCHI
53 Villa Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.
MR. AL HUGHES
229 S. Main St., Gibsonburg, Ohio
Autographed pictures of Miss Davies have been sent to the next fifty prize winners





Things You See—

*and things
you don't*



Here's the way a love scene of "The Day of Souls," with Jack Gilbert and Renee Adoree, looked in the studio—and also the way it will look on the screen. Director Tod Browning and an assistant are visible in the shadows behind the lights. Gilbert plays *Cock Robin* and Miss Adoree is *Salome*, the story being of a Budapest side-show

WHO IS



Nobody!

For a disease with the aristocratic name of Epithelial Debris, loose dandruff is certainly democratic. At some time in life nearly everyone learns about it first hand. It respects neither age nor sex.

The thing to do *whenever* it appears is to go right after it with Listerine, for this humiliating condition is a warning of more serious scalp trouble.

Listerine applied to the scalp will usually accomplish amazing results in checking loose dandruff.

Douse it on full strength and massage thoroughly. Be systematic about it. Keep it up every day for a week or two. Except in the most stubborn cases, you will see almost immediate improvement.

And unlike most dandruff treatments, Listerine is a real delight to use. It invigorates the scalp. It allays itching. It makes the head feel clean, refreshed and cool. Moreover it doesn't leave the hair brittle and gummy.

If you show any evidence of dandruff start with Listerine today. A week from now you will be glad you did. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE



EXEMPT ?

IMPORTANT NEWS

The price of Listerine Tooth Paste for a large tube is 25c. This price coupled with the effectiveness of the paste itself is a combination you'll like.

R I N E

— the safe antiseptic

"Marry? I Zink Ya!"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

Just to be allowed to talk about America thrills Miss Banky until she fairly effervesces.

"Ooh, ze Amereeca, it ees so beeg, you know? Here, I kom to ze beeg citee, New York. Ach, it makes me feel so tired. Ze shops—ze peoples—zey rush so, rush, rush, all ze day, for what—? Every's one make lots of moneys. It ees so free—an' so happee.

"Zen I kom to Caleefornia—more beegness, an' ze countree so beau-tee-ful, so much,—what you say?—brightness. You know, zere are ze beauteeful homes, an' so beeg: six room, twelve room. In Hungary, we have two room. Here, everybodys mus' to have a garden, if only so beeg, as ze hard," and she measured the size on the palm of her hand. Her long, tapering fingers are enchanting, and I watched them, fairly bewitched. "Peoples all look here ze same. Zey all dress like ze flowers, so beauteeful, so much color,—you know? Ze dress only for Caleefornia, an' oob so much ze moneys here too!"

I COULDN'T resist asking her if she had not become aseager for moneys as most Americans.

"Ya, ya. Zey say, ze moneys ees not possible to make you happee. I zink not zat! You know? A person mus' to have so much energy to make ze moneys, an' when one energy has, ze moneys can never to change ze mind,—what you say?—make ze beeg head. I can not zink ze moneys ever made my head so-o beeg." She laughed at the mere thought of herself ever becoming so affected.

How she enjoys her own mistakes in English. Another year and she will have mastered it, for all Vilma Banky knew of our language when she arrived was, "Lamb chops and pineapple." She, by no means, needs restrict herself to this reducing diet.

"Ach, maybe later I mus' to eat zem,—Amereecan food ees so much fats, but I like zem. Ze Amereecan girl, ze can to eat all zese zings, but ze stay so-o slim. I luv ze girls with ze bobbed hair, ze short skirts, an' ze silk stockings. In my countree, not so many silk stockings. Ze—what you say?—flapper, zey are only for her.

"WE not have what you call 'flapper,' only 'backfisch.' Ze ees not so, wise. Before ze war, ze marce, maybe at sixteen—not so now—maybe twenty-two, for ze work, sometimes in an office, like here. Zere, a girl mus' to have a chaperon. I luv here ze freedom. Zat I learn so easy."

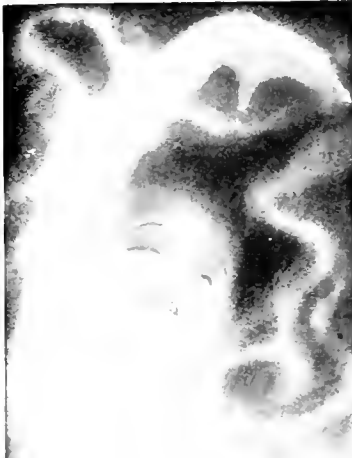
"Then do you think that you would care to marry an American and live here always, having one of zese bomes and gardens that you so adore?" I asked.

"Marree? I zink ya. Maybe Amereecan husband would to make Meestaire Goldwyn let me to bob ze hair! Sometimes peoples invite me to zere homes. Ze Amereecan husband ees so nice. Zen, I hear—what you say?—so many divorce. I can not to know. Maybe ze husband fault, maybe ze wife."

"Don't you enjoy going to Hollywood parties? They are always so gay."

"Really, I would ze much more to stay home. Always so many peoples, an' my Engleesb, it ees not so good," the last, most pitifully. "I learn! I read, an' I like ze Amereecan book, if it ees easy,—most, I mus' to translate when I mus' to study. So many words I cannot to understand, I say 'What zis? What zat?'"

"Ooh, you mus' to go?" as I reluctantly picked up my bag. "An' you weel to kom again, an' maybe,—next time you weel to see me with ze hair short—so!"



VICTOR BEALS.

NARCISSUS

MOON-MAGIC OF THE DUSK!

(Letters from Lovers: VII)

"—and as we sat together in the dusk, I felt the subtle madness of the moon weaving a spell around us. Every breath was tremulous with the faint, poignant fragrance of Narcissus blossoms. My throat throbbled with an unquenchable yearning, as I saw you—the most mysteriously lovely woman in the world."

FROM HER DIARY:

"He was silent for a long while last night. But when he spoke his voice was very tender. I had burned the new Narcissus temple incense. Was it that?"

No matter how charming the woman, she adds to her charm all the strange mystery with which men have surrounded women for centuries, when she bewitches the room about her with the intoxicating spirit-fragrance of so exquisite a blossom as the Narcissus. That this witchery may be possible, Vantine's has created a new Narcissus Blossom Temple Incense, whose fragrance, liberated as it burns, works a subtle and insidious spell. It awaits you, with eight other fragrances, at all drug and department stores.

Test the witchery of Narcissus Incense. 9 sample odors sent on receipt of 10c.

A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC.
71 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Rare picture of Thomas Meighan actually playing a love scene. Also a photograph of the blonde Greta Nissen wearing a dark wig. These couple of phenomena occur in Tommie's newest film, "Blind Alleys"



Would you be really lovely?

Then you must have these two feminine charms

Think of the loveliest woman you know, and you think of someone whose skin is clear and fine, whose person is exquisitely dainty.

These are the two essential feminine qualities which every woman must have to be really lovely.

If you would cultivate them, try bathing your face and body regularly with warm water and Cashmere Bouquet Soap. In a short time you'll see your complexion improve as the delicate skin tissues are soothed and toned by Cashmere Bouquet's cleansing action. And from the first your body feels a new and perfect daintiness.

The secret lies in certain rare flower essences. Fourteen countries send these rich essences which are put into

Cashmere Bouquet Soap, not merely for their fragrance, but because they actually increase the cleansing properties of the delicate lather.

This lather possesses an almost magic quality of emulsifying dirt—reaching the very depths of each pore, removing all clogging dirt and surplus oil. Quickly and magically as the lather does its work, it vanishes, leaving the skin clean and clear, soft and smooth. Repeated washings only enhance the soap's soothing effect, for Cashmere Bouquet never leaves the skin harsh or dry as do some soaps less skillfully blended.

And each time that you use it, you feel a freshness, a daintiness which you must have if you would be really lovely.

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

Cashmere Bouquet is "Hard-milled"; that is, it is extra firm and compact; never soft or squidgy. A 25c cake will last and last. Let us send you free of charge a generous sample cake, together with a book of valuable beauty secrets, called: "Nature's Way to Lovely Skin." The advice in this book is endorsed by a famous skin specialist. Send coupon today.



FREE SAMPLE

Colgate & Company (Dept. 31-B), 581 Fifth Ave., New York
 In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Ambrose Street, Montreal
 Please send me, free, a ten-day-treatment size of Cashmere Bouquet Soap and a copy of "Nature's Way to Lovely Skin."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

The delightful fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet is also obtainable in:

TALC • FACE POWDER • PERFUME • TOILET WATER • BANDOLINE • BRILLANTINE

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Where There Is Life There Is Sex

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

nudity, in an over-display of epidermis. That is just sex. It was the nude swimming sequence in the book that caused Archainbaud to refuse to direct "Flaming Youth." But the picture developed into a box office sensation.

"I made a mistake . . ." says Archainbaud, simply.

Archainbaud belongs to the Continental clique. He belongs with the George Fitzmaurices, the Ernst Lubitsches, the Dimitri Buchovetskis, the E. A. Duponts, the Murnaus. He comes from a land where love is taken lightly, with a laugh and a wink, or it is taken darkly, with tears and a sigh. He is now in a land where love is taken with a grain of salt. And salt contains an element which dries the blood, they say.

GEORGE ARCHAINBAUD is more than a Frenchman. He is a Parisian. His sophistication is so complete that he has reverted to simplicity. He is the best that France has to offer. He came to America when he was very young. Young enough to absorb the terrific vital urge of this new country. Wise enough to fuse it with his artistic and cultural French training.

The result has been pictures like "Men of Steel," "The Common Law," "One Week of Love," "Enticement," "Christine of the Hungry Heart," "Single Wives," "For Sale," "The Mirage," and "The Silent Lover," which stars Milton Sills with Viola Dana.

His foster-father, Emile Chautard, was a great French actor. For twenty years he was leading man to Rejane. Several years after his arrival in America Archainbaud persuaded Chautard to join him and direct pictures for Peerless. He came and Archainbaud became his assistant. It was a happy association. Archainbaud had served in almost every branch of the American film industry, from laboratory to sales office.

Chautard knew the dramatic technique of the Continent.

The creative bond between father and son was broken a year later when Archainbaud was given his first picture to direct—"As Man Made Her" with Gail Kane—for World, but the spiritual bond between the two remained unchanged.

He likes to direct men like Milton Sills, Conway Tearle, Lewis Stone. He should or else betray his fetish. They know emotion, drama, life. He spoke of Tearle, maligned, abused, chided by the critics for his "wooden" performances.

"Conway is a very good actor, but they do not make him act. They allow him to walk through his scenes."

HE certainly didn't walk through "The Common Law." Rather the contrary. Which reminds me of a conversation I had with Tearle after a vitriolic attack had been made upon his "one expression."

"Why don't you," I suggested, "publish a series of six pictures, each with a different expression, proving you have more than one?"

Conway, satirical as always, answered: "Couldn't do that. They'd expect to see the six expressions in every picture."

Archainbaud should direct Tearle oftener. He is not temperamental, this Archainbaud. He is not volatile or explosive like the popular conception of the Frenchman. He is happily married. He plays tennis well. He appreciates supervisors. He honors Carey Wilson who supervises his First National productions. He has faith and admiration for him. And he is not afraid to voice them.

So what, I ask you, could be more conducive to good productions, unless, of course, it is mental sex? Sex as Mr. Archainbaud sees and gives it to us.



Frank Crane

Brown Bros., N. Y.

*"Spread good will
at Easter"*
says

Dr. Frank Crane

LET us celebrate this glorious occasion by spreading love and good fellowship." These are the words of Dr. Frank Crane, beloved by thousands through his kindly philosophy as expressed in his writings.

How easy for each of us to do a little toward spreading sunshine and good will among those we love or admire. Easter is a particularly appropriate occasion for remembrance. And Greeting Cards make it so easy for you to remember.

EASTER SUNDAY IS
APRIL 17

In any good shop you will find a generous assortment of tasteful cards not only for Easter but for birthdays, anniversaries, congratulations, condolences—all the many occasions when it is proper to send some message of cheer or sympathy.

*Scatter Sunshine
with Greeting Cards*



A stormy night in the studio. This scene is a burlesque on the movies and will be used as an episode in "High Hat." Nevertheless, as the extras can tell you, artificial rain is just as wet as the real Heaven-sent article



Have Youthful Beauty Instantly

by JEANNETTE DE CORDER
Specialiste en Beauté

AN amazing improvement in your looks is the immediate result of this special twin treatment for beauty.

So perfectly do the shades of these twin toilettries — Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom — accord with the tints and tones of the natural skin, that their combined use gives fresh, youthful beauty — *instantly*.

Pompeian Beauty Powder, soft and velvety — delicately perfumed — spreads evenly with an enchanting smoothness and stays on for hours at a time.

Pompeian Bloom, a rouge with youthful tones, looks as though it were your own coloring. It does not crumble or break — and comes off on the puff easily.

GET PANEL AND SAMPLES

Generous samples of Pompeian Powder and Bloom sent with beautiful new Art Panel for only 10c. This picture, "The Bride," painted by the famous artist, Rolf Armstrong, is reproduced in colors, size 27 x 7 inches, art store value easily 75c.



Tear off now! You may forget

*Youthful Beauty
- instantly*

Pompeian

Beauty Powder *and* Bloom

Madame Jeannette de Corder
The Pompeian Laboratories
2800 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Madame: I enclose 10c (a dime, coin preferred)
for 1927 Panel and samples of Powder and Bloom.

Name _____
Street _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Powder shade _____
Medium Bloom sent unless another shade requested



How Famous Movie Stars Keep their "BOBS" so Attractive

THE simplicity of the bob, and the modern styles of hair dress, make beautiful hair a necessity. The simple, modern styles of today are effective **ONLY** when the hair itself is beautiful.

Luckily, beautiful hair is now easily obtained. It is simply a matter of shampooing.

Ordinary, old time methods, however, will not do. To bring out the **REAL BEAUTY**, the hair must be shampooed properly.

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

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and 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.

Why year after year discriminating women depend upon this simple method of shampooing.

How it brings out all the natural life, wave and color and gives the hair that wonderful gloss and silky sheen so much desired.

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

A Simple, Easy Method

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

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

Just Notice the Difference

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

Even while wet it will feel loose, fluffy, and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

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.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world.

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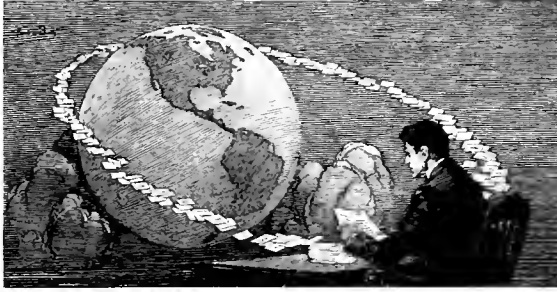
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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of **PHOTOPLAY** to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address *all* inquiries to Questions and Answers, **PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE**, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

J. A. M., HAMILTON, ONT.—First place, this month, to a mere man. You'll be glad to know that your "First lady of the screen" is a Canadian. Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, Canada, on August 10, 1904. She entered pictures in 1921. Norma is five feet three inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Light brown hair and blue eyes.

S. C. G., ST. MARTINSVILLE, LA.—Greta Garbo has done a lot of damage in the short time she has been on the screen. Greta was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1906, and was educated in dramatic schools there. She started in pictures in 1922—in Sweden, of course. Greta is five feet, six inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, on February 6th, 1890. He started in pictures in 1917, having previously been on the stage with the Marion Morgan dancers. His next picture will be "Old Heidelberg." Ramon is five feet, ten inches tall and he weighs 160 pounds.

BLUE-EYED BLONDE, JAMAICA, L. I.—You write: "I am a blue-eyed blonde of a very few words." Where have you been all these years? And wasn't that first paragraph of your letter just a little diplomatic flattery? Clara Bow uses her real name in pictures.

M. E. E., OSHKOSH, WIS.—John Roche was born in Penn Yan, N. Y. Can you find it on the map? The date of his birth was May 6, 1896. No, Mr. Roche is not a star as yet, but he seems to get good rôles. Nor is he married. He has dark blue eyes and is six feet, two inches tall.

RENE THE QUEEN, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The photograph you enclose is the John Gilbert of "The Big Parade" and "The Merry Widow." There is only one famous Gilbert on the screen and that is John. He's also called Jack, so that's how the confusion arose. Now the girls in your office can go back to work.

T. W., PATTERSON, N. Y.—William Boyd can "be found" at the DeMille Studios in Culver City, Calif. That is, he can "be found" there during working hours. Bill is about 27 years old and five feet, ten inches tall. His hair is not naturally curly. He had it curled for "The Volga Boatman." Married to Elinor Faire, so I guess he prefers brown-haired girls.

VILMA BANCY FAN, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—It's no trouble for me to write about Vilma Bancy. It's a real pleasure. Vilma was born in Budapest, Hungary, on January 9, 1903. She is five feet, six inches tall and has gray eyes and blonde hair. Not married. Write to United Artists, 720 Seventh Avenue, New York City, for her photograph. "The Night of Love" is her newest picture and she is beginning work on "King Harlequin."

M. A. B., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Write to the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, at Culver City, Calif., for a photograph of Roy D'Arcy. Send a quarter with your request.

F. G., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Write to Margaret Livingston at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Miss Livingston is five feet, three and one half inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. She was born on November 25, 1900. And she has auburn hair. "Auburn" is the polite word for red.

M. C. B., CANANDAIGUA, N. Y.—Those Italian names are deceptive. Nevertheless, both Virginia Valli and Nita Naldi were born in America. Miss Valli is of Irish descent and Miss Naldi comes of Italian parentage. Virginia was born on January 10, 1900 and Miss Naldi on April 1, 1890. Antonio Moreno is a native of Madrid, Spain, although he was educated in Northampton, Mass.

P. W., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Richard Dix was born in St. Paul. Isn't that glory enough? Alice Terry has reddish brown hair—and very pretty, too. It isn't fair to any actor to say that "he is taking Valentino's place." No one can do that. Ricardo Cortez is making his own way, without the help of borrowed glory.

JOHN H., MAGNOLIA, N. C.—"No" to your question about Syd Chaplin. Irene Rich has two daughters, Frances and Mary Jane, but they are not in pictures as yet. John Hannon is not married.

"LINDY LOC," GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.—Mildred Harris plays in pictures fairly regularly. She also appears in vaudeville. But she hasn't been very prominent on the screen lately. Billy Haines is not married. Richard Barthelmess is divorced. Larry Gray, Richard Dix and Ben Lyon are still among the bachelors. Conrad Nagel has a wife and Ronald Colman is married but separated. Eleanor Boardman now is Mrs. King Vidor, wife of the director, but Mary Brian is still Miss Brian.

IN writing to the stars for pictures, Photoplay advises you all to be careful to enclose twenty-five cents. This covers the cost of the photograph and postage. The stars are all glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost of it is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted. The younger stars cannot afford to keep up with these requests unless you help them. You do your share and they'll do theirs.

H. L. VAUDREUIL, QUE.—Clara Bow and Reginald Denny are not married. Mrs. Denny, a non-professional, looks a little like Clara. Denny's wife is the first and only Mrs. Denny. Write to Ben Lyon at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Ben is said to be interested in Marilyn Miller, the stage dancer. Maybe they'll get married. Write to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Young Doug is sixteen.

BETTY E., PORTLAND, ME.—Billie Dove's real name is Lillian Bohny. She is now Mrs. Irvin Willat. Write to her at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Dolores Costello is the lady's real name. She is about nineteen and unmarried. You may reach her at the Warner Brothers Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Oh yes, and Miss Dove was born on May 14, 1904.

BABE, RACINE, WIS.—Cleve Moore is none other than Colleen Moore's brother, the lucky kid.

G. J., ELGIN, ILL.—Douglas Fairbanks was a stage star before he went into pictures. And a good one, too. He was born on May 23, 1883. Lois Moran was born in 1909. Not a bit of trouble.

BLONDIE AND BLACKIE OF DAYTON.—It is "Dear Sir," if you please. And don't apologize for the writing. Vera Reynolds was born in Richmond, Va., on November 25, 1905. She has hazel eyes and is five feet, one inch tall. Forrest Stanley played in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." John Boles was born in Texas in 1898. He is six feet tall. Mr. Boles was educated at the University of Texas and was singing in musical comedy when Gloria Swanson discovered him. Barry Norton was born in Buenos Aires in 1905. His mother is French and his father Spanish. His real name is Alfredo de Biraben.

BETTY—Buck Jones is married. His wife is a non-professional. Buck is just one quarter of an inch under six feet tall. His first name is Charles. Write to him at the Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

F. L. G., MONTREAL, CAN.—Packages sent to the studios are pretty sure of reaching the stars. However, there is a great deal of mail sent to the stars and so it is better not to send anything you value very highly. Richard Dix's real name is Ernest Carlton Brimmer. He is six feet tall and has brown eyes.

G. L. S.—Address Douglas Fairbanks at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood. He hasn't yet selected a title for his next picture. Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mex.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 155]

Mail coupon for Picture - folder



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FRED HARVEY

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Santa Fe way to and from
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Three days personally escorted motor tour among the Indian pueblos and prehistoric cliff-dwellings in the New Mexico Rockies. Only \$50 all-inclusive. Room with bath every night. Santa Fe-Fred Harvey management.

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The First Screen Actress

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

A small black patent leather slipper of the 1926 Cissy tapped the floor. For a moment Cissy was again the darling of the Broadway nineties. The cunning trick that won their hearts—the cocked head, the waggish forefinger, the tapping toe and Cissy was humming

"I just indulge a little bit
But never go too far.
I never give myself away,
I'm too particular.
I'm always very careful
Not to overstep the bar.
I just indulge a little bit,
But never go too far."

"I didn't see the film for several months. Then one day I was walking down 34th Street and in front of Coster and Beal's Music Hall they had a huge sign. 'Cissy Fitzgerald,' it read. 'Come in and see Cissy Fitzgerald.' I went in. It was dark and smelly. In those days a music hall was something of a beer garden. There were little round tables, shiny-topped, where you drank lager beer and smoked innumerable cigars. And men, of course. It was patterned after the typical English music hall. Variety acts were given on a stage at one end of the room and if you didn't like the act you could 'boo.'

"PRESENTLY they dropped a white curtain from the top of the stage. Everything went dark and a wheezing sound came from the back of the hall. A square of light fell on the white curtain and my name flickered on. More wheezing and a strange and jerky figure with coal black face and arms landed in the middle of the screen.

"It hobbled and bounced about. The black arms waved. The head performed strange actions. I had a sickening feeling. Surely I couldn't look like that. The audience began to 'boo.' They had paid to see Cissy Fitzgerald in person. They were seeing only a poor charcoal imitation of her.

"Little spots of fire flashed on the screen. Static, they call it now. I thought it was a decoration. I thought they were giving me a special honor. I was a star and they were giving me a starry background. And my poor little white muslin dress with the cherry-colored ribbons! All muddy and drab-looking. The film was over in about three minutes and I hurriedly left the theater, convinced that the stage was the very best place for me."

That innocuous little "Gayety Girl" song kept strumming into the conversation. Cissy hummed another of its many verses, and winked that famous expansive brown-eyed wink just the way she did when Broadway was at her feet:

"The slightest tint of paint I use
But daubing leave alone.
This glossy fringe you will excuse,
It's nearly all my own.
I can say "No" when pressed for "Yes"
And go when time to leave.
And when I shine in evening dress
I don't appear as Eve."

"I went to make a London appearance after that. And I liked it so well I stayed. They had 'Kinetoscopes' over there—you know what they are? They are like your nickel-odeons—peep-hole machines, you know. You put a penny in a slot, apply one eye and before you unfolds the adventures of a lady receiving a love letter, or something equally as exciting. I made a number of 'Kinetoscopes' while I was in London.

"In 1913 I returned to America. Commodore J. Stuart Blackton had formed Vitagraph and had Sydney Drew, Robert Edson, Maurice Costello, Mary Fuller, the Talmadge girls, Alice Joyce and a number of others in his company. They were making five-reel pictures. The business was nothing like it is today, of course, but it was well established. Commodore Blackton made a number of pictures with me. There was 'The Winsome Widow,' 'How Cissy Made Good,' 'Cissy's Innocent Wink' . . . a lot of them. I can't even remember their names.

"I LEFT Broadway in the middle nineties for England and returned just before the war, in 1913. When I left, the motion picture was practically the nebulous idea of a brilliant mind. When I returned it was a well-founded industry, boasting of stars and directors. I recall meeting Mary Pickford for the first time at the Astor House Ball in 1913 and not even recognizing her name.

"Daniel Frohman brought her to me (his brother, Charles, had been my manager):
"This is Mary Pickford, our new star," Daniel introduced. I had never heard the name before."

Cissy slipped the fur scarf about her shoulders and arose. The brown and red plaid skirt fell midway between knee and ankle of slim silken legs. A small snug felt hat dropped outrageously over the brown eye with the wicked wink.

"My eighteen year old son is waiting for me, and my daughter, Cissy Fitzgerald, Jr., whom I haven't seen for years, is coming soon from England with seven new Paris gowns," said Cissy. "Good-bye," and she gave me that broad expansive brown-eyed wink.

If you'd ask me she's too flagrantly young-looking to be the Original Motion Picture Actress.

Revolt a La McAvoy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

"There is one thing about my emancipation," said May adjusting the strap of the tray. The camera awaited her. "It's given a shady hue to my reputation. The other day I was dying of thirst. I called a prop man.

"Will you get me a drink, please?"

"Sure! Whadda ya want?"

"Anything. I'm not particular," thinking he would bring pop or ginger ale. After a long time he returned and handed me a glass of unhealthy amber-colored liquid. It was Scotch, very bad Scotch. So much for my dramatic ingenu reputation!"

May tells me that as a girl in New York City she wanted to be a school teacher. She attended St. Bartholomew's convent and that of St. Patrick's Cathedral and then entered

Wadleigh High School with that in mind. But a chum had an uncle, a perfectly proper, fond, and adoring uncle, who was stage manager of a Manhattan show shop, and it was there that the idea of a theatrical career was sown in the young McAvoy mind.

Fox was the first stronghold assailed and defeat stalks even until today, for at the present moment, after seven years in pictures, May has never worked for the company. She got her first chance in an epic advertising a brand of sugar. It was a commercial film and she was the heroine. I refrain from remarking that this initial sugary rôle might have been the cause for her recent revolt. See if you don't notice the difference in "Matinee Ladies."



Portrait d'une femme élégante

She adores all exquisite things . . . clothes fastidiously chosen . . . jewels worn "like stars on the fingers of night" . . .toiletries that express the brilliance—enhance the allure—of her own vivid self. She finds a challenge irresistible, an essence keyed to her own singing days, in the magic allure of Parfum Djer-Kiss. This precious *odeur*—created by M. Kerkoff of Paris—is obtainable in face powder, rouge, talcum powder, sachet, bath crystals, eau de toilette, as well as compacts!

Djer-Kiss
KERKOFF
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Below: Face Powder Djer-Kiss in tints that blend invisibly. Poudre de Talc Djer-Kiss, smooth and fine.

**Such allure do Djer-Kiss Toiletries bring their users that many a lovely mirrored face gives itself an approving kiss!*

Below: The magic odeur that banishes fatigue—Parfum Djer-Kiss. Also "silver" Double Vanity, for loose powder.



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So long as you feel young at heart, don't for a single moment permit your face to grow old.. the world is ever quick to consign to the background those who cease to look youthful!

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PARIS PALM BEACH LONDON

The Dove Tries Her Wings

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

make. I don't know and I never will know. She may be as smart as Mrs. Jean Nash, or as frumpish as a hired girl. She may have a sense of humor that would put Ring Lardner to shame, or she may not even think Charlie Chaplin is funny.

What I'm trying to get at is this—what does it matter?

When a girl looks like Billie Dove, what does anything matter?

And right this minute it has raised a very interesting question in my mind.

GREAT beauty has never been the real answer to screen success. Mere beauty has never built an enduring box office value. The great box office attractions of the screen have not been "beauties" in the accepted sense of the word—Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson and Colleen Moore are lovely, all of them, but their beauty isn't the first thing you think about by any manner of means. I have talked with all of them, three of them I know well, but I have never been just dazzled by their sheer, gorgeous, breath-taking beauty, as I am with Billie Dove.

Now little Miss Dove has been kicking around Hollywood for a number of years. That's brutally frank, but it's true. Some director with an eye for beauty brought her out from New York where she had been glorifying the American girl for Mr. Zeigfeld.

Then she went to Hollywood.

She didn't click. She had her chance on the screen as a Metro star, and she fell perfectly and absolutely flat. She didn't get over even her beauty.

With an ordinary beauty, you would just have put a large black line through the name and said, "That's out."

But they just couldn't bear to let Billie Dove go. Directors, producers, stars, took a look at that face and acted like prospectors who have seen gold nuggets. They said, "She may be dumb and can't act—but with a face like that we must keep on trying."

So Billie Dove's beauty kept her working. It kept the fellows that are always trying to

develop new stars hoping.

Oddly enough, it took a woman to bring Billie Dove out of the state of coma in which she had rested for five years. That great woman, Lois Weber, who is responsible for so much of the progress and so many of the successes on the screen, made Billie Dove act. She carved a personality out of that beauty. Maybe Billie Dove had grown up in the meantime. Maybe her disappointments and her failures had given her character. Maybe from just being a kid chorus girl with a divine face she'd become a woman. Marriage—she is Mrs. Irvin Willat—hard work, time, may have done a lot for her since she first came to Hollywood.

Anyway, Lois Weber dug it all up and presented a new Billie Dove.

Having seen her performance in "The Marriage Clause," the whole industry stood up on its hind legs and woofed. The "sleeping beauty" had awakened. Galatea had come to life.

Now, let's see what happens.

BILLIE Dove, to my sense of things, is one of the most beautiful women who ever had a chance to become a big star. She hasn't Florence Vidor's class nor Barbara La Marr's sex nor Corinne Griffith's haughty languor. But she has a beauty that comes pretty near being ideal.

She has First National behind her and she is under John McCormick's personal supervision, and John McCormick, as Colleen Moore's husband and producer, is responsible for a lot of Colleen's success in the way he has handled her and selected her stories.

Billie Dove is not an actress. She isn't a great personality.

Since Lois Weber got through with her she can act—some. And she has personality—enough to get by.

And she IS a beauty.

Will we have a star at last on beauty alone, and will Billie Dove perhaps be the first screen actress to be a great beauty as Lily Langtry and Lillian Russell were?

I wonder!



He is never held up by a slow foursome. He doesn't have to get up early to get a good start on the links. Harold Lloyd has his own private golf course on his estate in Beverly Hills. And this is what every man really prays for

Which STUDIO To-day? Visit Hollywood Free!



THE AMBASSADOR HOTEL, HOLLYWOOD. Your limousine awaits below. Which studio will you visit today? Which stars do you wish to meet? What picture do you wish to see in the making?—it's up to you. The SECOND ANNUAL ROMANCE-HOLLYWOOD CONTEST offers you the opportunity of a week in HOLLYWOOD, all expenses paid, all introductions arranged. Don't miss this glorious chance of taking part in the life of HOLLYWOOD, the land of Romance.

CONDITIONS

1. The winner will be the author of the most original, interesting, and practical synopsis or plot for a motion picture based on a human experience in which a box of ROMANCE CHOCOLATES plays a prominent part. Literary ability will not be considered, but in case of a tie, the neatness and attractiveness of the presentation will determine the winner. No manuscripts will be more than 1500 words in length.
2. The winner, and a companion of his or her choosing, will be given a trip to Hollywood, including visits to the studios during a week's stay there, with all expenses paid. In addition, the fifty most worthy plots will have careful consideration by the scenario department of one of the large distributing companies, and if any are purchased, the full purchase price will be remitted to the author.
3. The Judges will be:
MR. JAMES R. QUIRK, Publisher of *Photoplay*.
MR. ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, Editor of *Life*.
MR. FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, Critic for *Liberty*.
4. There is nothing to buy in order to enter the Contest. The illustrated booklet, "How to Write for the Movies," is simply to help contestants.
5. Entries should be sent to Contest Manager, COX CONFECTIONERY COMPANY, Boston 28, Massachusetts, and must be received there before the close of business on June 1, 1927.



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ROMANCE CHOCOLATES



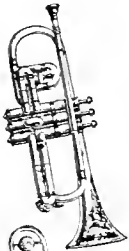
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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

Keeping Their Shirts On

Chestnut Hill, Mass.
Some movie fans collect "crushes," but I collect aversions. My latest one is Milton Sills. In "Men of Steel," which was an impossible, mawkish picture, he constantly employed a most annoying mannerism—a ferocious scowl and squint.

Since "The Sea-Hawk," Mr. Sills has been "Looking at himself through rose-colored glasses." And, since then, life for him has been just one fight after another. In "Paradise" he fought while the picture kept unfolding for fifteen minutes. I know, I was watching the clock most of the time! During this fight, Mr. Sills bit the dust frequently, and had his garments badly torn in the fray. The result was a distinct resemblance to an Ethiopian coal-heaver.

Propos of this: My friends and I find it very distasteful in almost every movie fight, and there are plenty of them, to see the hero disrobed to such an extent that his manly, and much be-whiskered chest is quite exposed. We are weary of these virile specimens. "Cover 'em up," is our cry.
E. M. BARRIE.

Praise and Prejudice

Tulsa, Okla.
I hereby hand the very largest bouquet obtainable to Cecil De Mille for signing up William Boyd. I predict that this very charming young man will make a name for himself. As yet he has done little *great* acting, but he shows marvelous promise. He was the shining light in "The Volga Boatman." I went to see this reluctantly, as I had become disgusted with De Mille; I remained through the second show in a worshipful frame of mind. I could not have stayed to the end of "Eve's Leaves" had it not been for Bill. The picture was terrible, but I kept my eyes on Bill and Leatrice and forgot the rest. I am eagerly awaiting "The Yankee Clipper."

I only hope Elinor Faire is not as wooden as usual. My advice to Bill: Keep smiling and I'm sure you'll get there.

More praise for Clive Brook. I like his restrained acting very much. What an excellent comedian he is!

I propose a rousing cheer for UFA. More pictures like "Variety" and "The Waltz Dream," and I will pedestal them with M-G-M and Paramount.

And last, a tiny brickbat for Corinne Griffith. I am willing to sit through the worst of pictures to view her gorgeous beauty, but I do wish she would put some pep into her performances and close her mouth once in a while.
MARCIA RHOADES.

Pictures

Newburgh, New York.

These stars remind me of:

- Irene Rich Sun after rain.
- Marion Davies Lavender and old lace.
- Ben Lyon A College pennant.
- Colleen Moore A dash of paprika.
- Lillian Gish A misty morning.
- Mae Murray Pearls and white ermine.
- John Gilbert Moonlight on the Sahara.
- Vilma Banky A startled doe.
- Mary Astor Pink organdie.
- Charley Chase A stick of peppermint candy.
- Lya de Putti A black angora kitten.
- Roy D'Arcy Whipped cream.
- William Boyd Sunrise on the Grand Canyon.

George Arthur A cat making its way over a wet surface.

Elinor Faire Distant mountain peaks above the clouds.

GRACE GILBERT.

Our Newest Funster

Montpelier, Vt.
Here are three cheers for that funniest of fun-makers—Harry Langdon. He's just *too* good to be true. After Chaplin and Lloyd, who will always command a large following, Langdon brings along that something which reacts on us as a draught of cold water after eating something extremely salty. Langdon will become a universal favorite for his face alone.

We have all loved Chaplin and Lloyd. It may be a bit premature, but I predict a future even greater than that of either of these two, for this new, droll-faced person—Harry Langdon.
S. GARVEY THOMAS.

Honest, Here's a Banky Brickbat

Tacoma, Wash.
After having read the favorable acclaim given Vilma Banky by every movie critic, may I venture an opinion of my own?

To begin with I must admit that I belong to the narrow-minded class which favors American stars. However, I try to keep an open mind.

I saw "The Dark Angel." I was, as usual, immeasurably pleased by the performance of that most polished and, thank God, natural actor, Ronald Colman. But Miss Banky! Perhaps I had unconsciously been expecting too much. A lovely looking woman, yes. An unusual actress, no! Just one of the many beauties of filmdom, the victim of lots of favorable publicity.
JOAN CLAYBORNE.

Preferences

Quebec, Canada.
Here are six observations not yet in general circulation.

1. That Doris Kenyon has the alivest face in the movies and has the distinction of being the only movie actress who doesn't look like a movie actress.

2. That whereas John Gilbert and Ramon Novarro always impress me as nice little boys trying dreadfully hard to be artistic, Rod La Rocque impresses me as a genuine artist.

3. That Phyllis Haver is a peach to gaze upon, bathing suit or no bathing suit, and that she is a darned clever comedienne besides and, although she will probably never get it, she deserves a large hunk of the Davies thunder.

4. That Neil Hamilton is next in the line of succession to the crown that has been worn in turn by Jack Pickford and Richard Barthelmess.

5. That Dorothy Gish, unlike most of her early contemporaries, still has a future.

6. And, that whereas the screen has produced at least six great actors, it has had but one great actress, namely, Pauline Frederick.
RUSSELL MACCALLUM.

Oh, Cullen, Where Art Thou?

St. Louis, Mo.
All hail to James R. Quirk. His "Speaking of Pictures" is the first thing I read upon receiving my copy of PHOTOPLAY.

His article in a recent number was what I had been waiting for. Why, oh why, must we have all this foreign talent shoved down our throats?

Their agility is not to be denied, but we have talent right here at home, that measures up to the same standard.

Here's to America first: To those who have been working hard, for years, giving their best, only to see these importations taking the places that should be theirs.

MRS. WM. BETZ.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]

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 to
Pants

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The Floradora girl had an angel's face and a teamster's appetite. Rosalind Byrne, the chorine of today, only gets a lamb chop, a pineapple and a calory chart



Miss 1927 (Doris Hill) romps in the gym. Miss 1902 (Ann Sheridan) considered ping pong hectic sport

"There's no kick to that," says Rosalind Byrne of Ann Sheridan's Floradora step. Twenty-five years ago it brought blushes to the bald-headed row. Today it would bring snores. And that billowy, trailing skirt!



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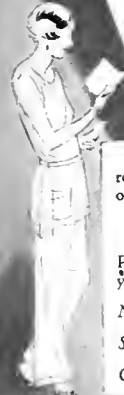
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GARMENTS & HOSIERY



A little chesty, and why shouldn't she be? Alice White has just won a First National contract. Hollywood regards her as one of the most promising newcomers.

Her first picture is "The Runaway Enchantress." Below you may observe Alice always discards hosiery. She says she does so for comfort. Whose comfort?

The Quest for IT

THE quest is always on in Hollywood. It is more valuable than diamonds. It can move mountains and cash registers. It is sought, sought, sought. Students of IT have found manifestations most frequently in members of the feminine sex, sized about five feet two, red-headed and aged eighteen. Like Alice White, sitting here on the sidelines.

Alice has always known she had IT. The trouble was she had to persuade a couple of other fellows. She has been around Hollywood three years, as a script girl. She was a very good script girl. But she wanted to be an actress. Even while she took notes for directors she was going the rounds of the other studios. One day she made a screen test, just to help out a friend. Triumph. IT registered.

The Hollywood hunters saw IT. Alice was sent for. Paramount wanted her. First National wanted her. Paramount promised to make her a second Clara Bow. "Second nothing," said Alice, and went to First National. And there you have IT.



News and Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]



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because it's waterproof and smearproof. One application stays on from morning 'til night. The color is an indescribable blend of red and orange—vivid—dashing—exotic—yet so subtly natural it flatters every complexion.

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WITNESS the saddest sight of the Hollywood social season at the Estelle Taylor-William Harrison (Jack) Dempsey housewarming.

Mounds of succulent salads, stacks of sliced and spiced meats, savory dressings, cheeses, relishes, tiny cakes, were spread for the watering mouth.

Not a nibble did Estelle take of them. "Whazza matter?" inquired someone politely. "Screen test tomorrow in a Turkish dancing girl's costume. A square meal, and I'd probably look like a retired Dobbin in pasture." And she bit off a nice nourishing piece of air. Tell me truly, fawther, is fame worth it?

NEIL HAMILTON is up to his old tricks. No, I'm wrong. Neil's old tricks are up to him.

Whichever way it is, Neil who dotes, socially, on making white bunnies come out of silk hats, has purchased a magicians' supply factory in the East.

Charles Emmett Mack, his staunch friend, calls him "the big hokum man from Hollywood."

It is Ted Cook's notion that Elinor Glyn was the author of "One Minute to Play."

HERE'S joy to the hearts of aesthetic souls. And proof that wealth does not always dwarf the tender sprouts of talent. Jesse Lasky, Jr., sixteen year old son of the man who helped make Paramount what it is today, has published a slender volume of verse. The book is called "Songs from the Heart of a Boy" and critics are most kind to it.

THE most startling news of the month was sent out with perfect seriousness by the press department of First National.

It was the heading for a publicity article and it read: "Origin of 'Black Bottom' Traced by Expert on 'The Notorious Lady.'"

SHE wrote dashingly of idyllic loves. He was an actor known for his vivid and searing wit. They met at a distinguished dinner.

"Do you know," as she leaned toward him, anxious to make conversation, "that different people remind me of different places. Irene Bordoni of Paris, of course. But I can only think of Cairo when I look at Francine Larrimore."

He raised his left eyebrow, incredulously, diabolically.

Later she was asked to dance. She returned exuding an unmistakable odor of warm rubber. Her reducing corset had betrayed her.

He smiled as he leaned toward her. "You remind me of a certain place." Flattered, she breathed, "Yes?" "Akron, Ohio."

EVER since Frank Lloyd and Wally Beery were so closely associated in making "The Sea Hawk" they have been the greatest of pals. But their friendship was almost rent the other day when they went fishing. The fish swarmed Wally's hook and left Frank's as bare as a Catalina channel swimmer.

It was then Frank refused to fish with Wally. "I'm sure you use live mice for bait," he said.

HERE is one for the book. They tell it on Roy D'Arcy, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's favorite villain. He had been polishing each shining idle hour by reading old volumes and had come forth with what he thought was the priceless motion picture plot of all ages. But to sell the idea to the powers-that-be at M-G-M was different.

"I took it to Louis B. Mayer. To Thalberg. To Rapf. To Stromberg. Everyone—and they could not see it. But finally I met a man who appreciated it." [CONT'D ON PAGE 112]



Eddie Cantor demonstrates his idea of snappy service. Eddie plays a swift-footed, fast pedaling messenger in "Special Delivery." The girl on the handle-bars is Jobyna Ralston. No, Geraldine, she won't walk home

It's fun to shop with Sally!

“SHOP” is scarcely the word to say—she’s so assured and jaunty about it. You love to go along. Her clothes are quite the thing as she swings expectantly down the street. Her complexion is young, lovely. And so eager, alert, is her gay, clean mind that into this shop she hastens, then out with a bundle. Into that shop, then out with another. “Yes, this is the right cold cream,” selecting the simplest of two jars—the white fluffy insides looking alike, equally fragrant. You’d think her rather casual about her purchases, till home again she unwraps the finest powder money can buy. The cake of soap kindest for Sally’s skin. Sheer chiffon hose of wonderful wear. And they *prove* the finest powder, kindest soap, longest wearing sheer hose.

Every shop trip Sally makes is a triumphant adventure. Out of magazines and newspapers she gathers the news that means getting what she wants, in the style and quality she wants it, at a price it is right to expect to pay. She never wishes after she’s bought one thing that she’d considered longer and bought another. For Sally is sure. She has faith in her own good judgment and taste. Her choices come from an easy, happy survey of all that is buyable.

Sally reads the advertisements and remembers their news.



*If you read the advertisements regularly, you
can appraise what you buy with the clear,
calm judgment of a professional*

News and Gossip of all The Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110]



"How can I make myself more beautiful? . . ."

HOW often have you asked yourself that question? . . . And what has been the answer? . . . Color! More color! Lovelier color! More natural color! . . . the kind that makes all the difference in the world, between being *passably* good-looking and *really* good-looking!

Artificial looking make-up won't do! The beauty of your lips must be brought out by a deep rich natural glow—not hidden by a greasy smear. . . . And your cheeks, they too must radiate youth . . . with the soft petal-like bloom of a sun kissed rose . . . delicate and lovely!

To discover this beauty for yourself, you need to do what thousands of others have done—you need to discover a make-up different from the rest—from all the rest—different in a hundred ways! . . . Remember this one thought and let it guide you, for it's true. . . .

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"Who?" exhaled the listener.
"Tourjansky."
He's the newest Russian directorial importation and his English is as short as his residence in this country.
But he was probably long on artistic interpretation.

BILL HART is wondering just what they mean. It's the result of a clipping from Sydney, Australia, which tells of a youth charged with assault and intent to kill. "Accused belongs to a good family, and seems to have had an idea to imitate Bill Hart, the screen star," the prosecutor said before the acquittal was handed down.

A SHORT cabled dispatch from Paris says that Mary Miles Minter and her mother have become reconciled and the dove of peace is fluttering in the Shelby home. The sordid quarrel over money that parted mother and daughter was both senseless and disagreeable. Mary and her mother evidently found that underneath all the bitterness there was a spark of family feeling still left. To me, the story of Mary Miles Minter is the saddest in all the tales of filmdom.

Mary and her mother have taken an apartment together in Paris.

I hope they selected the Rue de la Paix for their home.

REPORTS concerning the doings of Rex Ingram on the Riviera are most amusing. Rex is playing the Large Toad in the Small Puddle and enjoying a furor he never could

achieve in Hollywood, where he would be only another director. The inhabitants of Nice call Rex their "King." Visiting damsels yearn to dance with him. Tourists look upon him with an awe similar to that inspired by the Leaning Tower of Pisa and Napoleon's Tomb.

Rex plays the rôle of Spoiled Darling to perfection. His costumes vary from the robes of an Arab to the careless attire of a Mediterranean peasant. Does he love it? He eats it with a spoon.

OVERHEARD at the Hotel Algonquin: "There goes the boy who wants to play in the screen version of 'An American Tragedy.'"

"But, my dear Sherlock Holmes, he is the American tragedy!"

JOHAN DREW and Ethel Barrymore attended the invitation showing of John Barrymore's new picture, "As a Man Loves." What must they think of John, who has gone violently movie? John, apparently, is lost to Broadway and to the theater. And, of course, there may be nothing to the stories that he is in love with Dolores Costello. But he does manage to give the lady an inordinate amount of footage when they play in a picture together.

GLORIA SWANSON'S first independent film, "The Loves of Sunya," opened the new Roxy Theater in New York. Just before the opening, Gloria gave a tea and wore a gold metal cloth tea gown which made her look more gorgeous than anything she has worn in years. At present, Gloria is looking for a story that will take her to Europe. She'd like a good business excuse for taking herself to Paris.



Mitchell Leisen, art director, and Stella Yeager were married recently at Cecil De Mille's country home. And it was a real De Mille wedding because the bride and bridegroom wore Russian costumes and all the food and decorations were Russian. The only thing lacking was the vodka

WHO would believe that Harry "Snub" Pollard, comedian, could be "mentally cruel" to his fair young wife? Well, Judge Summerfield of Los Angeles, who has performed almost as many marriage ceremonies for movie folk as he has granted divorce decrees, believes it. And now the Pollards who once were one are two again.

THE *World* vouches for this as a true story. It seems there is a test given to pupils of New York public schools called the Schick Test. The Board of Education recently received the following note of protest: "Dear Board of Health—I refused to allow my little boy to take the Schick Test. I have read the book and seen the picture and I do not approve of it."

THE golden curls of Mary Beth Milford bounced right into the heart of Harold A. Noyes, a Hollywood business man, when she was a schoolgirl, and after a career in the Follies, Irving Berlin's Music Box Revue and motion pictures, she married him. Mary Beth was the sweet blonde influence in "The Fighting Blood" series with George O'Hara.

THE Harold Loyds had business in New York, but they postponed their trip until after they had celebrated their fourth wedding anniversary in Los Angeles where they had celebrated each of the preceding three. When they finally did get started, they left three-year-old Mildred Lloyd at home in Los Angeles with her grandmother.

ARTISTIC to the cuticle is Madeline Hurlock. In the bathroom of her new home stands a tub, black as an unforgiven lie. With it goes yellow soap and towels. Who says a course at Sennett's dulls appreciation of higher art?

EDDIE CANTOR, Broadway's gift to picturedom, emits a funny twitter.

"I am going to apply for \$50,000 'scandal insurance.' I've heard too much about Hollywood to go without it. It's worth \$1,000 to me if a story is started that I have been arrested for speeding in a high-powered car with a cookie who refuses to give her name. And it's worth \$100,000 if they whisper that I am spending my week-ends at Carmel-by-the-Sea."

The sight of Eddie strolling down Hollywood Boulevard the other morning with Mrs. Cantor didn't bring a glance. Probably because he didn't have peroxide hair and a Greek profile. He's an earnest little chap, who, strangely enough, takes his picture career most seriously.

MARIE MOSQUINI walked out of the courthouse clutching a brand new divorce decree from Roy G. Harlow, her former husband, the other day. Not many in our primitive little picture hamlet knew that she was married. She isn't now.

IT was her first visit to a studio and she was making the most of it. The first actor she met was Charlie Murray.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Murray," she gurgled. "You're Mae Murray's father, aren't you?"

"No," replied that gallant dandy. "You see, I only went into theatricals in 1888."

NOT to be outdone by Harold Lloyd's new nine-hole golf course, Douglas Fairbanks is making plans for a similar sized pill plot on the Fairbanks-Pickford ranch near Delmar. There will be a covey of Spanish bungalows



The art of smiling charmingly is the art of caring properly for one's teeth. That is why Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities, is also universally placed by experts, these days, near the top of the list of modern beauty aids.

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Pepsodent curdles the film, then removes it; then polishes the teeth in

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On dental advice, people are adopting this new way of tooth cleansing. Obtain Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, at drug stores. Two months' supply at a moderate price—or send coupon for 10-day tube. Use twice every day. See your dentist twice each year. Make both a habit.

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Try the new 5c candy made by the Oh Henry! people . . . "Copy of Oh Henry!" . . . the finest candy ever made for 5c.

nearby to accommodate a thousand persons, and a motor bus to contain eight sleeping compartments traveling between the ranch and Hollywood. Doug plans to be "Don Q" of this little hacienda.

THE population of Hollywood has been increased by two. Joyce Cowan and C. Ulrich Busch and if you read further you will discover Joyce is the infant daughter of Leonore J. Coffee, the scenario writer, and William J. Cowan, one of De Mille's able assistants. G. Ulrich Busch is the very young son of Eileen Percy and Ulrich Busch.

THE motion picture colony has its own Queen Marie. It's Queen Marie Prevost who, for a day, will rule the Fresno Mardi Gras in that California City. It's a yearly thing and quite an honor. Marie is planning to motor and thus avoid any regal railway complications.

By the way, Miss Prevost has just recovered from a minor operation which delayed production on her picture.

TWO marriages in one year is the record of Alice Calhoun who was married to Max Chotiner at Ventura the other day after her marital ties to Mendel B. Silverberg were nipped by the scissors of annulment.

THE youngest set had a great time at a party given at the Beverly Hills home of Carey Wilson, the scenarist. Nancy Holt Wilson was six years old and among those who gathered to ask for their second piece of cake were Thomasina Mix, Loris Nihlo, Gloria Lloyd, Suzanne Vidor, Ruth Nagel, Henry King, Jr., and others whose papas and mamas are in the pictures.

NANCY WILSON'S birthday party reminds me of the day she was posing for a local photographer. With her was her favorite doll, a china-faced beauty with flaxen hair. Nancy, who is just six, looked at the doll, looked at herself in the mirror, adjusted a curl and turned to the photographer:

"Don't bother about making me look pretty. I'm quite all right. But do the best you can for the doll."

THE judge handed Priscilla Bonner a nice new document the other day which finally divorced her from Alan Alexander, after a separation of several years.

JAMES KIRKWOOD and his wife, Lila Lee, have temporarily suspended work on their ranch near Hemet, Cal., and have gone into Los Angeles, there to appear in a revival of Channing Pollock's play, "The Fool." Their Hemet ranch is not far from the ranch once owned and operated by Nat Goodwin. Mrs. Kirkwood is more slender and better-looking than ever. Jim Kirkwood seems to remain in status quo.

BETTY BLYTHE, who has appeared in more than one picture in which she did not wear much of anything, arrived in Hollywood the other day after two years and two months spent in Europe, and she was wearing, among other items, the classiest pair of boots yet seen in the land of the Native Son.

GERTRUDE ASTOR, whose real name is Gertrude Eyster, and who told a judge in Los Angeles that she was born at Lima, Ohio, just twenty-one years ago, was granted the boon she craved—that of being known at all times and places as Gertrude Astor. "I have a lot of real estate," she told the judge, "and it's all in the name of Gertrude Astor. The name of Astor made me."

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HEREAFTER, Shannon Day will be Shannon Day all day long, a judge in Los Angeles having given Miss Day, née Sylvia Aida Dietz, legal permission to drop the Austrian cognomen and call herself Shannon Day in private life as well as in the studios.

"UPSTREAM," Jack Ford's latest picture for Fox, brought a flood of reminiscences from Raymond Hitchcock who plays in it. But the funniest one that I overheard concerned a monkey. Let Hitchcock tell it:

"Mark Sullivan was my room mate and we were living on 43rd Street under conditions almost identical with those being portrayed by John Ford in this comedy drama of theatrical life.

"We were broke, behind in our rent and out of luck as far as jobs were concerned.

"What'll we hock next?" Sullivan asked. "I looked around helplessly. 'Not a thing left but our tights and our make-up kits,' I said, and began groaning again. We didn't dare go down to the dining room. The landlady was laying for us. Blood in her eye? I'll say there was.

"Just then an Italian came along grinding a hand-organ and soon a monkey climbed up the porch. He had a tiny red hat and a hearty handshake. This was what I discovered. But Sullivan had made a far more important discovery. The monkey when shaken playfully coughed up seventeen cents. He had been concealing them in his mouth, holding out on the wop. We blessed the monk, borrowed thirteen cents and made a meal in a cheap restaurant. Dear little monk."

UNCLE CARL LAEMMLE, who is sixty years young, was given a birthday dinner in Los Angeles at which a few of the guests were Will Hays of Indiana and all points north, south, east and west, Jack Dempsey, George Young, the sea-going youth from Toronto, Marcus Loew, Douglas Fairbanks, Jesse L. Lasky and Hal Roach. Mr. Roach made a speech in which he described the dear dead past when he was getting three dollars a day as a super at Universal City. Rupert Hughes was toastmaster.

VIRGINIA VALLI, whom nothing can dismay, has completely recovered from an operation for appendicitis. One of the most ardent pedestrians in Hollywood, her chief objection to the operation, she said, was that during her convalescence she could not get out and do her daily dozen miles.

JACK GILBERT, Donald Ogden Stewart, the writer, Mrs. Stewart, and Miss Marjory Ames, a relative of Mrs. Stewart, were driving back from San Diego to Los Angeles, as nice as you please, when suddenly the car, of which Jack Gilbert was skipper, failing to straighten out as it went round a curve near La Jolla, turned turtle. But the Gilbert luck held, and nobody received more than a few scratches.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE, Marshall Neilan, and Captain Alistair Mackintosh of Scotland, where the Scotch is supposed to come from, dined *en masse* the other evening in a restaurant in Hollywood. Which social note would hardly be worth the trouble of putting down if it was not for the fact that Captain Alistair Mackintosh is the five-months separated husband of the nimble-witted Connie. "There is no reason," said she, "why I should not dine with a man, even if he is my husband." But the reconciliation seems to be as far off as ever.

IN Hollywood, the other night, there was a high class revival of the dash and *éclat* with which the Keystone cops used to rush to the rescue in days gone by. This time, Norma Shearer had telephoned to the Hollywood Police Station to ask that a guard be sent to her house, she and her secretary having seen a suspicious character lurking about the prem-

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Smart, not only at the ankle but right to the hem above the knee—and yet

NEW No. 707

THERE is Onyx Pointex in a new style and at a new price. Style No. 707 is destined to become the most popular number of an already famous nationally-known make of silk stockings.

This new stocking was produced to meet the insistent demands of style-conscious women. It offers not only the trim, smart gracefulness that the Pointex heel brings to all ankles. It offers, also, the allure of a perfectly knitted silken fabric right to the line of the four-inch hem. That means all silk to a point three or four inches above the knee. And yet, it retails for \$1.85.

Ask for Style No. 707 by name and number. And, let us suggest, in the interest of stocking economy, that you buy it by the box—three pairs.

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ises. Miss Shearer told the constabulary that before said suspicious character was seen, a girl friend had reported having overheard a cafe conversation the general purport of which was that the Shearer home was to be robbed.

When the cops were told that it was the beautiful Norma who was in danger, they piled out regardless of trouble and expense. But all they had for their trouble was their pains. The midnight marauder, or marauders, had gone away without leaving any forwarding address.

But John Law stayed on the job till came the

dawn, beautiful damsels in distress being entitled to most of the breaks—and, even in Hollywood, getting them most, if not all of the time.

THE latest addition to the list of gilded cafes along Hollywood Boulevard is the sole and exclusive property of Leach Cross, sometime box-fighter. His good friend, Bull Montana, his other good friend, James J. Corbett, and his other good friend, James J. Jeffries, were guests of honor at the opening. A quiet time was had by all.

Perfect Behavior in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

and he discovers that there is a look about the eyes which strongly suggests Nietzsche or Dostoiewsky.

He also discovers that he needs a shave. On his way to the bathroom the telephone rings and Mr. Stewart answers.

"Hello," says a voice.

"Hello" replies the famous author.

"Don't you know who this is?" asks the voice.

"No," replies Mr. Stewart.

"Guess," suggests the voice.

Mr. Stewart guesses.

"Mabel," he says.

"No," replies the party at the other end of the line.

"Ethel," guesses Mr. Stewart.

There is a giggle at the other end.

"No," says the voice. "This is the American Drop Forge and Tool Company and we are just crazy about your books out here and we wonder if you would write something for our Employee's Magazine on 'The Future of Moving Pictures.'"

Mr. Stewart hesitates a moment and then begins.

"Moving pictures," he says, "have no future. They are not an Art. They are

merely a Business in the hands of a low-grade class of morons and I would rather die than be connected in any way—"

At that moment the doorbell rings.

"Excuse me," says Mr. Stewart into the telephone and he goes to the front door. It is a messenger boy with a telegram. Mr. Stewart opens and reads.

WILL YOU ACCEPT FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR PICTURE RIGHTS TO YOUR LATEST BOOK? WOULD PREFER TO HAVE YOU PRESENT DURING SCREENING AT SALARY OF THOUSAND DOLLARS A WEEK AND ALL EXPENSES TO COAST. ANSWER.

Mr. Stewart hesitates a moment and writes out an answer. Then he returns to the telephone.

"I have just had a vision," he says. "A beautiful, wonderful vision—and my eyes have been opened—and I see that what the motion-picture business needs is men like myself—men with culture—men with sensitiveness to the finest in Art—men with ideals."

Meanwhile the editor of PHOTOPLAY has been waiting two months for Chapter VIII of "Perfect Behavior in Hollywood" and



It was Olive Borden's first trip to New York, so she brought her mother with her. Olive is now working at the Fox Studio in "The Joy Girl," which is being directed by Allan Dwan

when it finally arrives he corrects the spelling and punctuation and cuts out four or five of the dulllest paragraphs with the following result.

CHAPTER VIII

"Publicity and Art"

Last month (or maybe it was two months ago) we discussed some of the foyal steps in preparation for the actual "shooting" of the picture and this month we are going to devote our attention to the remaining activities necessary before the cameras can actually begin "grinding."

IN the first place, the wheels of the Publicity Department must be set in motion in order that the public may begin to be prepared for the proper reception of the picture when it is released.

This is done by "planting" interesting stories about the picture and its stars in various newspapers so that excitement about the production will be gradually brought to fever heat all over the country.

Thus, for example, if your picture is to be the "Life of Christ," a very good publicity story would be something like the following:

ACTRESS FAVORS VIRGIN BIRTH

Los Angeles, Calif., March 4, 1927—Traffic was suspended for more than half an hour at the corner of Broadway and Seventh Streets this afternoon when Katherine Foy, a pretty little Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, appeared with scenes from Biblical history tattooed on her legs in place of stockings. When arraigned before Police Judge Everhardt, Miss Foy explained that the left leg was devoted to the Old Testament and the right leg to the New, and she was released with a reprimand. Miss Foy, who is to have the role of Cleopatra in the forthcoming production of the "Life of Christ," was recently elected an honorary member of the fire department in Beverly Hills where she has her home.

So much for the preliminary publicity. Further instruction will be given in this important branch of film technique as the occasion warrants it.

ONE more detail which must be regulated before the actual taking of pictures can commence is the question of providing settings for the various scenes. This is not, however, difficult, for luckily the city of Los Angeles and its environs happens to look exactly like everything imaginable, from the Court of the Queen of Sheba to moonlight over Harvard college, and that takes care of all the external settings.

As for the interiors, the Art Department will provide for that by suggesting that the "set" which they use for a ranch house in "Custer's Last Stand" and a corner of the 18th century Paris in "La Boheme" and a Society woman's houndoir in "Old Ironsides" will also be perfectly all right for the "Life of Christ."

And the Art Department will be backed up by the Production Manager who controls the expenditures and that is all there is to be said about that.

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PICTURE IDEAS

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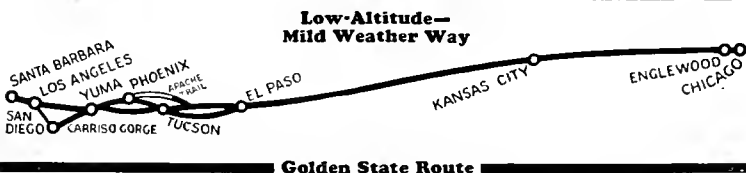
Dear Sir:

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 - Los Angeles Ticket Office
212 West Seventh Street
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 - B. F. Coons, General Agent, Rock Island Lines
609 Van Nuys Building
Phone Trinity 4574
Los Angeles, California
 - A. J. Poston, General Agent, Southern Pacific Lines
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165 Broadway, New York City
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The Low Down on Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

Have you caught the scent of any such men?
Not yet. There are some highly skillful craftsmen in Hollywood. (I judge them by their talk: I have not seen their actual pictures.) They tackle the problems of their business in a very intelligent manner. They know what they are trying to do. They are, in the main, very modest fellows, and despite the legend to the contrary, are quite willing to listen to advice, even when it is ignorant. They have learned a lot from the Germans. But I think it would be stretching a point to say that there are any first-rate artists among them—as yet. They are adept, but not inspired.

The movies need a Shakespeare. If he is in Hollywood today, he is probably bootlegging, running a pants pressing parlor, or grinding a camera crank. The movie magnates seek him in literary directions. They pin their faith to

new Zane Grey picture, but I had to decline, for my old gift for epigram has begun to leave me. Irving Thalberg and Louis B. Mayer proposed to star me in a picture called "The Aphrodisiac," but I incline to think that they were spoofing. When Lionel Barrymore heard of it, he threatened to burn down the Metro studio.

When do you think the Shakespeare of the movies will appear? And where will he come from?

God knows. He may even be an American, as strange as it may seem. One thing, only, I am sure of: he will not get much for his masterpieces. He will have to give them away. But the first manager who puts them on will lose money. The movies today are too rich to have any room for genuine artists. They produce superb craftsmen, but no artists. Can you imagine a Beethoven making \$100,000 a

Answers to Whose Legs

1. The legs of JULIA FAYE—a pioneer in the short skirt movement.
2. They belong to ALBERTA VAUGHN. Cute, aren't they?
3. The ones in black tights were owned by FAY TEMPLETON and were a rage among the dudes.
4. MARY PICKFORD—in cotton stockings.
5. MYRNA LOY—and we had you fooled here.
6. The athletic legs belong to OLIVE BORDEN.
7. And the dancing limbs are JOAN CRAWFORD'S.
8. Naturally, you guessed this pair—BETTY BRONSON, the elfin child.
9. LOUISE BROOKS. Don't be silly!
10. FRANKIE BAILEY, of course!

novelists and playwrights. I presume to believe that this is bad medicine.

The fact that a man can write a competent novel is absolutely no reason for assuming that he can write a competent film. The two things are as utterly unlike as Pilsner and Coca-Cola. Even a sound dramatist is not necessarily a competent scenario-writer.

What the movies need is a school of authors who will forget all dialogue and description, and try to set forth their ideas in terms of pure motion. It can be done, and it will be done. The German, Dr. Murnau, showed the way in certain scenes of "The Last Laugh." But the American magnates continue to buy bad novels and worse plays, and then put over-worked professionals to the sorry job of translating them into movies. It is like hiring men to translate college yells into riddles. Aeschylus himself would be stumped by such a task.

Have you ever thought of venturing into the art yourself?

Why should I? Have I ever ventured into architecture? Or viola playing? Let every man stick to his natural trade. Mine is that of dogmatic theology. I hope to write a new Ten Commandments before I die. Moses has kept his monopoly too long. Walter Wanger offered me \$100,000 to write the titles for a

year? If so, then you have a better imagination than Beethoven himself. No, the present movie folk, I fear, will never quite solve the problem, save by some act of God. They think too much about money. They have allowed it to become too important to them, and believe they couldn't get along without it. This is an unfortunate delusion.

Money is important to mountebanks, but not to artists. The first really great movie, when it comes at last, will probably cost less than \$1,000. A true artist is always a romantic. He doesn't ask what the job will pay; he asks if it will be interesting. In this way all the loveliest treasures of the human race have been fashioned—by careless and perhaps somewhat foolish men. The late Johann Sebastian Bach, compared to a movie star with nine automobiles, was simply a damned fool. But I cherish the feeling that a scientific inquiry would also develop other differences between them.

What do you think, Herr Mencken, of the acting in the movies?

A delicate question, for I have seen none. But let me add hastily that I have a low opinion of acting and hence rejoice. The professional actor, as he reveals himself on the speaking stage, is simply a walking artificial-

ity. The better he acts, the worse his acting. What he represents is no human beings, but stuffed dummies out of the immemorial storehouse of the stage.

I USED to be a professional dramatic critic, and had a considerable knack for the science. But I gave it up because looking at acting was damaging my health. In the few movies that I have seen I saw nothing properly describable as acting. I simply saw groups of more or less charming people trying to appear natural. It was often very attractive, as the acting of little girls is attractive. But it would have made the late Richard Mansfield yell. He was a true actor. He staggered his audiences with his technical virtuosity, but so far as I can recall he never produced any illusion. No one ever believed that his *Baron Cheerval* was real. But the people who appear in the movies often achieve something very close to reality. Are they at times *gauche* and preposterous? Then so are you, and so is your old man. Then so am I.

You propose, then, that professional actors be kept out of the films?

There is no need to propose it: the public is doing it. Very few professional actors of any skill and experience have ever succeeded on the screen. I am surely no admirer of the public, but in this case it seems to show a sound instinct.

The movies began by trying to represent, not the artificialities that prevail on the stage, but life itself. Thus a taste for realism was implanted in their audience, and to this day that audience remains impatient of the factitious strutting and posturing that is professional acting. It prefers a charming woman, engaged only upon being charming, to all the most accomplished face-pullers and eye-poppers in the world. So do I.

IN the course of my few visits to the movie parlors I have seen gals so lovely that I rushed home to write them fan letters. True enough, I always signed such letters with false names and so avoided scandal; nevertheless, I wrote them. Perhaps many a worthy and beautiful girl at Hollywood cherishes such a letter today, wondering all the while how Seth Burkhardt, of Red Lion, Pa., ever achieved so delicate and eloquent a prose style. I was too hashful to inquire when I was there. I assume that the male stars of the screen get many similar letters from female literati. Very few of these stars, thank God, are actors. The great films of the future, like the good films of today, will be mainly done by amateurs.

But certainly you except such superb actors as Emil Jannings?

I do not. Jannings is unquestionably a competent actor. He has mastered the technique of the craft. But put him beside an earnest amateur, and at once the hollowness of acting becomes manifest. Turn to "The Last Laugh." Jannings gave a very good performance in that film. He was full of tricks and ingenuities. He played every scene in a highly dexterous manner. But he was never real for an instant. No one actually mistook him for the old fellow he was playing.

Well, in the same play there was another performer who achieved the effect of reality almost perfectly. He played the ancient who is Jannings' successor as keeper of the hotel wash-room. I went to the trouble of inquiring about him of secret agents in Berlin. They reported that he was an amateur—an old goat who yearned to appear in the films, and was given his chance because Jannings happened to know him. He was a waiter by profession. One of the most eminent of American lady stars, I have heard, was once a waitress. Why not? There is too much prejudice in such matters. I put waiters far above golf players.

Are you against the star system?

I am neither for it nor against it. A star is simply a performer who pleases better than the average. Certainly I see no reason why such a performer should not be paid a large



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salary. The objection to swollen salaries should come from the stars themselves—that is, assuming them to be artists. The system diverts them from their proper business of trying to produce charming and amusing movies, and converts them into bogus society folk. What could be more ridiculous? And pathetic? I go further: it is tragic. Nothing, indeed, is more tragic in this world than for otherwise decent people to meanly admire and imitate mean things. One may have some respect for the movie lady who buys books and sets up as an intellectual, for it is a worthy thing to want to be (or even simply to want to appear) well-informed and intelligent. But I can see nothing worthy in wanting to be mistaken for the president of a bank.

ARTISTS should sniff at such dull drudges, not imitate them. The movies will leap ahead the day some star in Hollywood organizes a string quartette and begins to study Mozart. One blast of Mozart makes a cleaner air than all the Rolls-Royces ever built.

Have you anything more to say upon the fascinating subject?

Not a word. I have said a great deal too much already. I shall catch hell from many kind friends, and no doubt justly. They will accuse me of making free with their confidences. But all their real confidences I reserve *in petto*: to violate them would be to shock the country.

Hollywood, I believe, is full of unhappy people. Many of its notables are successful and rich, but I don't think that many of them are satisfied. The sort of attention that falls upon a movie personage is irksome, and, in most of its aspects, insulting. There may be men and women out there who enjoy being pawed and applauded by millions of idiots, but if so I am not acquainted with them.

I recall a conversation with the late Valentino. He was precisely as happy as a small boy being kissed by two hundred fat aunts. Venetian palaces and one hundred pairs of pantaloons are not for artists—and Valentino, within his limits, tried to be one, and thought of himself as one. He was, under the surface, a sad young man. He has, in the movies, plenty of brothers—and sisters.



Let's all break down and cry over the sad plight of Lita Grey Chaplin. The club women of Los Angeles are thinking of taking up a collection to provide her with spending money, until she reaches a settlement with Charlie. And, honestly, they are not joking

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104]

A Power for Peace

Pasadena, Calif.

I have just seen "What Price Glory," and it has filled me with such gratitude that I must write of it. All those who have thought of it, all realize that, if civilization is to continue, war must be stopped—altogether and forever. But they also realize that nothing can be done until the world is awakened to its need. Now the cinema is obviously the strongest and most far reaching influence in the world today. One motion picture, showing war stripped of all the sentimental illusions that those who know nothing of it have always associated with it, will reach more people than a hundred pamphlets written by the greatest sages of the age. And that motion picture has been given to us in "What Price Glory." No one can see it without realizing to the full, not only the horror and futility of war, but its utter needlessness and senselessness. Will you allow me to express through your magazine my heartfelt thanks to those who created it? For they have perpetrated a film which is a benefit, not only to art but to humanity.

RUTH YANKES.

Movies and Marriage

Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Movies may come and movies may go but the brickbats go on forever, also divorces. And why not?

Wives spend one half of the week at the movies, enjoying them sometimes but for the most picking the poor stars, directors and pictures to pieces.

The balance of the week is dedicated to getting their none too kind opinions down on paper and off to the different publications, there to arouse the ire and hastily though none the less energetically, written replies of the first parties' champion epithet hurler.

And all this time hundreds of poor husbands have to pay for said wife's literary efforts by eating canned pork and beans (and alas, losing their temper trying to locate the pork), sardines and the rest of it.

Will some obliging person kindly tell me why their better half don't put a stop to it?

It is a tragedy that wives cannot be bought at the delicatessen, as many of their meals are. For then if they proved unsatisfactory one could promptly return them and get a refund.

Oh well, we all have our crosses to bear and here's more power to brickbat throwers and meals a la can.

Buck up, husbands, things will be better when they don't make movies—maybe!

MISS BEE PIERCE.

For More and Better Meighan

Worcester, Mass.

Just a little criticism on the parts given to Thomas Meighan.

Thomas Meighan, I know, is one of the favorite Irish gentlemen of the Movie World. I do not think he does himself justice in the parts given to him in his recent pictures.

His work in Irish parts naturally is good, for he cannot lose that happy roguish smile and manner characteristic of his race, and which is a tonic to both young and old.

His work in "Manslaughter" and "The Miracle Man" was exceptionally good, and they are plays which when spoken of create enthusiasm for both play and players. In the above plays, and others of their kind, Thomas Meighan shows himself able to portray the happy-go-lucky type, the down-and-out man of the Underworld, and above all the wonderfully clean lover. He has a large following and I know the public would like to see him in heavier parts.

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The new CUTEX CUTICLE OIL is like the Cream—but in liquid form. Use it as part of your manicure. And also at night until the dry condition of the cuticle is overcome.

“LOVELY oval-shaped nails depend on the beautiful curve around the nail base which comes only when two things are done for the cuticle—One, you must remove the dead cuticle. Two, you must restore the missing oils”—so says Northam Warren, the great authority on the manicure.

And so with Cutex, already being used for removing all dead cuticle, Northam Warren has now especially created these two marvelous new preparations for the second step—supplying the cuticle with its missing oils. They make the cuticle so soft and pliant it is easy to train to a lovely oval. Immediately the nails are almond shape, the fingers look long and slender!

But remember your nails can't look nice

if old dead cuticle is left clinging to the nails. Even the wonderful new Cream or Oil can't remove that. The only thing that has ever been perfected that will remove dead cuticle is just the familiar Cutex Cuticle Remover.

Then supply the lacking oils to the cuticle with either of these wonderful new preparations. If you have a tendency to excessive dryness, you will find it beneficial to spread on either the Cream or Oil every single night at first.

Mr. Warren will send you samples of the Cream and Oil with the famous Cutex Cuticle Remover and Powder Polish. Just fill out the coupon below and mail it with 10c. If you live in Canada, address Dept. Q-4, 85 St. Alexander St., Montreal. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

Try BOTH
AT ONCE

Send 10c for Cutex Introductory Set containing everything for 6 manicures.

I enclose 10c for samples of Cutex Cuticle Cream, Cutex Cuticle Oil, and Cutex Cuticle Remover, together with the other essentials for the manicure.

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. Q-4
114 West 17th St., New York



Stop "Touching Up"

Face powders are passé. At the slightest excuse they streak, blotch and look spotty. Try the "24 hour complexion." It gives your skin a touch of bewitching, seductive beauty that remains throughout the day, as fresh and fascinating as when first applied. One day's use will show you how superior it is to face powders.

**GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL
CREAM**

Send 10c. for Trial Size
Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, New York City



**A
MEEKER
MADE R**
Handbag
for Easter Wear

Numerous designs from which to make your Spring selection. Of imported, genuine steerhide for richness and long wear. Hand laced and hand colored. Neutral in effect—becoming any color and style outfit with which you carry it.

Displayed by leading jewelry and leather goods stores.
THE MEEKER COMPANY, Inc., Joplin, Mo.
Largest Manufacturers of Steerhide Leather Goods in the U.S.A.

The Unbeatable Big Parade

Cedartown, Ga.
I was just one of the hundreds sitting in a theater watching "The Big Parade."

That wonderful accompanying orchestra sounded the cry—sirens, horns, whistles of every description drew me to the edge of the seat and close to the man next to me—why? Because just what we were seeing now, we had been through together, nine years before.

From the time Mr. Gilbert "patted" his foot on the floor of his little sport car, till he came back over the hill in France, with that queer "straddling" walk, I never gained control.

If Miss Adoree could have held that truck and the picture could have ended there, I would have been happy.

Do I remember the barracks that night seething with men, one man—back in Columbia, S. C., and the next morning—not a soul—gone— That same feeling again—when the truck left *Melisande* in the road)

But to have missed Mr. Gilbert going through the machine gun infested forest, with that helpless but "go on" look, would have been terrible.

To me, this picture can never be equalled in directing, photography, acting and pathos.
MRS. ERNEST KNAPP.

More for "Stella Dallas"

Phoenix, Ariz.

Oh! I have just come from seeing "Stella Dallas," and I am so excited! There could never be a picture of more pathos. It is just beyond compare. It is gorgeous, wonderful, superb!

The performance of Lois Moran as *Laurel* and of Belle Bennett as *Stella Dallas* surely could not be more real or more sincere. They seemed to put their very souls into their acting. Samuel Goldwyn cannot be praised enough for picking out such a perfect cast. Henry King, the director, surely must have had lots to do with the success of the photoplay, for a director can make or spoil a picture.

I advise all my friends and readers of PHOTOPLAY to see "Stella Dallas." If it

doesn't touch your heart, and make the tears come, I'll swear that you have a heart of stone. I read the book and the picture could not have a more perfect representation.

R. E. M.

The Essence of Betty Bronson

Vancouver, B. C.

A humming bird dipping into the flowers' cups;
Perfumed zephyrs floating by;
Sunrise in summer;
The ghost of all the little joys we have known;
Laughter of children at play.
And the heart of a Jacqueminot rose;
'Tis Betty Bronson,
The wonder-woman,
With the soul of Peter Pan,
a sage's mind
And the outer semblance of a joyous child
MARGARY MCINTYRE.

Photos of the Fair

Atlanta, Ga.

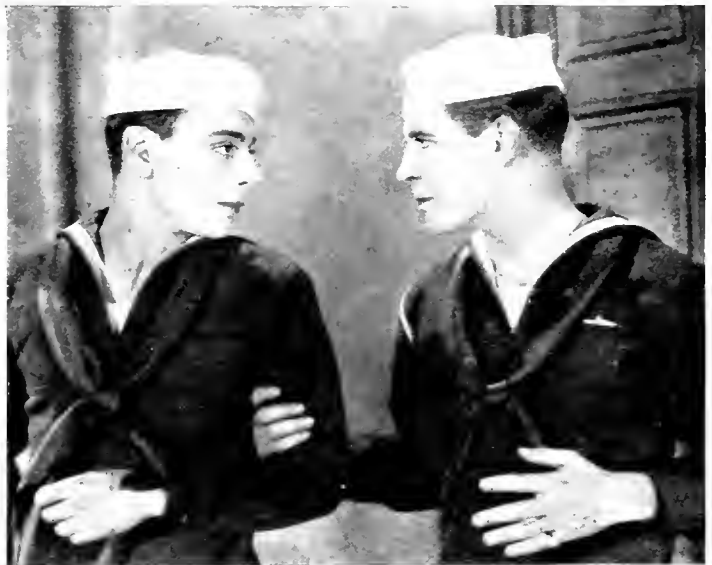
Whenever I pick up a copy of PHOTOPLAY, I am sure the eye will be pleased with some photos of loveliness which will gladden the heart, and likewise some reading matter to divert the mind from the more commonplace things of a humdrum existence.

And it's a real relief to see in print those likenesses of screen favorites, for while I've never seen a screen photo of a feminine star which made them look as beautiful as on the screen, there's just a touch of something missing which is to some extent replaced by looking at their photo.

Being too deaf to enjoy the theater as in former years, my chief diversion is the "movie," and the class of plays which most interest me are those of Harold Lloyd and Thomas Meighan. Life at its best is too serious for me to enjoy the "heart-throbs" and "sobs" of a majority of the present day plays. They might make me unloose a few tears.

Enjoying a good play and reading your magazine are real diversions.

W. R. TAYLOR.



Here you have Buster Collier, Larry Gray and the Battle of the North Sea. This is a war shot from "Convoy," First National's new special. "Convoy," by the way, is built around the convoy system which carried two million men overseas without a single casualty during the World War

Just a Ford Lover

Chicago, Ill.

A bouquet would not be one half in my opinion for Harrison Ford and what he deserves for his splendid acting. Those who throw brickbats simply don't understand the ability or talent of this wonderful actor. He is unlike any other actor. His face seems to give one the impression of peace, quiet and solitude. Hundreds of words and even pages could not begin to express my gratitude to the movie world for giving the movie fans such a personality as the one Harrison Ford.

MISS ETHELMAE DUDLEY.

Art in Backgrounds

Berkeley, Calif.

I hope that there are movie fans who enjoy, as I do, the efforts of producers to obtain artistic settings in their pictures.

To illustrate: In "The Bat," the feeling of mystery is immediately suggested by the sinister lines of the man's dressing gown; by the shadows of the candles; by the arrangement of the black rug; and by the heavily draped walls.

Take a picture like "The Thief of Bagdad," a fantastic tale that Fairbanks enriched with make-believe, fantastic settings. Three of the scenes I still retain in my mind's eye as perfect gems of harmony and of rhythm in color and line.

A third picture, "Romola," had two scenes: *Romola* kneeling at her father's side, and the marriage of *Romola*, that might well have been from the brush of an Italian master. The picture had the advantage of being filmed in Italy, thus the costumes did not look as though they had just come from Goldberg's, and hung on \$5 a day extras.

BLANCHE ADELLA HAWKINS.

Just Rudy

Miami, Fla.

Like a fiery comet Valentino came for a short time, dazzling all by his brilliance and to leave behind a beautiful memory.

Valentino may justly be classed with those others, whose greatness has won them the title of immortal. He gave only happiness to countless thousands, who eagerly set forth after a weary day's work to enjoy a brief respite from the drab monotony of their daily routine, when lost in the thrills and pathos of Valentino's acting.

The real Valentino was the one who loved animals and his fellow men far better than himself, whose desire for fair play was an outstanding characteristic, and whose fortitude and courageous spirit was dominant to the end. He was no "Parlor prodigy"—rather a lover of nature, whose pleasure was found out of doors. This was significant of that clear-cut Apollo-like figure. However, it was not his panther-like physical sleekness or the handsome face that made him beloved of the nation, but the goodness and beauty of his soul.

DOROTHY F. HEATH.

What's the Matter with Greta Garbo?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

studio executives have been hammering away for the new contract. In this they offer a sliding scale of \$2,000, \$2,500, \$3,000, \$4,000 and \$5,000. Considering Miss Garbo's hit, that is not a large salary scale, by any means.

Miss Garbo believes that, if she were free, she could command \$7,500 and, at the end of five years, be drawing at least \$15,000 a week. Metro is said to have told her that, unless she signs, she will be deported at the end of her passport time limit, in June.



Actresses favor Resinol Soap for daily cleansing

They find that its Resinol properties tend to prevent dryness and roughness of the skin

"It is very easy to understand why Resinol Soap is so popular since it has special properties to keep the skin soft and natural," says Viola Dana, much admired F. B. O. star who is now being featured in "Homestruck."

With every trace of make-up to be removed daily if she is to care for her skin properly, the screen star must decide what will accomplish this cleansing most thoroughly without injury to the skin's delicate texture. Resinol Soap offers a solution of the problem, and women in all fields of activity are adopting its use.

To daily increasing numbers of women the name Resinol means a product with ingredients of particular benefit to the skin. In the abundant, creamy lather of Resinol Soap, these properties are carried deep into the pores, and they make possible thorough cleansing without the smarting, dry, red flaky condition of which so many complain.

Get a cake of this soap from your druggist now, and use it regularly as directed, but note the softness, radiance and general improvement in your skin which follows the *first* treatment.

If you are at present annoyed by some skin irritation—a minor rash, a facial blemish, or one of the more serious forms of skin disorder apply a bit of Resinol Ointment. It relieves burning and itching promptly and rarely fails to clear the trouble away. Prescribed by doctors for more than thirty years.

FREE OFFER—Mail this coupon today!



Dept. 15-C, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

I have never used Resinol Soap and Ointment, so please send me sample of each.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

VOILA! NAILS GLEAM
with the pink perfection
that fashion now demands



**This Magical Liquid Polish
Has Set The Vogue**

Keenly aware of the importance of small details to faultless grooming . . . smart women have made this manicure the vogue.

Fascinating hands lovely to their fingertips . . . each nail twinkling . . . alluring, lustrous . . . Glazo, the originator of this new manicure, quickly will give your nails this beauty.

Just a touch of this magic Glazo Liquid Polish and *voila!* . . . nails gleam with neither too deep a hue nor too pale. Just the pink of perfection!

No huffing! This beautiful Glazo finish that is so easy to apply lasts several days. It will not peel or crack or turn an ugly brown. But to obtain the desired results be sure that you get Glazo.

Excepting the absurdly expensive imported polishes, Glazo is the only liquid manicure that comes complete with separate remover. This Glazo Remover insures a more charming manicure and prevents unnecessary use of the precious polish.

You can get Glazo at your favorite store. The dainty twin bottles will give you exquisite, fashionable nails with the least exertion, in the shortest time. Ask for Glazo, by name. The Glazo Company, 404 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio; 468 King Street, West, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

*Original and Only Liquid Polish
Complete With Remover—Fifty Cents*

GLAZO

Nails stay polished longer—no buffing necessary.

Try GLAZO Cuddle Massage Cream. It shapes the cuticle and keeps it even and healthy.

Her answer is, "Well, then I go back to Sweden." She retires behind her almost Oriental mask of impenetrability. She never argues. She doesn't fight. She doesn't quarrel. She won't storm. She just stares, while executives bellow for an answer. All she wants to do is to complete her present contract, which has eighteen months to run. She wants no new contract, because she feels that she would be unhappy.

TO the statements of Metro executives that they know best what she should play, it is pointed out that they wanted Miss Garbo to do the lead in "Women Love Diamonds" when it was first refused by Mae Murray. This would hardly be called a sweet and sympathetic rôle—and the story, as it now appears on the screen with Pauline Starke featured, is certainly a wretched one.

"Anna Karenina" was next outlined for Miss Garbo—but she bucked at the part. Here is the situation as PHOTOPLAY goes to press: studio work is at a standstill as far as Greta Garbo is concerned. Miss Garbo is suspended from salary.

This, in brief, is the newest producer vs. player problem. Miss Garbo has read, and believed, the stories so frequently published that players of vamp rôles have a short, flashing success—and then oblivion. What rights have a player towards safeguarding their future?

Louis B. Mayer discussed the situation with PHOTOPLAY:

"We have the morale of our studios to guard," he said. "We have some sixty players under permanent contract. If we are to concede that Miss Garbo is stronger than our company, we would sacrifice every vestige of morale.

"We will do nothing until Miss Garbo behaves herself. There we stand."

**\$15,000 in Prizes for
Picture Ideas**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

be. However, the officials of that company are farseeing and realize that it is a good plan to educate the public to thinking motion pictures, and it is broad-minded enough to realize that great screen writers of tomorrow may come from creative-minded men and women who now have little or no opportunity to present their ideas.

Long ago the motion picture producers gave up the hope that writers of the "best sellers" would be creators of the best box office attractions.

Any contest for a story or novel that may be used for motion pictures discourages the average man or woman to write a good short story, or a good novel, for it takes years of experience and the amateur rarely, if ever, has an opportunity to win.

Here is a contest which is open to everyone who can think and who can express his or her thoughts in simple words regardless of literary qualities.

Have no fear that your ideas and suggestions will be filched, for the Editor of PHOTOPLAY, who is inordinately jealous of the reputation of this magazine, and who will be in personal charge of the contest, will see to it that no one except a confidential assistant and disinterested judges will ever have access to the manuscripts submitted, until the fifty winners are turned over to the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

Now go to work and win a prize—the use of your imagination will be good mental exercise.



**Shining white
and very clean!**

CLEANING the closet bowl . . . it used to be a disagreeable task . . . scrubbing, scouring and dipping water. But now . . . Sani-Flush! Those stains, marks and unsightly incrustations quickly vanish. The bowl shines!

You simply sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl, follow directions on the can, and then flush. What an easy and quick way to do a very necessary part of the housework!

And it's a fine thing to know, absolutely, that every part of the toilet is clean. Sani-Flush gets down into the hidden trap, purifies it, and banishes all foul odors. Harmless to plumbing connections. A can of Sani-Flush in the bathroom? Why, of course!

Buy Sani-Flush in new punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store; or send 25c for full-sized can. 30c in Far West. 35c in Canada.

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

You Never Show a Single Grey Hair!

Or the new hair that shows between colorings

Thousands of lovely women now use Science's latest discovery for preserving natural beauty of the hair

MOORISH HAIR PENCIL
For Retouching Grey Hairs

Better than Mascara for brows and lashes.

No washing or wetting. Simply touch the hair with your Moorish Hair Pencil—Instantly it becomes its natural color, beautiful, lustrous. Moorish Hair Pencil is not a dye—it is sanitary, harmless, does not soil or smear and gives a true—nature color. Convenient to carry in your purse; about the size of a lip-stick pencil.

Have it with you always, ready for instant use—for last minute retouching just before going out. Order by color—black, dark brown, medium brown, light brown, auburn, golden. By mail only \$1.00, daintily enclosed. Money-back guarantee.

LECHLER (HAIR BEAUTY SPECIALIST)
569 West 181st St. New York, N.Y.

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 (enclosing a 2 cent stamp) to The Star Developing System Iron Mountain, Mich.

Suffering to Stardom

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

by Gary. But never had he been the integral part in the unfolding of a plot.

Two days shooting on the picture occurred and he was taken from the cast. It couldn't be helped.

The rushes showed him to be self-conscious, ill at ease. A cactus in the center of a corsage of orchids.

It was hard on the boy. It would be hard on anyone.

A knockout blow in the solar plexus is bad enough. A thousand times worse is a blow to the ego.

"I WENT down to the beach, alone," said Gary, buttering well the roll that had come with the roast lamb and mint sauce. "If I had been in Montana I would have gone to the ranch, gone riding, gone anywhere. Here I went to the beach and wandered up and down the sand—" I could picture him striding along, no hint of suicide in his thoughts. Disgust, maybe, disgust at his inability to accomplish something he had set out to do. Nothing of the weakling in his make-up. Regular, through and through.

"And then I came back to Hollywood at noon. Strolled into Henry's for a sandwich. Hadn't been there for months. The first person I met was Frank Lloyd, eating his lunch. 'For God's sake, boy! Where have you been?' he said. 'We've been combing the town for you. Come back to the studio with us. You're going to have that part after all.'"

That was the way Gary told it. Quite simple and unaffected was his story, as if it was one of those things that occurred every now and then. But you should hear Frank Lloyd tell about the expression on the lad's face when he heard that he was going to have another chance. Disbelief, joy, gratitude, all mingled in a glorious hodge-podge.

THEY started again. Lloyd's confidence had removed Gary's self-consciousness. Gone was all trace of nervousness. Scene after scene was taken. One emotional upheaval after another. Gary went through them like the trouper he wanted to be. No *gaucherie* this time. Long-limbed movements that were full of untraiued grace.

Lloyd was proud of him. Gary was proud of himself, but in his pride is a streak of humility.

"As a matter of fact I hardly slept a wink while we were making that picture." The lashes flare back from his blue eyes like curved exclamation points. "I wasn't exactly nervous but I did want to make good at it."

"How many scenes did you steal?"

"I don't steal scenes," with a funny little crooked grin.

"Not even in 'The Winning of Barbara Worth'?"

"That was just the direction." Modest lad.

"Any way, you couldn't steal scenes from Clara Bow."

"Nobody could. She doesn't 'mug' the camera. Never that. She just naturally walks away with every scene she's in."

"She's marvelous. I'll bet in a year or so she'll be at the top of the ladder. She has everything."

"When is the engagement to be announced?"

There was one of those pregnant silences.

"I don't want to stick to Western rôles."

"Yes, but what about you and Clara?"

"I don't dance."

"Are you two engaged?"

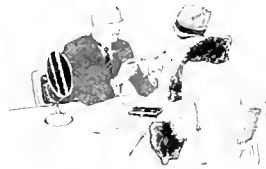
"I do like to ride. Give me a pack horse and a good mount and I'll be gone for a week."

"What about Clara?"

"Another crooked smile."

"She's a great actress."

*You demand a specialist
for your eyes*



DANDRUFF
also demands a
special treatment



WILDROOT is a specialist in fighting dandruff. For years a steadily growing number of people have used Wildroot in cases of dandruff—simply because Wildroot does this one job, and does it well.

Much of the dandruff so prevalent today is caused by pernicious germs. Germs that thrive on under-nourished scalps—germs that are easy to pick up, but hard to destroy. Wildroot is *specialy* adapted to fight these germs . . . to remove dandruff.

A Common Error

Wildroot is *not* a hair-grower. Only a healthy scalp can grow hair.

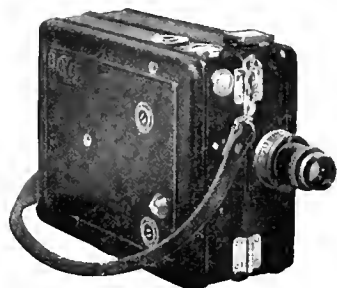
Wildroot removes unhealthy, dangerous dandruff, and thus prevents the loss of hair that is sure to follow dandruff.

Send 10c for TRIAL

A letter and dime to Dept. 3-4-1 Wildroot Co. Inc., Buffalo, N. Y. will bring you a generous trial bottle. Make a faithful test. You will get sufficient results—even from the first few applications—to convince you that Wildroot does end dandruff.

Your druggist has Wildroot in large bottles . . . and your barber specializes in Wildroot treatments. Be sure you get this special dandruff treatment.

WILDROOT
H A I R T O N I C



*Just why
the DeVry takes
better movies!*

- 1 Holds 100 feet of *Standard Theatre Size* film.
- 2 Can be loaded in daylight.
- 3 Takes 55 feet of film without re-winding.
- 4 Will focus direct on the film.
- 5 Can be put into action from any position and has three view finders instead of one.
- 6 Requires no cranking.
- 7 Needs no tripod.
- 8 Starts and stops smoothly.

SIMPLY point the DeVry, press a button and you are taking movies guaranteed to be as perfect as those taken by any professional movie camera at any price. The DeVry is absolutely vibrationless and amazingly easy to operate. Also movies taken with the DeVry are *permanent*, because the Standard DeVry negative is always preserved, the pictures being shown from a positive print.

And yet the DeVry price of \$150 places it well within the reach of the amateur. Send for our new FREE book—"Just Why the DeVry Takes Better Movies."

DeVry
*Standard-Automatic
Movie Camera*



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Please send me your new free book "Just Why the DeVry Takes Better Movies."	
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Address.....
City.....	State.....

The Amateur Movie Producer

What to Know About Projectors

IN SELECTING your projection machine, remember that how you show your picture is just as important as how you take it. A good film can be ruined in presentation by a poor machine. In the same way, your film can be enhanced by its projection.

The Kodascope, Model C, made by the Eastman Kodak Company, is an excellent example of a good projection machine. This gives a brilliantly illuminated 30 x 40-inch picture when placed but 18 feet from the screen. The Kodascope C will accommodate 400 feet of 16 mm. film, which is equivalent in time of projection (about 16 minutes) to 1,000 feet of standard 35 mm. width film. The Kodascope C is amazingly small in size and remarkable in its compactness, the reel arms folding to the frame and the lens fitting to a clip at the side of the base. Thus folded, its greatest dimension is eight inches.

The Kodascope C is electrically operated. You simply plug into your house circuit, 105 to 125 volts, alternating or direct current. Special rheostats are furnished for 210-250 volt circuits or current furnished by home generators. There is but one sprocket to the Kodascope C, threading and operation being extremely simple. Kodascope C, with 100-watt lamp, costs \$60.

When the amateur wishes to project a bigger picture, as for school, club or church gatherings, the Eastman Kodascope A, made by the Eastman Company, can be obtained. This costs, with 200-watt lamp, \$180. The Model A projects a 39 x 52 inch picture when placed only 23 feet from the screen. Like the Model

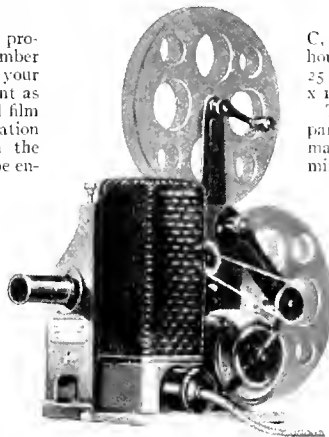
C, it can be plugged in your house circuit. Model A weighs 25 pounds and is 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 14 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 10 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches in size.

The Bell and Howell Company makes the Filmo Automatic Cine Projector, an admirable machine. With its standard two-inch lens, this projects a picture 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ feet at a distance of 25 feet. The projector alone weighs nine pounds and it folds into a case 8 x 11 x 11 inches. It can be plugged into any 110 volt alternating or direct current. This projector attains splendid results in flickerless brilliancy of projection. Its price, including carrying case, is \$100.

The same simplicity that marks the Pathex Camera distinguishes the Pathex Motion Picture Projector. It should be pointed out that a Pathex projector must be used in showing Pathex 9 mm. film. A hand operated Pathex projector costs \$50; with electric motor, it costs \$65.

The Eastman and Bell and Howell projectors are designed for Eastman 16 mm. safety film and are absolutely qualified to meet all precautions against fire hazard. This gives complete security to home movies. The Pathex uses Pathex non-inflammable film, also eliminating every element of risk.

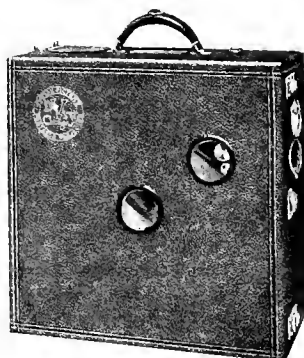
There are several models of the DeVry projector, projecting standard 35 mm. width film. Type E and Type EU are portable machines self-contained in an asbestos-lined leatherette covered case, 17 x 17 x 7 inches in size. The machine looks like a suitcase and weighs 25 pounds. Type E is designed to operate on 100-125 volt alternating or direct current.



The Eastman Kodascope Model C



The Pathex Projector



The Bell and Howell Cine Projector (Right)



The DeVry Type E Projector (Left)

It costs \$250. Type EU is designed to operate on either 110 or 32 volt current and costs \$275. The Portable De Vry lays claim to being the simplest, smallest and lightest motion picture projection machine procurable, using standard width film. There is a super De Vry, too, costing \$300. Then there is Type J costing \$100 complete.

It should be pointed out that the Portable De Vry carries the approval of the Board of Underwriters for use with non-inflammable film.

What the Amateurs Are Doing

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50]

is the author, *Alexandre Dumas, fils*, Mary Hutchins, Mr. Barton's dusky cook from Georgia, is *Naine* and, in the cast, may be found Charlie Chaplin, Walter Goss, John Emerson, George Jean Nathan, Ernest Boyd, Sacha Guitry, Yvonne Printemps, Patsy Ruth Miller, Carmel Myers, Aileen Pringle, H. L. Mencken, Joseph Hergesheimer, Theodore Dreiser, Richard Barthelme, Pauline Starke, Roland Young, Frank Keenan, Clarence Darrow, W. Somerset Maugham, the Sultan of Morocco, Jacques Copeau, Ferenc Molnar, Eduard Bourdet, Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis, Paul Morand, Anna Duncan, Rose Rolanda, Miquel Covarrubias, Nickolas Murray, Valli Toscanini, Morris Gest, Max Reinhardt, Jesse Lasky, George Gershwin, Etré, Rex Ingram, Fannie Hurst, Elinor Wylie and Edna Ferber.

The story has been in the making since November, most of the shots being taken during visits of various notables to Mr. Barton's studio. The artist, however, made some of the scenes in Paris and at Salzburg. Most of the exteriors have been shot in Central Park. It may be added that Mr. Barton's "studio" equipment consists of an amateur camera using film of 16 mm. width, and two Kirby lights.

THERE are a lot of users of amateur movie cameras in public life.

Mrs. Harry S. New, wife of the postmaster general, is an enthusiastic amateur. In response to an inquiry, Mr. New writes to PHOTOPLAY: "Mrs. New is the member of the family interested in taking moving pictures. She has her own cameras and has produced some very successful and attractive films, which have been used only for her own entertainment and that of personal friends."

Mrs. Herbert Hoover, wife of the secretary of commerce, is an amateur movie fan.

Philips Carlin, the well known announcer of WEAF and allied stations of the National Broadcasting Company, is an ardent amateur movie maker. Every time a famous person appears at the station to broadcast, Mr. Carlin is on hand with his camera. He has a remarkable collection of shots of famous folk.

TWO interesting ideas have been suggested for amateur movie makers. One is the film guest book, consisting of shots of your friends and relatives made during visits and week-end stays. An offshoot of this idea is to make a reel of the visit and present it to your friend, as a lasting record of a cheery time together.

The other idea is the illustrated letter for a distant friend. The excellence of this depends upon your ingenuity. Imagine, for instance, how shots of your wife and the children, your house and your pet Airedale entertain your relatives out West. Remember that a picture tells the most potent story in the world.

THE Amateur Movie Producer wants to point out again the essential value of editing and titling your films, if you wish to get your



Yes! Really Natural Skin Tone Color from ROUGE!

It is the secret of just one rouge—PRINCESS PAT

SKIN TONE color from rouge—or that "painted look"—which? It is the skin tone color women strive for, the beautiful, subtle tints of natural loveliness. But the utmost care and skill with usual rouges fails of the desired result—as all women know.

Now learn about rouge—as rouge *should be*. The woman who tries Princess Pat Rouge for the first time is instantly aware of a beautiful difference. Instead of the painted look, there is a clear *skin tone* effect, a perfect semblance of soft natural color which actually seems to lie beneath the skin, and *not upon it*.

And most women—entranced with the actual result—are curious to discover the secret of this new beauty. It is due to the special ingredients used. *No heavy-bodied color goes into Princess Pat*. Instead, the rarest and most delicate of pure vegetable tints—tints which possess *transparency*, as well as *color*. It is this same transparency—in the finished rouge—that makes Princess Pat the one rouge giving Nature's own complexion tints. Apply Princess Pat as *lavishly as you wish*. Color will be deepened—but no painted look results. And of course Princess Pat is famous as the most *permanent* of all rouges.

Select Any of the Six Princess Pat Shades Without Regard for "Type"

With usual rouges—lacking Princess Pat's transparency—women have had to be content with just one shade, selected to "match" type—blonde or brunette, for

instance. With Princess Pat giving *skin tone* color, all shades harmonize perfectly with any complexion.

Think what this selection of shades means to beauty. With bright sports wear, one selects Princess Pat Squaw, or Vivid—to secure perfect harmony of complexion and gowning. The idea is new, the effect enlivening. For more neutral costumes, Missy chooses Princess Pat Medium, or English Tint (the original orange). "Theatre" befits the most elaborate frocks for formal afternoons. And Nite is perfect for evening. A mysterious shade, Nite! By day violet hued—by night a beautiful rose that artificial light cannot change.

Enjoy this new luxury of greater rouge selection. All the better shops can show you all six shades.

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SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set is offered for a limited time for this coupon and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations, including perfume. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

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Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

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Make Amazing Gray Hair Test

In 10 minutes natural shade begins to return. This test is free. New, colorless, water-like liquid makes this way safe and simple.

GRAY hair is proved unnecessary. A new safe way, called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, has been found to bring back natural shade—to remove the faded streaks and restore graying parts.

Over 10,000,000 women have used it as the sure way to avoid detection. They urge it because it's safe. Those who know will warn you not to use the crude, messy old-time dyes. This is clean and colorless. Will not wash nor rub off. You simply comb it through the hair.

Gray hair lacks color pigment. This way takes its place, and gives the natural effect. If hair is Auburn it will revert to auburn. If black, black it will be.

Test it free if you wish. Simply write for special outfit. Or go to nearest druggist. A few cents' worth restores color perfectly. Money returned if not amazed and delighted.

Test Free

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Street

City

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OPPORTUNITY MAGAZINE
Desk 144B, 750 No. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

complete 100 per cent of fun as a movie amateur. Don't keep reels of good and bad shots stored away at haphazard. When you want to show those fine shots you made in Florida last winter don't be forced to run off several hundred feet of junk in order to get at it.

Assemble your good stuff, arrange it into continuity and you will surprise yourself. The main reason why PHOTOPLAY is conducting its \$2,000 contest for the best amateur movies is to teach people who own cameras the enjoyment and value of editing and titling.

J. A. BERST, general manager of Pathex, Inc., points out that there is a typically American tendency to take the easiest road with a movie camera. "When an American takes his kodak into the country," Mr. Berst says, "he shoots a reel of film. When he gets back, he takes the film to the corner drug store or stationery shop and orders one print of each picture. When the European takes his camera into the country abroad, he spends hours hunting for the best shots. Perhaps he makes two or three pictures. Back home he spends hours in the developing room, shaping these careful shots into something that pleases him.

"The user of an amateur movie camera has the same tendency. He shoots a reel of film, shows it once or twice and then shelves it. He has only gone part way along the road of movie enjoyment. He must learn to cut and title his film if he is to fully enjoy his new sport."

WHEN Mr. Shoemaker named the seven cardinal sins of the amateur, he might have added one more: short scene shooting. When the first amateur cameras appeared with

How to Get a Motion Picture Camera FREE!

Do you want to know how you can earn a motion picture camera absolutely free? Do you want to know how your club or your fraternal order can get one free?

Write today to The Amateur Movie Producer, Photoplay, 221 West 57th St., New York.

hand levers for grinding the scenes, the general tendency was to make one's scenes too long. Now, with motor drives, the tendency is to make them too short. There is something about the steady whir of the motor that forces one to economize. Which is all wrong, of course.

Make your scenes long enough for you to enjoy them. Short flashes are abrupt and worthless, unless taken for special dramatic reasons. Make it a rule never to shoot for less than ten seconds, which means four to five feet of film.

The next time you watch a scenic photoplay, check up on the length of the scenes. You will find them shorter than you probably anticipated but that they run better than ten seconds. With dramatic scenes, of course, the whole thing depends upon the tale being told—and the dramatic effect desired.

THE Amateur Movie Producer is checking up on the various official rules applying to cameras and film. If you are planning a vacation trip this summer that embraces one of the big national parks, you will be interested



FAMOUS stars of stage and screen in Europe and America use Rimmel's Cosmetic in preference to other eyelash or brow beautifiers. There is a reason, of course! Rimmel's frames your eyes with long luxuriant lashes—without that unwanted "made-up" appearance, bringing you new beauty—truly fascinating. And—it is absolutely harmless. Insist on Rimmel's.

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BEAUTY of face is more than "skin deep"—it depends upon keeping young and elastic the tiny muscles just beneath the skin. Lack of proper facial exercise causes these muscles to weaken, droop, become flabby. Then one commences to "age", to lose her youthful expression, girlish contour, and fresh complexion. Happily, as with the muscles of the body, facial muscles are live tissue which

KATHRYN MURRAY'S FIVE-MINUTE-A-DAY FACIAL EXERCISES can soon build up, restore and keep youthful throughout life. Thousands can testify to their true merit. Simple, pleasant, based on 15 years' successful use. Selected to suit individual needs.

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to know that you can take your movie camera along without question.

Here is the official ruling, supplied to this department by A. E. Demaray, acting director of the National Park Service, Department of the Interior:

"Cameras—Still and motion picture cameras may be freely used in the park for general scenic purposes. For the filming of artificial or special settings, or involving the performance of a professional cast, permission must first be obtained from the superintendent of the park."

All of which ought to encourage movie amateurs to visit Yellowstone National Park, Yosemite National Park and the other beautiful parks set apart by Congress for the American people.

LAST month's remark about the possibilities of earning money with a movie camera brought so many inquiries that we are elaborating on the statement. If you are expert with a camera using sub-standard film, you should apply to one or more of the local stores handling these cameras. New purchasers want special advice upon the handling of their machines—and you can be of aid, earning a fee at the same time.

Perhaps one of your local industries can be sold upon the idea of having their agents show pictures of the home plant to possible clients. More and more representatives are coming to use small portable projection machines as extra aids in selling.

Or you can take movies of a product in its course of making for the salesman to utilize with his sales talk.

If you have a camera using standard 35 mm. film, you should apply to the managers of your local movie theaters. Get pictures of local events, parades, fires, etc., for the enterprising exhibitor to show in his house. Here, too, there are the same opportunities for filming local industries as with the smaller camera. And, now and then, you may be able to sell big news events to the national news reels.

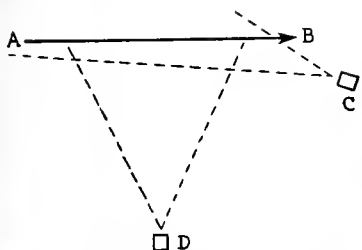
This is just a brief slant upon the earning possibilities of the movie amateur. If you are ingenious, you can dope out scores of ways adaptable to your own community.

HERE we are back at the amateur errors again. This time it is "landscape spraying," as it is called. In other words, bad panning of scenes. Every amateur wants to get shots of races, athletic events and wild life but the first tendency is to turn rapidly with the camera. The result approaches a blur, and is badly disconcerting to the eye. If you are taking an athletic event, place yourself so that you do not have to make a fast sweeping panoram.

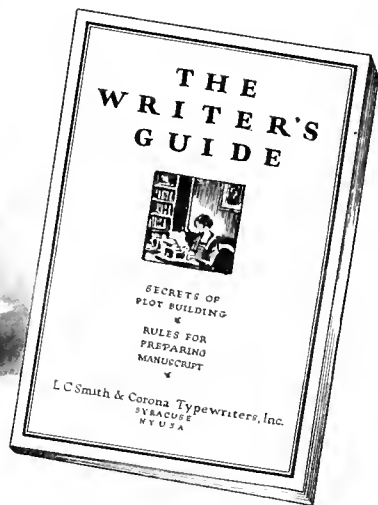
Then turn slowly and steadily, steering yourself against any jerky or up and down motion.

Many experts tell amateurs not to panoram. It can be done, however, provided you use reasonable caution and care.

We have just referred to selecting the right angle for filming an object in fast movement, as a horse, automobile or train. Try to get a position at the angle indicated in the diagram below.



Assume that a train is moving from A to B.



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A small deposit puts Corona in your home and then you can pay on easy, monthly terms just like rent. Your Corona dealer will gladly accept a used typewriter, any standard make, as part payment. You need not wait another day. Just look up Corona in your phone book and the dealer will send you one for free examination.

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The *Writer's Guide* shows you how to construct the plot of a photoplay or story, how to pick your characters, how to prepare and submit your manuscript. If you have any talent as a writer, you can best develop it by doing a little writing every day. Start by entering the Photoplay contest. The *Writer's Guide* and Corona are all the outfit you need. Now mail the coupon.

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Complete details of
PHOTOPLAY'S
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Which may mean a fortune for you, will be found on pages 30-31 of this issue.

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Complexions Beautified—Wrinkles, Skin Pits, Double Chins, Scrawny Necks and Age Lines Wiped Away

Hundreds of women are now finding renewed Beauty, Charm and Youthful Loveliness this easy, inexpensive way. Catherine McCune's famous Facial Muscle Lifting Mask Treatment, designed especially for home use, wipes away tired lines, pouches, wrinkles, double chins, scrawny necks and sagging muscles—and brings immediate loveliness and freshness to the complexion even in the most merciless outdoor light. It is the one mask treatment that smooths wrinkles from the back of the neck—so important with bobbed hair. Famous actresses purchased \$1500 worth of these treatments during an afternoon Beauty Lecture by Catherine McCune in Hollywood.

You too, can ward off "middle-age" for years and years with this simple, inexpensive, home treatment. With it you may stay the useless and premature marks of time and know the joy of a lovely complexion always.

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Let Catherine McCune tell you how to restore and retain your youthful freshness by sending for her much talked of book—"Beauty is Yours to Have and to Hold"—written in an effort to give women the world over an opportunity to share in her knowledge of the Science of Beauty. Write for this book today—it's Free.

CATHERINE McCUNE
Dept. P. P., 1213 Security Bldg., Denver, Colorado

Stand with your camera at C rather than at D. At D you would have to swing rapidly to cover the range of movement. This means more or less of a blur, according to the speed of the object and your distance from it. At C, however, you can cover a greater range without swinging your camera. The action is all within the lens field. Moreover, you will get a finer pictorial effect. Try it.

Nickolas Murray's Advice on Using Camera

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

16 speed, it is of advantage under difficult light conditions.

The 16 speed is the one used in movie studios. It is the standard speed. Few amateurs know that you can set your camera between 8 and 16 and get results. Here, of course, you have to approximate your stop—but this presents an interesting field of experiment.

The 32 speed can be used with success under the right conditions, in catching sporting scenes, birds in flight, the passage of airplanes or the movement of any fast action object.

I HAVE found that there are certain things of great value to know. If you add a blue gelatine filter to your lights, you will find that a whole lot of the sharpness is eliminated. You know how difficult it is for the amateur to face movie lights without facial distortion. You can buy special filters in sheets, at about twenty cents each, and have them cut to fit your lights.

Amateurs should watch the colors worn by their subjects. Better buy a visor, through which you can look and obtain, in monotone, the effect you will get in the films. Colors play strange tricks. Reddish violet, for instance, looks darker to the eye than dark blue, but photographs light.

Never use white backgrounds. Remember that it is always best to photograph your subject against a background at least a shade darker than the skin. White backgrounds make faces and arms appear dark or negroid. They give an underexposed appearance to your shots, since they pick up so much light.

I HAVE referred to two lights as necessary to amateur movie photography. I realize that this is an expensive item. Perhaps you can get by with one light and several reflectors. Spotlights, for use in backlighting and so on, can be purchased for as low as \$12.50. Spots should be used about three feet from your subject's head.

Reflectors and silver screens are a necessary item. You can easily make these yourself out of heavyboard, covered with silver paper, costing less than 15 cents a sheet. I found that the use of silver paper is better than aluminum paint—and more convenient.

As a professional photographer, I was given unusual entree abroad. I had, for instance, opportunities to catch George Bernard Shaw in his library at No. 10 Adelphi Terrace, London. I filmed Frank Swinnerton at his home at Tokesfield, near London. I prize these pictures tremendously, of course.

I caught a lot of interesting outdoor stuff in London, in Paris, in Venice and particularly in the Luxemburg gardens. I found it interesting to use a prism fixed alongside my camera finder in taking Italian street scenes. This prism, which you can buy in any camera store for a small sum, enabled me to look apparently in one direction, while my camera was aimed at right angles. Thus, I caught some remarkable studies of natives, who, of course, were unsuspecting movie subjects. Had they known they were being filmed, they would have been on guard and stilted. Get a prism and try it on street scenes.

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

beautifully shadowed. Don't put color on your under eyelid, however. That is ageing. Wipe the powder from your eyelashes and darken them with a little mascara. After it dries, to remove any stiff look it may have given your lashes, finish off with the merest touch of brillantine. Do this touching with a fine eyebrow brush.

Brush your hair sufficiently to give it a natural gloss. When you have it waved, keep the waves loose, and dress your hair as simply as possible.

Your daily baths and your every-other-day use of deodorants will keep you sweet and clean, but be a little more vain and use some good perfume, either the flower scents or the more sophisticated French products.

Keep your clothes always clean and pressed. Keep slim and healthy. Visit your dentist every six months so that you can smile in safety, and, above all, keep your mind bright and shining, too.

Do these things—be this vain—and see how life will pick up for you.

RITZY B.:

Here are some leg reducing exercises for you. First, stand straight, head up, chest high, shoulders back, abdomen flat, feet together, hands on hips. With your right leg supporting the weight of the body, swing the left leg forward and backward like the pendulum of a clock, going as far forward and as far backward as possible, holding the leg lightly so that it will swing easily. Do this about a dozen times, and repeat with the other leg.

Second, in same standing position, raise the left knee as high as possible, so that it forms an angle to the trunk of your body. Stretch toes downward and lower foot to the floor. Repeat with other leg. Do this, alternating left and right, very snappily about twenty times. The third exercise is similar, but instead of lowering leg to floor, stretch it out straight before you, then bend in again, then out, keeping the knee always above the level of the waist line. Alternate from right to left leg, and do exercise about thirty times.

For colors you may wear white, golden brown, blue, gray, dark purple, but no red and very little black. For evening pale pink, or rose.

SALLY:

The colors for Ritzy B. above are best for you. For an eighteen-year-old I favor the simpler perfumes. Brush your eyelashes and brows night and morning to promote gloss and growth. Rub yellow vaseline into them before brushing. Here is an acne cream that will fill up the small holes left in the skin by pimples. Lanolin, 5 grams, sweet almond oil, 5 grams, oxide of zinc, 2½ grams, precipitate of sulphur, 5 grams, violet extract, 10 drops. Apply with light massage. Remove with pads of cotton dipped in witch hazel.

BETTY A. L.:

That's a hard position you're in, my dear, foster-mother to two little children, and you a mere child of sixteen yourself! Ask your father to speak to the children, in your presence, about the necessity of obeying you. I think he should do that much for you. Send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I'll mail you instructions for taking care of your skin.

NORMA:

Yes, I do think a dramatic course would help you get rid of your inferiority complex. Any training that teaches a girl to be natural and at ease when she is slightly conspicuous is excellent for a shy person. For "inferiority complex" is just a new way of saying "self-consciousness."



NEW wonderful FACE POWDER

AN entirely new French Process Powder is this wonderful creation called Mello-glo. Once you use Mello-glo you will realize how different it is from old-time face powders. Notice how Mello-glo is so little affected by perspiration—how long it stays on—how it keeps that ugly shine away. Its thin, downy, film of pure fine powder protects the pores from dirt and impurities. Beauty fades only when the pores become clogged and enlarged. Do not neglect this most vital feature of your good looks. The most important thing is the kind of face powder you use.

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Try this wonderful Mello-glo Powder today. Sold by high-class stores everywhere.

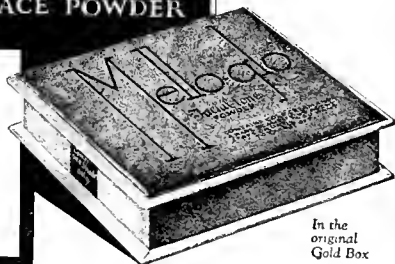
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Send 10 cents for sample of Mello-glo powder, with booklet on the new French Beauty Treatment, or \$1.00 for a large box of Mello-glo Facial-tone Powder, including beauty instruction book. MELLO-GLO COMPANY
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*Thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty.*
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FORTUNATE those women who retain that "fatal gift of beauty" when youth has passed.

Satin smooth skin — unshadowed — is their secret of beauty.

The new X-Bazin Cream Depilatory is the new beauty aid which swiftly and gently removes the slightest blemish of unwanted hair, toning and cleansing the skin. It does not irritate even the delicate skin of the face, and does not coarsen, increase or darken the later growth.

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Name.....
Address.....

What the Pictures Do to Us

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

merchandising experience. About then an alert and aggressive young Irishman, one of the executives of the toilet goods department of the store, went to the telephone and called up the distributor representing the manufacturer of this French perfume, with a hurry up order for more.

"That order will be hard to fill," came the answer, "because we are sold out now. My desk is covered with wires from all over the country. Everybody wants it. The retail price will now be ten dollars the bottle instead of two and a half."

"PLACE our order for one thousand dozen," replied the department store man. That was more than likely the largest single order for a perfume in the history of the vast perfume industry, which gets perhaps a quarter out of the whole of the \$300,000,000 said to be spent with the beauty trades by the women of the United States each year.

And so *Narcisse Noir* was made—the most remarkable perfume hit the trade has ever known. It was made overnight, by force of Gloria Swanson and Rudolph Valentino in an Elinor Glyn story—all as the result of a property man's whim. No motion picture concern would ever deliberately lend its screen to such publicity.

No advertiser could have deliberately calculated and planned such a "plant" because there was no foreseeing the result.

It is all so ridiculously simple, looking back at the facts. But the facts did not come out until many a customer had been interviewed and at last the story of the picture came to light. The girls had seen the love charm work for Gloria Swanson, supreme in the arts of femininity, in sex play with the supremely desirable Valentino. They ignored the fact that they were seeing a screen fiction, the story of the affair of one *Theodora Fitzgerald* with one *Lord Bracondale*.

They saw vicarious realizations on the screen, credited to some bottled magic and they wanted a bottle themselves.

It is to be regretted that research can not be made to find out the influence of the picture and perfume on the marriage and divorce figures and the birth rate. But the perfume orders are enough to indicate in this one detailed case something of what the screen does to us.

It would not be surprising if one were to find that the picture and the bottle even helped the sale of Joseph Conrad's "The Nigger and the Narcissus," which has nothing to do with the matter save in illiterate connotation. Probably some of the girls bought the novel only to be annoyed with a tale of the sea instead of the she.

THE perfume case is decidedly an indication that the screen has given us a new race of arbiters of fashion, love making and the art of living. Once upon a time the highest testimonial that could be put behind a product was the line "by appointment to his majesty." The crowned heads of Europe were supposed to give the royal touch of approval, to set the fashion, order the mode and the manner for all who professed to do, have and be the proper thing. We wear traces of such influences yet. There is a curious "th" sound in the approved Castilian Spanish pronunciation because of a lisping king of Spain. And we have had high heels ever since a little peacock of a King of France wanted to raise himself up to man's stature.

Now the real ruling kings and queens are the heroes and heroines of the new race of demigods, the stars of the screen. There is in recent history an untold story much to the point. It is frequently to be observed that Edward Wind-

sor, H. R. H. Prince of Wales, is something of an influence in matters of manly fashions, from hats to suitcases. But how did the Prince of Wales get that way, in this modern day? We turn back to the occasion of his first visit to America, which was frankly of course a good will visit, aimed to do well by international relations and friendships across the seas, to say nothing of putting Canada into a friendly humor.

Weeks before the Prince sailed, arrangements were made for a most elaborate screen presentation of this royal young man on the screens of the United States.

The Prince of Wales was a name when he reached these shores and he was a living, breathing, beloved personality when he left. A few thousands saw him in person, but millions saw him on the screen. Certain friends of the British Empire saw to that, at a cost of something like \$100,000, to make sure that pictures of his movements were available to the newsreels. It was a direct investment in the making of a screen personality. The motion picture camera goes wherever the prince goes when he is abroad. And all England sees a screen report when he gets back. It was the screen that gave the prince the power by which he puts over a soft hat, blue shirts and flannels—or whatever he has accidentally put over since.

SPEAKING of clothes, let us consider the influence, for a moment, of the motion picture—two imposing careers, one vastly known, Marcus Loew, and the considerably unknown Jacob H. Morris. Once upon a time, or even earlier, Marcus Loew and Jacob Morris were newsboys together on the Bowery in New York. Mr. Loew went into furs and from furs to films. But about the time Loew took his first fur job Morris became a merchandise clerk in a shop that sold things to pushcart peddlers. He set out to make the wares in a small way and evolved into the suspender king of the whole civilized world, that being the only world which used suspenders.

Came the dawn of a new day, for Marcus Loew and the films. Came also the smart young fashion plate men of the screen, spreading the college boy preference for the belt as opposed to the suspender—and down went the suspenders. This was annoying to Mr. Morris, but he had already been handsomely rewarded for his vigilance in keeping the pants on the world for a quarter of a century, so he was willing to let the belting interests take over the job.

FOR a while the suspender business was so bad that Clarence Darrow was the only customer left, and he was practically without screen influence. Even yet suspenders are obtainable only at the overall counters of general stores, and the smartest shops in Fifth avenue. It was Rudolph Valentino who made the suspender smart again, when some two years ago a press agent issued a set of publicity stills depicting the dapper star in the novelty of the old fashioned manly security of galluses, braced fore and aft. In the old days a good pair could be had for twenty-five cents and the best for half a dollar, but the modern exquisite aping Valentino can spend ten dollars for suspenders and not get the best.

You see it is not just the girls, the flappers and ephemeral minded young women, who take their technique from the screen. The boys do it too.

There is an elegant example on the masculine side of the influence equation in certain happenings concerning the graces of Eugene O'Brien. Not so long ago Mr. O'Brien's mail got cluttered up with letters from young men who complained to the star that his coats wrinkled in the back at the collar line, as evidenced on the screen.

O'Brien went dashing off to Mr. Hook's sartorial studio in Los Angeles, registering vigorous complaint. Mr. Hook is held to be about the last word this side of London in matters of men's garb, according to Hollywood standards. There was excitement. Also there were fittings, remodelings and conferences without end. Every suit in the star's wardrobe was overhauled. Every suit was examined at a critical final try-on, before the tri-part mirrors of the fitting room, with Mr. Hook in person presiding in painfully careful attention. Every suit was approved.

Then O'Brien went back to the studio. There were screen tests—and every suit wrinkled. More excitement and this time despair!

The tailor could do no more. In last resort he went himself to see some O'Brien pictures on the screen.

Then there was another conference with the star. This time Hook did the posing and the acting.

"When you come to try on a suit you stand up so, like this!" The tailor straightened up like a soldier at attention. "But when you act in the pictures you stand like this!" And then the tailor slumped just a shade and let his head forward in natural posture.

"So now I will fit you the way you act for the camera, not the way you stand for the tailor." And they were happy ever after.

ALL of which makes it very clear indeed that a great many young men study Eugene O'Brien on the screen so carefully and so earnestly that they will go to the trouble to write angry letters of complaint over one little wrinkle at the collar. There is surely demonstration of the influence of the motion picture, its idealizing, uplifting power—at least in the region of the neck.

Now another great moulder of screen-made tastes—Cecil B. De Mille.

The casual recorders of history will most likely put De Mille down as the man who made "The Ten Commandments." But the more vital fact for the ages is that he is the man who has put romance and color in the bathroom.

Operating on the same principle with which James Gordon Bennett dictated the mass-entertainment policy of the old New York Herald, De Mille has held that the great commonality of the motion picture audience enjoys a vision of the lives and luxuries of the rich, an intimate vision, too.

Getting down to intimacy Mr. De Mille's dramas a few years ago began to follow the leading lady to the bath. De Mille improved rapidly on his technique and went from tub to shower, where the gracefully waving curtains, the postures and the tout ensemble, gave a situation of more artistry—and suspense.

Now nothing ordinary, no such interior ever seen this side of the Orient, would ever really satisfy De Mille's quest for the exotic delights sought by his audiences, so he evolved bathrooms as gloriously ornate as the lobby of a Mohammedan heaven. And there De Mille was setting a fashion for the picture minded new-rich, and very presently the home building publications began to carry advertisements of how to get "color in the bathroom." The old simple hospital white tile went into the discard and a whole new school of bathroom design was born.

Now if one enters in a hurry he can hardly tell whether he is in a real modern bathroom or the lobby of a Los Angeles bank.

DE MILLE has exerted many another such an influence. There is the French doll telephone cover for instance. A charming lady in a De Mille picture unveiled her *houdoir* telephone, concealed beneath the skirts of a sophisticated doll and within a week the Detroit dealers had sold out a stock of thousands of these dolls. They are an American commonplace now.

The motion picture has been rising in its powers and scope as a disseminator of fashions for years. The first evidences began nearly fifteen years ago when Mary Pickford's curls



... you've been there. A close, crowded room . . . fever heat . . . nerves taut with the strain of the game. Nature has one sure reaction to this setting. Moisture, ugly stains under the arms. Unpleasantness, offending sensibilities. Only of course you have outwitted Nature . . . have played safe against these emergencies. Twice a week you, like millions of others, use your Odorono—a physician's formula for checking excessive perspiration. That's what gives you your assurance—which soap and water can never give—of constant after-the-bath freshness, of *continuous* daintiness.



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HAIR touched with the gold of morning's sunshine . . .

Face so radiantly beautiful that no man ever saw and forgot her . . .

Eyes tender-alluring, shining with an intensely magnetic personality...*Did Cleopatra dim them with thin panes of glass?*

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projects itself through her eyes. It is Soul which attracts. All women may become attractive.

It is Soul that dominates personality. SOUL... that wonderful thing that peers from behind the curtain of consciousness through the eyes of a woman...is always dominant.

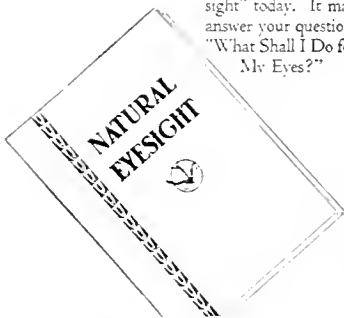
To Influence People

you must bring them into contact with your Soul. The Soul is contacted only through the eyes. Just as you look out through your eyes to see me, so must I look in through your eyes to see You.

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set a fashion. It was Irene Castle's bob that set fire to the short hair movement, which took even Paris in ninety days. And much more recently Anna Q. Nilsson put a new touch into the mode with a boyish haircut in "Ponjola." "Ponjola" was the title of a picture and the name of the African drink that ruined the hero, but now it is the name of a haircut. The picture may not have put any ideas into the heads of the girls, but it certainly put one on them.

It was the sheik type founded by Valentino, with his slicked down glossy hair, which made a staple of Stacomb and kindred preparations for producing the effect. Only a few old fashioned lawyers and Chautauqua lecturers now venture the freedom of the tousled, careless mane.

ANOTHER masculine influence is to be noted in hat shapes. Once upon a time there were scores of hat shapes for men. Today they are standardized into a small number, about as few as the number of variants in male screen star types. About half a dozen are all that are important.

The now world wide vogue of the short dress, vibrating in the vicinity of the knees, is a fruit of motion picture influence. The girls of the screen, shapely enough to dare it, made legs fashionable again after a lapse of no one knows how many centuries.

And with the coming of the new freedom of the fashion in legs came the slim girl type with the cigarette contours. This wave was fraught with extraordinary consequences, including the invention of all manner of reducing systems and garments and treatments. Thousands of women began to undertake diets and exercises and extraordinary operations. Some of the reducing treatments were so drastic and dangerous that PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, after a careful investigation, rejected all advertising of internal remedies for obesity.

Not so many years ago Theda Bara set a fashion for the maid with an intended air of sophistication, languor and lure, in an atmosphere of incense. Now the nation's mentors in feminine conduct are Pola and Gloria and Mary and Colleen. The girls choose their type and play it. There used to be all kinds of girls.

Now they are getting standardized, too, on Hollywood patterns.

THE motion picture can be credited with the creation of the vast modern beauty business, which is mounting to new dizzy totals of millions each year. The broadcasting of the living likenesses of lovely women, idealized by the camera on the screens of the world, has set in operation forces of emulation, vanity and hope and ambition that nothing else in all history ever inspired. There is continual evidence in the beauty parlors and barbershops where pictures of screen stars cut from PHOTOPLAY are displayed as fashion charts for the haircutters and beauty builders.

Once upon a time fashions were months, even years, reaching across the United States. Today the screen releases them simultaneously all over the land. The little conceit of a flower pinned on the shoulder started in Hollywood and in a month swept over the country and began the rehabilitation of the artificial flower industry. The glove trade experienced a revival of prosperity when motion picture stars began to set a fashion in carefully chosen gloves for each gown and occasion.

The fashion plate interest in players has made star careers. Gloria Swanson was famous for her gowns before she was famous for her art as an actress. She had to triumph over her wardrobe before her greater recognition came. In that historic "Beyond the Rocks," the most emphatic line of the promotional campaign was "Fifty Gorgeous Paris Gowns."

There have always been fashions in girls, from Cleopatra to "the Gibson Girl," last of the line of type creations and styles imposed by the hand of the artist with brush and pen. Along in the period of the Gibson Girl came "the Stanlaws Girl" and the "Dwiggins Girl,"

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creations of the cover artists nearly a generation ago. Now they are gone before the conquering sweep of the living pictures of living girls, the Corinnes and Collicens and Marys. Even "Buster Brown" and "Tige" have passed in boyhood fashions to make way for the influences of Jackie Coogan.

This amazing power of the screen is a reflection and proof of the new dominance of youth. A survey made by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has long since revealed that the buying of merchandise in this new after-the-war world is dictated by youth, with sixty per cent of the purchases controlled by customers between the ages of 16 and 35, the same age range which predominates in the audiences of the screen theaters, where youth gets its dreams and romance and desires served in fancy. And equally significant as well is the interesting discovery that seventy per cent of all the marriages in this marrying country are within that same age range and more than sixty per cent of the retail buying is done by those young homemakers. No wonder the screen-implemented desire finds expression in the everyday life of the members of the audience.

ALL these influences are not for America alone. Our pictures dominate the screens of the world. Ninety per cent of all the pictures shown in foreign lands come from the studios of New York and Hollywood. They carry the same messages in foible and fashion and standards of living that they tell to the United States. Our screen influences extend wherever the films go—to the ends of the earth.

All this is reflected in the foreign alarms and recent movements in Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia and Italy seeking to encourage domestic motion-picture production—not for the screen alone but as an aid to the trade and industry of those countries. Every possible method of stemming the tide of American trade influence through the films has been discussed, and sometimes tried. The "London Morning Post" has said: "The film is to America what the flag once was to Britain. By its means Uncle Sam may hope some day, if not checked in time, to Americanize the world."

But the Americanization is already well on the way to accomplishment, in these days when Palm Beach suits are shipped to the Punjab where the Indian weavers have been making pongees for centuries. And when, thanks to motion picture influences, collars from Troy, New York, sell to the young Japanese. Even in China, home of the silkworm, the natives are wearing smocks made of America's Rayon, synthetic silk.

Wally Reid's motor racing pictures introduced American speed cars into South America and brought sales of five cars a day to an agency which had never sold more than five in a month. In faraway Java a native potentate saw a motor car in a motion picture for the first time and ordered three such chariots for his royal establishment, meanwhile having to build a road to drive them over. Tom Mix and Jack Holt have helped mightily to put Stetson and Knox hats on the heads of the vaqueros of the South American plains and herdsmen of the vast ranches of the interior of Australia. Even the cowboy is becoming screen-standardized the world over.

THERE is little doubt but that Mack Sennett made the sensible one-piece bathing suit possible for women. His comedies, with their famous bathing girls, carried optical propaganda for the one-piece suit for years. The ice was broken, as it were, and the American flapper adopted the suit. Probably Mack made it possible for Gertrude Ederle to swim the English Channel.

Even with a coating of grease, she could never have made it in the old fashioned bathing attire.

If Valentino made the hammered hair fashionable for men, consider what Irene Castle did for the bob, via the screen. Mrs. Castle made bobbed hair fashionable and the screen helped

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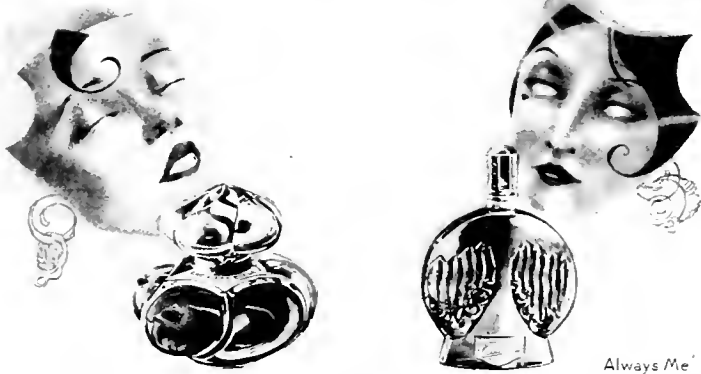


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her. Then, too, she carried the fashionable slender silhouette everywhere by means of her pictures.

The quest of screen influences is endless. It extends even into social geography. The screen made the fame of the winter climate and soft airs of Southern California and brought to that country a tremendous population of people who sought to escape the rigors of Middle West winters, with a resulting real estate boom of historic dimensions. And again when Carl Fisher set about the germination of the Florida promotion he built a vast deal of his efforts around the palm tree, which the motion picture had made a trademark for bland winter sunshine and tropic luxury. The great Florida boom was a reverberation of the screen-made California development. And in direct seeking of the same magic even Florida has its Hollywood-by-the-sea. The screen serves the dream wishes of the world—and in turn makes them. The eyes have it.

Wound Stripes of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

broken critter unfolds the terrible story that, she says, all Hollywood is talkin' about. Why, she intimates the reporters is standin' around knee deep trying to grab it for the front page. Who told her all this? Everybody! She claims as how her husband's escapades and peccadillos are more discussed than anybody's exceptin' Aimee McPherson herself.

NOW poor ole Sam McSwatt knows that he really did was to sit on a little stud poker game at a downtown hotel with a couple of prohibition officers, drank up some of the evidence and got his snoot a little damp—but what good does that do him? He hasn't got no standin' at court and a husband ain't allowed to testify in his own behalf. He makes a few puerile and feeble attempts at explanations, speakin' the truth thereby, and then gives it up and lopes down to the jeweler's after a little trinket worth four or five thousand dollars, clamps it on the missus' arm, and all is well—until next time. These women work on the theory that one good wound stripe deserves another.

Why, so my informant confides to me, if one woman begins to get real barren-looking around the arm and isn't keepin' up with the procession the way she ought to, one of her friends will actually step into the breach and encourage the too-well-behaved husband just enough to give wife something to hang her bracelet on. This self-sacrificin' friend will give the hubby a warm come-along, and maybe get sort of weak and clingin' on the dance floor. She'd even listen to his stories in some quiet corner.

THE moment he gets in the car goin' home, his wife puts the gun to his head and demands the loot. She says his disgraceful conduct at the party with Mrs. Soft-Soapy was more than any woman could be expected to bear up under. She says everyone at the party was talkin' about it. Before he can defend himself, the old man is nicked.

And so it goes merrily on, like the cattlemen's war against the sheep herders, never to end until the sheep are all dead—or divorced.

The woman who sports one of the finest collections of wound stripes in Hollywood today has a quiet, peaceful, home-lovin' husband who don't ask anything better than his carpet slippers and the evening paper. But his wife's so darn smart, and she's got jeal-

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<p>MOVIE STAR PHOTOGRAPHS, POSTCARDS 4—25c, 5x10" Portrait 50c. Belmont Shoppe, Downers Grove, Illinois.</p>	

ously down to such a fine point, there are times when the poor sap wonders how they let him stay out of jail. He tries reformin'—but his wife claims that's the most suspicious sign of all and that she's always mighty sure something's goin' on that's pretty bad when he starts actin' so awful good.

A man hasn't got a chance against a woman in a play like that. The quicker he finds out her objective and surrenders it, whether it's rubies or emeralds, the more years he'll have to be sucker in.

I know for a fact that certain insurance men whose business is insuring Hollywood and Beverly Hills jewelry make a speciality of havin' their wives impart any information they could pick up that might lead to a new wound stripe. The lawyers' wives work on the other side.

They keep in with movie society and keep their husbands posted as to any current family discords that might turn into divorce action. Immediately the lawyer asks the man, or the wife asks the woman, up to dinner, hopin' thereby to break into their confidence and get the divorce job.

AND so the lawyer's wife mourns a whole lot and bids a right sad farewell to a new fur coat, when she sees by a new wound stripe that the prospective divorce is off and a reconciliation in progress.

I know women with real errin' and indiscreet husbands, the kind that oughtta have been born in Turkey, who have rated so many wound stripes they can't wear 'em all at one time, without getting a rubber extension for their arms. These ladies go in for limousines. When you see Mrs. Rolls or Mrs. Royce sportin' a new car every month, it's more than an even bet that daddy slipped up to San Francisco when he was supposed to be lookin' for a location on the Mojave desert and that "Ma" put a tracer on him and got enough facts to do business on.

When it comes to chargin', that Light Brigade the poet bragged about ain't a marker to Hollywood's Wound Stripe Brigade. "On charged the four hundred," is the way the poem has it, but any Hollywood versifier would make it read thisaway, "The Wound Stripe Brigade charged nothing less than four thousand."

I don't know how true it is myself, but I did hear that in a certain Hollywood social set the women figure their wound stripe totals on the same basis that baseball players get credit for their battin' average. Just who is leadin' in the wound stripe league this year, I don't know, but I am acquainted with a couple that cannot be hitting much less than .375.

AND now that I'm concludin' this yarn, I suppose you're askin' yourselves or would like to ask me just how many diamond bracelets Mrs. Mix is a wearin'.

She's got quite a few, Mrs. Mix has, I'll admit, and in makin' your mental estimate of things, don't forget that Mrs. Mix and yours truly have been married goin' on twelve years and that I'm a kind o' indulgent and affectionate husband and father. The diamond bracelets that Mrs. Mix wears are not wound stripes but service stripes.

I bought each and every one home as a surprise and presented 'em to her—for she's a deservin' little woman and not one of 'em came as a peace offerin'. So's your wild oats—and get away from that horse's head!



THIS MATCHLESS AGE

At the Clubs

SHEDDING the mantle of the commonplace, assuming the prideful ease that is his right of membership: So enters a man his club.

The world is his, and he would banish bother from it. Seizing upon appurtenances that befit this matchless age, he waves away the old and bunglesome.

He discarded matches for a lighter—and when the Douglass appeared last winter it found his pocket first. For the Douglass is automatic. No gadgets to fumble, no wheels to thumb; it lights at the mere press of a trigger.

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ius for which he has been granted nearly half a hundred patents.

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Now the Douglass comes in many styles—in gold and silver and rare leathers. And each is made with a precision that insures unailing service.

If the Douglass isn't on sale at your club, or you do not come handily upon a jeweler, tobacconist or such who can show it to you, write Hargraft & Sons, Wrigley Building Chicago. They will direct you, and send you, too, an informative leaflet called "This Matchless Age." THE DOUGLASS CO.

DEALERS who have not yet stocked the Douglass need reminding that there is no closed season on matches for smokers, therefore none on Douglass Lighters. They should write Hargraft.

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For slender fingers a Douglass cased with lizard, water snake, ostrich, or colored calfskin. More rugged leathers—pigskin, tooled morocco, for men



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Douglass Lighters are also offered in metal cases with a pleasing variety of finishes. The prices start at \$5 and vary according to the finish selected



The Douglass Lighter

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Wash Away those Annoying Hairs

There's something so pleasant about removing undesired hairs the De Miracle way.

Not like the messy and "unwomanly" shaving method.

It's just like washing—that's all it really is, you know. With De Miracle liquid one just washes the hair off.

Smart women, the world over, today, insure hair-free underarms, limbs, etc., by the easy, pleasant De Miracle method.

De Miracle not only immediately removes the hair but tends to decrease the regrowth. It is delicately perfumed, and every bottle is guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded. Sold everywhere—60c, \$1.00 and \$2.00.

If your dealer is out of it, we will gladly supply you direct on receipt of price (\$1.00). Or we will send it C. O. D. (you pay the postman). De Miracle, Dept. 64, 135 West 14th St., New York.

De Miracle Removes Hair



One Drop Stops most painful corn in 3 seconds

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 anaesthetic; really amazing.

Then soon the corn shrivels and loosens. 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.

—"GETS-IT"—
World's Fastest Way

Their Funniest Fan Letters

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

Excuse me if mistake have been penetrated, for business consumptions all my time.

"Extention of my regards in your great undertaking."

AND here is a letter that just about ruined the day for Larry Semon.

"I saw you in 'Spuds' with the trained monkey. Will you send me a photograph of the monkey to hang with the rest of the cinema stars?"

"I read in a paper about your operation on your nose. Will you tell me if you really had one and if it did any good, as my nose looks like yours and I don't like it?"

MARGARET LIVINGSTON found the following temptation in her mail one morning.

"I wish you are in perfect condition as I am now with only a little cold. We have had our first storm here and I am wondering what you have there.

"Now to get to myself—everyone tells me I have sex-appeal—all I really need is a chance. I am tall and well-made and I am sure that any letter you might intend to write me would not be misconstrued. All the girls say I have IT, but I really feel that all of my talents are wasted in this little town where I live and I really would like to become acquainted with a Hollywood girl—who really appreciates a good man.

"Besides being endowed with so much manliness I also play the marimba and saxophone exceptionally well, and have a high tenor voice, much like Caruso's."

PERHAPS this "fan" hoped that Estelle Taylor would send Jack Dempsey to act as athletic star.

"I understand every motion picture actress has to know how to ride, swim, dance, fence, play tennis, golf and bridge.

"Now my husband and I own a small summer resort and we have no children. Last night we were talking about making the place more lively and we thought it would be nice if we could get some motion picture actress who is interested in sports to come and spend the summer with us.

"She could help entertain the guests by swimming and dancing with them and as we have two horses she could ride. We would pay her carfare, of course, and give her board and a front room.

"P. S. Do you know Norma Shearer? She would be fine, if she could come. We saw her doing some real nice diving and swimming in a picture once."

EDNA MURPHY found a solution to the Lucy Stone League problem in an offer from a gallant member of the great Murphy family.

"Please don't think me hasty, but my name is Murphy, too, and I have been thinking that isn't it a shame that a smart girl like you who has worked so hard to build up her name in the motion pictures should have to change it when she got married.

"So, as I was thinking, it might be a good idea if we got married, my name being Murphy also, and then you wouldn't have to change your name. What do you think of this idea, little girl?"

"I am a hard working fellow of thirty-two, a butcher by trade, and have been married once, but you are liable to do almost anything when you are young."

PATSY RUTH MILLER is not so sure that there isn't a dirty dig in this one.

"My mama said I write you. My kitten I love and name her Patsy for you. My uncle

Bob also has a Billy goat named Patsy to. With lots of love, Gretchen. Write me."

A REFORMER bares his soul to Jacqueline Logan:

"I noticed today in the barber shop a picture of you on the outside of the Police Gazette magazine of which you should be ashamed. If you had gone to church in your life as you should you would know that it is blasphemous to appear in such few clothes at any time. Then your picture says that you are being photoed as *Mary Magdalene* for which you should be still more ashamed.

"Such only shows still more how very sinful the world is becoming.

"I am sorry for you and hope that you will change your ways before it is too late.

"P. S. I have been a deacon in the First Church here for the last twelve years and I know that none of the good women of the Bible dressed so nakedly as you do in this picture I saw.

"P. P. S. You are very pretty in the picture though."

AND this letter made Harold Lloyd wonder if he hadn't overlooked a comedy bet:

"I know you are bothered to death with people who want to get in the movies through your kind offices. But it is rarely that one with my capabilities comes along, and I know you will find a place for me. To begin with I am the most popular man in town. I know everyone, and would be a great drawing card in this part of the country. I am an undertaker's assistant, and everyone knows me. I am a social favorite, to boot.

I have a great personality all our customers tell me, and they just know I would be a big hit in pictures.

"All I want is for you to finance my trip West. I was going to be married, but I will forget that for a while so that you won't have to pay my wife's bills too. I can get along comfortably out there in a six room house and wouldn't need but one servant. Think of the big following I would have to start with in the morticians of America and you will realize what a good proposition I am."

WALLY BEERY'S funniest fan letter was received from a girl in New York state. It read:

"My mother is very fond of you on the screen and goes to see all of your pictures. She likes big strong men. Will you please send her your picture? She has such peculiar tastes."

Norma Talmadge found an unexpected honor when she opened the following letter:

"I am making for myself an accident proof Motor Cycle. I have bought two old Motor Cycles one is Indian and the other one is Excelsior and I will put two together and make it accident proof. Today I have repaired the magneto of the Excelsior Motor Cycle and have found your name stamped on the ball bearing ring stamped Norma. It looks like you or your folks must have that magneto invented and sold the pattern to Bosch people or other wise your name would not have been stamped on the magneto. I figure to make a speed about 150 miles an hour and if I will succeed to make it accident proof I will name the Motor Cycle NORMA and if you think I lie you I can send you part in which your name is found stamped."

THERE is, of course, the classic tribute received several years ago by Mary Miles Minter:

"Will you please send me one of your photographs? I love to go to see your pictures because I never have to stand in line."

OTTO MATIESEN, the Danish character actor, was upbraided by a fellow countryman:

"Do you mean to tell me that you are a Dane and as crazy as that—in 'Bride of the Storm.' I saw you, and you did not seem as an actor at all, but as an honest idiot. If you were acting, it is a fine piece of work!!

"We hear such queer things about the movies over here and I heard the man behind me in the theater say, 'That must be one of those simple-minded fellows that go out to Hollywood and get a job for \$300 per week. He could not earn a living in Denmark'."

A DOLPHE MENJOU recently came upon a complete domestic drama in his morning's mail:

"Enclosed I am sending you a picture of myself.

"If you want to do me a favor will you please write on it that it does not resemble you in the least and send it back to me.

"I want to show it to my wife.

"Sometime ago someone told my wife that I looked like you and she has made life miserable for me ever since trying to get me to grow a moustache like yours, wear clothes like yours and ape your mannerisms.

"I am really an admirer of yours, but I prefer to be myself."

JANET GAYNOR treasures this lyric:

"Twinkle, twinkle little star,
Out in Hollywood so far,
Every time I your sweet face see,
Oh the fond hopes it brings to me.
In my heart you are a fixture,
Won't you send me please your picture?"

RICHARD DIN thinks there is more real charm than humor in this letter from a girl in Kyoto, Japan:

"Oh! thank you very much, a thousand thanks for your kindness. Today, I received your photo you have so kindly send me. How kind you are! I thout that you did not sent me your photo whom you didn't recognize. I am ashaming. My mistake. But alas! I can not express my heart-felt thanks for your kindness.

"Because I don't know the words to express my gratitude.

"What a gladness! I am placing your photo on my desk and observing it as my true brother to my heart content. How fine and charming you are! I consider, in fact, I see you and talk with you. Surely, your photo will receive me with laugh whea I return from college, and watch my midnight dream. Always your photo will comfortable me.

"Dear Richard, if you have leisure please remember there is a girl who is praying in her heart for your safety, happiness, health and success.

"This is my only request.

"O! dear Richard, can't you go to Japan? Japan is very beautiful when cherry-blossoms bloom.

"The heat has gradually increased. Please care your-self. Do you allow me to write you often?"

JACK HOLT refused this chance to plunge in Missouri real estate.

"I read in a magazine the other day that your son, Tim, has a shetland pony. My boy, who is about the same age, saw a picture of him on his pony and has been crazy to have a pony just like it ever since.

"I want to make a proposition to you. I am short of money right now but I have a lot of good farm land. Money is so tight here now that I can't get anything on it but I would be willing to trade a piece of it for your boy's pony.

"I will swap fifty acres of my land, nearly all heavily wooded, with some good pasture, for your boy's pony and \$1250 to boot. If you are interested let me know and I will forward you full description of the land and the necessary papers."

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CAPPI sets aside old-time traditions of fragrance—it's as fresh as dawn, as original as today, as stimulating as only youth can be. Vivacious and daring, Cappi is always sure of itself and of its power to charm.

Cappi perfume, face powder, bath fragrances, compacts, and other requisites await you in bright-flowered French boxes, at all good shops.

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Cappi Face Powder—light or dark flesh, light or dark brunette, or white—50c and \$1.00.

Cappi Talcum Powder—the final touch of good grooming—metal box, 25c; glass jar, 50c.

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The hair you admire can be yours!

Good-bye—

UNRULY HAIR!

Now you can keep it in place all day... Try this modern dressing—FREE

Stubborn embarrassing cow-licks—that now lie meekly in place! Hair once perverse, unruly—submissive now to your slightest whim!...

Yes, you can say Good-bye to the problem of unruly hair. A mere touch of Stacomb and your hair will stay in place—all day long!

Let us send you, free, a generous sample of this delightful modern dressing.

Stacomb never leaves your hair sticky looking. Nor dry and dull, as wetting with water makes it.

Stacomb helps prevent dandruff too. Buy it today. It now comes in two forms—as a delicate cream in jars and tubes, and in the popular new liquid form. All drug and department stores.

FREE OFFER



Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. M-38, 113 W. 18th Street, New York
Send me free sample of Stacomb as checked:
Original, cream form New liquid form

Name
Address



A recipe for sheer contentment

ONE "Old Town Canoe." One shining inland lake. One well-seasoned partner. Two bags of duffie.

Stow the duffie amidships as your partner takes his place in the bow. Now ease the "Old Town" onto the lake and hop aboard. Stroke the water gently with your paddle—deep easy strokes. Soon, perhaps, you'll find yourself whistling softly to the rhythm of your swing.

"Old Town Canoes" glide forward at the slightest dip of the blade. Strong and sturdy too. Priced \$38 up. From dealer or factory.

Free illustrated catalog shows sailing canoes, square stern canoes for outboard motors, dinghies, etc. Write today. Old Towns Canoe Co., 724 Main Street, Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"

MONTE BLUE inspired something unusual in the way of a quatrain:

"I saw your act in 'So This Is Paris' opposite Patsy Ruth Miller. Please send me one of your pictures as quick as possible for I am anxious to get it.

"Apples are sweet
Peaches are better.
If you really love me
Please answer my letter."

JACK MULHALL passed up an opportunity to eat free for the rest of his life:

"You are Irish and I am Greek. I am in the restaurant business but it is not so paying that I would like. I hope you will not be angry if I tell you that an Irish man who eats here has just left town and owes me for meals ten dollars. It is not your fault of course. Now what I ask in writing is this—I know the picture actors are heavy eaters because I saw several pictures where they eat all the time. So I would be good to open a restaurant at your studio if you would put in for me a good word so I cannot pay a big rent but I can cook good food and you shall always eat for nothing in my place if I open it if you give me this boost. I speak Greek very well also the American and might interpret for you in a Greek picture or even act but I am not so sure I want to be an actor as I am married and have six children and my wife is very particular about me."

AND Anna Q. Nilsson refused to act as Christine's manager:

"I write to you because I am Swedish like you. I was born in Falkoping, Sweden, and have one daughter, Christine. It is of her I wish you would like to speak. She is very clever and takes after her father who was a fine farmer until he died. She is sixteen and has light hair and blue eyes. She is very fat. She weighs one hundred and seventy pounds and still growing. I think she would be so cute in pictures because fat girls are hard to get and she is so good natured. She laughs all the time and gets more fat. But her disposition is perfect. If I send her to you would you take care of her and not let her get thinner so she can work in your First National pictures and make some money to help pay a mortgage on my house in Duluth which is overdue? I thank you in advance for the money to send Christine.

"P. S. Whatever you do, don't let Christine lose her fat."

WHO else but Clara Bow would get a letter like this?

"My girl has thrown me down for a rich fellow and I've got to make her jealous.

"Please send me a photograph of yourself autographed as follows:

"To My Darling Lover from His Red Hot Mamma, Clara Bow."

"Also, with the picture, I wish you'd write me a letter telling me that you care for me so I can show them both to her."

DORIS KENYON thinks that the author of this letter is a cousin to Anita Loos' famous *Lord & Lee*:

"Some time ago I saw you in a picture called 'Ladies at Play.' And I became convinced that you are my ideal. Therefore I want you should send me at once a large photo of you which I will frame and place in my room to look upon every evening. I am a girl who works for her living and I have many friends. I am engaged to be married. His name is Elwin. His first name, I mean. Will you send me one of your dresses for my wedding gown? It would be wonderful. Do you think I could act? I send my photograph—it isn't very good because when the man who took it told me to look at a bird I couldn't see any and told him so. That made me move a little. But it does show my general style. I am said to be very good looking but I would rather be a comedienne and do funny things as I am naturally funny. That is what Elwin told me last week

His Regularity Is What Counts!

Age need not bring on sluggishness — and won't, if you give the system a tiny hit of calcium now and then. Calcium cleanses the system as no cathartic can, with none of the after-effects that make salts so injurious. They form no habit—except as they gradually induce the bowels to daily, natural evacuation without aid. Calcium wafers are the best insurance against auto-intoxication.



Free!

Almost every drug-store in America has Stuart's calcium wafers in stock. They cost only a dime! Or write for a free box postpaid by F. A. Stuart Co., Dep't. C 272, Marshall, Mich.

STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS

PREPARE FOR AN ART CAREER

—thru the only school operated as a department of a large art organization. Commercial Artists trained the "Meyer Both Way" earn as high as \$10,000 per year. We today have hundreds of students who had previously studied in other art schools. Why? Because your instruction is based upon our everyday experience in meeting the art needs of leading advertisers. Home study instruction. Write for illustrated book telling of the success of our students.

MEYER BOTH COMPANY
Michigan Ave. at 20th St., Dept. 31, Chicago, Ill.

Do You Want \$500?

NEW—COMBINATIONS—Never Shown Before
New, easy way to turn extra hours, spare or full time into dollars. **50 WEEKLY** introducing our new Lingerie Combinations — Three in One—in big demand. Large variety—fines silk—fleece—cotton. Guaranteed. Wonderful opportunity—NOW. You simply follow our instructions.
FREE—World's Finest Lingerie
We have a plan whereby you can obtain FRENCH FASHION Combinations FREE if you help us introduce it to your friends. Besides you earn extra money and MONTHLY CASH BONDS. Write at once for beautifully illustrated folder and FREE Sample.
French Fashion's N. Franklin St., Chicago
W.C. Co. Dept. 210

Tired, aching feet

For foot comfort, apply soothing, cooling ZEMO Liquid. Prompt relief to tired, aching feet and raw itching toes. Trial size 35c, large bottle \$1.00. All druggists.

zemo FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

and be is a wonderful judge—I mean he has wonderful taste. Please let me know your opinion. And tell me, should a girl accept presents from another boy when she is engaged?"

MILTON SILLS shut his ear to this cry of a suppressed soul:

"You are a star. I am nobody but a barber but even barbers have souls and my soul yearns for acting. That is why I write you in these terms. Now here is my proposition. In my city I am recognized as a famous tonsorial artist and have acted in shows for the Elks and the Woodmen. They have spoken of me in newspapers as another Eddie Foy. I do not know Mr. Foy but I am funny myself. I have a long neck and I am bald which is not a good ad for my business. I can make funny faces and funny faces is what you need in pictures I am convinced. Please send me transportation to your city and I will play in your next picture without pay and then we can sign a contract."

HERE are a few questions that a fifteen-year-old girl propounded to William Boyd: "Did you like to have your hair curled for 'The Volga Boatman'? I read in a magazine that you were beautiful and dumb. I know you're beautiful but are you dumb? Do you like Edgar Allan Poe? Do you know you look just like a little boy when you smile? Is your secretary male or female (or neuter)? Does Elinor Faire nag you?"

ESTHER RALSTON submits a letter that might be made the basis of a novel:

"From one of the motion picture magazines I have just learned that you are married. What a mistake for you! What a disappointment to me! I am old enough to be your grandmother, child, so please do not take offense at this letter—my first of its sort. I sincerely regret that my advice, such as it is, could not have reached you before you took your vow.

"But perhaps this thought will bring some benefit. Go on, and on—succeed in spite of your husband. Your heauty and your talent are too great a power to be impeded by the dam that you have built, to me, all unthinkingly.

"Marriage is for women who do not realize that a humdrum life is humdrum. For women like I was in my younger days. But now I know. God, I wish that I had been granted your opportunity and with the knowledge that I now have. I would not have added the fifth wheel, as I feel that you have done.

"I ask no pardon for this letter. I feel that it is wisdom at a time when wisdom should not go unheard. Do not let the fifth wheel dig the rut too deep in the road that may yet carry you to contentment, wealth and fame."

A CHINESE boy sent this bit of assorted English to Pola Negri:

"In Tientsin I sit down on myself back side foreign man and their lady wives and put my eye on moving pictures sheet showing you like great royal wife. Why must you put your mouth on his mouth so much time and make you anger first before and later after. When American man put his wife on boat, maybe off boat, on train, maybe off train, be put his mouth on ber mouth and she never anger. She laugh happy.

"So you look same great lady no matter how and I write your name on paper to give you silk fan for decent pleasure. Do not try hard to pay me, just keep fan and not pay."

Shavette

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Miss Gilda Gray, by the well-known English artist, Pearce Emett.

Today—One "Shavettes"

In the gay nineties—high collars, long sleeves, trailing skirts and petticoats—yes, my dear, actually *petticoats*. Perhaps the smart woman could forgive a little superfluous hair occasionally.

But today—one shavettes.

At the first hint of returning hair— one shavettes.

What a delight to find a hair remover which can be used *daily*, if necessary, with no unfortunate results. The sharpest razor or the strongest depilatory cannot remove hair more cleanly than Shavette. *But* Shavette does not stimulate or coarsen the growth of hair. Shavette *cannot* harm the tenderest skin.

Your drug, department or hardware store carries Shavette. Or, if not, you can order direct, using attached coupon.



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Please send Prepaid.....Shavettes at \$3.00 each for which is enclosed Check Money Order

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Details in this issue



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of all ways to cleanse Eyes.
Needs no insanitary Eye cup

Eye cups gather dust and germs; often they transmit infection. No wonder millions are forsaking them for the more hygienic and more convenient *Murine* method of cleansing eyes.

Murine is applied with its combination eye dropper and bottle stopper. A few drops are sufficient to cleanse your eyes and make them clear and bright. *Murine* contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients. Try it!

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FOR YOUR EYES

Free Mail this coupon to Murine Co., Dept. 27, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago, for free book on how to add new beauty to your eyes.

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Please PRINT your name and address in PENCIL

Children's Musterole-Mild

Of course, you know good old Musterole; how quickly, how easily it relieves rheumatic and neuralgic pain, sore joints and muscles, stiff neck and lumbago.

We now want you to know CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE, made especially for infants and small children.

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE is just good old Musterole in milder form. Unexcelled for the relief of croupy coughs and colds; it penetrates, soothes and relieves without the blister of the old-fashioned mustard plaster.

Keep a jar handy. It must be ready to apply instantly, without fuss or bother. The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

CHILDREN'S
MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
MILD

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

Hearthstones and Heartbreaks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

But they can't. You will soon find that you can't have a brick floor in the dining room, because the dining room is over the cellar, and the bricks would fall right through into it. And the cellar has to be right there, because otherwise you have to take out a lot more trees, which in California are absolutely priceless. And you can't have this wing there, because if you do you have to build a whole separate line of travel, and if you do that you spoil the roof line.

Right now let me slip you a word of warning. Familiarize yourself previously with this roof-line thing. As far as I have discovered in my own bitter experience, nothing in building a house is so important as the roof line. A man's comfort and tastes are nothing compared to it. The fact that you, yourself, only see it when you drive up in front after work, or when you are taking a stroll in the garden, doesn't matter. The roof line must be right.

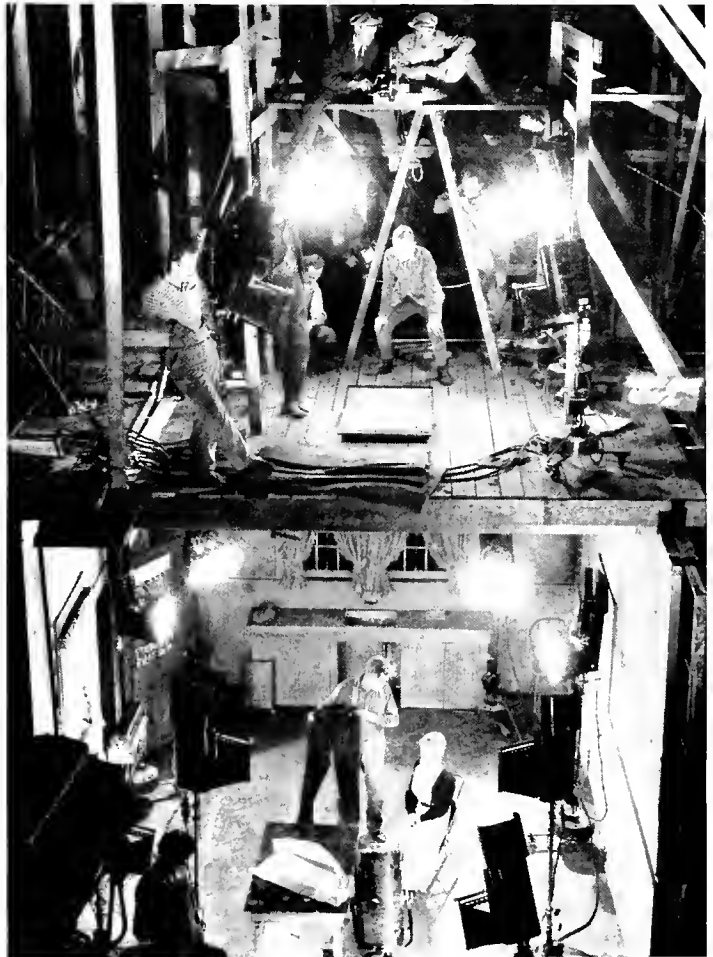
There are more reasons why you can't do things in building a house than there are why

Jack Dempsey didn't lick Tunney, and I've heard about a million of those.

Well, when you and the architect have battled twenty rounds and you are licked to a frazzle, and the nice, clean blueprints come along, you feel that your woes are over. Don't kid yourself.

My blueprints came home one evening just as I was getting home from the studio. They looked grand, and I prepared myself for an evening of pure enjoyment. I took them back to my little den, spread them all out on the floor. At four a. m. mother saw a wild and dishevelled maniac burst forth, foaming at the mouth, and had let out a scream of fright before she realized it was her own son.

Make up your mind at the start that you can't understand blueprints. You may think you are fairly intelligent. You may understand stocks and bonds and the European debt situation. But you cannot understand the blueprints from which they are going to build your house.



One of the "how-do-they-do-it" shots, snapped during the filming of Harry Langdon's "Long Pants." In the top "snap" you see Harry peering down through the trap door, with Frank Capra, the director, and Elgin Lessley, photographer, above "shooting." In the room below are Alan Roscoe and Gladys Brockwell

But there was nothing I could do about it, so I told them to go ahead, but I was sure they'd gotten hold of the wrong ones. They reassured me with a sort of pitying smile, and we started.

From that day to the day the roof line was completed, I never knew a peaceful moment. If I stayed away twenty-four hours, they put the breakfast room where the sunporch was supposed to be.

I was up at Del Monte making a picture, and suffering tortures over what they were doing to my house, when I got a wire from mother about the bathroom. I left the picture flat, and nearly lost my job.

THAT bathroom was my special pride and joy. For years on the road I'd jack-knifed my six feet one and a half into four and even three-foot bathtubs. I was going to have a real bathtub. So I ordered one seven feet long, three feet deep and five feet wide. When I arrived on the scene, the house looked like Niagara Falls had broken loose. Seems that the amount of water going out of that size tub is all wrong for ordinary plumbing, and it had backed up and spouted out of every drain in the whole place. So we had to take the house all apart and put in different plumbing to take care of that little matter.

When the tileman had completed his dainty little job in the bathroom I went in one day, and after looking around carefully—I'd only been absent a matter of twelve hours—I said, "But these are the wrong color tiles." He gave me a sort of blank look and paid no attention. I ventured again upon the suggestion. He said, "They're prettier than those old ones you picked out. They made me seasick." I was nonplussed. Can one ask a man to lay tiles that make him seasick? And yet, after all, one has to bathe in one's own bathroom long after the tileman has gone on to other and still other fields.

He changed them. But I know what he thinks of motion picture actors.

Also, at the last moment I found they had left out my soap dish. Now if there is any one thing that seems to me the height and depth of civilized inconvenience, it's not having a soap dish in the bath tub. I mean having to get out and pursue an elusive cake of soap all over the tiled floor is not only annoying but dangerous.

So we had to take down one wall of the bath and put in the soap dish.

ALSO—about the sun porch. The sun porch was to open off the dining room. I noticed they didn't seem to be building it or leaving any doors or anything. But you have no idea how sensitive you get about mentioning things like that! The looks those workmen give you. And the sheer stupidity which you feel you have exhibited. You hate to expose your ignorance. So I waited. Maybe sun porches were different.

Well, they had simply forgotten about it. Mere trifle, like a sun porch. Silly thing, any way, a sun porch.

So they had to take down the whole wall of the dining room, and add the sun porch. They resented my interfering, I can tell you that.

As for the painter! Did you ever try to tell a painter anything about color? I never thought I was color blind, but after that painter and I had had a few arguments about the color of the walls in the living, dining, and bed rooms, the kitchen, pantry and sun porch, I went down to a good oculist and had my eyes examined. Then I went back and gave orders to that painter. If anybody was color blind, it wasn't me. Naturally, a man that was color blind would be a house painter.

These are only a few of the little incidents that happen when you are building a house. And I only mention them in passing, so that you may be prepared for them. They're all worth it. My house is exactly the way I want it and I love it. I'd never be happy anywhere else.

But if I'd known in advance, I could have gone into training.

UNKNOWN BEAUTY
 No: the faces known to Fame, but loveliness unknown - in city, town and hamlet - has made America the Kingdom of Beautiful Women. It is the exquisite powder in Tre-Jur that keeps their charm forever fresh.



Face Powder
 Four perfect shades
 50c



"Thinnest"
 Single - \$1
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Tre-jur powder
 there's a difference in its
B L E N D

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The Roman Knows

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

"I asks you two gemmun this," said Clump. "Does you-all crave to make it a real fight when you gets together in the 'rena scene?"

"'Lil Man," said Opus, "you suttinly said it!"

"An' you, Simeon?"

"'Coul'n't nothin' make me mo' happier."

"Good! You can settle yo' food, an' at the same time git a good, snappy pitcher fo' Mid-night. Now has I got the promises of you-all bofe that if I stages the fight scene tomorrow mawnin', you won't do no scrappin' befo' then?"

"If this big bum—"

"Nemmin' no mo' straducements, Opus. Does you promise or doesn't you?"

"Well, if he will . . ."

"I promise," said Simeon.

"All right. Then also I does."

"GOOD! This evening, then, right after dinner, us gits together in my room at the hotel—all of us—an' we goes over the scene what we shoots in the mawnin'. Is that 'greadable to you-all?"

They nodded. Then the company broke up into small groups to inspect the Colosseum. Opus strutted off with Magnesia on his arm. Outrage had completely anesthetized his habitual aversion to physical combat and he was looking forward with eagerness to the morrow's fray.

"What I does to that feller when I gits him down yonder with me is gwine he three sins an' two shames."

"Oh! Opus. I feel terrible 'bout you fightin' on account of me."

"Shuh! It's a pleasure, Gal. Fo' you I'd lick the whole Italy police. With yo' eyes on me I got the stren'th of Samson an' the stragety of Napolium."

They seated themselves near a stone crevice which had once been used for imprisoning wild lions before turning them loose to a dinner of martyrs.

"How you-all is gwine fight?" queried Magnesia.

"Us gladiates. We dresses up in tin suits an' busts each other until one caint fight no mo'. Time I finishes with the clothes Simeon wears, he's gwine require a plumber."

"I hope so, Opus, 'cause I think you is just grand!"

They spent the remainder of the afternoon in the Colosseum and across the way at the Forum.

It was Magnesia who suggested that they return to the shops of the Corso Umberto.

"Taint that I don't like this, Opus," she explained, "but it seems to me that they has let things get kind of run down."

OPUS and his lady friend did not eat with the others that evening. Instead they found a tiny cafe near the Piazza di Spagna where they inhaled lavish helpings of noodles and tiny fried squids. Therefore they missed even the aftermath of a bectic conference between Forcep Swain and Director Clump.

The director was interested but angry.

"Why di'n't you tell me this befo', Brother Swain?"

"Cause I di'n't have it all worked out, Caesar. I wasn't shuah 'bout that armor business an' I had to go buy me a lot of books."

"Well," snapped the director, "it aint fair to Opus."

"Shuah! He's gwine have as much chance as the feller which he plays the part of had, aint he?"

"I know. But Opus aint no trained fighter an' besides—"

"He can run."

Caesar's eyes narrowed. "Looks to me like a kind of dirty trick, Forcep. Reckon Opus

will have to run unless he wants to git his disposition knocked loose, an' that aint gwine make no hit with Magnesia." Mr. Clump heaved a vast sigh. "You folks in the comp'ny is always fightin'. Always makin' trouble. An' now comes this . . . howsomever, I reckon art is art an' we better go right ahead."

"That's it, Brainy Man! You can 'splain it all to Opus at the meetin' tonight."

THE meeting that night was thoroughly attended. Opus was conscious of an air of tense expectancy as he entered with Magnesia and seated himself prominently. Caesar rose and started explaining.

He outlined the story as far as they had gone, and came eventually to the details of the battle scene which was to be shot the following morning in the Colosseum.

"President Latimer has arranged with the police that we is gwine have the whole place to ourselves fo' two hours," said he. "Florian Slappie is truckin' all the coschumes an' props down there fust thing in the mawnin', and we dresses there.

"Welford Potts is playin' the Emperor an' my wife, Sicily, is gwine be one of them Vestry Virgins. The rest of you fellers is gwine be servidors which marches aroun' an' toots trumpets an' Enoch Tapp is master of ceremonies. Glorious Fizz sits up in the royal box with Welford.

"Welford gives the word an' Simeon Broughton comes marching out of the dressing room all dolled up in his shinin' armor an' carryin' a big sword. He struts his stuff across the 'rena an' trips over his own foote once or twice 'cause 'cordin' to the scenario he aint used to wearin' them kind of clothes.

"An' then is when Opus Randall comes in!"

He paused uncertainly. His eyes wandered hesitantly over the heaming countenance of the expansive Mr. Randall.

"Opus comes in then," he repeated, "all fixed up to fight Mistuh Broughton."

"That's me!" boomed Opus. "All dressed up in some more armor."

J. Caesar flushed a pale lavender. He fidgetted uneasily. "Well, anyway," he evaded, "you come in all fixed to fight Simeon."

Opus beamed. "I also wears armor, don't I?"

"Hnn!" The director was distinctly embarrassed. "Well, no—not ezactly."

"HUH?" Mr. Randall was on his feet in an instant. "How come I don't wear armor like Simeon Broughton? I asks you that, Mistuh Clump?"

"Because," returned Clump with some heat, "because you is a retiarius."

"That's a lie, an' you know it! I aint no such of a thing."

"In the pitcher you is. An' retiariuses don't wear no armor." The director smiled apologetically. "You wears somethin' better than armor."

"What?"

"You wears a net!"

"A which?"

"A net!"

Opus Randall stood dumbfounded. Then his huge body commenced to tremble with fury.

"Y-y-y-you mean to tell me I don't wear nothin' on'y a net?"

"Uh-huh. Also pants, of co'se."

"An' Simeon wears steel armor?"

"Yeh, you see—"

"I don't see nothin'. Ise plumb blind. You aint gwine git me into no 'rena with no net on. Nossuh! This is a dirty trick. . . ." Suddenly he ceased speaking and his eyes narrowed accusingly.

"Whose idea was this that I has got to be one of them retires?"

The director was glad enough to indulge in the gentle pastime of passing the buck.

"Forcep Swain wrote the story," he announced—and sat down.

Opus uttered a yell which reverberated through the room. "Forcep Swain! That significant shrimp! I might of knowed he was hid in the woodpile somewheres. 'Why, dawg-gone him—I got a good mind. . ."

Mr. Swain rose to his feet. He struck an attitude and brushed a languid hand across a colorado-maduro forehead. "Cease from exhibiting your ignorance, Mistuh Randall. You don't know anything and you speechifies it constant. I rises to tell you that you has got all the advantage—"

"Yeh! Just like a worm has got the advantage over a fish."

"PRECISELY. The case could not have been stated better. And I don't request you to accept my word, either. Here is what the book says." Mr. Swain thumbed through the pages of a volume entitled "The Last Days of Pompeii." "Now listen: here's what the book says—'The retiarius, or netter, is armed only with a three-pronged spear, like a trident—and a net. He wears no armor, only the fillet and tunic—'"

"Hah! Two fishes. Filet and tuna!"
 "And the book says—'The retiarius generally has the best of it.' It's this way, Brother Randall: You is supposed to throw your net over Mistuh Broughton. That gits him all entangled up so he cannot move. Then you can wallop him as much as you like with your trident. Don't you see that gives you all the advantage?"

"I don't see nothin' of the kind. Does I fail to net that big ox, he wallops me with his sword. An' if I does net him, I don't do nothin' but bust him on the hardware. It's a rotten scheme an' I refuses to be schum against."

Mr. Broughton sneered overtly. "Thought you wasn't scared of me!"

"I aint."
 "Tha's what you says. But you is scared to fight the way Forcep's book says is the best."
 "Huh! If you is so brave—le's us swap suits."

Director Clump interposed. "That caint be done," he negatived. "The whole scenario has been shot with the idea that Opus is the net-man. We caint remake the whole pitcher just 'cause he craves to wear a tin suit. Of course, Opus, if you is afraid to make this a real fight—"

"Me scared of Simeon! Just lemme git at him—tha's all! Just lemme . . ."

"Then you agrees?"
 Opus's harassed gaze roamed the room. On the faces of his associates he found much sympathy. Magnesia's eyes arrested him. She was bestowing upon him the gaze reserved by ladies exclusively for their heroes. Opus roared defiance.

"I fights him! By golly, I does!"

THERE was a roar of applause. The company members knew that Opus had been rudely victimized and the gross injustice of it brought temporary popularity to the portly actor who had never before been particularly beloved by his associates.

Opus moved grandly toward the door. There he turned for a Parthian shot—

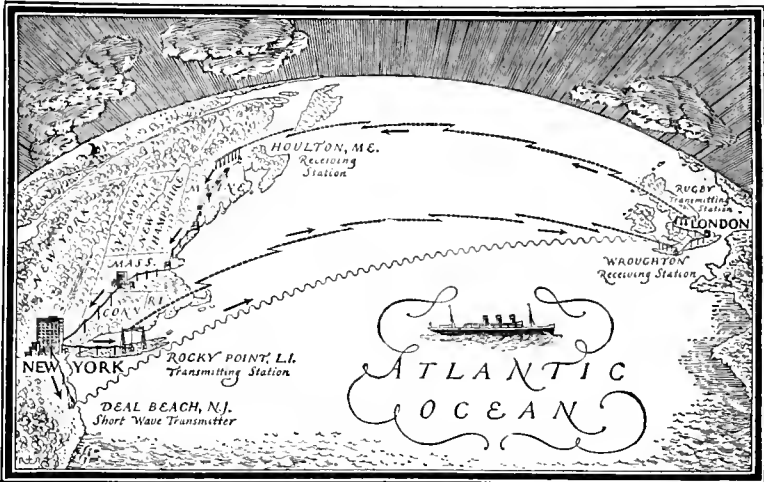
"I fights his armor," announced the retiarius, "an' all I hopes is that by tomorrow mawvin' Mistuh Forcep Swain aint rewrote that whole story so as to make Simeon a tank!"

Opus disappeared. There was a murmur of disapproval from the others and one of the group pursued the heroic actor.

In the street a slender figure ranged itself alongside the Gargantuan form of Opus Randall. A voice spoke in gentle friendliness.

"Opus," said Florian Slapexy, "I an' you aint never been friends an' we aint never like to be—but I think you has been done dirt, an' if they's any way I can he'p you out . . ."

Opus grabbed the hand of his natural enemy.



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"Thanks, Florian. Let's take a walk an' see what we can think about."

They moved through narrow streets and came eventually to the magnificent expanse of the Via Vittorio Veneto.

They walked slowly, and in silence. Once, Florian spoke—

"You is crazy to fight him thataway, Opus."

"Caint he p it. He's got me plumb mad."

"Yeh—but you don't have to be also foolish."

"Ise gwine lick him some way . . . I dunno how."

"Nor neither me." Mr. Slappey glanced at his watch. "Reckon you better be gittin' back to the hotel, Opus. An' if there's any way I can he p you out . . ."

They went to their rooms, but Opus did not sleep. He drew an easy chair up to the window and stood staring out over the Roman rooftops, his feelings not entirely dissimilar to those of the ancient gladiators who gazed forlornly into the moonlight on the eve of deadly combat.

Opus realized that he was in for a sound trimming. There was a chance, of course, that he might ensnare the sneery Simeon, but that was exceedingly unlikely.

And yet—

FLORIAN SLAPPEY was deep in slumber at four o'clock in the morning when a monster figure entered his room.

A hand touched his shoulder, and Florian sat up straight in bed.

"Ssssh! This is Opus—"

"Oh! I thought you was asleep."

"I aint been to bed even. I been out huntin' fo' somethin', an' Opus's voice trembled triumphantly, "I got it!"

"What?"

"Nemmin' what. But you said you'd he p me."

"I will."

"Then git yo' clothes on an' show me where at is the armor Simeon Broughton is gwine wear. I craves to inspect it."

Florian dressed swiftly. In his official capacity as property man he conducted Opus to the storeroom where the costumes for the great Roman spectacle were stored. "What you gwine do, Opus?"

"Don't ask me no questions; just turn me loose with them armors. I'll be back in a minute."

As Opus entered the dimly lighted room Florian noticed that the big negro gingerly carried a tiny, pasteboard box, about an inch square and of about the same depth. Florian turned away. He was puzzled and interested—but on this occasion his sympathy was entirely with his one-time enemy. Ten minutes later Opus rejoined the master of properties and they pussyfooted back to Florian's room. Mr. Slappey observed that the giant retiarium was smiling.

"What did you do, Opus?"

"I done a plenty, Brother Slappey."

"What?"

"I handed myse'f an even break, tha's all."

"Aint you gwine 'splain?"

"I puffers not, Florian. 'Taint that I don't appreciate all you has done fo' me, but they is suttin' secrets—"

"Sall right, Big Boy. All I hopes is that you hits Simeon Broughton so hard they'll need a truck-load of solder to fix up them castiron clothes of his'n."

EARLY the following morning Midnight breakfasted, then gathered in front of the modest hotel for the trip to the Colosseum.

A fleet of decrepit carriages waited to convey them.

Save for Simeon Broughton and Forcep Swain, who were in a gale of spirits, there was no laughter among the troupers. They sensed genuine drama. Despite the meagerness of their knowledge of Rome's history, they had not failed to be impressed by the magnificent ruin in which the combat was to be staged, and they had thrilled to the halting story of their guide



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the day before—the story of mortal combat and sudden death for which the amphitheater had been built.

A special squad of carabinieri was on duty at the colossal structure when they arrived. The Questore of Roman Police was there in person to see that the distinguished visitors received every courtesy, and with him came a few privileged spectators: Roman dignitaries and various members of highly uniformed military organizations: Fascisti in gray trousers and black shirts, feathers Bersaglieri, regular army men in uniforms of dull gray, a delegation of traffic cops in all the magnificence of huge helmets and white-slashed coats. There were, too, a few government cadets—fine, trim-looking young men. Director Clump seated these guests near the scene of combat and out of camera range.

Then he reversed his cap in true director fashion, raised megaphone to lips and swung into action.

Preliminary scenes were shot quickly: absurd gags which convulsed the usually unsmiling Italians. Then Mr. Clump visited the place which the gladiators were using as a dressing room.

Simeon Broughton, with the help of Forcep Swain, was completing the buckling of his armor.

He presented a noble appearance. Occasionally he glanced with disdain toward the highly undressed figure of his enemy.

OPUS was queerly cheerful. Wearing few clothes, he yet did not seem downhearted. He drew himself off in a corner of the big room and practiced throwing the large fish net with which he had been armed. Then, apparently satisfied, he picked up his trident and made vicious passes at the atmosphere. He turned to face his director.

"Caesar Clump," said he, "I have been done dirt—but Ise goin' th'oo with it. I asks you right now: Is you gwine permit me to make a good job of this feller Broughton once I gits him where I wants him?"

Caesar was amazed at the man's courage. "I showly is, Opus. I wasn't no party to you not wearin' a tin suit—an' I aint gwine make you quit hammerin' on Simeon does you git a good chance."

"Fine. Tha's all I want to know."

Mr. Broughton, as yet unhelmeted, grunted. "Boy! You aint gwine beat nobody, no time. In about ten minutes you is gwine be starin' lilies right in the face."

Caesar stepped back into the arena and gave final instructions. Exotic Hines set up his camera and his assistant did likewise so that the two machines covered a considerable field of operation.

Then, acting under Clump's sharp orders, Gladiator Simeon Broughton strutted into the arena.

HE was a vast and impressive spectacle: armor gleaming in the sunlight, open visor of helmet disclosing his chocolate countenance, shield on his left arm and a short, blunted sword tightly grasped in his right hand. He walked timidly, struggling to become accustomed to the weight of his garments, and he refused to try comedy falls—fearing that the dead weight of his armor would prevent any rising.

Immediately as he made his bow to the emperor, Opus Randall came leaping into the arena, a gleeful riot of elephantine grace. In his left hand he carried the trident, in his right the carefully folded fish net.

He bowed to the Roman ruler and made a little speech.

"Heah I is, Folks: the champeen retirer of the world. Gimme word an' I shows you-all how to keep gladiators fum bein' glad!"

The crowd was in a ferment. Magnesia Jones was bursting with pride. Win or lose, she was all for this large man who scorned armor plate and thirsted for combat. Caesar was as excited as the rest. He spoke quietly to

Watch This Column

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HOOT GIBSON will be seen soon in "*The Denver Dude*," from the story by Earle Snell—a play exactly suited to this popular hard-riding Western actor. Don't forget to see "*Sensation Seekers*," featuring BILLIE DOVE, RAYMOND BLOOMER, HUNTLY GORDON and others. Write me a letter about Universals you have seen.

(To be continued next month)

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the two cameramen, addressed a few remarks to the combatants and then waved his megaphone.

"Ready!" he roared.

"Action! Cam'ra!"

Simeon adjusted his shield, raised his sword and clanked to the attack. His progress was necessarily slow. Opus arranged the folds of his net and prepared to make a cast. It was possible, of course—provided he was lucky—to enmesh Simeon with the first throw.

The crowd watched. The absence of armor was all in Opus's favor at this stage of the battle.

He could move much faster than his opponent. Once or twice he stepped close, waving his net.

On each occasion Simeon made a wild slash with his blunted sword. Once it landed on the fat flesh of Mr. Randall and that gentleman uttered a howl of pain.

But he was crafty. He came closer and closer. And suddenly there was a cry from the spectators as the net flew out—hovered for an instant over the head of the armored gladiator—and then a groan as it missed.

AS Opus turned to gather his net, Simeon lumbered forward. His sword spanked against a tender portion of Mr. Randall's anatomy and sent that warrior sprawling.

The voice of Magnesia Jones shrilled a warning.

Opus crawled away, then leaped to his feet and ran, easily outdistancing the encumbered Simeon.

There seemed but one conclusion to the battle. Sooner or later Opus would tire and then Simeon could come into range with impunity. Of course his sword was sufficiently blunted to make serious injury impossible, but the scene promised dire things for the unclad Opus.

Now, however, Opus did a magnificent thing. With a grand gesture he tossed away his net. He shifted his trident to the right hand and to the joyous amazement of the spectators, he himself advanced to attack the armored enemy.

No arena idol of the Roman era ever made a more heroic gesture. Magnesia Jones was pop-eyed with worshipful wonder. Simeon was amazed.

Opus came close. Closer. Suddenly he leaped to the right, swung his trident like a baseball bat, and banged it against the left knee joint of Simeon's armor.

In return he narrowly avoided the counter-stroke of the gladiator's sword. Again Opus performed this maneuver. Once more he crashed his weapon against the left knee joint of the armor.

Once more he leaped to safety.

He did this a third time—but on this occasion Simeon was prepared and the flat of his sword caught Opus across the shoulders. Even so, Mr. Randall did not exhibit any fear. He leaped back—then in again—and once more whanged his trident against that left knee joint.

"Always hittin' in the same spot," shouted Florian Slappey to the crowd. "I reckon he's foolish like a fox. He's tryin' to cripple Simeon—an' I hope he does it!"

NOW the battle waxed more furious. Opus took blow after blow in order to bang away at the one particular spot of his enemy's armor. And then—just when it seemed that even Opus's valiant strategy must result in his own undoing—just when it seemed that he was doomed to ignoble defeat or more ignoble flight—something happened.

It happened suddenly. It happened unexpectedly.

From beneath the steel visor of the ironclad Simeon Broughton came an eerie shriek. Then another and another. A broad grin played briefly across Opus's lips.

"Hot diggity dawg!" said he aloud, "I reckon Ise gwine show Simeon somethin' now."

Opus moved bravely to the attack. The spectators gasped with horror. One wallop from Simeon . . .

But Simeon did not deal the telling blow. Instead he dropped sword and shield and commenced to dance.

He presented a picture of unchained discomf. He howled unintelligibly.

And then it was that Mr. Opus Randall proved his mettle.

He stepped disdainfully close and proceeded to batter the armor-plate of the wild warrior. Simeon howled with agony, but every spectator understood that these howls were not the direct result of the beating he was receiving. A miracle was occurring before their eyes and—with the exception of Forcep Swain—the multitude yelled approval.

Director Clump, who had felt guilty from the start of the unequal combat, more than made amends.

"Beat him up, Opus!" he called. "The vestry virgin has got her thumbs down."

"She dawg-gone better have," replied the victorious gladiator. "Cause what has occurred to SIMEON so far aint nothin'."

SIMEON danced and wailed. He laid down on the ground and rolled over—then rose abruptly. He tried to run away and Opus deliberately tripped him with the trident. The lamentations of the stricken warrior were terrible to hear, and finally his plea for mercy left the air.

"I quit!" he yelled. "Ise had enough!"

Opus pushed him over. Simeon lay writhing on the ground. Mr. Randall posed with one foot on the prostrate body.

"Is I a better man than what you is, Simeon?"

"Oh, Lawsy—yes!"

"Is all them things what you said 'bout Magnesia Jones lies?"

"Ooooh! They showly is."

"Is you a liar?"

"Y-y-y-yes. Lemme up, please. Ise dyin'."

"Does you 'pologize to ev'ybody?"

"I does. On'y just leave me git away fum heah!"

Opus bowed low before the Emperor. "I reckon they aint no doubt 'bout who is the better man, is there. Mistuh Umpire?"

"Not none," returned the happy potentate.

Opus returned to the quivering, yelling Simeon.

"Ise th'oo with you, Nothin'," he announced. "But mind you don't never git fresh with me again. Nor neither my gal!"

He turned and strutted pridefully from the arena. Various Roman populace descended to release Simeon from his metal harness.

In the dressing room an enthusiastic and pop-eyed Florian Slappey was waiting for the victorious retiarius. He clapped a congratulatory hand on Opus's shoulder.

"Sweet Triple!" exclaimed Florian. "You showly licked him."

"Din't I just," grinned Opus. "An' wasn't it easy?"

Florian lowered his voice to a whisper. "What did you do, Opus? How come Simeon to go crazy all of a sudden?"

Mr. Randall looked around to make sure he could not be overheard.

"You remember early this mawnin', Florian, when you let me git into where his armor was at?"

"Uh-huh."

"You remember a li'l pasteboard box I carried?"

"Yeh."

"WELL, I pasted that li'l box right near the left knee joint of Simeon's armor, an' when us started fightin' just now I kept whangin' at that one spot so as to break the box."

"I seen you doin' that. But how could the bustin' of that box make Simeon act so wise?"

Opus put his lips very close to Florian's ear.

"There was somethin' in that box which got loose the minute the box broke, Florian."

"What was it?" asked the smaller man.

And Opus explained triumphantly: "A wasp!"

The Town of Types

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

Take your pick. You have three corners to choose from. The boys don't seem to care for the Bank corner—perhaps it is too cold and formal.

It hasn't the clabby atmosphere that is attached to the two drug stores and the market, with their awnings, newsstands and cigar counters.

It really doesn't matter which group we choose for our listening-in—we would hear precisely the same thing from them all, upon any day of the week whatever.

THIS cluster here on our own corner is fairly representative; yet nothing out of the ordinary as to types. You will observe that the features are quite properly distributed over the facial maps; that the arms hang directly from the shoulders; and that the legs reach from the torsos to the ground in quite the orthodox manner.

The boy with the magenta whiskers tones the group up a bit; but we are a trifle disappointed with them, as to types.

It will not be necessary to eavesdrop, for when these boys cluster that way, the possibility of being overheard bothers them not at all. The swarthy chap with the smashed nose and clipped head seems to have the floor; and from the vehemence of his manner I know that his grievance is a robust one.

"—an' it was Gus up at the Central talkin'. He says, 'Go over to the United, an' see Burton, Cline's assistant, about doin' an Indian.' I says, 'What's the check?' Gus says, 'Go on over an' see him—I think he's got a bit for yeh.'

"So, I goes over an' sees Tom Burton, an' he says 'O. K.—you'll make a good Brave—that busted beak o' yours is just what I want.' I says, 'How about the check, Tom?' an' he says, 'Well, Steve, ten dollars is top price on this; but you'll have a three weeks' run—maybe four—only, if yeh take it, yeh gotta have your head clipped.'

"Hell, I didn't want to clip my hair—I work in 'Westerns' mostly, y' know, an' wear my hair long.

"But, jeeze, I hadn't worked for two weeks, an' them three weeks looked good to Willie; so I says, 'O. K., Tom—if yeh say it's three weeks, I'll take it—but no "holomania" [He's referring to "bole Armenia"—a dark liquid wash—I'll be damned if I'll paint myself with "holomania."']

"Tom says, 'All right—you're pretty dark—go get your head shaved.'

"**S**AY!—yeh know what I got outa that pitcher?—after that egg promis'n' me three weeks or more. Four lousy checks!—that's what I got—just four lousy ten-dollar checks! An' night work, over at Lasky Ranch—colder 'n hell; an' me with nothin' on but a pair of moccasins an' a tough look.

"I was gonna knock Burton's block off; but he says they had changed th' script, an' he was sorry as hell about it, but it was just one o' those things.

"Then yeh know what that punk says?—'Why don't yeh hop out to Universal—they're makin' an Egyptian pitcher out there, an' maybe yeh can get on as a priest—they're bald.' Can yeh beat that?—th' lousy bum! Hell, I can't do nothin' without no hair—what—"

"That sure was a tough break, Steve," interrupted a hard-looking character, "but I got one handed to me last week. I was doin' a deck-hand in that sea story Stockton's makin'; an' we was workin' down at San Pedro on th' docks. There was about ten of us fellas, all gettin' ten dollars, an' all on direct calls from the studio.

"For five days we left th' studio at seven in

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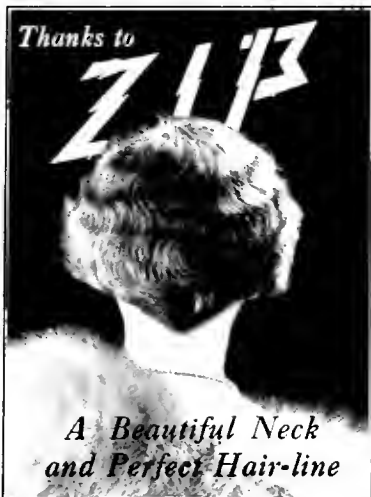
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th' mornin', an' got back anywhere from seven to eight at night. I had to pile out at five o'clock to get out to th' studio on time; an' we was all workin' about two hours overtime every day.

"Well, th' second day we all goes to th' assistant, an' says, 'How about th' overtime?' He says:

"O. K., boys—you'll get it—th' castin' office will fix yeh up, don't worry."

"An' did we get that overtime?—we did, like hell! We worked a whole extra day an' a half durin' them five days; an' we didn't get a lousy nickel overtime. Castin' office said, 'No,' that's all. Th' assistant's a good gun, an' he went to th' bat for us; but, hell, he couldn't do nothin'. One of th' fellas—I don't know him—I guess he's new in pitchers—said he was goin' to th' Labor Commissioner; an' I says, 'Go ahead, brother, but don't expect to work on that lot again—or any of th' big ones, for that matter."

"HE says, 'Why's that?'; an' I says, 'Go ahead, that's all, bo—you don't know this game—they'll blacklist yeh higher 'n a kite, that's what they'll do. They've handed yeh somethin', an' yeh gotta take it. If yeh stay in this business, yeh'll learn that they got yeh right where yeh live all th' time. Take my advice,' I says, 'an' forget it.'"

"You're damned right, they'd blacklist him," added a third. "But I'll tell yeh somethin'—yeh'll get a kick outa this—I threw th' hooks into a bunch over on 'Poverty Row.' There was an 'Independent' over there, makin' an underworld story; an' I done a cop for 'em—three days, I had, in a hop joint—an' a lousy set, too, believe me.

"Well, th' end of th' third day th' assistant comes to me, an' says, 'That's all, Mac, in this stuff. There's some more work comin' up in four or five days, in another sequence, an' I'll give yeh a ring.'"

"I says, 'Well, if yeh need me in it, yeh better carry me. I work pretty regular, y' know an' I'm not gonna turn down any job.' He says, 'Can't carry yeh, Mac—I'll take a chance on gettin' yeh.' Well, I figgers, maybe they don't absolutely have to have me in that stuff that's comin' up—a fella never knows th' story, y' know—maybe that sequence isn't a continuation.

"Anyway—an' a damn lucky break—I lands a San Francisco location th' very next day—scheduled for three weeks—that Jack London story Bromfield made. Three or four days after I left, that bunch on 'Poverty Row' rings up th' house to get me; an' when th' wife tells 'em I've gone to San Francisco on location, there was hell apoppin', believe me. They had to have me—d' yeh get it?—an' they had struck th' hop joint set! How's that for a layout? Th' wife just passes th' huck; an' that buncha bums wires Bromfield in San Francisco. Bromfield calls me in, an' I gives him th' whole thing, straight.

"To hell with th' cheap lotta high-binders," he says, 'You stay right here—they can't have yeh.'"

"YEH know what happened?—they had to rebuild that hop joint set, an' shoot that stuff over? They got 'Red' Hogan to do th' cop. I'd registered in half a dozen close-ups, an' they couldn't possibly get a double for me. Smart bunch, wasn't they?—smart buncha pikers, eh?—cost 'em about one thousand smackers, just because they was too damn' cheap to carry me for four days on a lousy—who's this aire-dale comin' down th' drag? Is that—by god, it's 'Spike' Ericson! Come here, Spike, you hairy ape!

"Where th' hell yeh been—an' whata yeh made up for—animal or vegetable?"

"Hello, boys! I feel like a cross between a mattress an' a fur rug. Just got in from Arizona—been down there for six weeks on a 'horse opera' (Western serial). How's the layout around th' lots?"

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dress-suit boys are sittin' pretty. How was th' location?"

"Not so bad—grub was O. K. Hotter 'n th' seven brass handles o' hell, though."

"Are yeh through?"

"Just about—few more days of interiors on th' lot."

"Then yeh gonna harvest that crop on yeh face, eh?"

"Well, I'd sure like to crawl outa this an-busha mine; but I understand that Blackstone's just about to start a sea story out at Universal, an' I thought I'd see if I could land a job with this muff before I take it off. Thought I'd go out an' see 'Slim' Maddox, if he's still Blackstone's assistant."

"You boys wana run over th' hill? Come on—I'll run you over in th' ol' bus; an' we'll see what's on th' boards."

So long, boys, and the very best of luck. Thus they "beef" among themselves; yet you could not drag them out of the business with a block and tackle.

AND here approach a few of the sports-shirt-knickers dappers' delights—the "bronze boys." Are they not nicely tanned?

And note how the glorious California sunlight glintingly plays amidst the waves of their vaselined hair.

"What'd y' say, kid—workin'?"

"O. K. for tomorrow—dress set at Goldwyn's. Call up the 'Central'; and make it spappy—maybe you can get on—"

Yes, that group of cowboys down by the leather-goods shop are very likely the genuine article. Should you talk to them, you would probably learn that they are from Texas, Arizona or Wyoming. They always wear the great Stetson hats, the tight pants and the ill-greed, low-topped boots with the pointed heels, whether working or not. The cowboys are very clannish; and the hat and boots are their badge or insignia.

The cowboy hats tend to maintain a balance in headgear. A cowboy hat plus a bare, criscoed head, divided by two, equals approximately a normal head-covering—but, of course, the bare, criscoed heads are far in the ascendancy.

SPEAKING of larded craniums: We suppose you know that the spiked, or spearmint, hair-cut originated in Hollywood? It was introduced by that great, young star who achieved immortality as "The Sheik," and was quickly adopted by the knickered boys. These chaps attend the barber shop more regularly than they do their meals. While in the barber's chair, they sit with a mirror in either hand; and woe to the "tonorial artist" who fails to get just the proper angle to that prong before the ear!

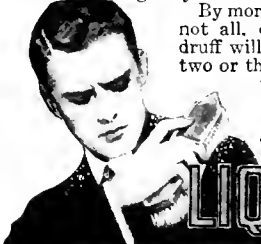


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Paris Does Know Beauty

By Edna Wallace Hopper

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I bring them back to you. Every help I use is supplied by all toilet counters. It is at the call of every girl who wants more beauty, of every woman who wants youth.

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The Port of Missing Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

Framed in the oaken window behind which he sat, she had quite the grand and accustomed manner. They measured each other. A couple of wise young eggs.

"MISS HALL," said Patty, holding her coat very tight about her with one hand on her flat little stomach. "I've an appointment with Mr. Brydon."

Shoe's eyes conveyed neither surprise, belief nor distrust.

He used the small hand telephone briefly, then said, "Down the corridor to your right and the last door on your left."

His eyes followed her.

"Neat," said Shoe, who was actually so blasé that he had given up wisecracking six months before.

Patty waited in Miss Elson's office and tried to maintain that air of aloof indifference that she had selected as proper to this occasion. But she could not. Her eyes flew out the window to where men and women, in make-up and costume, some of them crossed the courtyard to the big stages beyond. She stared up at the pictures on the wall, reproductions of twenty-four sheets on the big Hirtz successes. She peered curiously out into the corridor where every now and then she could hear voices and laughter.

She was inside a studio.

And instead of being aloofly indifferent, her face looked like that of a kid in the toy department at Christmas time.

How she loved it. The boys back in Syracuse had always said she was a movie nut. Her brothers, who were both married, kidded her a good deal about her movie crushes and her movie ambition.

For it was actually ambition that drove her. This was the greatest moment of her life. The first rung of the ladder of fame was under her foot. Perhaps Patty did not realize that it was ambition that flamed in her cheeks and pounded in her breast—ambition as violent and as direct as Napoleon's. Her whole slim little body was vibrant with it, her jazzy little soul was tense with it, her wise little brain hummed with it.

The panelled oak door in the stone archway opened and a girl came out. There was a smile on her lips, a flattered and speculative smile. A big cluster of orchids was pinned in the soft fox fur close to her face. She did not even notice the red-headed girl who almost bounced out of her seat at sight of her.

Helen Brandon. Patty was actually seeing Helen Brandon. It was gorgeous—it was unbelievable. A buzzer buzzed.

"You can go in now, Miss Hall," said Miss Elson.

Patty went in. Being Patty, she wasted no time. She disposed herself with her pretty knees showing in the comfortable chair which the dark young

man indicated, gave him her most enticing smile and remarked, "Gee, I thought you'd have a gray beard."

"You mean you hoped I'd have a long gray beard," said Max Brydon, coolly.

Patty's eyes flew open and she gave him a look of ardent admiration. She always did that rather well, but this time it happened to be sincere and was unusually effective.

"Don't waste that on me, my girl," said Max Brydon, looking her over as though she had been a gross of new buttons. "We're going to put you in stock here at Mr. Shaw's suggestion. He thinks you have a great future on the screen. I hope so. We'll start you at fifty dollars a week."



Patty

Patty squirmed, her slim little body twisting like a snake on the petit-point chair. This was a man! Not to be caught by the first bit of honey like most men. Not to be led around by the nose with unspoken and dishonest promises of the flesh.

She said, "Thank you, Mr. Brydon,"—it was like a crow of victory, really—and went out.

At the door she looked back and smiled.

Force of habit, partly. Partly optimism. Patty had the optimism of the egotist.

* * * *

FADE in on the same scene, six months later.

The same office, mellow in the late afternoon light filtering through the windows of yellow glass. The big vases, that had been filled with ragged yellow chrysanthemums on Patty's other visit, now held great branches of rosy flowering peach and big sprays of white plum blossoms. There was a scent of perfume lingering in the air, soft, sensuous, expensive. Patty sniffed it with disfavor. That belonged to that squashy looking blonde she had passed in the corridor.

Max Brydon looked at her quietly. He looked just as she remembered him. That same slightly ironical mouth and the unreadable dark eyes.

"You insisted on seeing me," he said quietly.

Never noticed how really lovely she looked—a spring time Patty, all in white through which you could so easily see the lines of her young body, with a white hat against which her red hair and her dark eyes and her pert red mouth stood out seductively.

"I wanted to know why you were letting me go—so suddenly, without a word, like that," said Patty, angrily. Her eyes blazed at him.

He met them steadily, disinterestedly. "That girl got your job," he said, indicating the corridor with one fine finger.

"That messy blonde," said Patty, furiously. "Oh, Mr. Brydon, haven't I made good? I've tried so hard. I have really."

She had, too. Only hits, they'd given her. Never a single real chance. But she had worked as no other girl on that lot had worked.

She had thought and slaved and suffered to put some little bit of characterization into those flashes, something that might stand out and catch a director's eye. She had more than spent her money on clothes—had been hail-fellow-well-met around the studio, always looking her best, always ready to go on parties, always merry and bright.

"What's that got to do with it?" said Max Brydon, in a level voice. "I'm not paying fifty dollars a week to inexperienced girls on my own account. They tell me you don't photograph very well. And as I told you, that girl," again the long finger pointed slightly, "got your job. She is Mr. Shaw's latest gift to the screen."

Patty went very white beneath her creole powder. Kid white—panic white. But she didn't slump in her chair. Her shoulders and the poise of her red head were as cocky as ever. Only the white kid face belied them.

"You should make up your mind about this thing," said Max Brydon, still in that level, matter-of-fact voice. "You'll find that you have to be one thing or the other. The number of women who can walk the dividing line successfully is very small. You played your cards very well. But you can't go on getting something for nothing forever, my girl."

Patty made a swift gesture with her whole body—a gesture of protest. She took a cigarette from the box on the table and lit it. The smoke came out in little angry puffs, like the breath of a small and angry dragon.

"That messy blonde," said Max Brydon, "wasn't too—shall we say squeamish? You could have held your job. Why didn't you?"

"I—just couldn't," said Patty.

THEN, to her horror, she began to cry. Not beautifully, nor poetically, but gustily, like a kid. She felt the need of comfort, and she reached over and took Max Brydon's hand and hung onto it hard.

"Damn it," she said, "I do so want to succeed."

"Well, you won't do it by crying," said Max Brydon.

Anger dried the tears on Patty's cheeks and she dropped his hand, but he didn't seem to notice that—in fact, he hadn't seemed to notice when she took hold of it.

"Gee, you're hard-boiled," she said, in a little whisper.

"You have to be, in this business," said Max Brydon. "It's the most heart-breaking game in the world. When you have to deal with personalities like they were buttons, you have to be hard-boiled."

"Good-by," said Patty.

"Good-by," said Max Brydon.

Patty stopped in the darkest part of the dark corridor to fix her face.

She could still feel Max Brydon's hard, motionless hand in hers and her palm tingled to the remembered touch.

The click of imperious French heels on the tiled floor roused her from the little reverie into which she had fallen. Diane Lamartine swept by, wrapped in sables. Patty had a glimpse of that pale, subtle face, of irresistible, strange, passionate eyes, a gray-green in black slashes.

"Helen Brandon and Diane Lamartine," said Patty aloud. "What the hell chance have I got sandwiched in between a couple of janes like that?"

"Talking to yourself," said Shoe, from his omnipotent seat.

"I could go a long way and not find anybody better," said Patty.

* * * * *

PATTY was hungry.

Of course, it is a well-known fact that people nowadays do not get hungry.

In the face of that pleasant tradition, Patty was unhappy with a pain in her insides because for three days she had had practically nothing to eat.

The slump was on, had been on for some time, and Patty had lived for thirty-one days on fourteen dollars and seventy-one cents.

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The penny she had found in the gutter. The rest she had earned as an extra. She had not paid her room rent, but she had done some sewing for the landlady and still had a roof over her head.

Therefore, Patty sat very quietly and considered all things.

She wasn't going to leave Hollywood.

Oh, it had her. Badly as it had treated her, ugly as had been the face it turned upon her, rare as had been its caresses, she loved it. She could not leave it. The claw of Hollywood gets into the heart of women as the claw of Africa used to get into the hearts of men. The old fascination of the gaming table—the old chance that fortune lies on the turn of the next card, that success is lurking just around the corner.

It was true that she might go to the Hollywood Studio Club. Only she wouldn't. All she knew about that place was that it helped girls out. She didn't want to be helped out. That smacked of charity. Also, it had something to do with religion, and Patty had the utmost contempt for and disbelief in religion. Thus her sense of fair play informed her that she could not possibly accept its favors.

"I will go out," said Patty, getting up to take her mind off the gnawing at her vitals, "and walk up and down the boulevard. Maybe somebody will see me and invite me to dinner."

She didn't look in the least as though she was starving.

Starvation is what happens to Armenians and people like that, and in pictures they are always naked and their ribs show and they have claws instead of hands.

Patty looked a bit finely drawn, as though her little stomach was tucked up tight against her backbone. But that is the fashion, after all. Patty's figure was certainly very, very fashionable.

In the doorway of a shoe store, where she had stopped to look at some green and gold evening slippers with rhinestone heels, she met Shoe.

OUTSIDE of office hours, Shoe was a not altogether unpresentable youth. He rather patterned after Mr. Brydon in the matter of clothes—a dark, neat elegance. He was smoking, and the smell of it made Patty a little giddy. In a way that had been the worst thing of all, being without cigarettes.

"Come and have a bite of dinner," said Shoe, nonchalantly.

But he was watching her face in the huge plate glass window.

She only grinned, though. Funny grin. Sort of a salutation-to-fate grin.

They went to Carlton and Armstrong's, on the Boulevard, and sat in leather seats side by side against the wall.

"What'll you have," said Shoe, magnificently. "How about a filet mignon and some hashed brown potatoes and an alligator pear salad and some coffee?"

"That'd suit me great," said Patty, in a rather faint voice.

And later, "Tell me about the studio," said Patty, restraining herself by a terrific effort as the waitress set down the filet and the coffee.

Shoe told. They were practically shut down, only one company working. The boss was in New York. That blonde girl, Bonnie Mercer, was going to play the lead in D'Alba's picture.

"Have some vanilla ice cream with hot chocolate sauce and some macaroons," suggested Shoe. "And how about more coffee?"

"All right," said Patty. "I'm not dieting."

She took a third cigarette from the package Shoe had laid on the table and then quite carelessly put them in her little brown bag.

Shoe paid the bill grandly. It was a bill of the proportions which call for grandeur in payment. Rarely had Shoe spent so much of his salary upon one meal.

On the curb outside, they paused. The big street lights had been turned on and the boulevard was like day. A little way up the block



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streams of people were going into the big Egyptian theater and the cars in front tooted their horns impatiently at each other.

"Well," said Patty, "I guess I'll go on home now."

"Yeh?" said Shoe, looking at her. "Alone?"

"Yeh," said Patty.

"The next time I buy you a meal," said Shoe bitterly, "it'll be breakfast."

PATTY straightened her little hat, so that its small, red feather would stand as cockily as possible.

"I know it," she said, wearily.

She found herself walking up the Boulevard, Shoe's words dinging prophetically in her ears.

Well, anyway, she had a warm dinner under her belt, and—hell, success was just around the corner.

It always would be.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

MRS. W. L. B., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Richard Dix's real name is Ernest Carlton Brimmer.

N. C.—What do you mean calling Bebe Daniels, Lila Lee and Ricardo Cortez "the shilling trio"? Explain yourself, my child. Anyhow, Bebe was born in Dallas, Texas, twenty-five years ago; Lila Lee in Union Hill, New Jersey, a year later than Bebe in Texas, and Ricardo Cortez' date with the stork happened in Alsace-Lorraine, France, some twenty-six years ago. You're welcome.

M. R. J. AND O. L. H., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Greta Nissen is five feet, four inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. She is twenty years old.

Greta was a dancer before she went into pictures. I daresay Gloria Swanson likes to dance, too.

ELIZABETH, MARIE AND LOUISE, EUFAULA, OKLA.—Inquisitive? Why not? Address Alberta Vaughn at the F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif. And Clara Bow at the Lasky Studios, 5350 Melrose Avenue, same city. Connie is the younger of the Talmadge sisters.

J. H. W., N. Y. C.—No one ever takes a chance writing me. I always answer the questions as promptly as possible. Please be considerate. Maurice Tourneur directed "Sporting Life." Charlie Hines, Johnnie's brother, directed "The Live Wire."

FRANK MARTINS, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—Take your time—don't step on the gas. I couldn't begin to give you all the addresses you requested. Tom Mix and Buck Jones, Fox Studio, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.; John Gilbert and Renee Adoree, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Cal.; Dolores Costello and Irene Rich, Warner Bros. Studio, Sunset Blvd. at Bronson, Hollywood, Cal.; William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Write me again for the remainder.

MARY B., MOLINE, ILL.—I'll settle any kind of a dispute. Norma Talmadge was born May 2, 1897. Pick up the marbles.

MARTHA DUNLAP, COLUMBUS, GA.—William Haines was born in Staunton, Va., Jan. 1, 1900. He has black hair and brown eyes. He is six feet in height and weighs 172 pounds. Big Boy, isn't he? You may write him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. And the most important detail of his life to you female fans—he's not married.

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I will do something about this condition which can affect my appearance and my spirits. I am going to lead a more natural life. I am going to eat sensibly and get more rest and sleep. The next time I am in a drug store I will buy a bottle of Sal Hepatica, and I will use it to keep myself internally clean and to keep my blood free of the poisons of waste (Auto-Intoxication or self-poisoning).

When even parties seem a drag and daily duties leave you listless and let-down—Auto-Intoxication may be sapping your strength

It causes thousands of women to drag themselves through day after day, feeling "never exactly sick, never entirely well." They never are in buoyant health. Very few can "put out their tongue" and have it give them assurance that they are in good condition.

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Sal Hepatica



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G3
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Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains fully the causes and effects of Auto-Intoxication (self-poisoning).

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City _____ State _____

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Coming Soon! The Twice-a-Week Paramount News

Beginning in August and twice weekly thereafter, the name of a new and greater news reel will flash on the screens of thousands of theatres—PARAMOUNT NEWS. It is backed by the power and resources of the largest motion picture organization on earth and produced under the direction of Emanuel Cohen, acknowledged the world's foremost news reel expert. Ask your Theatre Manager to book Paramount News and PARAMOUNT COMEDIES (once a week) and PARAMOUNT NOVELTIES. Only now can you see short features of the same high standard set by Paramount in feature pictures. *Watch for them.*



Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!

Paramount Guide to the Best Motion Pictures

Check the ones you have seen, make a date for the others, and don't miss any! Your Theatre Manager will tell you when

TITLE	PLAYERS	DATE
CASEY AT THE BAT	Starring WALLACE BEERY. With Ford Sterling, ZaSu Pitts, Sterling Holloway, Iris Stuart. <i>Directed by Monty Brice.</i>	
BLIND ALLEYS	Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. With Evelyn Brent and Greta Nissen. <i>Directed by Frank Tuttle.</i>	
EVENING CLOTHES	Starring ADOLPHE MENJOU. With Virginia Valli, Noah Beery and Louise Brooks. <i>Directed by Luther Reed.</i>	
SPECIAL DELIVERY	Starring EDDIE CANTOR. With Donald Keith, Jobyna Ralston and William Powell. <i>Directed by William Goodrich.</i>	
CABARET	Starring GILDA GRAY. With Tom Moore, Chester Conklin and Mona Palma. <i>Directed by Robert Vignola.</i>	
THE TELEPHONE GIRL	Warner Baxter, Madge Bellamy, Holbrook Blinn, May Allison, Lawrence Gray, Hale Hamilton. <i>Directed by Herbert Brenon.</i>	
AFRAID TO LOVE	Starring FLORENCE VIDOR. With Chive Brook. <i>Directed by E. H. Griffith.</i>	
TOO MANY CROOKS	With Mildred Davis, Lloyd Hughes, George Bancroft and El Brendel. <i>Directed by Fred Newmayer.</i>	
ARIZONA BOUND	Starring GARY COOPER. With Betty Jewel. <i>Directed by John Waters.</i>	
FASHIONS FOR WOMEN	Starring ESTHER RALSTON. With Einar Hanson and Raymond Hatton. <i>Directed by Dorothy Arzner.</i>	
Elinor Glyn's RITZY	Starring BETTY BRONSON. With James Hall. <i>Directed by Richard Rosson.</i>	
CHILDREN OF DIVORCE	Starring CLARA BOW and ESTHER RALSTON. With Gary Cooper, Einar Hanson and Norman Trevor. <i>Directed by Frank Lloyd.</i>	
ROLLED STOCKINGS	Charles Rogers, Sterling Holloway, El Brendel, Richard Arlen and Debutantes of 1927. <i>Directed by Monty Brice.</i>	
WEDDING BILLS	Starring RAYMOND GRIFFITH. With Ford Sterling. <i>Directed by Erle Kenton.</i>	
TEN MODERN COMMANDMENTS	Starring FLORENCE VIDOR. <i>Directed by Luther Reed.</i>	

FAMOUS PLAYERS—LASKY CORP. ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES. PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

Richard Dix in Knockout Reilly

A MALCOLM St. Clair Production, from Albert Payson Terhune's story, "The Hunch." With Mary Brian and Jack Re-nault.



Clara Bow in Rough House Rosie



FROM the Sat. Eve. Post story by Nunnally Johnson, directed by Frank Strayer. With REED HOWES and all-star cast.

Bebe Daniels in Señorita

THOUGH they called her señorita Bebe preferred being just Bebe, and you know what that meant. With James Hall and William Powell. Directed by Clarence Badger.



The Whirlwind of Youth with Lois Moran

A ROWLAND V. LEE Production from "Soundings" by A. Hamilton Gibbs. With Vera Voronina, Donald Keith and Alyce Mills.



Ed Wynn in Rubber Heels



EDWYNN, famous musical comedy star, as detective who solves a mystery through sheer stupidity. With Chester Conklin and Thelma Todd. Directed by Victor Heerman.

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
MANAGING EDITOR

JAMES R. QUIRK
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

IVAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXXII

Contents, May, 1927

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JAMES R. QUIRK

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Told Without Exaggeration—Not Press-agented

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COHEN

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As we go to PRESS



CHARLES EMMETT MACK killed at Riverside, Cal., March 17, in an automobile accident. Mack was a D. W. Griffith find, being promoted by that director from prop boy to actor. Mack receives his last best performance in *The Shadow Stage* this month, for his work in *"The Rough Riders."*

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE returning to screen in a series of comedies to be filmed in Germany. Yes, they will have American release.

ONA BROWN secures divorce from her husband, Clarence Brown, the director.

OLIVE BORDEN, finishing *"The Joy Girl"* in New York, returns to Hollywood with her mother. Makes trip on S. S. *President Garfield* via the Panama Canal.

DOUG FAIRBANKS signs F. Richard Jones, formerly a Hal Roach and Mack Sennett comedy supervisor of production, to direct him in his next picture. This will be *"The Gaucho,"* a South American story and it will feature some spectacular whip stunts.

RICARDO CORTEZ is no longer a Famous Player.

THOMAS MEIGHAN denies report that he is to retire from screen. Still under contract to do four more for Paramount.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN signs Marcel De Sano to direct four pictures. De Sano will direct Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in their next after *"King Harlequin."*

WILLIAM FOX resigns F. W. Murnau, the German director. Murnau has returned to Berlin to make one UFA picture before coming back to Mr. Fox.

WARNER BROTHERS sign Flabelle Fairbanks, niece of Doug, who appears in *"The Love of Sunya."*

TOM MIX and Buck Jones both injured by gun wounds while at

work on their newest films. Mix received bad but not dangerous burns about the eyes.

BEN TURPIN leaves Mack Sennett to free-lance.

A MILLION and a half feet of negative was used by Cecil B. De Mille in making *"The King of Kings."* Figure it out for yourself. Yes, more than three hundred miles of film.

GEORGE MARION, Jr., is now the highest priced title writer in screen-dom. His weekly salary from Famous Players is \$2,250.

MONTE BELL is to direct Norma Shearer in his own story, *"Liberty Bonds,"* which, by the way, is the story of a girl who sells cigars and cigarettes in a cabaret. Said to be based on the real story of a girl in the Hollywood Montmartre.

RICHARD ROSSOM has been selected by Paramount to direct Louise Brooks and James Hall in *"Rolled Stockings."* A story of the jazz age, of course.

CORINNE GRIFFITH returns from Europe with her husband, Walter Morosco. Her first United Artists release will be *"The Garden of Eden."*

HERBERT BRENON has been ill in New York with intestinal influenza. He is leaving Famous Players and is reported to be going to United Artists.

F SCOTT FITZGERALD writes an original story for Constance Talmadge.

ED. WYNN does a comedy scene for *"Rubber Heels"* on the brink of Niagara Falls. And yet people want to go in the movies!

ELINOR GLYN announces that Hollywood will be her permanent and official home after this. Despite the fact that she has been in Hollywood right along, Mme. Glyn always has called Paris her home. So that's that.

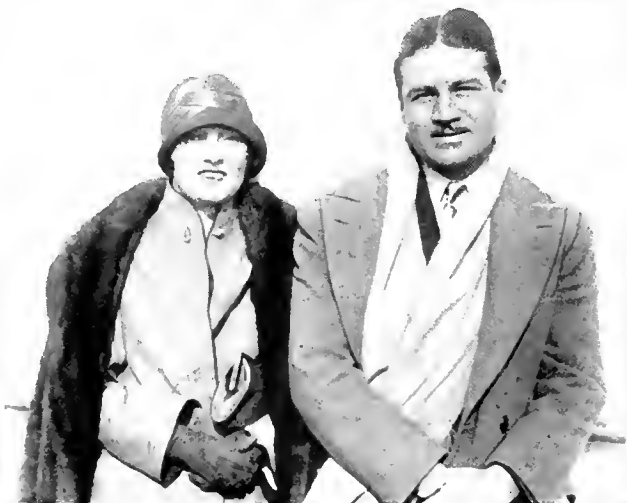
GLORIA SWANSON takes her retinue to the coast for her next film. This will be the story of a lady sheik who gets her man more effectively than any member of the Royal Mounted Police. Albert Parker will direct her again. After the desert tale, Miss Swanson plans to do a Russian story based on the women's Battalion of Death.

DORIS KENYON is still seriously ill in a New York sanitarium. She is suffering from a breakdown, following an attack of intestinal flu.

MARY BRIAN will play opposite Richard Dix in his next, to be shot in Hollywood.

MICKEY NEILAN and his wife, Blanche Sweet, have been on a Manhattan vacation.

NATACHA RAMBOVA playing on speaking stage in New York in the melodrama, *"Set a Thief."* Her spirit communications with Rudolph Valentino first told about in *PHOTOPLAY*, are appearing in a New York tabloid.



P & A Photos

Corinne Griffith and her husband, Walter Morosco, returned recently from a vacation in Europe. Miss Griffith announced that, after one more picture, she intends to appear on the speaking stage in New York



*Horseshoes
for luck
and laughs!
It'll be your lucky,
laugh day when
you see*

MONTY BANKS

in "Horse Shoes" *!!*

A feature comedy

"Horse Shoes" got 200 separate, deep-chested laughs from the big crowd at its preview in Los Angeles—that's almost a World's Record!

Now ready for YOUR entertainment!

Ask at your local Theatre
when it will be shown.



Pathépicture

TRADE MARK





Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

AGE OF CADS, THE—Paramount.—Just missed being one of the six best. Menou, Alice Joyce and Luther Reed's sane direction make it interesting. (December.)

ACROSS THE PACIFIC—Warner Bros.—The old native gal was just as vampish in the days of the Philippine insurrection as she is today. You'll be lured to death. (December.)

AMATEUR GENTLEMAN, THE—First National.—It's not Dick Bertlindness at his best—but who gives a hoot about story or anything else as long as we have Dick. (Nov.)

AUCTIONEER, THE—Fox.—A slow motion version of the Bialason stage play. With George Sidney in the Warfield role. (March.)

***BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Your season won't be complete unless you see this picture. It's safe enough for the children. John Gilbert and Eleanor Boardman head the cast. (Nov.)

BATTLING BUTLER—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Here's an amusing number presented by Buster Keaton. Check this a must. (Nov.)

***BEAU GESTE**—Paramount.—Percival Wren's best-seller has been followed with fidelity. The screen's best mystery story. (Nov.)

BELLS, THE—Chadwick.—An old favorite with some real Barrymore acting by brother Lionel. If you like heavy drama, here is your meat. (January.)

BERTHA, THE SEWING MACHINE GIRL—Fox.—The old stock company thriller brought up-to-date and made into a tizzy tale of a modern working girl. With Madge Bellamy. (March.)

***BETTER 'OLE, THE**—Warner Bros.—Syd Chaplin makes a picture which is to comedy what "The Big Parade" is to drama. It's the type of comedy that Charlie made, years ago. (December.)

BLARNEY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—If it wasn't for Renee Adoree this certainly would be a lot of blarney. (December.)

***BLONDE OR BRUNETTE**—Paramount.—A sparkling and sophisticated comedy, charmingly played by Adolphe Menjou. The presence of Greta Nissen helps a lot. (March.)

BLONDE SAINT, THE—First National.—Where-in Lewis Stone plays the cave-man, and love triumphs again over something or other. Not so much. (February.)

BLUE EAGLE, THE—Fox.—A fair picture. (Nov.)

BREED OF THE SEA—F. B. O.—Be sure to see this fascinating, romantic and adventurous sea tale. (December.)

BROKEN HEARTS OF HOLLYWOOD—Warner Bros.—It's just as bad as it sounds. (December.)

CALL OF THE WILDERNESS, THE—Pathe.—The hero, cast off by his rich dad, wins a fortune of his own, with the help of his dog. Good propaganda for dogs. (February.)

CAMPUS FLIRT, THE—Paramount.—Not to be outdone by the football heroes, Bebe Daniels shows the feminine side of college life in a neat running suit. Amusing. (December.)

CANADIAN, THE—Paramount.—Just Thomas Meighan in a story that has moments that remind you that Elinor Glyn was born in Canada. In spite of its burst of sentiment, the film is pointless. (February.)

CANYON OF LIGHT, THE—Fox.—Evidently tired of flooring villains, Tom Mix knocks down a couple of houses. The current Mix film—and good fun. (February.)

CHEERFUL FRAUD, THE—Universal.—A silly farce made bearable—and even amusing—by the agreeable presence of Reginald Denny. (February.)

CITY, THE—Fox.—Proving the crookedness of urban ways as compared with the high moral tone of small town life. Yes, yes? Robert Frazer, May Allison, Walter McGrail and Nancy Nash are in the cast. (February.)

COLLEGE DAYS—Tiffany.—Once again the day is saved for dear old Alma Mater on the football field. But isn't it about time to desert football for chess? (January.)

CORPORAL KATE—Producers Dist. Corp.—The girls get their chance at winning the war, with Vera Reynolds as leader of the feminine contingent. Will the big parade of war films never end? (February.)

COUNTRY BEYOND, THE—Fox.—Another of James Oliver Curwood's stories of the great North makes good screen material. (December.)

Pictures You Should Not Miss

- "Beau Geste"
- "Ben-Hur"
- "The Better 'Ole"
- "The Big Parade"
- "Old Ironsides"
- "What Price Glory"
- "Variety"

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 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.

DENVER DUDE, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson in a Western in which, for a change, he plays the dude. But the he-man stuff wins in the end. (April.)

DIPLOMACY—Paramount.—Sardou's play bad its fate laced by Marshall Neilan—unsuccessfully. (Nov.)

EAGLE OF THE SEA, THE—Paramount.—An adventure tale of pirates and lovely ladies that fails to make its thrills. Ricardo Cortez and Florence Vidor head the cast. (February.)

EASY PIGKINGS—First National.—Anna Q. Nilsson again dresses as a boy—this time at the instigation of crooks. Not so satisfactory. (April.)

***EVERYBODY'S ACTING**—Paramount.—A great cast, an entertaining story and some of Mickey Neilan's happiest direction. A refreshing and amusing tale of stage life. (January.)

EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS—Preferred.—The pardon comes from the Governor in time to save the hero—but not in time to rescue the audience from boredom. (March.)

EXIT SMILING—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A comedy story that fails to "jell." Plus Beatrice Lillie, a stage cut-up, who fails to register. Sorry. (Jan.)

***FAUST**—UFA-M.-G.-M.—An extraordinary adaptation of Goethe's poem, with Emil Jannings as *Mefisto* and Camilla Horn as *Marguerite*. Miss Horn runs away with the picture. It's a fine achievement. (January.)

FINGER PRINTS—Warner Brothers.—It's a comedy mystery. The comedy is furnished by Louise Fazenda. The mystery is why the picture was produced. (March.)

***FIRE BRIGADE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—One of the best thrillers ever produced. A real picture of the heroism of fire-fighters and fine entertainment for children. Charles Ray scores a big come-back in this one. (March.)

FLAMING FOREST, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—James Oliver Curwood tells you how the Royal Mounted got its first man—or first girl. In spite of the excellent cast, the acting is stilted and the conventional direction spoils the story possibilities. (February.)

***FLESH AND THE DEVIL**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A burn 'em up love story with John Gilbert and Greta Garbo. A Sudermann story dashingly acted. Lars Hanson also helps a lot. (January.)

FOR ALIMONY ONLY—Producers Dist. Corp.—A light-sophisticated domestic comedy for grown-ups. (December.)

FOR WIVES ONLY—Producers Dist. Corp.—One of those conventional stories of the pretty wife and the neglected husband. Just about enough story to fill two reels. (February.)

FOREVER AFTER—First National.—All the ingredients of a box-office picture—sweet girl and boy romance, football and war. Passable. (December.)

FOURTH COMMANDMENT, THE—Universal.—Cast your eagle eyes over the pictures we recommend and forget that such a thing as this was ever produced. (December.)

GAY DECEIVER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Plenty of glitter of the Paris variety in this entertaining piece. (Nov.)

***GENERAL, THE**—United Artists.—Buster Keaton sports the Civil War most unconvincingly. Good satire on war melodramas and excellent comedy thrills. (March.)

GETTING GERTIE'S GARTER—Producers Dist. Corp.—The plot is a hangover from the days when garters were considered hokey tosy. It now rates as a historical story. Marie Prevost and Charlie Ray are in it. (April.)

GIGOLO—Producers Dist. Corp.—Rod La Rocque's fine performances rescue this from the hokey class. (December.)

GOD GAVE ME TWENTY GENTS—Paramount.—A story with an original idea that comes out, under screen analysis, as too far-fetched for credibility. Good performances by Lois Meran and Jack Muhlhall. (February.)

GOING CROOKED—Fox.—A crook story—but stop! Bessie Love is the crook. And that makes the film easy to look at. (February.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]



A LAUGH A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY!

A GOOD hearty laugh is the greatest tonic in the world—the magic key to eternal youth. It is laughter that helps us to forget our cares, laughter that banishes wrinkles, laughter that brightens our day.

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Why not take the whole family to see one of *Educational's Comedies* tonight? Dad and mother and the children. Let them all have a good hearty laugh. It will do them good—and it will do you good to watch *their* enjoyment. Laughs are meant to be shared.

* * *

Educational's supremacy in the Short Subject field does not end with comedies. It includes all those features for which *Educational* is world-famous—news reels, novelties, scenic pictures of rare beauty, and the exquisite Romance Productions in natural colors. These, no less than the mirth-provoking comedies, have earned for *Educational Pictures* the right to be called "The Spice of the Program."

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E. W. Hammons, President
Executive Offices
Paramount Building,
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- LUPINO LANE COMEDIES
- BOBBY VERNON COMEDIES
- BILLY DOOLEY COMEDIES
- JIMMIE ADAMS COMEDIES

MERMAID COMEDIES

(Jack White Productions)

- CHRISTIE COMEDIES
- JUVENILE COMEDIES

With "Big Boy"

TUXEDO COMEDIES

CAMEO COMEDIES

LYMAN H. HOWE'S HODGE-PODGE

FELIX THE CAT CARTOONS

ROBERT C. BRUCE SCENIC NOVELTIES

CURIOSITIES LIFE

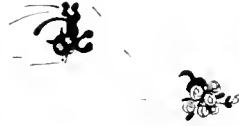
The Movie Side-show Cartoon Comedies

KINOGRAMS

The NEWS REEL Built Like a Newspaper



The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views



Brickbats and Bouquets

LETTERS from
PHOTOPLAY READERS

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

The Monthly Barometer

UNLESS some new fine film hurries along, an excellent runner-up for the title of the best picture of 1927 will be "Beau Geste," that drama of war and sand, studded with fine performances.

"Beau Geste" is being generally released now throughout the country and letters about it came in by scores to this department during the month.

New stars are wanted. Greta Garbo proves this. Greta, despite her recent flashes of temperament, is still leading the race in reader interest. Fan loyalties are not dead. Tommy Meighan, Gloria Swanson, the beloved Rudy, Colleen Moore and the most admired Lloyd Hughes all won hotheouses of bouquets during the month.

But the bouquets were just that—loyalties—and not enthusiasm.

With a sweeping bow in the direction of Messrs. Zukor and Lasky, we offer them a bit of free advice.

Look to Betty Bronson.

Betty pulls the same kind of letters, the same sort of love that belonged to Mary Pickford a few years ago. Mary's last picture was not a happy vehicle for her. Betty today is appealing to the child hearts in young and old that were once Mary's. Paramount may kill Betty with miscasting, but rightly handled, your fan letters prove she would be at the box-office the only starlet today competent to follow Mary's radiant path.

If Charlie Chaplin had been editor of this department this month, he would have felt happier. For among the hundreds of letters which were received concerning his troubles, only one was against him. That's really pretty remarkable.

Censors try to make us narrow minded, but the fans are proving they refuse to be stampeded into any petty holier-than-thou attitude.

There were scores of letters this month regarding the contests of PHOTOPLAY. We thank you.

They were not all bouquets, by any means, but we thank you just the same. We aim to please, and your telling us what you want makes it easier for us to give it to you.

THE EDITOR.

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about 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.

\$25.00 Letter

Long Beach, Calif.

In the midst of the most terrible loss a man can experience—the loss of a much loved wife, a moving picture brought me consolation.

The death of my wife left me with a daughter five years old. I was nearly crazed with the responsibility of her care. In my grief she became a burden until I was persuaded by some friends to attend the theater with them. It was the turning point in my life. "Forget-me-not" was showing, and the plight of the little orphan girl awakened a new feeling in me regarding my own daughter. Hitherto her feelings had not occurred to me. I realized that as far as I was concerned she was as near an orphan as the child in the picture. I rushed home to give her the love and protection she had been without the past few months, vowing to be both father and mother to her. From that day I have lived for Louise and in so living, my grief over my wife has been lessened.

Louise is nearly twelve now. We are true "pals." God bless motion pictures for bringing home to a stricken man the remembrance of a little girl who needed his love. Without pic-

tures, I would very likely never have awakened to my duty.

FRANK FULTON,
322 Virginia Court.

\$10.00 Letter

Flint, Mich.

I landed in this country eleven years ago. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation" had influenced my decision to come here.

In Buenos Aires where I came from, movies at the best theaters were cosmopolitan performances three hours long, composed of a French film, with life raw, naked and disgusting. Then an Italian film just as raw and sadly artistic, only *Vendetta* would be the *leit-motif*, instead of sordid apaches and demi-mondaines. By that time if you did not feel like committing suicide you'd be good and ripe for the American film and, oh, a glory of sunshine, open air, freshness and cheerfulness, clean and good, like coming out to light on top of a mountain, after a long ride in a tunnel. You felt reconciled with life, and blessed those good North-American producers.

But now "Tin Gods," "The Great Gatsby" and some others—Oh dear, what was the good to come such a long way through a net of German submarines? We can get morbid enough reading everyday life, but we want a rest at the movies. Life is so. But why choose the ugliest specimen to portray your heroes and heroines? Why be so realistic? Let us go back to the golden path.

We don't want life, but something to make us happy. Let us live.

M. R.

\$5.00 Letter

Lausang, Mich.

Why all the cry about banning Charlie Chaplin's pictures? What has been proved against him? *Not a darn thing*. I hope there won't be. I wonder if these same people yelling "Ban Him" would like a search-light turned on themselves? Who are they to sit in judgment? Now is the time for the fans to show their appreciation of the many happy evenings we have enjoyed by seeing the splendid pictures given us by this same Charlie Chaplin. If he is "low

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]

Another picture triumph
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

GREAT GATSBY, THE—Paramount.—Fitzgerald's novel, with its unscrupulous hero, violates some pet screen traditions. It's unusual entertainment and Lou Wilson makes a bit for herself as the jazzy, cocktail-drinking *Daisy Buchanan*. (February.)

GREAT K & A TRAIN ROBBERY, THE—Fox.—A fast and furious Tom Mix picture. Need more be said? (December.)

HER BIG NIGHT—Universal.—Some inside dope on the movies. Quite interesting. (Nov.)

HIS NEW YORK WIFE—Baehman.—Well, it seems there was a little country girl who came to New York to fight for success—ta, ta! There's more plot than entertainment in this one. (January.)

HOLD THAT LION—Paramount.—The usual Douglas MacLean farce. Fair. (Nov.)

***HOTEL IMPERIAL**—Paramount.—At last Pola Negri has an unqualified success. Credit her new director, Maurice Stiller, with an assist. It's the story of an incident between the Austrian and Russian lines during the war. Highly recommended. (January.)

ICE FLOOD, THE—Universal.—Don't waste any precious moments on this. (Nov.)

IT—Paramount.—Clara Bow in Elinor Glyn's snappy story of a modern working girl. Good popular stuff with little Clara making the hit of her life. (March.)

JIM THE CONQUEROR—Producers Dist. Corp.—Another version of the old feud between the cattlemen and the shepherds, with William Boyd as its chief redeeming feature. (March.)

JOHNNY GETS A HAIRCUT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—You'll like Jackie Coogan as a grown-up actor. And he still keeps his appeal for the children. A nice little picture. (April.)

JOSSELYN'S WIFE—Tiffany.—Pauline Frederick in a Kathleen Norris story—and that guarantees that the picture is worth-while. (February.)

JUST ANOTHER BLONDE—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill, Jack Mullan, Louise Brooks and Buster Collier are in this one. A lot of good talent is wasted on a plot that fails to get anywhere. (February.)

KICKOFF, THE—Excellent Pictures.—A splendid football picture featuring George Walsh and Leila Hyams. (Nov.)

***KID BOOTS**—Paramount.—Eddie Cantor brings a new face to the screen. And such a face! As slapstick, this film is very funny—and too, it has Clara Bow as a shining light. (December.)

***KID BROTHER, THE**—Paramount.—A top-notch Harold Lloyd picture. It's a comedy version of "To-able David" and one of the best of the current releases. (March.)

KOSHER KITTY KELLY—F. B. O.—The funniest of the carbon copies of "Abie's Irish Rose." (December.)

LADIES AT PLAY—First National.—Nothing new in the plot, but a lot that is spontaneous and hilariously funny in the performance of Louise Fazenda and Ethel Wales. Worth your money. (February.)

LADY IN ERMINE, THE—First National.—This film tries hard to be naughty but, dear me, how times have changed! Corinne Griffith's vaunted beauty fails to register and the acting is very ham. (March.)

LAST TRAIL, THE—Fox.—Zane Grey plus Tom Mix plus Tony. You can't beat that for a good Western combination. (April.)

LIGHTNING LARIATS—F. B. O.—Our old pals, Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro, step forward with their version of the Mythical Kingdom yarn. (March.)

LILY, THE—Fox.—The sisterly love stuff presented in a weepy manner. Yip, Belle Bennett sobs throughout the entire piece. Fair. (December.)

LITTLE JOURNEY, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—An airy, inconsequential story, deftly directed and charmingly acted by William Haines, Claire Windsor and Harry Carey. Nice amusement. (March.)

LONDON—Paramount.—Rats to riches in the London slums, played by Dorothy Gish. Filmed in England. Come on home, Dorothy. (January.)

***LONE HAND SAUNDERS**—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson in a human Western that will be great for the kids. (February.)

LOVE'S BLINDNESS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Written, supervised and dominated by Elinor Glyn. The old stuff with a change of names and Pauline Starke as the owner of IT. (January.)

LOVE'S GREATEST MISTAKE—Paramount.—Delving into the more hectic side of New York life, William Powell, Evelyn Brent and Josephine Dunn head the cast. Brisk melodrama and good comedy. (April.)

LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM—Paramount.—What goes on behind the counters in a department store. A amusing true-to-life stuff with Louise Brooks as a cute little vamp. (February.)

LUNATIC AT LARGE, A—First National.—Leon Errol and his rubber legs are very funny. A good comedy for those who like their films with a nutty flavor. (April.)

MAGIC GARDEN, THE—F. B. O.—Romance, romance, romance with ten millions of sugar. Adapted from a story by the late Gene Stratton Porter. (April.)

MAGICIAN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Rex Ingram messes around with some more weird characters and with some weirder emotions. Except for Alice Terry, a foreign cast. (January.)

MAN OF QUALITY, A—Excellent Pictures.—A good mystery yarn with George Walsh. (December.)

MANBAIT—Producers Dist. Corp.—Marie Prevost in a mild story of a little rough diamond in search of a Tiffany setting. (April.)

MARRIAGE—Fox.—In spite of the fact it was adapted from H. G. Wells' novel, it is just a lot of appeasement, sister. Alma Rubens starred. (April.)

MARRIAGE LICENSE—Fox.—The tear ducts will be let loose in this weepy affair. Alma Rubens' performance is worth seeing. (Nov.)

***McFADDEN'S FLATS**—First National.—A comedy as broad as a barn and as subtle as a swift kick. But what a big relief from Art! Charlie Murray and Chester Conklin deal out the laughs. (April.)

MICHAEL STROGOFF—Universal.—A spectacular Russian importation that cannot be compared with the recent successful foreign pictures. Passable. (Nov.)

MIDNIGHT LOVERS—First National.—Proving that Lewis Stone can be as funny as any of the comics. In spite of the cheap title, there are a lot of clever moments in this picture. (January.)

MILLIONAIRES—Warner Bros.—More Ghetto stuff and more tenth-rate hokum. Stick to the Vitaphone, boys! (January.)

***MONEY TALKS, THE**—Fox.—The swellest melodrama since "The Unholy Three." A weird, original plot and a fine performance by Jacques Lerner. Worth your while. (April.)

***MUSIC MASTER, THE**—Fox.—An exquisite version of the much-loved stage play, told with charming sentiment. Lois Moran, Alec Francis and Helen Chandler head the cast. (March.)

MY OFFICIAL WIFE—Warner Bros.—Terrible cheap sex stuff—we don't even recommend it for the older folks. (December.)

MYSTERY CLUB, THE—Universal.—If you like your movies thrilling and chilling don't overlook this. (December.)

***NERVOUS WRECK, THE**—Producers Dist. Corp.—The easiest way to spend an evening. Thoroughly amusing. (Nov.)

NEW YORK—Paramount.—The story of a Tin Pan Alley girl who marries a society girl. Who did they mean? A trite and obvious picture with Ricardo Cortez and Estelle Taylor indulging in some bad acting. (March.)

***NIGHT OF LOVE, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Beautiful romance, exquisitely played by Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky. Treat yourself. (February.)

NOBODY'S WIDOW—Producers' Dist. Corp.—A good little comedy, starring Leatrice Joy. But Charles Ray is the whole show. You'll like it. (March.)

OBEY THE LAW—Columbia.—Romance and domestic sentiment in the lives of a couple of jailbirds. So-so. (February.)

***OLD IRONSIDES**—Paramount.—The great story of the Constitution, told in stirring and beautiful fashion by James Cruze. Finely acted by Wallace Beery, George Bancroft, Charles Farrell and Estler Rafton. A real screen achievement. (February.)

ONE INCREASING PURPOSE—Fox.—A slow moving and diffused story made fairly interesting by the acting of Edmund Lowe, May Allison and Lila Lee. (March.)

OUTLAW EXPRESS, THE—Pathe.—Of all things! A Western story about bad men, sheriffs and sheriff's daughters in the great open spaces! (Jan.)

Watch This Column

Super-Production "Uncle Tom's Cabin"



VIRGINIA GREY as "Little Eva"

After a year and a half of strenuous labor Universal's great revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is now nearing completion. Because of the amazing things that it has been possible to do on the screen, which the limits of the stage never allowed, I am convinced this picture will take rank among the classics of the screen.

I have always wanted to produce this story in a big way, and it was a dream of mine to have much of it enacted in the actual localities in which Harriet Beecher Stowe's story was laid. And now it has all come true. We have already invested \$1,500,000.00 and scoured the country for the best talent. The result will prove a revelation to you, and exceed your fondest dreams.

Believe me, this is not by any means "just a picture" or in any sense an ordinary production. It is most pretentious and is in reality a spectacle. The cast, as you must agree, is exceptional. JAMES B. LOWE, the celebrated colored actor, is "Uncle Tom." VIRGINIA GREY, beautiful as a dream, is "Little Eva"; GEORGE SIEGMANN, one of the screen's most famous heavies, is "Simon Legree"; MARGARITA FISCHER, famed for her beauty and talent, is "Eliza"; ARTHUR EDMUND CAREWE is "George Harris," the slave; LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD is "Lawyer Marks"; MONA RAY is "Topsy" and her acting is a revelation.

When completed "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be presented in the leading theatres as a special attraction. Those who have seen it so far tell me that theatre history will again be written by its success, just as the original play established world's records in its day. So, I commend the picture to you and await with deepest interest your comments.

Coming soon, "The Claw," Cynthia Stockley's fine story, starring NORMAN KERRY and CLAIRE WINDSOR. It is a drama of the African veldt. Have your favorite theatre get it.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next month)

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

OVERLAND STAGE—First National.—Ken Maynard takes a hand at making American history. And he does a good job of it. A rousing Western and good for the whole family. (March.)

PALS IN PARADISE—Producers Dist. Corp.—What, oh what, is duller than a dull Western? (February.)

PARADISE—First National.—This isn't worth a dime unless you're keen about Milton Sills and Betty Bronson. (December.)

PARADISE FOR TWO—Paramount.—Richard Dix and Betty Bronson bring new light and gaiety to an old plot. It's the antique tale of the gay bachelor who must marry to please his rich uncle. (April.)

PERFECT SAP, THE—First National.—An amusing tale of a rich boy who tries to be a Sherlock Holmes. Ben Lyon's best picture in a long time. (March.)

PLAY SAFE—Pathe.—Play safe and stay away from this Monty Banks comedy. Its trick climax is good but the rest of the film is a waste of celluloid. (April.)

PLEASURE GARDEN, THE—Aywon.—A foreign picture. And "can they make wiener schmitzels? Yes, they can make wiener schmitzels." Two American girls—Virginia Valli and Carmelita Geraghty—got in this one by mistake. (January.)

POPULAR SIN, THE—Paramount.—Modern marriage and divorce, as observed, none too originally by Mal St. Clair. Florence Vidor, Greta Nissen and Clive Brook are the principals. (March.)

POTTERS, THE—Paramount.—W. C. Fields in a middle-class, middle-aged comedy, adapted from the popular newspaper comic series. Pretty fair entertainment. (March.)

PRINCE OF TEMPTERS—First National.—So much camera artiness that the humanness is overlooked. Lya de Putti is the world's worst vamp. (December.)

PRIVATE IZZY MURPHY—Warner Bros.—Abie's Irish Rose joins the Big Parade of War Pictures, and the result is nobody's business. George Jessel's film debut is just so-so. (January.)

PROWLERS OF THE NIGHT—Universal.—Just a Western, built according to the same old primitive formula. (February.)

QUARTERBACK, THE—Paramount.—Richard Dix in a real football classic. It's a WOW. (Dec.)

RED HEADS PREFERRED—Tiffany.—Raymond Hitchcock has his own way in this one. But Raymond doesn't know his film groceries. Pretty awful. (March.)

RED HOT HOOPS—F. B. O.—A Western with a real story and a sense of humor. Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro are featured. (January.)

RED HOT LEATHER—Universal.—Jack Hoxie does a lot of hard riding just to pay the mortgage on the old ranch. (February.)

RED MILL, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies makes a bum out of the plot of the popular musical comedy. But Marion is so genuinely funny that who cares? Not, surely, the laughing audiences. (April.)

REGULAR SCOUT, A—F. B. O.—A simple tale of a bad boy who would steal the widow's money. But the widow has a daughter—and that's the stuff that films are made of. (February.)

RETURN OF PETER GRIMAL, THE—Fox.—An effective translation of a charming stage success, with young Janet Gaynor contributing some fine acting. (January.)

RISKY BUSINESS—Producers Dist. Corp.—Trite can be marked against this one. (Nov.)

ROSE OF THE TENEMENTS—F. B. O.—A war story plus the Ghetto atmosphere. But don't be frightened, because the film isn't half bad. Johnnie Harron and Shirley Mason in the leading roles. (February.)

ROUGH AND READY—Universal.—Jack Hoxie is the honest cowboy who protects the gal's ranch from the villain. Ouch! (March.)

SHAMEFUL BEHAVIOR—Bachman.—Shameful behavior to any audience that is coaxed into seeing this one! (January.)

SHOW, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—John Gilbert in a strong character study of a Hungarian side-show spieler. An interesting story—slightly too macabre for the innocents—but nevertheless fine entertainment. Oh, yes, and Renée Adoree is in it. (April.)

SHOW-OFF, THE—Paramount.—An amusing study of a smart aleck, played broadly but expertly by Ford Sterling. (Nov.)

SILENT LOVER, THE—First National.—Movie lish concocted from remnants of old plots—a little Von Stroheim, a little Foreign Legion and a few Arabs. With Milton Sills. (February.)

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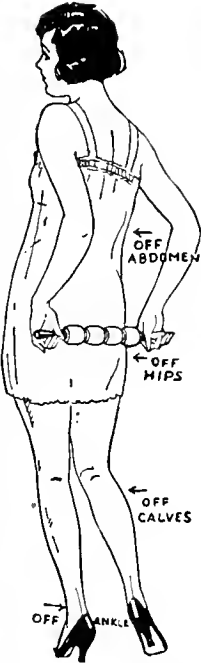
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SILENT RIDER, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson again goes through his paces in the conventional Western plot. (February.)

SIN CARGO—Tiffany.—Not as bad as the title but not for children. Heavy smuggling in high society. (February.)

SORROWS OF SATAN—Paramount.—Marie Corelli's novel, a shocker of thirty years ago, makes real old-fashioned cinema "melodrammer." Carol Dempster, Adolphe Menjou and Ricardo Cortez are excellent. (December.)

SO'S YOUR OLD MAN—Paramount.—An amusing tale of a disreputable small townier who becomes the pal of a haughty visiting princess. W. C. Fields and Alice Joyce make it worth your while. (Jan.)

SPANGLES—Universal.—Romance under the Big Top. Also a murder thrown in, just to make it exciting. (January.)

STAGE MADNESS—Fox.—Palpitating yarn of an actress who gives up marriage for the stage, only to be confronted by her own child later in life. Well, if you like this sort of thing— (March.)

STEPPING ALONG—First National.—Johnny Hines overplays in this one. The comedy is too long and the gags fail to explode. (February.)

STRANDED IN PARIS—Paramount.—Bob Daniels at her prettiest and snappiest in a comedy of a department store girl innocently masquerading as a Countess. (February.)

STRONG MAN, THE—First National.—A grand and glorious lurch from start to finish. If your sides ache, don't blame us, blame Harry Langdon. (Nov.)

SUBWAY SADIE—First National.—A true and human story of New York's underground army. Dorothy Mackaill is splendid. (Nov.)

SUMMER BACHELORS—Fox.—A hotsy-totsy Warner Fabian story of cheating husbands and wily flappers. Silly material but good direction and snappy acting by Madge Bellamy and Leila Hyams. (March.)

SWEET ROSE O'GRADY—Columbia.—They are all imitating "The Big Parade" and "Abie's Irish Rose." This plays on the Irish-Jewish theme. (February.)

SYNCOPIATING SUE—First National.—Corinne Griffith breaks away from the society stuff and appears in a story of Tin Pan Alley. It's good entertainment. (January.)

TAKE IT FROM ME—Universal.—The trials and tribulations of a department store owner are snappily presented by Reginald Denny. (December.)

TAXI DANCE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—An unusual story of an ambitious girl's adventures in Manhattan. Joan Crawford manages to triumph over inferior material. (April.)

TAXI, TAXI—Universal.—The sort of pleasant comedy that usually finds appreciative audiences. Edward Everett Horton and Marion Nixon are in it. (April.)

TELL IT TO THE MARINES—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The adventures of the Devil Dogs in China. Grade A entertainment, with Lon Chaney and William Haines adding further glory to their reputations. (March.)

TEMPRESS, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The Ibanez story is forgiven and forgotten when Greta Garbo is in the cast. Greta is a show in herself. (December.)

TEXAS STREAK, THE—Universal.—A fairly interesting Western with Hoot Gibson. (Nov.)

THAT MODEL FROM PARIS—Tiffany.—Showing how the office Plain Jane wins the boss's son—but not without interference from the villain. Not so bad. (January.)

THERE YOU ARE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—What happens when daughter mixes in papa's business. A fair comedy. (January.)

THIRD DEGREE—Warner Brothers.—Dolores Costello wasted in a dreadful mess. Dizzy camera work and poor direction only add to the confusion of the story. (March.)

TIMID TERROR, THE—F. B. O.—Badly directed, badly acted and old story. Why waste space? (February.)

TIN GODS—Paramount.—Tommie Meighan needed a good story, director and cast to prove he's still a good actor. Of course Renee Adoree helps to make this interesting. (Nov.)

TIN HATS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Well, it seems there are three soldiers who get lost in Germany. And the handsomest boy wins a German Countess. A strain on the probabilities, but often genuinely funny. (February.)

TWINKLETOES—First National.—A beautiful performance by Colleen Moore in a delicate and charming story of Limehouse. Decidedly worth your kind attention. (February.)

UNEASY PAYMENTS—F. B. O.—Again the ambitious girl—this time played by Alberta Vaughn—comes to New York to knock the town for a row of filling stations. True but mildly funny. (April.)

UNKNOWN CAVALIER, THE—First National.—The newest cowboy star, Ken Maynard, in a picture that is a decided flop. (December.)

UPSTAGE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—There is genuine originality and authentic and keenly observed comedy in this story of vaudeville life. Norma Shearer and Oscar Shaw are excellent in the leading roles. (January.)

UPSTREAM—Fox.—Not a trout fishing picture. A story of life back-stage—human and enjoyable. Think you'll like it. (April.)

VALENCIA—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Mac Murray, Lloyd Hughes and Roy D'Arcy are awfully funny, without trying. Stay home and tell your own jokes. (February.)

WANING SEX, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Is woman's place in the home or in business? See Norma Shearer and be convinced. (December.)

WAR HORSE, THE—Fox.—Buck Jones in the adventures of a cowpuncher in France. It is his best picture. (April.)

WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW—Paramount.—Another genuinely amusing comedy of the life of the underdogs in the Great War, with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton offering two amusing character sketches. (January.)

WHAT PRICE GLORY—Fox.—The war drama that started all the fun. A fine screen version of a great play, with excellent acting and sincere direction. Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and Dolores Del Rio deserve high praise. (February.)

WHEN A MAN LOVES—Warner Bros.—The second story of *Manon and Des Grieux* made into a hectic movie melodrama. Dolores Costello is a lovely heroine and John Barrymore does his stuff with uneven success. (April.)

WHILE LONDON SLEEPS—Warner Brothers.—Not a great picture but a great star—none other than Rin-Tin-Tin. He puts over the film. (February.)

WHISPERING WIRES—Fox.—If you have to borrow the money—be sure to see this. You won't go wrong on our advice. (December.)

WHITE BLACK SHEEP, THE—First National.—Richard Barthelmess again plays the wandering boy who fights his way back for dear old England, this time. Hokus. (February.)

WINGS OF THE STORM—Fox.—A new canine star—Thunder—makes his appearance. The story has a real appeal for children. It's the autobiography of a dog. (February.)

WINNERS OF THE WILDERNESS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Three cheers for Colonel Tim McCoy, the new western star! He knows the ropes and he has a great personality. Unfortunately, Roy D'Arcy is also in the cast. (March.)

WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH, THE—United Artists.—A natural drama so powerful that it completely overshadows every living thing. A picture worth seeing. (December.)

WOLVES' CLOTHING—Warner Brothers.—A feeble attempt at comedy. It is more likely to annoy you than make you laugh. (March.)

YOU'D BE SURPRISED—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith proves that a real good murder has its amusing moments. (December.)

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"We thought that 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp' was great stuff . . . We liked 'The Strong Man' equally as well . . . But for pantomime—and motion pictures really are pantomime—LONG PANTS is far ahead of either—Even Chaplin with all his artistry never has done better work! . . . Remarkable pantomime that built and built until the audience didn't have a chuckle left! . . . There isn't any question today about Harry Langdon's standing as a comedian. He is second to nobody, and is building up a following bigger and bigger as each picture is released!"

—Fred J. McConnell, Editor, Exhibitors' Daily Review

For real Radio entertainment tune in on the **FIRST NATIONAL TO-BE-WEDS** every Tuesday at 8:15 p. m., Eastern Standard Time. Millions call them one of the best features on the air. Stations WJZ, KYW, WBZ, KDKA, WBZA.

A First National Picture

Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

Join the Stars Play a Gibson



Gibson

6124-A

STRINGED INSTRUMENTS

GIBSON, Inc., 501 Parsons St., Kalamazoo, Mich.
Gentlemen: Kindly send me your free book and complete information regarding your instruments which I understand are used and endorsed by the famous artists—are beautiful in tone and easy to play.

Banjos Mandolins
 Guitars Ukuleles

Name _____

St. or R. F. D. _____

City _____

State _____

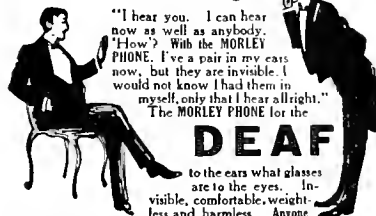
PREPARE FOR AN

ART CAREER

—thru the only school operated as a department of a large art organization. Commercial Artists trained the "Meyer Both Way" earn as high as \$10,000 per year. We today have hundreds of students who had previously studied in other art schools. Why? Because your instruction is based upon our everyday experience in meeting the art needs of leading advertisers. Home study instruction. Write for illustrated book telling of the success of our students.

MEYER BOTH COMPANY
Michigan Ave. at 20th St., Dept. 31, Chicago, Ill.

"Don't Shout"



"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody.
"How? With the MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in myself, only that I hear all right."
The MORLEY PHONE for the

DEAF

to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone

can adjust it. Over 100,000 sold. Write for booklet and testimonials
THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 789, 10 S. 18th St. Phila.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

brow," as has been suggested, he doesn't show it in his choice of friends, and his pictures have always been clean, never a suggestive, salacious thing.

If the clubs of the country really want to do a service why don't they ban these people who desecrate the home? Charlie Chaplin has never been accused of doing that. Neither was Mabel Normand, but the public was only too glad to hurt her.

When Charlie Chaplin wins his case, as I hope to goodness he will, all the rich, well known men of the country should give a vote of thanks. Sixteen years old isn't what it was ten years ago. And, anyway, a girl much younger, if she had the proper training, knows right from wrong. MRS. M. K.

Let's Doctor Our Standards

Berkeley, Calif.

There seems to be a conspiracy in the films against our more or less good friends, the medicos, and I am surprised that official protest has not been made to Czar Will for the nice little gobs of contumely that are persistently cast at the Knights of the Stethoscope. Consider, if you please, any film that boasts of mortality rate—this for example:

Mary is talking to Pa, who sits in an invalid's chair. Pa suddenly folds up. Mary, at first, figures her old Caliph is sleeping; then it suddenly dawns on her that all is not well, and, finally, we can tell by the way she shakes him, chews her fist, and other standard emoting, that the old boy is dead. It seems to occur to Mary to send for a doctor.

This is typical of most of all the movie demises. Anyone appears to be able to tell when a person is dead by a mere glance or casual feeling of head or hands.

No one runs for a doctor, except when the director tries to fool us; in this event, the doctor prescribes a speedy end, and—the patient always gets well.

Yours for a more careful diagnosis
FREDERICK DROWN.

She's the Girl Friend

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Although I am a poet it is hard to put into words my impressions of this Garbo.

To me she is a pictured combination of the beautiful and the ugly. She is tantalization, realization and the age-old question of femininity modernized.

She is truth. She is falsehood. She is charity. She is selfishness. She is the eternal woman; the temptress that every woman wants to be and every man wants to meet. She is "It," and in my opinion the only plausible, flesh and blood enchantress that the screen has so far possessed.

Yes, verily, I bow to Greta Garbo.
YVON LE DONNE.

Censor Idiocy

Plattsburg, N. Y.

Just a few words to express my disfavor on learning that the local performance of "Variety" was only one of many versions. Is it necessary for one in his or her desire to witness originality to visit New York City where the destructive work of the censor is least felt?

My discovery came about accidentally as, glancing through a criticism of the play, it spoke of characters entirely unknown to me after seeing the picture.

In this town, one must endure seconds as far as the spoken drama is concerned, but must we also be at such a disadvantage that to see a picture locally may mean something entirely different from the city cousin?

JOHN FIELD DE MOITTE.

Just Dumb Directors

Atlanta, Ga.

In motion pictures, some of the dramatic actions and emotions have been portrayed in exactly the same way so many times that they have now lost their desired effect.

For example, why does the heroine, on the departure of the hero after a misunderstanding or for a long separation, always stretch out her arms in a pleading gesture and then, seeing that the hero has already disappeared, slowly close the door and lean against same in helplessness, or, in extreme cases, sink slowly and gracefully to the floor?

On receiving a group of letters, why do they always smell these to find out which is the one and only? This is not only silly but monstrous. I'm rather tired of seeing old-time sovereigns sitting at the banquet table, gnawing on huge bones. Enough! Enough!

MARIE POWELL.

From a Last Year's Cut-Puzzle Winner

Portland, Ore.

Now that I am beginning to breathe normally again after the excitement of the past months—months of photographers, interviewers, congratulations piled on top of congratulations, and the receiving of my check in advance of the designated time, perhaps I can half-way begin to express my appreciation.

As dozens have said to me since the hurdy-gurdy morning of December 9th, when my world was most certainly knocked topsy-turvy for hours, it read like a fairy-tale and I am still pinching myself.

After reading the many, many newspaper articles concerning big people and their achievements I can realize now, just a little, what the big mogul "PUBLICITY" means in their every-day lives. Time has just raced by for me, and likewise, I presume, for my "puzzling colleagues." Ruth and Margaret. Yuletide last year could not help but be one of the happiest for us three, for nothing is nicer than a really, truly 'sprise.

Please accept my sincerest thanks for the \$1,000 check.
VERONICA M. DOLAN.

Read "The Shadow Stage"

Charlottesville, Va.

The screen is said to have no critical standards, yet I read six motion picture magazines and three leading New York dailies and find each one possessed of a critical standard, and each one different! Take only two examples. Of the De Mille picture, "Gigolo," New York said the film itself was trash. Washington said it was so good that it was a crime not to have made it into a super-special. The only thing they didn't disagree on was Rod La Rocque's superb performance. Of the U. F. A. picture, "Variety," the dramatic critic of one great New York daily stated that Jannings and Lya de Putti left even the artists of the legitimate stage behind "like so many fish gasping for breath." Whereupon the motion picture of another great New York daily said that Jannings and Lya de Putti gave in "Variety," "some of the weariest ham acting of this or any other season."

This may be very amusing, but does it make any sense? The Film Arts Guild has put out a "Suggested Code for Critics and Public" for the use of supporters of the Little Cinema Theater movement. As an ardent supporter of the Big Cinema Theater movement, I humbly suggest that PHOTOPLAY do the same thing by us. Give us a critical Esperanto to speak in our Tower of Babel.

MISS PHILLIPPA A. BRUCE.
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]



INSPIRATION PICTURES INC and EDWIN CAREWE present

RESURRECTION

by COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

with

DOLORES DEL RIO

An EDWIN CAREWE production
UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE

A picture that throbs
to the Heart-beat of
Humanity!

Russia of the Czars . . . Splendor—magnificence . . .
Petrograd—and its perfumed gallantries . . .
Pampered Princes — squandering the wealth of a
nation in voluptuous debauch . . .
While beyond the snow-fields—Siberia beckons a
bony finger to the disciples of despair!

You'll find drama of contrast—vast as the Russian
plains—in this famous romance of a Girl of the
Soil and a Prince of the Blood—of how, in the
Shame he brought her, he found his Sou!

You who can feel great emotion will applaud it.
Watch for the date at your theatre.





*Enchantingly pretty debutantes, with a skin smooth as ivory,
delicate as cherry blossoms . . .*

THE FASTIDIOUS WOMEN GUESTS of the WASHINGTON GOLF and COUNTRY CLUB

*tell how this soap has helped them
to gain a clear smooth skin*

IT'S May in Washington . . .

Magnolias . . . cherry blossoms drifting to the grass . . .

And on the golf course, along the bridle paths, laughing voices, the rainbow flutter of bright costume . . .

All the familiar figures of the social season flocking to the Washington Golf and Country Club; enchantingly pretty debutantes in new sports frocks from the Riviera; the lovely wives from the foreign embassies—

Among the distinguished women who make up Washington society, one notices everywhere the dazzlingly soft, clear complexion that has given Southern beauty its renown.

How do these women, whose lovely

skin is their greatest charm, take care of it day by day?

We asked nearly one hundred women guests of the Washington Golf and Country Club what soap they find best for regular care of their skin.

More than half answered, "*Woodbury's Facial Soap!*"

"Delicate"—"healthful"—"refreshing," they said. "*It purifies the skin.*" "*Helps to overcome roughness—large pores.*"

Women of fine traditions and associations everywhere—college girls, debutantes, society women belonging to famous clubs and groups—are expressing in overwhelming numbers, their preference for Woodbury's Facial Soap for the care of the skin.

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

In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's, one is conscious of this extreme fineness.

A twenty-five cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet containing special treatments for overcoming common skin defects.

WITHIN A WEEK or ten days after beginning to use it, you will notice an improvement in your complexion. Get your Woodbury's today—begin tonight, the treatment your skin needs!

YOUR WOODBURY TREATMENT for ten days
Now—the large-size trial set!

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
2209 Alford Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

For the enclosed ten 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, 2209 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name
Street
City State

Copyright, 1927, by The Andrew Jergens Co.



Richee

NEW

PICTURES

IT is one of Nature's little jokes that Louise Brooks was born in Kansas, home of the cornflower, the censor and the late Carrie Nation. Yes, Louise has acquired a new hair-dress in Hollywood. It's called the High-brow Bob.



SOMETIMES it is fatal to be too pretty. Marion Nixon goes on playing the little-girl-who-marries-the-hero, while less beautiful ladies get all the snappy rôles. Who will save Marion from too much sweetness?



Hommel

WHAT is the magic in the name of *Greta*? Maybe there is a law in Scandinavian countries proclaiming that all beautiful girls must be christened *Greta*. Miss Nissen, incidentally, is the screen's original Gorgeous *Greta*.



Hoover

WILLIAM BOYD spent seven long years in small parts, waiting for his chance to make a hit. Cecil B. De Mille rewarded him with "The Volga Boatman," and now Boyd ranks high in the list of sure-fire heartbreakers.



Spurr

SPECIALIZING in character studies of ornery old bozos—Wallace Beery. Mr. Beery is at present uplifting American art in a dingus called "Fireman, Save My Child." We wouldn't be surprised if Mr. Beery played a fireman.




Richee

LOIS MORAN staged a successful little revolt from flapperdom. The secret of her charm lies in her suggestion of poised and well-mannered youth. And that is a big relief in these days of flaming youth and sophisticated sophomores.

For Summer Frocks - Sheer Gossard Foundations

SILKEN frocks for Summer fashions need the softest, lightest of foundation garments beneath them. So light that they are almost weightless, giving no restraint, yet skilfully designed to groom and mold the figure to the smartest lines — such are Gossard Summer figure garments, specially designed for Summer wear.



A lovely two-piece Gossard Tedetite, and uplift bandeau, and soft, boneless girdle composed entirely of satin tricot. The pantie frill, attached to the girdle, completes an entire under costume. \$5.00.

The Gossard Line of Beauty

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., 100 E. Ohio St., Chicago—New York, San Francisco, Dallas, Atlanta, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires

Early morning hours find Miss Nilsson on horseback along country roads. She is an enthusiastic rider and has learned to ride four horses at one time, in the old Roman style.



“Now my frocks are fresh and new
 , , never ‘washed and ironed’ looking”

says ANNA Q. NILSSON



THERE is rest and relaxation for Miss Nilsson in her rose garden. All the hours she can spare are spent in this fairyland setting where roses of countless variety form a fitting setting for her blonde loveliness. The little garden dress she is wearing is kept as fresh as the roses themselves—with Lux!

Her chiffons—even tailored clothes—once suffered from frequent tubbings. Now they’re like new, though washed again and again.

TAILORED clothes are really quite as sensitive to washing as sheer frocks and fine underthings,” said Miss Nilsson as we strolled through her delightful rose garden.

“Riding shirts, crepe blouses for sport suits, simple little garden dresses—all must be laundered often to keep their immaculate, well-tailored look.

“Sometimes in a single laundering mine seemed to lose their soft sheen—their newness. White silks yellowed and colors often dulled.

“One day I found my maid in the midst of washing out some precious silks. *She was not using Lux!* That explained why she had such difficulty in keeping my clothes fresh looking. I instructed her to throw out the soap she had and use nothing but Lux in the future. Now my clothes are never ‘washed and ironed’ looking!”

Later in the day Miss Nilsson’s maid showed me the beautiful wardrobe that is entrusted to Lux! Fine French underthings for bouffant evening gowns, sturdy glove silk for sports wear. White linen tennis frocks, vivid flannel coats, bright woolen stockings. Gay fringed shawls, frivolous chiffon dance frocks, stately robes de style. All kept ready for instant use—fresh, lovely—with Lux! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



*If it's safe in water . . .
 it's safe in Lux*

PHOTOPLAY

May, 1927

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk



I HAD just read an interview with Cecil B. De Mille in the morning paper. "Character," he was quoted as saying, "is more necessary to the beginner in pictures than mere looks and ability. A letter from a minister is better than a recommendation from a director."

Turning the page, "Imogene Wilson Signed for Films" was the headline that greeted me. Signed by John Considine, General Production Manager, for United Artists, which is headed by Joseph Schenck. Signed as a co-worker of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Norma and Constance Talmadge and John Barrymore.

I wondered what minister gave her the letter.

AND just a week or two before, the United Artists had joined the Hays organization of producers and distributors. A fine start and a perfectly delightful greeting for Will Hays, who has fought a sincere fight to keep the producers from capitalizing notoriety.

I hate to pick on a girl, but Imogene Wilson's history in New York and Europe for the past three years has been written in newspaper headlines of police courts and other unsavory activities. The producers have gone daft over foreigners recently, neglecting the beauty and talent of this country. But if this is the beginning of a back-to-America-for-stars movement, the public would prefer the foreigners.

The worst of it is the United Artists official who signed her up said he did it because he saw her in a German picture.

That's rubbing it in, and I protest.

BEGINNING with this issue, Terry Ramsaye, the author of "A Million and One Nights," the outstanding work on motion picture history, begins a series of little journeys to the homes and private offices of men who are preëminent in the business of the screen.

Most of the stories of these men are the usual canned product of publicity departments, and in nearly every instance they have been unfairly depicted as combinations of male Cinderellas and captains of industry; supermen, wholly devoid of human foible, courageous Columbuses who visioned new continents, masters of finance, men of destiny, and all that sort of rot.

As a matter of fact, not one of them had the slightest idea of what the business would be today.

OF the entire group, the slightly built figure of Adolph Zukor is the most significant, and oddly enough none is more inclined to attribute his position to the whim of fate or intelligently manipulated circumstances and luck.

So we start with Zukor, who personally conducted the motion picture from a tiny nickelodeon on the lower East Side to the great Paramount Theater, the shining monument to the new art at the cross-roads of the world, Times Square.

A FEW blocks further uptown stands the Roxy Theater, built on the personality of and named for Sam Rothafel. It cost ten million dollars and they call [CONT'D ON PAGE 78]

Schools of Movie Acting

By



Agnes Smith

THE Hollywood Chamber of Commerce says that the film city wants no more extra players to add further burdens to its unemployment problem.

The Will Hays organization warns beginners to stay away from the studios, already overcrowded.

As a result of Ruth Waterbury's recent investigations, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE believes that the novice hasn't one chance in ten thousand of earning a decent living wage in extra work.

But let us not listen to these old crabs who insist on talking common sense. Because we know we have talent and personality; we know we have IT.

Our friends have told us that we are wasting our time at home, in school, on the farm or in the factory.

AND there is a group of kindly, helpful, optimistic gentlemen who are sure that they can teach us to act.

They are confident that directors are constantly on the watch for such natural ability as you may have."

They proclaim that "twenty-five million picture-play patrons demand new names—new faces—new talent!"

These ringing slogans, of course, mean *you* and *you* and *you*.

Let us turn our backs on the sour-faced statisticians who prove that the present supply of players far exceeds the demand. Let us seek the happy companionship of the gentlemen who run Schools for Movie Acting.

It is easy to become acquainted with them. They are not snippy and aloof like directors and producers. Anyone with a two-cent

stamp can get enough promises of fame and glory to take all the joy out of life on the old farm.

Hollywood may be overrun with sheiks and cuties, but hope springs eternal in the movie school advertisements. The R. F. D. man brings the gaily colored prospectus to the bucolic Lillian Gish whose ears never hear the sinister warning sounded by the organizations that cruelly harp on cold facts.

And so let us buy a book of two-cent stamps and embark on a life of adventure. It takes no great literary ability to write a letter.

Let us send a pencilled note to the Film Information Bureau of Jackson, Mich. Jackson, of course, is a live center in this film producing business, just the place for a dramatic school.

THE circulars of the Film Information Bureau are a joy to any home, because they are printed on beautiful green, pink, yellow and blue paper. The racket of the Film Information Bureau is simple enough to be understood by the crudest Boötian.

The Film Information Bureau teaches movie acting by mail. Now laugh *that* off.

What Price Glory? Let us examine the handsome yellow circular and see what the Film Information Bureau offers and for how much.

The yellow circular speaks: "The Price of this matchless Course of Sixty Lessons is Twenty Dollars. But we are going to make you an outright present of the FIRST FIFTEEN of THESE LESSONS. (The capital letters are theirs.) When you send in your enrollment we will credit you with \$5.00 (the price

Be A Movie Player! Fame, Fortune and Joy of Succeeding Are United in This Newest Avocation

The Unknown and Untried Have Won Laurels
With the Experienced Actor-Folk—Fame Has
Come on the Wings of a Week's
Passing — the Demand Grows
—but the Pioneer Days
Will Not Tarry!—NOW
Is the Golden Time!



Be a movie actor or actress! Join the silent army of favorites of the films! Let millions learn to applaud your appearance on the screen! Be loved and lauded by the mighty public! Be known in the palaces of the great and wealthy and in the cottages of the lowly!

Can you succeed?

Read this interesting, absorbing story—and then look for the answer in your own heart!

Remember, we give you the first 15 Lessons of the Movie-Acting Course FREE-- AN OUTRIGHT PRESENT OF FIVE DOLLARS WORTH, as an inducement for you to start PROMPTLY. Only \$15.00 to pay altogether. Five Dollars brings the entire first half of the Course-- 15 Lessons free-- 15 to pay for.

And don't overlook the THREE FINE PREMIUMS that will be yours the moment you have paid for the Course.

There's the big MAKE-UP OUTFIT-- 30 articles in an enameled compartment box with lock and key. Material for hundreds of make-ups-- for every kind of make-up under the sun.

The COURSE ON SCENARIO-WRITING is another present you will find interesting and valuable. A knowledge of Photoplay WRITING will help wonderfully in grasping the art of Photoplay ACTING or give the command of a separate, interesting, and lucrative profession.

Two samples of the glittering literary style and free-handed generosity of the Film Information Bureau of Jackson, Mich., purveyors of talent by mail

No money, no education, no experience required! Just pay your money and become a star

of 15 lessons) thus making the cost of the entire Course only \$15.00.

"And please note that while the above is figured on a cash price basis, you need not send all the money at once unless you choose to. We will accept only \$5.00 with your enrollment—the balance of \$10.00 to be paid in two further installments of \$5.00 each.

"Still more! THREE Valuable things FREE!

"When we send you the last 14 lessons of the Course, we will include FREE a Big Professional Make-Up Outfit, containing 30 articles, a complete Course on Photoplay or Scenario Writing, and a year's subscription to . . ." a Motion Picture Magazine (NOT PHOTOPLAY).

(You will not find any Schools of movie acting in Photoplay.)

THESE premiums have a singular interest for us. Now for the *poudre bleu* circular.

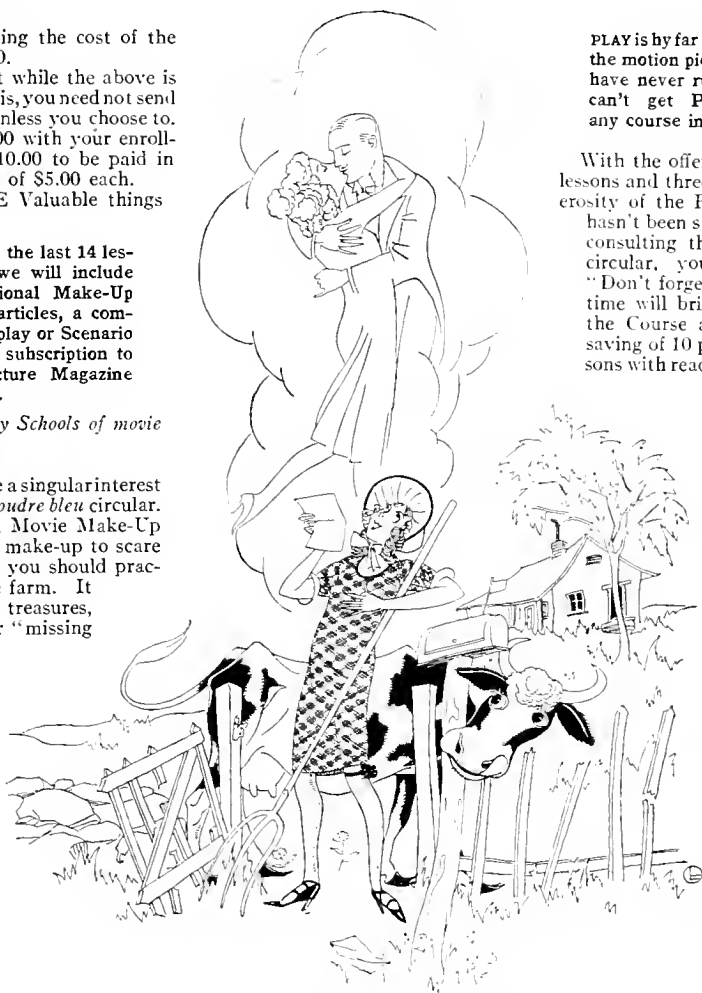
The "Big Professional Movie Make-Up Outfit" contains enough make-up to scare the chickens to death, if you should practice your art around the farm. It contains, among other treasures, one box of black wax for "missing teeth effect," as the circular puts it. And it has three shades of crepehair—enough to give you a fighting chance in a Biblical film.

The Course on Photoplay Writing, says the circular, contains "valuable advice by Mr. Lawrence McCloskey of the Lubin Company." The Lubin Company has been as extinct as a dinosaur for nearly ten years. The allurements of a writer's life are touchingly set forth as follows: "No physical exertion required—invalids can succeed. Learn in five days time. Start to write immediately. Each story accepted should mean from \$25 to \$150 for you."

The Film Information Bureau understates the situation. Any writer, these days, receiving only \$150 for a story would go out and hang himself in Joseph Hergesheimer's barn.

The third premium is the year's subscription to The Motion Picture Magazine, described as a "big monthly magazine of about 200 pages each issue."

That is an inexcusable exaggeration. PHOTO-



"The R. F. D. man brings the gaily colored prospectus to the bucolic Lillian Gish whose ears never hear the cruel facts"

PLAY is by far the largest magazine in the motion picture field and its pages have never run over 156. And you can't get PHOTOPLAY free with any course in Swiss bell-ringing.

With the offer of a complete course of lessons and three free premiums, the generosity of the Film Information Bureau hasn't been stretched to the limit. By consulting the charming *bois de rose* circular, you find this postscript: "Don't forget that \$13.50 sent at one time will bring everything at once—the Course and Three Premiums—a saving of 10 per cent or \$1.50." Persons with ready cash get all the breaks.

Now the Film Information Bureau doesn't want a lot of duds taking its lessons. So to prevent you from wasting your money, it sends you, in return for one slim dime, a "Twelve-Hour Talent Tester," by which you may gauge your fitness for the cinematic art. I advise anyone with a loose dime and a rough sense of humor to get one of these testers.

THE Talent Tester is a lovely shade of *rose-marie*, printed in Valencia blue and bound in another shade of blue, a real *ciel*. I wish I had space to print its text in its entirety, but if you want to get the complete, beautiful document you'll have to send your own dime.

But here, as described by the circular, is the way to find out if you're equipped by the gods to be a movie star. Here is the test for discovering talent.

"Think of some very sad incident in your life. Carry yourself back to it. Keep a mirror before you. THINK HARD about that sad affair. Do the lines in your face look shadowy? THAT IS ACTING.

The Truth from Washington

William E. Humphrey, Federal Trade Commissioner, says: "Some of the glaring instances of the fake advertisements . . . are the disreputable correspondence schools, with their lying statements of special terms and privileges; of impossible accomplishments; of money back if not satisfied; and particularly their dishonest and alluring promises of lucrative positions. By such false and fraudulent promises, so-called correspondence schools, a discredit to the name, are robbing the ambitious and credulous young women and men of this country of not less than thirty-five million dollars a year. This vast robbery, mostly from victims who can ill afford to lose, must end."

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE only publishes the advertisements of reliable, helpful institutions.

"Think of a romance—one you have had, or expect to have." (Come, come, gentlemen) "Imagine yourself experiencing that romance.

[CONT'D ON PAGE 138]

The Great \$15,000

The Most Fascinating
Motion Picture Contest
Ever Presented
to the Public

The Prizes

First Prize	\$5,000
Second Prize	\$2,000
Third and Fourth Prizes	\$1,000 each
Fifth and Sixth Prizes	\$500 each
Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Prizes . . .	\$250 each
Forty Prizes	\$100 each



The Idea



The success of "The Covered Wagon" was made, not by its actual plot, but by its great theme—the winning of the West by the Forty-Niners—one you will never forget. Besides being the story of a great adventure, it had a stirring patriotic appeal

HAVE you an idea for a motion picture? Can you express that idea in 200 words? If you can, you have a chance of winning one of the prizes, awarded by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, in PHOTOPLAY's big \$15,000 contest.

In case you are a bit hazy as to just what constitutes a good theme of a motion picture, here are a few pointers that may be of help to you. To suggest, for instance, a picture dealing with the French Revolution would not be enough. But to suggest some particular phase of the Revolution would offer an idea to work on.

To suggest the story of an invention—say of the aeroplane—is too general. But one aspect of aeronautics—the struggle of the Wright Brothers—might contain the germ of an idea.

These, of course, are obvious examples—too obvious to be used as entries.

Before you submit your idea, be sure that it has never before been presented on the screen. Be careful of religious stories that might offend some

See Rules of the

Idea Contest is On!

Put Your Head to
Work and Win
One of the Big
Cash Prizes



Factory

The actual plot of "The Ten Commandments" probably has escaped your memory. But you still remember its theme—the application of the Ten Commandments to modern life.

The story of "The Birth of a Nation" may be a bit hazy but its theme is still clear—the Civil War and its terrible immediate effect on the South.

Another thing: everyday men and women are more interesting than historical characters. While the events in the life of a Napoleon, a Caesar or a Lincoln are stirring, the real drama occurs in the lives of the ordinary men and women whose destinies were affected by the Napoleons, the Caesars and the Lincolns. Great men make history; ordinary people live it. And it is life that the screen must reflect.

Now put your brain to work. Remember that originality will count for more than literary ability. Be brief, be concise and be clear—and, above all things, be original.

Be sure to read the rules of the contest carefully. Remember that your chances of success will depend on a full [CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]

creed. Unless you can look upon religious and racial problems in a big, tolerant way, steer clear of them.

Historical subjects are always acceptable but they are apt to be obvious. Unless you have a new slant, a new angle on some historical crisis, the idea is likely to boil down to a commonplace.

Modern life is filled with problems, with dramatic possibilities, that never have been adequately presented on the screen. What vital public problem is of the greatest interest to you? What is the biggest personal problem of today? Can you translate these problems into dramatic terms, suitable for the screen?

Mere plot construction is not important. If you will look back on the great pictures you have seen, you will find that they were successful because of their themes, not because of their plots.

Perhaps you can't even remember the details of the plot of "The Covered Wagon." But you will never forget that it was a picture of the winning of the West by the Forty-Niners.



The plot of "The Ten Commandments" was subordinate to its religious theme—the application of the Ten Commandments to modern life. Its religious message will be remembered long after its colorful scenes and the details of its plot are forgotten

Contest on Page 82

"I'm Not Going to Marry"



NORMA SHEARER—favorite daughter of the gods. Bright, proud and gallant. Wearing a sort of shining armor of achievement. But in her heart, what? Adela Rogers St. Johns' story of Norma Shearer is a rarely revealing study of this reticent young person. It's a keen analysis of the reactions of success upon a modern girl

Says Norma Shearer

To Adela Rogers
St. Johns

“What, after all, has a girl in my job got to give to marriage?”



As *Kathe* in “Old Heidelberg,” with Ramon Novarro and Lincoln Stedman—a picture that promises new and fresh laurels for the girl whose work comes first

JUST exactly what does the cup of success taste like anyway? Is there always a dash, or more than a dash, of bitter in its sweetness?

Does it turn to ashes upon eager lips?

You know how often you hear the price of success quoted as high, almost too high.

This Norma Shearer, for instance.

Beyond question the most successful of our younger screen stars. Bright, proud, gallant, the favorite daughter of the gods. Wearing a sort of shining armor of achievement.

In her heart, what?

It is so difficult to tell about the heart of a modern. Hearts are no longer worn upon the sleeve.

That is not now the fashion.

But one can always ask.

So I asked Norma Shearer, the two of us very comfortable over tea, very relaxed in the chintz comfort of a radiant sunporch. A time for confidences, for questions, for digging down and stirring around the psychological depths.

“Norma,” said I, lazily regarding the ends of my tennis slippers (we had been playing tennis), “has it been worth it? Is it worth it?”

“Is what worth it?” said Norma Shearer.

I do adore looking at Norma—so slim, so clean-cut, so coolly self-contained. Oh, a typical modern, that one.

“Is success worth it? You’ve had full measure, my girl. You’ve made the bright dream come true. But—haven’t there been sacrifices, hasn’t it been terribly hard work, is it all that you thought it would be when you peered up at it a few years ago?”

She was silent a moment, and very still. Always thinks before she speaks, does Norma.

“There have been sacrifices,” she said, slowly. “Plenty of them. There still are. And it has been hard work, gruelling work. Nobody knows. Sometimes I think the keynote of succeeding nowadays is self-denial. But—I wonder if I can explain to you about success.”

Hesitating, she was unusually lovely, a little softened, her eyes wistful.

“Success is like a treadmill. By that I don’t mean in the work alone. But—you never really get anywhere. I am in the same place today in a way that I was when I started. As you climb, new distances open ahead all the time. It looks just as far now to the goal I have set myself as it looked years ago when I was a camera model and wanted to be a motion picture star. The farther you go the farther you want to go, the more worlds you see to conquer and so you never get bored, it never—what was it you said—turns to ashes.

“You call me successful. I suppose I am. But—but—I want to do big things. I want to play big rôles. I’m just beginning. Everyone is, that really desires to do fine work. You’re always straining, always reaching ahead toward the thing you haven’t attained, haven’t accomplished. Don’t you see?”

“Motion picture success is like a woman a man loves but never possesses. It is so uncertain, so fickle, so hard to grasp. No—it never bores you. Here today, gone tomorrow, always dancing ahead of you with new allure, sort of leading you on.”



Interviewer—“Tell me about your next picture.”

Star—“You may say that it will be my biggest, most important rôle.”

Interviewer—“What is the name of the story?”

Star—“Oh, we haven’t selected *that* yet!”

WE sat in silence, stirring our tea, and it was borne upon me how young Norma Shearer was, how terrifically young, to be talking about success. I have seen girls just being graduated from finishing school who looked no younger.

A maid came in. The fitter had come. A secretary came in. Family matters—bills, bungalows for relations, this, that and the other arose. Norma dealt with that quietly enough. Mr. Lubitsch was on the telephone. Would Miss Shearer come at nine the next morning for tests for “Old Heidelberg”? Miss Shearer would. And a maid was instructed to send for the hair-dresser to wash Miss Shearer’s lovely tresses. The head of the publicity department was on the phone. Mr. So-and-So of Such and Such a magazine

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]



HAROLD LLOYD keeps this picture of his daughter, Mildred Gloria, on the make-up table in his dressing room. It serves to remind him that there is something more important than his newest comedy, more important than his career and more important than all the film business. Gloria has the clear blue eyes and golden hair of her mother, Mildred Davis, Harold's sunny co-worker in his first big successes.

Collegiate

By
Peter Street

Drawing by KHz

When the silent drama is outspoken—
at Princeton

MANY of our cinema stars dear to the public's heart would be infinitely saddened could they see how they are received on the screen at Dad Struve's Arcade Theater in the quiet little University town of Princeton. The young iconoclasts seem to lack proper respect for fame and consequent name. Necking scenes they greet with loud and disrespectful noises suggestive of osculation, and at outdoor shots in which the background is a painted backdrop they jeer contemptuously with cries of "Fake! Fake!!"

The college attitude is generally similar to that of the class movie hound who sat behind us at a baseball game last year. He realized that the Gish sisters, Dorothy and Lillian, no matter what peril or hazard they undergo in the course of a picture, always come out unscathed in the end.

The batter hit an infield fly and barely beat the shortstop's throw to first; whereupon, over our shoulder came the voice of the screen addict.

"Safe as a Gish!" he cried.

DAD STRUVE'S Theater is small and intimate. The young collegians feel perfectly at home there, and at the moving picture theater frequently express themselves more freely than in the classroom.

When a good picture of the "Covered Wagon" type comes to town they are there *en masse*, packing the parterre, bulging from the balcony, seated on newspapers in the aisle. If, let us say, Bebe Daniels, Gilda Gray, Pola Negri or Nita Naldi, is playing, the picture theater is equally crowded, for the boys love to kid the heavy sex stuff.

Fully half an hour before the early show starts, little groups begin to assemble after dinner in various college clubs.

"Going to the first show?"

"No, I've got to study for a test."

"Oh, come on."

"Can't. What's playing?"

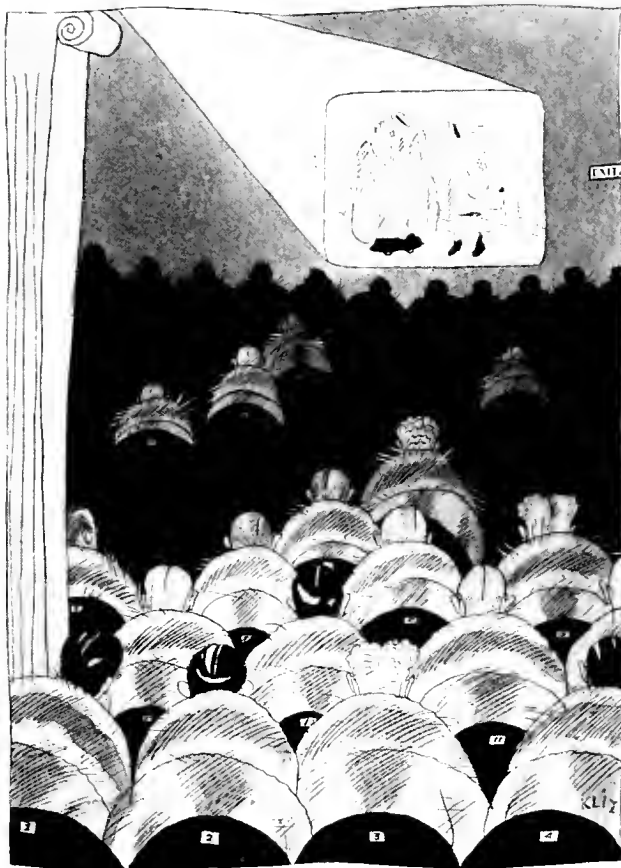
"'Passion's Toll,' with Bebe Daniels."

"No, I guess I got to study."

"They say it's warm stuff."

"Oh, all right. I guess I can pass all right."

Duet: "Hey, fellows, it's quarter of seven. Who's going to the movies?" Business of dropping billiard cues, and a body of ten to twenty students makes a somewhat noisy exit midst much general confusion.



"Money back!" is the traditional student cry of disappointment when the hero and heroine of the film fail to meet in a clinch

In the annual vote of last year's Senior Class at Princeton—a vote which records for posterity the likes and dislikes of the graduating class—the Class of 1926 showed the high quality of its taste by picking the "Big Parade" for its favorite motion picture, with "Don Q," "The Woman of Paris" and "The Last Laugh" following in the order named, while many other pictures trailed with a few votes apiece.

BRIDGE, Reading, Golf, the Theater, and Drinking preceded the cinema in popularity as a recreation. In subsequent votes listed, only the five or six leading names are given, for the diversity of opinion as to favorites is too great to mention in full.

Norma Shearer was named the favorite actress, and Adolphe Menjou, the suave hero of sophisticated cinema, received the majority for favorite actor. The first four actresses to follow Miss Shearer in popularity were Eleanor Boardman, Corinne Griffith, Mary Astor, and Gloria Swanson. The actors beside Menjou to be named were Raymond Griffith, Doug Fairbanks, Reginald Denny, John Barrymore, and Wallace

Beery. Jack Barrymore, who rated as the fifth most popular screen actor, was chosen as the second most popular actor on the legitimate stage.

Miss Shearer also figured in a class vote of another nature. Classes vote yearly on the "best build," which is tacitly understood to mean that athlete in college who has the best physique. Tom Dignan, star Tiger fullback in 1925, won this contest with 147 ballots. A misinterpretation of the term last year included Miss Shearer, who ran last, after a long list of athletes, with one vote.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 136]

Little Glory's Copy Book

Young Miss Swanson's first
fling at Art and Belles Lettres

JUST before Gloria Swanson set out from New York to Hollywood to make her next picture, she cleaned house. You know how it is when you clean house. Everything turns up, from Grandpa's moustache cup to the postal cards Uncle Ed sent you from the St. Louis World's Fair.

In the bottom of an old trunk Miss Swanson found some old photographs and a copy book, packed away since her childhood in Chicago. Gloria took one look at the photograph, reproduced on this page, and tried to throw it down the elevator shaft. The Marquis de la Falaise rescued it and insisted that the solemn child with the hair-ribbons represents the real Gloria.

The sketch, printed below, was Baby Gloria's penciled impressions of papa, mamma and her young self. And the literature was Gloria's first flight in the field of self-expression.



Cheer up, mothers! This ugly duckling grew up to be the swan of the screen. It is Henry Falaise's favorite photograph of his wife



*I am pretty
Have bird fly?
I have a pretty cats
Glory Swanson*

*My papa is
good.
My mamma is
good.
And I an the
baby. Glory*

Gloria's philosophy of life—as viewed from the first grade

Minus the Wand

By Ivan St. Johns

THIS is not a Cinderella story. It's one of those true-to-life yarns with which Hollywood abounds. Laura La Plante's fairy godmother was snoring the day Laura decided to become a motion picture actress and, as far as Laura is concerned, the fairy godmother has been pounding her ear ever since.

A few years ago Laura La Plante was poor, wretchedly poor. Now she eats caviar and rides in a limousine. But there were dried herring and "flivvers" along the way.

She was born in St. Louis during the World's Fair of 1904. Her mother was the daughter of a Missouri farmer, and paralleling the problems of the legendary "old woman who lived in a shoe" the farmer and his wife had so many children they didn't know what to do. They were Yankee stock, healthy and prolific, but very poor.

Rather than remain in the country, where it was all drudgery and no education or play,



Laura La Plante's fairy godmother slept as Laura plodded to fame for seven weary years

Laura's mother went to St. Louis and obtained work as a shop girl. Laura's father was a French dancing teacher.

"About all that I can remember of my life in St. Louis is that we were horribly, horribly poor," says Laura. "I don't know whether my father was a good dancing teacher or not, but I do know that we seldom had all that we could eat or enough clothes to wear. We left St. Louis and came out to Los Angeles when I was nine and I haven't been back. I have heard that it is a nice city. I only know that it meant misery for my mother and my sister and me.

THERE were times when mother used to send me to the home of a neighbor, a darling old German woman, for a nickel so that she could take a car down town to see if my father had given a lesson that day. A lesson meant that we could have some supper.

"God gave me one jewel in life beyond price," Laura told me. "My mother, whose faith and courage gave me hope and the will to endure failure and whose love and affection have been my rewards for what success I may have achieved in my work."

Laura lived with her mother and sister on "Bunker Hill," near the "Angels' Flight," above the Third Street tunnel for several months after the arrival of the family in Los Angeles.

The Gish sisters, just then coming into popularity, lived not far away. "But in a much better house," added Laura.

Laura sounded the first dramatic chord in a family far removed from any form of theatrical thought when she voiced her desire to become a motion picture actress. Her mother was in sympathy with the idea, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]



See the comic John Barrymore in "The Beloved Rogue." Regina Cannon, New York critic, says that he's as funny as Joe Jackson, only he hasn't got a bicycle

The Port of Missing Girls



Illustrated by
Frank Godwin

Shamus Britt was a master of comedy sub-titles. He had saved many a poor picture. A mild looking wreck, Hollywood whispered that he was a blackmailer, a drunkard and a potential murderer

This is the story of Persis, third of six girls to invade Hollywood. Adela Rogers St. Johns' series of inside tales of the extra girls of moviedom is causing a sensation

"THEY call Hollywood the port of missing girls," said the press agent, in his best semi-humorous manner.

He was showing young Mrs. Loringdale—Mrs. Peter Pell Loringdale, of Rye, New York—through the studio himself, feeling that she was much too important to be trusted to the usual office boy.

Being a snappy press agent, he read the expensive magazines and knew something about Mrs. Loringdale. He had seen her picture often enough—Mrs. Peter Pell Loringdale at Palm Beach with her three children, or in her box at the international polo match, or in connection with one of her numerous charities. Rotten pictures, of course, the kind of snapshots that are always out of focus, and he had been inclined to blame them for the fact that as a society leader she fell far short of his conception of the rôle.

But in person she was just as much of a disappointment. Though she belonged to the *creme de la creme*, as he put it, she couldn't stack up beside the stars he'd seen play the part, not for a minute. If he hadn't known who she was he certainly would never have suspected, whereas Sharon Kimm or Nadine Allis knocked your eye out at first glance.

This Mrs. Loringdale was merely a rather tall, slim young woman, with a clear pale skin unadorned by make-up. She wore a dark suit, rigidly tailored, a small sable neckpiece and a small, dark hat. Her feet and hands were nice, small and slim in beautiful shoes and gloves.

You would have noticed her eyes.

To Hollywood they come, flaunting youth and high hopes

By



Adela
Rogers
St. Johns

No 3 Persis, the minister's daughter, who came from a little white cottage covered with rambler roses in the mid-west

The press agent noticed them with something of a start as she turned them up to him. They were so deep a blue as to be violet, and there was no bottom to them.

"Why do they call it the port of missing girls?" she asked, in a voice so low that it would have been difficult to hear except for the clear crispness of her words.

"Oh—" he waved his hand, "thousands of girls come out here every year, y'know, to go in pictures. I've forgotten exactly how many, but the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce keeps a report and it'd knock you for a loop. They're always trying to get 'em not to come, but you might as well try to shoo flies away from a honey pot. They say only about one in every ten thousand makes good."

"What becomes of the others?" asked Mrs. Loringdale.

"I could tell you plenty of queer stories about that," the press agent told her mysteriously.

The press agent singled out Gertie Sellman from the mob of extra girls. "Don't go telling any of those cuckoo stories all you girls have got made up about how you got here," he admonished



Trouble comes to everyone. And by it we are face to adversity and

They had paused before a big set, as glittering as a Christmas card, where fifty or sixty girls in frosted costumes of unbelievable brevity were doing a ballet dance. The press agent found her a canvas chair with a famous name printed across the back and she sat down—sat very still, watching. Her gloved hands were motionless. The press agent thought that very odd, for he was used to restless women. He began to be more impressed by her. Maybe *this* was the real thing.

THE group on the set suddenly broke in confusion. The girls came trooping off the set, laughing and talking like school girls at recess. Their bare arms had a greenish-purple look under the lights. They stood about, wise-cracking with the electricians, smoking cigarettes, hollering back and forth with easy familiarity, digging dilapidated make-up boxes from under the scenery and critically powdering their noses.

"They're going to change the lights," the press agent explained, "he's going to shoot the other way. It may take forty-five minutes. Perhaps you'd rather walk around and come back here later."

Mrs. Loringdale did not answer him at once. Her eyes were on the restless flutter of girls, and they had the strangest look in them.

"I should like to meet one of these girls," said Mrs. Loringdale.

The press agent started violently. "One of the girls?" he repeated, and if one could disapprove of Mrs. Peter Pell Loringdale there was disapproval in his voice.

"Please," said Mrs. Loringdale, with a quiet air of command.

Much agitated, the press agent went upon his errand. He'd been planning to introduce her to the director and a star and maybe get a picture of her with them and now she'd upset everything by wanting to meet some hum extra girl. Besides, you couldn't tell a thing about these girls—they were all mad as hatters. More likely spill the beans than not. He ran an exasperated eye over the assembly, rejected such obvious impossibilities as Patty Hall and Hazel Dupont and settled upon Gertie Sellman, who was talking to one of the musicians.

Gertie would do.

HE grabbed her by the arm, explained in hurried undertones who Mrs. Loringdale was and how many millions her husband had, and added an impassioned plea for Gertie to uphold the dignity and good name of the motion picture industry by conversation and behavior becoming a lady.

"And don't go telling any of those cuckoo stories all you girls have got made up about how you got here, either," he said.

His introduction was interrupted by a fat and perspiring assistant director hawling through a megaphone. "You gals can go eat. Back on the set at two-thirty. And be here."

"Suppose," said Mrs. Loringdale, glancing at the plain little watch on her wrist. "that you both have luncheon with me. Is there a lunch room here?"

There was.

It was past the rush noon hour, and the big, square gray room was almost deserted. It looked rather as though a cyclone or a battle had passed over it. Across the cotton table cloth and the big white sugar bowl and the plated knives and forks, the press agent began to fear that after all he had made a mistake. Gertie's conduct would have been perfectly proper at any funeral.

"I'm low," she apologized, in answer to his glare. "I can't help it, can I, if I feel low? I'm so low today an angleworm wouldn't notice me."

"What's the matter?" said Mrs. Loringdale.

Gertie stared at her hostilely, but somehow she melted under the violet eyes, that still had the strongest, shining look in them.

"Oh—I don't know," said Gertie. "What's

the use of anything? I got the heebie-jeebies, that's all. I had a good home and a good job and what the hell I'm doing in this fool place is nobody's business."

The press agent shuffled his feet nervously and upset a salt shaker. But it was no use. Gertie ignored him.

"You couldn't understand," said Gertie, staring at the other woman. "Look where you are and who you are and what you got. What could you know about the kind of things girls like me are up against? You've always had it soft. Everything's been easy for you all your life. Life's tough on a girl alone."

THE press agent shut his eyes and began to pray. Gertie was going to tell her story, which was exactly like nine thousand other stories in Hollywood and had already been told nine thousand times.

But, amazingly enough, it was not Gertie who was to tell a story. It was Mrs. Loringdale.

She looked at the press agent and for the first time she smiled.

"I will give you a new story to add to your collection about what happens to girls who don't make good," she said.

This is the story that Mrs. Peter Pell Loringdale told to the untidy little press agent, whose eyes nearly popped out of his



Mrs. Loringdale looked at the press agent and smiled. "I will give you a new story to add to your collection about what happens to girls who don't make good," she said

made or broken. Persis turned a glorified reaped a rich reward

head behind his thick glasses, and to Gertie Sellman, the extra girl, tinselly white as to costume, and wearing a bright yellow make-up that looked almost like a mask, in the deserted studio lunch room.

III Persis

THE telephone bell jangled harshly once, twice and again. It paused as though awaiting action, then began once more in short, sharp rings.

Shamus Britt turned a melancholy blue eye on it. "Tis an awful thing to be sober," he said sadly. "When I am sober I am a soft-hearted and ineffectual—rabbit of a man. When I am mild drunk I have the courage of a bull. But when I am properly full I am a roaring lion. Now I am persuaded this moment that that impolite son of a bell-ringer is an instrument of the devil, but I haven't got the strength to deal with it according to its desserts. The liquor nowadays has no proper guts in it, but 'tis better than nothing."

He lit his pipe and pulled an old green eyeshade farther down over his eyes.

The telephone continued to ring.

"Bill," said Shamus pathetically, "d'you know any way to stop that ringing? It's getting inside my head and seriously discommoding my high thinking."



Bill turned over in bed.

"Y'might answer it, you poor, high-thinking, wall-eyed parrot," he said bitterly.

Shamus shut his eyes and considered this. Favorably. Bill had almost succeeded in recapturing oblivion when Shamus turned to the broken down Morris chair by the window and spoke.

"Wake up, Bill," said Shamus, "I've promised to go to work."

"What's that got to do with me sleeping?" said Bill.

"Listen," said Shamus mildly. "If I've got to work for the both of us, you might at least get up and drive me there in that tubercular lizzie of yours. I'm not as strong on my feet as I used to be—though my head gets better every year—and it's a long way to Burbank."

Bill slowly unravelled himself from the sundry none-too-clean quilts of the white iron bed.

"Who was it?" he asked.

IT was Irwin Bush. Under more promising circumstances I'd have held no communication with such trash. He's a slave-driving, nickel-pinching ant-eater if ever there was one, and his ways are as oily as his hair. He's got no soul and no appreciation of art—

"What's that got to do with you?" asked Bill brutally, and Shamus looked pained.

Bill was dressing slowly. Dressing was always a slow process with the last riser in the Britt-McCullough menage. The united wardrobe of its masters could scarcely furnish two complete costumes that would pass public muster.

There can be no doubt about Shamus and Bill.

They were the dregs of Hollywood—the scum of the motion picture industry.

In the mahogany offices of Culver City, in the velvet-hung sanctums of Hollywood itself, along the length and breadth of Poverty Row, they were infamous. The crime does not exist of which they had not been at least accused—they were blackmailers, drunkards if not worse, thieves, roisterers, seductionists and potential murderers and everybody knew it. Their reputations were unprintable and unspeakable and they were capable of anything.

Only one thing kept them out of jail.

If they could be kept sober they were invaluable workmen.

Forcomedy titles, Shamus had no equal, he being by nature a melancholy soul. And Bill McCullough had gagged some of the greatest comedies ever released. However, they worked only under the pressure of absolute necessity and could never be depended upon to finish anything on time if at all. For this reason nobody hired them if they could get out of it, but in their line they were great—and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]

News and Gossip



Greta Garbo and John Gilbert are going together again. A rumor that they had been secretly married in Mexico agitated Hollywood and movie fans everywhere for weeks. But save your rice. Our sleuths say that it wasn't so

ALL bets are off on the Garbo-Gilbert wedding. For at least five days Hollywood was in a flurry of excitement. Jack and Greta, fairest of Fjordland, were rumored to have trekked to a neighboring hamlet and murmured, "I do." A search of marriage license permits revealed nothing. There is a bleak silence from the two. But Jack's last words for publication were that it was up to Greta to say "Yes."

JOHN ROBERTSON tells a story of a Scotchman who wanted to get married. When the minister arrived at the bride's house—and she was also Scotch—he was asked if he minded performing the ceremony in the chicken yard.

Naturally, the bewildered clergyman wanted to know why.

"Weel," answered the bridegroom, "the rice will feed the hens."

THINGS seem to be at fours and sixes in the Arbuckle family, and there are rumors of a big split. Neither Roscoe nor his wife will say anything, but it is generally conceded that they will both be single before long.

Which reminds me that the boulevard wiseacres also say that Barney Glazer and his wife have come to the end of the trail. We will wait and see if this is true.

And from H. C. Witwer's own lips I have the facts that Mrs. Witwer has seen enough of married life.

SOMEONE writes in to Warner Brothers' studio to inquire if their broadcaster is the man who casts the extra girls.

WITH the closing of the Famous Players-Lasky studio in Long Island, New York gives in—temporarily—to Hollywood as a producing center. The Fox Company will continue to make a few films in Manhattan and so will Robert Kane and a few independent producers. Hereafter New York will have to rely on visiting firemen for its movie producers.

Critics and news hounds from the New York newspapers who have been wont to stir up excitement on studio floors will have to confine their activities to fighting with the ushers in Broadway movie palaces.



Lon Chaney's new surgical characterization—"The Armless Wonder." Step right up, ladies and gentlemen, and watch the marvel of the ages load and fire a shotgun, although he has neither hands nor arms

AND how New York will miss the boys and girls who have hit the Westward trail in private cars and extra fare trains. The gutters of Forty-ninth Street are running with the tears shed over the departure of Mal St. Clair. There wasn't a dry eye in any of the night clubs. Mal is a director by daylight; a play boy by night.

His impromptu orations will be sadly missed along the Canyon of Broken Hearts and Black Eyes.

GLORIA SWANSON, too, has gone West. Just after saying she never would make another picture in Hollywood. Gloria was borne westward in two private cars. The Marquis de la Falaise remains in New York. Henry has gone into busi-

of all The Studios



Ooh, look at the terrible tough prize-fighter! Think of the fast footwork that Clara Bow will be able to negotiate in the ring with those high-heeled, white satin pumps. Clara specializes in knockouts



And here is how Lon Chaney looks when he is all dressed up for stepping out. This is the only picture of its kind in existence, because Mr. and Mrs. Chaney have hitherto refused to pose for informal photographs together

YES, this exodus to California makes us break down and sob. Walter Goss, for instance. He's gone too. We choke with emotion when we think of it. Walter is an actor. He feels his parts. He writes scripts, too. And he feels the stories. Also he tells 'em to his friends. Forty-fourth Street, after dark, will miss the splendid sight of Walter Goss in a high silk hat.

THE best little telegram writer in the business. That's the reputation Eddie Cantor is getting. When he heard that the entire Paramount Eastern studio was moving West, he immediately dispatched a wire to Jesse Lasky: "Congratulations on your decision to close Eastern studios. Thanks a lot for sending on W. C. Fields, one of the worst poker players in the industry. How I need him."

RICHARD DIX and Thomas Meighan do not want to go to California. Richard wants to go to Greenland and make an Arctic story under the direction of Elmer Clifton. Richard would rather be eating gum drops in Greenland any day than drinking chocolate sodas on Hollywood Boulevard. Richard may get his way and make a quick return Eastward.

As for Tommy, if Tommy is sent to California he will be led, kicking and screaming, to the train. Tommy has a swell home in Great Neck, L. I. The boating and swimming season is approaching. Tommy is a home loving lad, as who wouldn't be with such a home?

ALL this shifting of production plans is hard on the rustic community of Great Neck. The Parkers will no longer be among those present this summer, and the John Robertsons have sold their lovely house, because John's contract keeps him in California. The Sound View Golf Club, once the playground of the film set, will now be given over to such prosaic persons as stage actors and brokers.

OLIVE BORDEN says that she and George O'Brien are not engaged; just going together. Nevertheless, George is the only boy Olive ever mentions in her conversation. That is a bad sign. And it may please George to learn that Olive didn't cast serious eyes on any other fellow while she was in New York.

ness; he has ideas about exporting a new small, cheap type of car from France.

Now what is the Mayfair Club going to do?

WHAT will the Algonquin do without Albert Parker, Gloria's director? Who will delight the patrons of George's dining rooms by giving imitations of such historical characters as Mae Murray and Samuel Goldwyn? And who will take the place of Thomas Allen Moore, Gloria's business manager?

Messrs. Parker and Moore were one of the best specialty teams that the Algonquin ever had.

They will be missed.



Vivian and Rosetta Duncan are making their screen debut in "Topsy and Eva," their stage version of the Uncle Tom Blues. Hollywood will miss them when a stage contract takes them to Paris



Dorothy Sebastian went to the beach and got a sunburn that no ordinary powder would conceal. Whereupon Lillian Rosine, make-up expert, came to the rescue and applied a heavy coat of paint with an air brush

LEW CODY proved that as a debonair screen lover he was also a devoted husband during Mabel Normand Cody's severe illness with pneumonia when, for days, it was doubtful if she would live.

Day and night, with scarcely any sleep, he remained at the hospital while Mabel fought for her life. It was a mute reply to the rumor that the Cody-Normand marriage lacked permanency.

HERE'S a laugh straight from the lips of Malcolm MacGregor. He was watching Lubitsch direct a scene in "Old Heidelberg."

A line of expert fencers was drilling.

"Lunge!" would say the leader, and rapiers flashed.

Lubitsch was satisfied with the rehearsal.

"All right," and in his German-coated English, Lubitsch repeated the leader's order, "Lun-nch!"

The fencers hesitated, sheathed their rapiers and made a concentrated dash for the restaurant. They thought the little German director had called the noon hour.

JULIEN JOSEPHSON made his first trip to New York recently. Quite out of a clear sky he was handed the script of "Abe's Irish Rose," one of the most important assignments of the year. Julien was born in Roseburg, Oregon, and he was the gentleman so instrumental in shaping the early career of Charlie Ray.

Back of the story of his getting "Abie's Irish Rose" is an interesting sidelight. Julien is a Jew married to a Gentile. Because of this, Anne Nichols and the Paramount officials felt that he could undertake the story with more sympathy and understanding than any other writer in the business.

THE height of something-or-other:

A sign on a blacksmith shop in Hollywood reads: "Wrought Iron Studio."

JUST by way of being in fashion, Jack Gilbert spent several days in a local hospital convincing the doctors that his appendix should remain in his abdomen and not be removed for a clinical specimen. Jack won, and the Gilbert torso is intact.

ENTER the latest social addition to the films. Joseph Medill Patterson's little girl, Elinor, has been signed by Carl Laemmle to wear grease-paint for Universal pictures. She's been sharing honors with Lady Diana Manners and Iris Tree as the nun in "The Miracle." That's how she happened into Hollywood.

BELIEVE it or not as you may, but there were once girls that innocent. Wally Beery tells of taking a sweet young thing to a cafe hack in the days when foam was fashion, not an offense, and ordering cocktails. A cherry floated in the amber liquid and the girl shyly refused the drink. It was only after prolonged questioning that Wally discovered she thought the innocuous cherry was a knock-out drop.

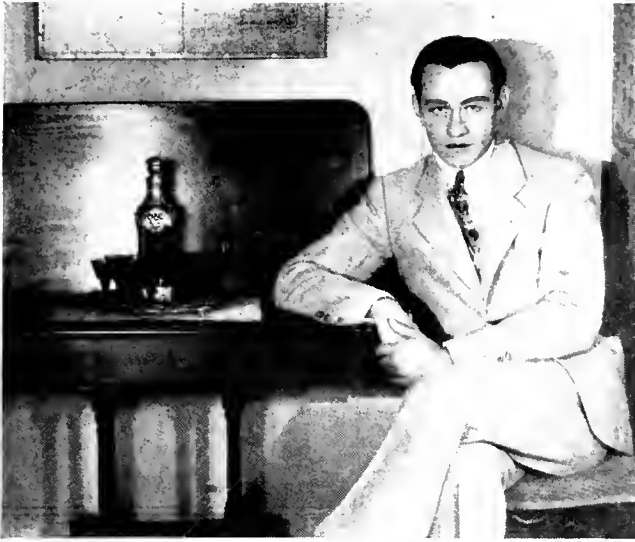
LOIS MORAN is to be leading woman in the new John Barrymore picture. They say that John is terribly impressed with her. While Lois' mother was in New York, where she went to get Lois' adopted sister, young Lois was under the chaperonage of Rosamund Pinchot. They say that John didn't allow the two girls to pine away from loneliness.

HAROLD LLOYD'S visit to New York coincided with the week of the Six Day Bike Race. You cannot tell me that it was a coincidence. Harold spent nearly every evening in Madison Square Garden, hurrying thence after an evening at a show.

Mildred Davis was really too ill to get much fun out of her New York visit. She was awfully worried about leaving the baby out in California. And Harold spent much time on the long distance telephone, inquiring about the welfare of little Gloria.

THERE'S a big debate between Lew Cody and Norman Kerry as to whether it should be called Beverage Hills or Bubbling Hills. Just now it retains the aristocratic name of Beverly Hills.

THE shadow of ill health haunts the life of one of the most devoted couples in the film colony. Doris Kenyon, the talented and beautiful, was forced to leave Milton Sills, her new husband, to go to New York for special medical treatment. Influenza, which postponed her Adirondack wedding, threatens her future health. Because of picture work, Sills was forced to remain alone in the lovely Brentwood Park home he had built for Doris.



Prohibition officers! Here's your evidence. Arrest that man! Conrad Nagel is photographed with a wine bottle and a flock of little glasses. If this doesn't blast Hollywood's reputation, nothing ever will be able to



"This is how I figure the situation," says Ed Wynn. "If Harold Lloyd can make a big hit wearing horn-rimmed glasses, why can't I make an even bigger hit by getting spectacles with bigger rims?"

REGULAR film romance, this. Duke Worne, a young producer-director, thought that Hazel Deane, former Sennett splasher, had dramatic talent and gave her a chance in his pictures. Other producers angled for her services and Duke asked her to become Mrs. Worne. So Hazel said "Yes."

AT last the perfect heroine. And an answer to our fervent prayer for a new way in which the maiden may save her virtue. In "King Harlequin," Vilma Banky is a parachute jumper, so it's all in the day's work for her to make an acrobatic leap from the hotel window when the wicked prince pursues her. There's an idea for some bright promoter to offer a course in parachute jumping.

LOTS of fun and telephoning when the long distance connection between London and Hollywood was effected. There was great haste among the film stars to see who would talk first. Colleen Moore and Bebe Daniels are rumored to have tied in the race, with Colleen paying a telephone bill of \$87.00 for the privilege of chatting with a Londoner six thousand two hundred and seventy-five miles distant.

Yes, she asked after the health of the Prince of Wales. Of course the publicity man worked hard to keep it out of the papers.

THE Irish, God love 'em, will never cease to be sentimental. And I hope they never will. There's Colleen Moore, in this particular instance, who nursed an alley pup to health and sleekness at a cost of \$150. "You could have bought a pedigreed dog for that price," said Ben Lyon. "Oh, no!" breathed Colleen, her Irish heart outraged, "it wouldn't have had the soul this one has."

THE Duncan sisters are showing Hollywood something new in the way of opulence. And popularity, too. The opulence is shown in their swanky motor. A Duesenberg, and, dears, it is entirely upholstered in hand-made petite-point. The outside is a heavenly shining blue to match their eyes.

No party is complete without them. They are the most popular twosome to which the colony has kow-towed. Vivian and her tinkling golden notes, as golden as her fluffy hair, and Rosetta, the cut-up, pantomiming her way through their "patio" song. In June the sisters leave to fulfil an engagement in Paris. This contingent, of course, upon the completion of "Topsy and Eva," their first motion picture.

POOOR Iris Stuart, the girl with the beautiful hands, will have to let them remain idle for a whole year while she regains her health. Overwork and nervous strain proved too much for the advertising model who turned motion picture actress with marked success, and doctors advised a complete rest.

TED WILDE'S life is full of babes. Not only did he direct Babe Ruth's first emulsion drama for First National, but his wife presented him with a seven and a half pound babe.

IT was over at the Shrine Auditorium where the stars were appearing as "supers" in the charity performance of "The Miracle." Tom Mix wore the severe habiliments of a monk. "That," said some unknown observer, "is the first costume Tom has ever worn that did not have his monogram on it."

IT was a great night for picture fans on the Saturday that Morris Gest gave a benefit performance of "The Miracle," and half of Hollywood's highest price actors forgot starring contracts and joined the "supers" in the gorgeous pageant. There were jolly friars who received thousands of dollars a week and nuns with their own production companies.

Jetta Goudal was a nun, beautiful in severest black and white, as were Irene Rich, Claire Windsor, Elinor Glyn and Marion Davies. Anna Q. Nilsson, Belle Bennett, Natalie Kingston, Rosetta and Vivian Duncan, Hedda Hopper, Kathleen Key and Anita Stewart were merry villagers, while Tom Mix, minus Tony, was a dignified monk. Reggy Denny, making his first public appearance since his illness; Conrad Nagel, Edmund Lowe and Morris Gest, himself, were humble burghers in stiffly starched Eton collars and dark homespun suits that closely resembled golf pants.

HERE'S a laugh from the crannies of Virginia Valli's hand-painted secretary. Don't get me wrong. That's the ultra name for desk. Virginia, who is recovering from loss of appendix, pulled forth a handful of telegrams. "Read 'em," she said. Sometimes Virginia drops her "th's" just like folks. "They're from Marion Davies and her house party guests. I got them the day after my operation." The first read: "You lost it." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 81]

Little Journeys

To the Homes of Famous Film Magnates



Adolph Zukor's favorite stars—his grandchildren. His son's father-in-law, Marcus Loew, is the father of his daughter's husband. To make it plain, his daughter is the sister-in-law of his son's brother-in-law's sister

By Terry Ramsaye

The first of a remarkable series of plain, unvarnished word pictures of the men who rule the motion picture world. Written by the recognized historian of the screen

ADOLPH ZUKOR, overlord of the motion picture, multimillionaire, sits in a tense quiet in an office eight stories above Fifth Avenue and looks level-eyed at the world. It is a mad world and he is sane. It is a dizzy world and he is clear-headed. It is a ruthless avaricious world and he has wealth. It is a world of weakness and he has power. And sometimes he wonders, "What of it?"

Zukor is about five feet five, almost slender, taut, poised, alert, seasoned, gray, in his early fifties. He moves with an ease that suggests the boxer. And the suggestion is heightened a shade by something in the set of his shoulders which hints at aggression. His voice is at an even low pitch, so even that there is the impression of a control, once studied and now grown into a habit. He is dressed to an unobtrusive perfection.

Secretaries, assistants, department heads, bankers, and all the routine of the day's callers, pass through that office, pausing their while before a wide desk with a conventional glass top. That desk is always swept clear of papers and detail. On it are one or two framed pictures, family pictures, a bronze cast of one of the first shoes that "Buddy," a grandchild, wore. Behind that desk he listens much and speaks sparingly in work that is made up mostly of decisions.

That baby's shoe immortalized in bronze is something of a clue and symbol. It reveals the deep sentimentality of Zukor, whose outward commercial career has been as barren of sentiment as the icy sheerness of his desk top. It reveals his only major purpose. Adolph Zukor, master of the motion picture, is after all just a bardworking man trying to take care of his wife and family. He has done rather well at it.

Fortune, in dramatic, fantastic projections of his opportunities, magnified like the long shadows of a late afternoon, has come to pattern his screen. He is dramatist enough to know it; philosophic enough to be unsurprised. Also he would not have been surprised if today had found him defeated and obscure. He has been deep in both cups, failure and success. Now he knows that the one is not so bitter and the other is not so sweet, as those who merely sip at them suppose.

Fifteen years ago Adolph Zukor carried a little leather covered book in which he wrote notations of projects he would

like to accomplish and the names of persons of importance he hoped he might one day meet—if only for a word or two.

The names were of the great and famous in the dramatic world, names like Frohman and Kalich and Hackett and O'Neill; and banking names, too, like Kahn, and motion picture names like Kennedy and Marvin and Griffith. Now all the names in the little leather book have been checked off, while cordons of assistants and secretaries take care that too many of those who would like a word or two with Zukor do not push through to his office.

Now on every Zukor anniversary the desk in that office is showered with messages, telegrams and letters that purr with congratulation and blandishment, excuses for the presentation of the names that are signed to them. A trade journal issues a special "Zukor Number," and the great, the near-great, the conspicuous and the inconspicuous of the lesser fry buy space to shout or whisper their names on pages that he will likely see. Some of them spend mayhap a week's wage to do it—there is a chance it might mean just a tinge of his favor—some day.

All this Zukor knows and understands. It is a part of the game and he has played it.

NEARLY forty years ago Zukor came ashore at Castle Garden, an immigrant from Hungary, with about twenty dollars in his pocket. Today his personal fortune is counted in millions. He has won his battles and holds dominance over the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, a world enterprise, and all of its allies and subsidiaries, summed up in capitalizations that total about half a billion dollars. His home is an estate of a thousand acres. He has energy, health and domestic happiness with the wife of his youth, with his children and his grandchildren. And not so many weeks ago he sat at the opening of the Paramount Theater in the Paramount Building, towering thirtynine stories into the sky and seventeen millions into the ledger, a triumph of personal policy. In the lobby of that theater is a curious panel of golden mosaic ground supporting an array of incongruous, irrelevant stones. Those stones are relics and mementoes gathered from great and historical structures of the world, from the Valley of the Kings where Tutankhamen



The summer home of the head of the Famous Players-Lasky Company at New City, New York, the nineteenth hole of a private golf course



Adolph Zukor who has been called the A to Z of the motion picture of today

sleeps, from the Great Wall of China, from palaces and castles of Europe, from the Temples of the Aztecs and from the Maori altars of New Zealand. They are in truth fetiches, tokens of tribute wrested from the power and the pomp and the splendor of the ages to add the mite of their possible magic to the mighty pile at "the cross roads of the world" in Times Square—the Pyramid of Adolph I. What more does he want?

AMONG other things Zukor wishes his son Eugene would shoot a better game of golf. He wishes that friends would quit giving him trick cigar lighters and match boxes. Also if there is a funny story that is really new he would like to hear it.

Most of all Zukor wants to keep on working, building, attaining. Anyway, short of a complete retirement, he must. He stands in the midst of and on the top of the complex world industry of the motion picture, in about as strenuous a position as a Japanese juggler with ten swords and a battle axe in the air above him. He has to keep going.

In all probability Adolph Zukor thought, when he set forth from the hamlet of Ricse in Hungary at the age of sixteen, in 1889, that it might be something like this. He came, like the European millions who poured in after him, believing that in this New World anything might happen—and for him it has.

His success, and even greater ones, have been proven and found among the unseen possibilities that were then so far ahead at the end of the rainbow. He approached the land of the new open game with a notion of taking a chance, but meanwhile studying the cards, learning the game and learning the players—thereby eliminating chance. Some people believe in luck. Also some people think that poker is a game of chance. The only element of chance is in what the player does not know and can not fathom, about cards and about men.

IT is probable that Zukor does not think poker is ruled by chance. His game is not. There are certain men he can always beat and every now and then he promotes his self-confidence by doing it with spectacular completeness.

Zukor is like that about life and business and play. Also he does not seem to mind if the deuces are wild. He uses the cards only for the exploitation of the other fellow's state of mind.

There is more than a simile in this relation of the cards, too. They have had a very definite place in his personal code, his discipline and his technique. And in a most material way cards have had an influence in his destiny. Just for example there was that night in Chicago some thirty odd years ago when young Mr. Zukor, the junior partner of Kohn & Zukor, furriers, got a last minute invitation to fill in a hand at a pinochle tourney at the home of Herman Kaufmann. Zukor was even then a famous player. He won a great many points that night, including a smile from Miss Lottie Kaufmann. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]

Make Your Own

Everybody's doing it, and you will sooner or later. Why Not Now?

WHAT is home without an amateur movie camera?

You may have the most selective and far reaching radio, you may own the newest phonograph, and you may be the proud possessor of the smartest car of 1927, but you are missing a whole lot of the joy of life if your property list doesn't include a good amateur movie camera and a satisfactory projector.

Think of its possibilities. You can film the adventurous progress of the baby from birth to high school, with all the exciting and breathless adventures en route. Think how, in a few years, you will prize shots of grandpa and grandma. You easily can make a priceless domestic film record of your home, something vividly to stir your memories a few years from now.

The old fashioned family album with its stiff and stilted portraits is a thing of the past. The album of 1927 is a thin strip of celluloid and you can transform it into animation any time, via your projection machine. You can trade shots with your relatives and friends, for they, being 1927 folks, will have their animated album, too.

Samuel Pepys kept an immortal diary of the days when Charles II reigned and old London was swept by fire. Just one thing would have made his diary more valuable. An amateur camera. You can make a movie diary at a minimum of cost.

The film letter is another idea advanced by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. No matter what your command of words, you can never explain to Aunt Agatha in Texas about your sister's

By Frederick James Smith

Do you want to earn a motion picture camera free and try for one of the big contest prizes? If so, write the Amateur Movie Producer, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

Francis X. Bushman close-ups his amethyst ring with his Pathex



new baby, your new car, or your prize Persian, with the vividness of an amateur movie camera. You can actually visit her, taking your house along, for the price of one reel of film.

The club possibilities of the amateur camera are enormous. Imagine the fun of filming an amateur play. Your club can appoint a whole studio staff, a director, a cameraman, electricians and staff workers, besides selecting a complete club cast. The whole thing won't cost as much as giving a club dance.

Besides, you can keep a lasting record of your club activities, a gallery of officers and so on. Club films will add the final touch to your organization entertainments.

Perhaps you think you have screen possibilities. Your

amateur camera will tell you pretty accurately, provided you make-up intelligently. Incidentally, this department of PHOTOPLAY is going to tell you exactly how to make-up properly. Some of the foremost screen players are posing for special make-up pictures now.

Possibly you want to earn money. The amateur camera gives you a new avenue of remuneration. Let us assume that you own any one of the good moderate priced cameras, using standard width film, now on the market. You may be able to sell shots of important or unusual events to the big news reels—and get the thrill of knowing your

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]

Photoplay's \$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest

1. \$2,000 in cash prizes will be awarded by PHOTOPLAY as follows:
 1. \$500 for the best 1,000 foot 35 mm. film.
 2. \$500 for the best 400 ft. 16 mm. film.
 3. \$500 for the best 60 ft. 9 mm. film.
 4. \$500 as an added prize for the best film submitted in any one of these three divisions.

In the event that two or more films prove of equal merit in any division, prizes of \$500 will be awarded each of the winners.

2. The submitted film need not necessarily be a drama. It may be dramatic, comic, a news event, home pictures, a travelogue, a diary or any form of screen entertainment presented within the prescribed length. It need not be narrative. It may be anything the amateur creates. In selecting the win-

ners the judges will consider the general workmanship, as well as the cleverness, novelty and freshness of idea and treatment. Under the head of general workmanship comes photography, titling, editing and cutting and lighting. In considering dramas or comedies, amateur acting ability and make-up will be considered.

3. Films are to be submitted on non-inflammable stock with names and addresses of the senders securely attached or pasted to the reel or the box containing the reel.

4. Any number of reels may be submitted by an individual.

5. Any person can enter this contest except professional photographers or cinematographers or anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or any relatives of anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY.

6. All films are to be addressed to the judges, The Amateur Movie Producer Contest, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York, and are to be submitted between June 1, 1927, and midnight of December 31, 1927.

7. The judges will be James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY, Frederick James Smith, managing editor of PHOTOPLAY, and three others to be selected by them.

8. PHOTOPLAY assumes no responsibility for loss of films in transit, and while every precaution will be taken to safeguard them, the publication will not be responsible for loss in any way.

9. At the conclusion of the contest, the prize winners will be announced, and films returned to senders on receipt of sufficient postage for return.

Movies at Home



Alice Joyce is an enthusiastic user of an Eastman Ciné-Kodak

Want to win a Contest Prize? Then Read This

THE motion picture of the future will develop out of the amateur movie camera of today."

That is the statement of Robert Flaherty, maker of such mileposts of film progress as "Nanook of the North" and "Moana," and it has unusual significance in connection with PHOTOPLAY's \$2,000 contest for users of amateur movie cameras.

"The amateur camera has more importance in connection with the progress of the photoplay than any one thing yet developed in connection with motion pictures," Mr. Flaherty says. "The amateur camera has brought the possibilities of experimenting within the range of everyone. These experiments are bound to have a profound effect upon the making of pictures.

"If he does nothing else, the amateur will take the bunk out of film making. Anyone with a sane viewpoint, average technical ability and a love of sincerity and truth can make an interesting film. Ten years from today we will realize the importance of the amateur in de-bunking the photoplay."

This, at least, indicates that amateurs entering PHOTOPLAY's big contest have Mr. Flaherty's blessing. This contest was designed particularly by The Amateur Movie, Producer department of PHOTOPLAY as a contribution to the progress of the

amateur cinematographer. PHOTOPLAY wants to teach its readers the importance of cutting, editing and titling films—and to convince amateur cinematographers that they are losing more than fifty per cent of the enjoyment of making when they stop short with their rough and untrimmed reel of pictures.

PHOTOPLAY has received many inquiries regarding its contest. Some of these can be answered now. Primarily, the chief items of consideration will be the ingenuity, imagination and mechanical dexterity used by the amateur. Remember, freshness of idea and treatment are of vital importance.

Here are a few suggestions. Avoid trite drama. Avoid obvious titling. Make your own titles. PHOTOPLAY realizes that amateurs can have workmanlike titles made by the various concerns doing this sort of work. The contest editors want you to make your own titles. Remember, if the titles have the appearance of being "store made," it will count against you.

Here are a few more suggestions. Keep in mind those primary rules of advice given by editors to writers: write about the things you know best. The Amateur Movie Producer says: film the things you know best.

If you live in Florida you might make a picture of the life of a rookie at a big league baseball training camp. Or you might get an exciting reel of deep

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]



Russell Ball

NO mere "promising youngster." Not just a "clever child." Olive Borden is potentially a big star. She has that combination of magnetism and intelligence that lifts the *prima donna* above the small fry. The story of this hard-working youngster's rise to prominence is like an Horatio Alger story—with settings and adjectives by Elinor Glyn.

Acquiring a Taste

By
Francis Clark

for OLIVE

And oh, how easy
that is to do!

IT was a tense moment during the filming of "The Monkey Talks." Olive Borden, wearing a wisp of a costume, was in the midst of an important scene, when a stout German puffed on the set and stood watching the proceedings.

All of a sudden a *basso profundo* voice, with a rich Teutonic accent, boomed above the grinding of the camera. A short, emphatic forefinger was pointed at Miss Borden and the voice shouted, "Dere is de only girl in the shtudio fit to look at! Und sotch sax appeal!"

Whereupon Mr. R. A. Walsh's assistants removed Mr. F. W. Murnau's ambassador from the set in direct Irish fashion.

In Hollywood it is correct to murmur that a young lady has "IT." But it is *not* nice to stand before her and bellow to the world that she has "sotch sax appeal."

Nevertheless, that is the sort of a girl Olive Borden is. She arouses latent Columbus complexes. When you see her, you want to shout, "What Ho! Here is a Big Star!"

You cannot dismiss her by calling her "another promising young actress." You cannot patronize her by labelling her as a "clever child." Miss Borden has, for all her youth and comparative newness, the combination of magnetism and intelligence that lifts the *prima donna* above the small fry.

Young Olive is no fidgety ingenue, made flighty by a burst of unexpected success. Nor is she a trembling adventuress into stardom. Nor does she, thank goodness!—try to hide her uncertainty by wise-cracking. In brief, young Olive is no fool.

AND, what is even nicer, her mother is no fool. Mrs. Borden is the sort of mother who can chaperon a pretty daughter without making an army of enemies. She takes the curse off movie mothers.

It's a pleasant story—the tale of these two Southern women who, by courage and tact, won out where so many other unhappy mothers and unfortunate daughters have failed.

Olive and her mother have an amusing way of marking their notches of success.

For instance, when Olive was working in comedies, she had only one dress and the household was run by a colored Mammy, brought on from Virginia.

In "A Dressmaker from Paris," Olive had two dresses.

In "Yellow Fingers," she acquired a personal maid.

In "Fig Leaves," she had added a secretary.

In "The Joy Girl,"—her newest film—Olive went to Palm Beach on location and society personages sought to make her acquaintance.

Mrs. Borden refused the advances of the yacht-owners by discovering that there was no clause in Olive's contract calling for personal appearance in society.

"We are," commented Mrs. Borden, "working women!" The Borden aren't easily dazzled.

Olive tells amusing stories about her early days in pictures. She relates these anecdotes with a true sense of values, with a shrewd, clear insight into the amazing bypaths of Hollywood life.

She began her career, as you probably know, in comedies. Just an extra girl. But wildly bent on earning her thirty-five dollars a week. It seems that most of the other girls in the same studio were veterans. With some of them, the movies were—ahem!—a sort of side-line. Many of them were so busy with urgent social engagements that they didn't have much time to devote to their careers.

OLIVE'S mind was strictly on her salary envelope and she stepped into all the rôles left vacant by the members of the yachting set. It was surprising how many rôles she picked up that had been cast aside by girls who simply couldn't be annoyed with over-time work.

Lots of girls have worked their way out of Broadway choruses to leading rôles in just this way.

Olive's first chance in a big studio was in "A Dressmaker from Paris." One day someone invited her to call at the Paramount studio for an interview with Mr. Lasky. It was then that Olive acquired her second dress. In anticipation of knocking Mr. Lasky for a row of Rolls-Royces, Mrs. Borden made Olive a new black satin dress, trimmed with strips of fur cut from an old scarf that Olive had worn as a child.

The interview with Mr. Lasky was only one of those Hollywood jokes. Mr. Lasky had not sent for her; he hadn't even heard of her. But the casting director and Paul Bern took one look at Olive and immediately both asked her to be a member of the beauty chorus in "A Dressmaker from Paris."

It's tough to be handed a glorified extra girl part when you are all dressed up to sign a starring contract. But Olive took the rôle, because the Bordens like fried chicken for their Sunday dinner.

When Olive was working in "A Dressmaker from Paris," Lois Wilson walked on the set. The beauty chorus, made up of the best-looking girls in Hollywood, were doing their stuff. Paul Bern asked Lois which girl she considered had the best chance of doing something big.

LIKE Mr. Murnau's assistant, Lois pointed to Olive and said, "That cute little one."

You have no idea—and probably Lois had no idea at the time—how much that meant to Olive.

The appearance in a Paramount picture did a lot for Olive. It lifted her out of the ranks of the comedy girls. Directors gave her small parts and then William Fox signed her up to a contract.

When Olive went to the Fox studio, she brought with her one quality that endeared her to the management. Olive loves to work and to work hard;

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]



"Listen, rabbit, you wouldn't fool me, would you? Little Wallace may believe in Santa Claus or press agents, but enough is enough. Come on, rabbit, and tell Mr. Beery that it's only an adopted egg"



METROPOLIS—UFA—Paramount

A STORY of the City of the Future, weirdly imagined, technically gorgeous, but almost ruined by terrible acting and awful subtitles. The settings are unbelievably beautiful; the mugging of the players is unbelievably bad.

It's a tale of future mechanistic development carried to such an extreme that human beings are merely slaves to machines. The film has daring, originality and some great spectacular melodrama. What a pity that the German producers, themselves, are such slaves to their own technical magic that they forget the human values of their stories! What a pity that American editors distort what is essentially a Jules Verne fantasy with preachy subtitles!

Nevertheless, "Metropolis" is a great spectacle, thanks to the wizardry of its art directors and cameramen.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



RESURRECTION—United Artists

THIS visualization of Leo Tolstoy's tragic story is given an intelligent and sincere telling by Director Edwin Carewe, but its chief bid for lasting film fame is Dolores Del Rio's superb performance of *Katusha Maslova*. Here is one of the biggest things histrionically the pictures have revealed in the whole course of their career.

"Resurrection" is the story of *Katusha Maslova's* degradation and regeneration. An orphan peasant girl, she lives practically as a member of the household in the home of the young Prince *Dmitri Nekhludof's* aunts. On his way to the war front, the young prince pauses over night. *Katusha* yields—and *Dmitri* goes on, to forget. Years pass and *Katusha*, now a woman of the streets, is arrested for murder. *Dmitri* recognizes her and tries to save her. Even his power fails and *Katusha* is sentenced to Siberia for life. *Dmitri* follows *Katusha* but, in the end, she sends him back, realizing that the past has made her future hopeless. You last see *Katusha*, one of a long line of prisoners, trudging through the Siberian snows.

This is a story offering many directorial pitfalls, but Director Carewe has bridged them successfully. He has built two magnificent sequences, one in which *Katusha* gives way to the importunities of the passionate *Dmitri* and, later, when the disheveled and dissolute *Katusha* laces her accusers in court.

Take our word for it, Miss Del Rio rises to genuine heights in both these moments. Rod La Rocque, too, does admirable work, the best of his career, but he is overshadowed by Miss Del Rio's amazing performance.



STARK LOVE—Paramount

A MIGHTY fine picture, in some ways as noteworthy as Robert Flaherty's "Nanook" and "Moana." Karl Brown, who had been Jimmie Cruze's cameraman, obtained Jesse Lasky's backing and took a studio staff into the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina. There he rounded up a mountaineer cast and shot a graphic and absorbing tale of the hills.

"Stark Love," despite its garish boxoffice title, is a picture of genuine merit. It is astonishing how well the mountaineers act. Helen Mundy, a school girl hired in Knoxville, Tenn., is excellent as the heroine, while a hill boy, Forrest James, gives an amazingly good performance. An old timer, Silas Miracle, plays the boy's father in a way to outshine Wally Beery's best work. Don't miss this film.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE ROUGH RIDERS RESURRECTION
STARK LOVE SLIDE, KELLY, SLIDE
THE LOVE OF SUNYA METROPOLIS
WHITE GOLD CASEY AT THE BAT

The Best Performances of the Month

Dolores Del Rio in "Resurrection"
Gloria Swanson in "The Love of Sunya"
William Haines in "Slide, Kelly, Slide"
Jetta Goudal in "White Gold"
Forrest James in "Stark Love"
Helen Mundy in "Stark Love"
Rod La Rocque in "Resurrection"
Harry Carey in "Slide, Kelly, Slide"
Charles Emmett Mack in "The Rough Riders"
Charles Farrell in "The Rough Riders"
George Bancroft in "The Rough Riders"
Noah Beery in "The Rough Riders"



THE LOVE OF SUNYA—United Artists

GOOD girl, Gloria Swanson! Your first picture is a credit to you. You didn't select much of a story; in less skillful hands, all that crystal gazing and reincarnation stuff would have seemed a little silly. But that idea of playing three characters in one was a good one. You were great as the wild, wild opera singer. That, Gloria, is your cake. Keep on playing ladies who are sharp, naughty and a little hard-boiled—and beautifully dressed. All in all, your acting was the best you have done.

We liked your "find"—John Boles—and also Andres de Seguro. Young Flobelle Fairbanks is a good little actress. Your director, Albert Parker, did nobly by you and the picture. Do you know, Miss Swanson, you are apt to start a craze for girls wearing their hair brushed off their ears?



THE ROUGH RIDERS—Paramount

BETWEEN Victor Fleming's skillful direction and a half dozen corking screen performances, this story of '98 and the war with Spain becomes a production of fine proportions.

Basically, it traces the career of Theodore Roosevelt from his desk as assistant secretary of the navy to colonel of the Rough Riders, but history is pretty well enveloped in movie romance.

There are two boys in love with *Dolly Gray*. One has known and loved her for years. The other, a chap at the Texas gathering place of the Rough Riders, meets her and falls hard. The first collapses when he is tossed into battle in the Cuban jungles but, in the end, he turns out to be a hero and is killed.

So the other goes back to the girl!—and finds she has loved him all along.

A conventional and trite plot, if you wish, but the acting glosses it over. Charles Emmett Mack gives a remarkable performance of the weakling who proves himself. Charles Farrell, who scored in "Old Ironsides," does it again here, as the other lover. In fact, his hit is the biggest scored by a young player in a long time. There are two comedy rôles, *Happy Joe*, a cowboy from the ranges, and the mustached gentleman who enlists rather than lose him as prisoner, no other than *Hell's Bells*, sheriff of Byloe County. George Bancroft hits the gong as *Happy Joe* and Noah Beery is a joy as *Hell's Bells*.

And don't forget how Frank Hopper, ex-book agent, plays Roosevelt. He looks—and is—Teddy.



SLIDE, KELLY, SLIDE—M.-G.-M.

HERE is a real baseball comedy, told with some saccharinity but a whole lot of fidelity to the national game. The entire diamond parade is here: the rookies, the coaches, the famous baseball stars, the training camp and the Yankee Stadium. *Jim Kelly* is a riot in his home town, but he finds the training camp grade a little hard. Still, he makes it—and becomes a pitching ace. He is insufferable, however, and disrupts the whole team's morale.

William Haines is the brash rookie, *Kelly*, and he gives a performance calculated to add a great deal to his popularity. A corking bit, of an old catcher, is done by Harry Carey. In the background you will discover such baseball lights as Mike Donlin, Irish Meusel, Bob Meusel and "Push-'em-up" Tony Lazzeri.

**WHITE
GOLD—**
Producers
Dist. Corp.



A CONVINCING argument against those who believe there is little or no merit connected with the art of celluloid story telling. To William K. Howard belongs the credit for this masterly piece of direction, worthy of the most superlative language. The cast is excellent—George Nichols, Kenneth Thompson, George Bancroft and Jetta Goudal, whose performance ranks among the finest of the year. This is one of the best pictures of the month.

**CASEY AT
THE BAT—**
Paramount



A BEST film of the month but crowded over here by the general excellence of the current releases. You know the celebrated poem of the immortal Casey, the local Babe Ruth of Mudville. This idea had more possibilities than Monte Brice, the director, extracted. And Wallace Beery, as Casey, is labored and frequently seems lost in the proceedings. Ford Sterling, when he has the chance, makes good. Amusing, but it could have been a lot better.

**BLIND
ALLEYS—**
Paramount



SOMETHING is vitally wrong with a picture when an audience will sit and laugh at its serious moments. The director and the cast should not be blamed for this movie-hash. The fault lies in the story. Owen Davis wrote this yarn especially for Thomas Meighan. If we were Mr. Meighan, we would consider Mr. Davis our worst enemy. Of course, Meighan fans will never go back on their favorite and, too, you won't find Greta Nissen and Evelyn Brent hard on the eyes.

**A KISS IN
A TAXI—**
Paramount



CLARENCE BADGER attempted to make this a naughty sophisticated comedy, but it resulted in being only a mild little affair of a French maiden who is a waitress in a French cafe. Bebe Daniels is the star of the film, but most of the interest centers about Chester Conklin who has a way of running off with the show. Bebe's costumes are quite homely and she retains a spark of Sennett slapstick. We classify it as just fair.

**AN AFFAIR
OF THE
FOLLIES—**
First
National



BILLIE DOVE'S first starring vehicle—and may the rest of her vehicles be as entertaining. As you might suspect, Billie is a glorified Follies girl who marries a poor clerk. And the millionaire still pursues her, but he's not a villain, because he happens to be Lewis Stone. It really is a long time since we have seen him in a rôle that fitted him so perfectly. Then—but go see the picture. We liked it immensely and think you will, too.

**THE GAY
OLD BIRD—**
Warner Bros.



THE combination of Louise Fazenda and John T. Murray is not to be sneezed at. The story—don't tell me you haven't heard this one. Hubby's wife is home at mother's for a stretch just as the wealthy uncle is due for a visit and incidentally a check. Hubby gets a substitute wife with the usual complications in order to obtain the check—oh, so you have heard it? Anyway Louise Fazenda is worth the price of admission alone.

**RUBBER
TIRES—**
Producers
Dist. Corp.



A FAIR little comedy for those who are not too fussy. The Stack family decide to make their fortune in California. So in a little tin-can of the year 1900 A. D. they move merrily along from coast to coast. Of course, there are many break-downs, but a handsome knight of the road always appears at the proper time and lends his assistance. By the time they reach California a nice little romance has developed and it's the end of the picture.



**THE VENUS
FROM
VENICE—**
First
National

A THOROUGHLY enjoyable brisk little comedy featuring Constance Talmadge, Antonio Moreno, Julianne Johnston and Hedda Hopper. Connie is very cute with her distinctive mannerisms as the light-fingered Italian maid who just must take everything she sees. An American artist feels that, if given a decent chance in life, she might reform. Of course she does, but succeeds in stealing the artist's heart. You'll find this quite to your liking.

**THE DEMI-
BRIDE—**
M-G-M



THIS is one of those efforts at sophisticated and piquant French farce, relating how little *Criquette*, a school girl, hooks and lands the wily *Phillippe de Brideau*, boulevardier extraordinary, sought after by every pretty woman in Paris. Everyone tries rather hard for verve, but Norma Shearer has charm and Lew Cody is satisfactory as the man-about-town. Dorothy Sebastian does a vivid hit—of a butterfly who has loved and lost *Phillippe*.



**THREE
HOURS—**
First
National

A VERY gruesome story that never seems to end. We cannot stress the fact too much that this is a picture which you should overlook unless you enjoy excruciating emotional scenes. There is one scene that is one of the most harrowing ever depicted. This calls for some splendid emotional acting, but, falling into the hands of Corinne Griffith, it becomes inane. John Bowers, looking quite old, is the leading man. Hobart Bosworth has a grand time over-acting.

HIGH HAT—
First
National



THE inside dope on a movie studio—from the eyes of extra people. Ben Lyon is a lazy extra who doesn't care about working until he meets the pretty wardrobe mistress. Then life to him takes on a different atmosphere. He decides to make good. But just at that time the company's jewels are missing and Ben proves what a hero he is by not only recovering the jewels but capturing the thief as well. It's really nothing to get excited about.



**WHAT
EVERY GIRL
SHOULD
KNOW—**
Warner Bros.

THE title has nothing to do with the story. It's one of those drag-em-in titles that movie-fans fall for. Now don't be misled, for this is a very poor picture. Patsy Ruth Miller and Mickey McBan are two orphans who are befriended by a wealthy man. His fiancée becomes jealous of Patsy—but what's the use of going on, it's too complicated. Patsy Ruth had better get over the idea that she can do a Mary Pickford rôle. Don't be annoyed.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 135]

Donald Ogden Stewart's GUIDE to *Perfect*



The famous humorist relates just what happens when a great director finds he is to do a deeply religious picture

[Mr. Stewart insists upon writing what he calls a synopsis of preceding chapters. An original Stewart manuscript, completely lacking punctuation, is offered to any one who can find these preceding chapters.]

MRS. FINCH and Mrs. Pugh are rival candidates for the presidency of the Woman's Club of South Ethel-foot, Kansas. Both have strong forceful characters and woolen underwear, so the rivalry is intense. Mrs. Finch, however, has been to Europe and also has a slight growth of black hair around her upper lip, which would seem to give her a distinct advantage. All Ethel-foot is agog.

On the night before the election Mrs. Pugh eats something which doesn't agree with her and her cause appears hopeless. The odds shift from 2 to 1 to 18 to 4, with few takers. Mrs. Pugh tries bicarbonate of soda and standing on one leg. The Finch rooters are jubilant.

Meanwhile, out in far distant Hollywood, a film comedian is caught riding on a street car without paying his fare. He is

dragged from the car by a number of indignant passengers, including several outraged ministers, and severely beaten. At the police station he is given the "third degree" and about midnight confesses. The ministers return to their parishes and begin the preparation of next Sunday's sermons. The news is flashed to an eagerly waiting world and when the comedian returns home he finds that his friends have all left.

Election day dawns in Ethel-foot. The hotels are filled and many late arrivals are forced to take the regular *table d'hote* dinner without cranberry pie.

Mrs. Finch takes the floor when the club members stop talking. "I move," she says, "that we denounce Cigarette Smoking by Members of the Cabinet." This is greeted with applause.

Mrs. Pugh then stands up. "I move," she says, "that we denounce Cigarette Smoking by Members of the Cabinet and the Use of Rouge and Lipstick by the Wife of the Mayor of Tacoma, Wash."

The applause increases as the contest waxes hotter. Mrs. Finch leaps to her feet.

"Hmm," the director remarks. "It seems to be some sort of an Egyptian story."

"No, sir," suggests the trembling script clerk. "It's about the life of Christ."

Behavior in Hollywood

"I move," she says, "that we denounce Beauty Contests."

"I move," counters Mrs. Pugh, "that we denounce Birth Control and Bobbed Hair."

The movements come thick and fast.

"One-piece Bathing Suits."

"War."

"The Nude in Art."

"The White Slave Traffic in Turkey."

By the eighteenth movement, however, Mrs. Finch's better physical condition begins to tell and at the end of the final half hour the score is 61 to 50 in her favor, and her election seems assured.

During the intermission Mrs. Beale sings "Oh Perfect Love" and Mrs. Finch, still fighting desperately, struggles to her feet and moves that they denounce *that*. She is carried from the room in a semi-hysterical condition and deposited on the porch swing with a strong cup of tea and a soda mint. As she sits there, forlorn and hopeless, the Evening Paper arrives and a large headline catches her eye. "Movie Comedian in Scandal." She picks up the paper and rushes into the house.

"I move," she shouts, "that we denounce Hollywood."

The room is stunned into attention.

"And furthermore," cries Mrs. Pugh, "I move that we demand the barring of all this Movie Comedian's pictures in our city."

Applause begins.

"And furthermore," shouts Mrs. Pugh, "if we hurry, we will be the first Woman's Club in America to do this."

A cheer breaks out and the meeting is carried by storm. Mrs. Pugh is unanimously elected president, and Mrs. Finch is relegated to the Book of the Month Committee. Ice cream and sandwiches are served and all vote the meeting a huge success, especially as, during the next two weeks, other Women's Clubs follow their example. The Comedian is ruined morally, spiritually and financially. He picks up a copy of PHOTOPLAY containing Chapter IX of "Perfect Behavior in Hollywood" by Donald Ogden Stewart and thinks that it is very amusing.

Donald Ogden Stewart shoots himself.

This is what he read.

CHAPTER IX

"How to Direct"

WE are now ready for the actual directing of the picture. We have a "story," a "continuity," and a "cast." The "sets" are all in place, and the advance "publicity" has been sent to the newspapers. The "schedule" calls for starting the production on, let us say, June 15th. The morning of June 15th dawns and by eight-thirty all is in readiness. The electricians are at their posts, the camera men are prepared to "shoot," the actors and actresses are "made up" and waiting.

This is the time for the Director to begin to wonder what the story is about. He picks up the script of the "continuity" and glances through it.

"Hmm," he remarks, "it seems [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]"



"I move," Mrs. Beale shouts, "that we denounce Hollywood!"

Answer this One

By Frances Denton

For Fans Only. A College Diploma won't help you

(Answers on page 140)

1. What actress was burned to death while making a picture in Texas, on a Thanksgiving Day?
2. Name six moving picture actors who are college graduates.
3. Name six women who have won names for themselves as scenario writers.
4. Who played the part of a Chinaman and what woman took the leading rôle in "Broken Blossoms"?
5. What actor went to Annapolis recently to make "The Midshipman"?
6. What actor went recently to West Point to make a picture?
7. What is the little colored boy's name who plays in "Our Gang" comedies?
8. What two well known sisters played together in "Romola"?
9. What well known comedian is a director, producer and scenario writer, as well as an actor?
10. Who directed "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance"?
11. Who played opposite Antonio Moreno in "Mare Nostrum"?
12. Who directed "The Arab"?
13. Who played the leading rôle in "The Phantom of the Opera"?
14. Who took the leading rôle in "Yolanda"?
15. What two brothers are famous directors, known all over the world for their pictures?
16. What was the most expensive motion picture ever produced?
17. What is Mary Pickford's real name?
18. What picture was made recently in Nice, France?
19. What was Gilda Gray's first picture?
20. Who directed "Ben Hur"?
21. Who played opposite Richard Dix in "The Vanishing American"?
22. Who played opposite John Barrymore in "The Sea Beast"?
23. What girl had her hair cut like a boy's to make a picture?
24. What was the name of the picture in which Mae Murray played with John Gilbert?
25. Name the photoplay in which Lois Wilson played opposite Tommy Meighan in 1925.
26. Name the actresses who were on PHOTOPLAY'S Honor Roll for 1925.
27. Who played opposite Richard Dix in "The Quarterback"?
28. What was Rudolph Valentino's first big picture?
29. Who has been Harold Lloyd's leading lady in all his recent comedies?
30. Where were most of the exteriors of "Old Ironsides" made?
31. Who played with Greta Garbo in "Flesh and the Devil"?
32. What was Greta Garbo's first American photoplay?
33. What book was the picture of "The Sea Beast" made from?
34. What was the name of the first steam engine that ran through the Middle West—and name a well known picture by that name.
35. Who played the part of the daughter in "Stella Dallas"?
36. Name a serial in which Alene Ray and Walter Miller played together—a South Sea Island story.
37. What country does Vilma Banky come from and what country does Ronald Colman come from?
38. What three actresses have played in screen versions of "Carmen"?
39. What actress was starred in a film version of "Peg o' My Heart" that was never released?
40. Who are Ernest Carlton Brimmer, Viola Flugrath, Kathleen Morrison, Blanche Alexander, Marion Douras and Apollonia Chalopez?
41. What relation are Constance Bennett, Alma Bennett and Belle Bennett?
42. What do the following initials stand for: F. P. L., M. G. M., P. D. C., and U. F. A.?
43. What was Douglas Fairbanks' first picture?
44. From what play by what author was "Male and Female" adapted?
45. What was Broncho Billy's real name?
46. Who played the two leading rôles in "The Count of Monte Cristo"?

An Off-Screen Tragedy

The Vamp Breaks Her Beads





Spurr

THE most piquant profile on the screen. It belongs to Dolores Costello and you will see it next in "A Million Bid." Let's hope the picture won't be another disappointment for those who hope for big things for Dolores.

Did You

Answers on
Page 124



One. Time: 1914. Place: A New York Theater. The play: "The Law of the Land." The lady: Julia Dean. Who can name the popular film star seated on the *chaise longue*?



Two. The man on the left is well known to you all. Back in 1892 he and his partner were burning 'em up in a skit called "Finnegan's Ball."



Three. The original *Messala* of the stage play, "Ben-Hur," as produced in 1899 by Klaw and Erlanger at the Broadway Theater. Hasn't changed much, has he?

Know them When?



Four. Now a Hollywood character actor. In 1909, he played Manson in "The Servant in the House" at the Belasco Theater. Herb Rawlinson was also in the cast. Look closely, please!



Five. Twenty years ago, he was Maude Adams' handsome leading man in "L'Aiglon." Do you remember him? Today he is one of our greatest screen directors.



Six. Another director with a stage background. This man once achieved the glory of being end-man with the Barnes Minstrels.



Ruth Harriet Louise

MARCELLINE DAY will take Dolores Costello's place as leading woman for John Barrymore in "The Beloved Rogue." As you can see, she is the same slender, soulful type. And that is all right with us.

That Rork Gal

By
Dorothy Spensley

There's no keeping Sam's daughter
from greasepaint

I HAVE just met a most sprightly kid. Half-woman and half-child, you want to spank her and send her off to bed at eight o'clock with a lollipop in one hand and "La Vie Parisienne" in the other. She's that much of a contradiction.

One moment she is a woman grown talking soulfully of her dead love, and the next she is a youngster wheedling luncheon money out of dad.

Gee, I'd like to be just nineteen and Ann Rork, Sam's daughter.

But let's begin at the beginning. That's always the best place to start.

"How did you happen to become an actress?"

Ann looked pensive. Ann looked sad. But the soft contour of her round face only succeeded in looking adorably young and bewilderingly pretty. Certainly sorrow had no place in that child's life.

"Well, you see," and a small sigh escaped, "I was very much in love with an engineer. And he died. I had no interest in anything. So dad said then that I might as well be a motion picture actress. It would give me something to do. And I liked it."

Dad is Sam Rork, the producer, who up to the moment of Ann's graduation from Knox College had steadfastly refused to permit his daughter to have a motion picture career. He should have known better. Keep Ann from having a career! It was born in the blood, bred in the bone. He, himself, had been in the show business since he was a little shaver. Ann's mother had been on the operatic stage.

HE thought of the long hours, the hard work, the ceaseless grind of the motion picture studios. He was determined his little girl was going to know nothing about motion pictures. Sam reckoned without Ann. The smell of the greasepaint was incense to her nostrils. Mascara and lipstick were offerings to the Great God Theater. Sam had forgotten Ann was a roadshow baby.

Ann had been cradled in the top of her mother's trunk, had nestled in the tulle and finery of fancy costumes, had been crooned to sleep by a lullaby, soon to change into the latest musical comedy hit when her mother stepped forth on the stage. Ann took to greasepaint like a gosling takes to the millpond.

"We gave her the odds and ends," said dad, chuckling in-



Papa said "No" to Ann's movie ambitions.
He should have known better!

wardly at that black-haired child's success. "Anything that was left over in the way of a part went to Ann. And she did well by them, too. You know, that kid's really an actress."

But Ann gives a different interpretation to her variety of rôles.

"They are testing me out, like a race horse, to find my gait. But I think I shall finally do light comedy rôles."

ANN'S first rôle was that of *Kitty*, an English girl, in "Old Loves for New." As *Fannia*, a young Sicilian, she and Gilbert Roland ran off with the honors in "The Blonde Saint." In "The Notorious Lady" she's a tropical miss who pops off the villain in the last reel. It was dad himself who offered her the leading ladyship of "His Son."

"I'm glad it's a dress-up rôle," said her father's daughter, tucking in a strand of hair which had reached that troublesome shoulder length. "I can order some new clothes. In my last picture I wore only two shreds of chiffon."

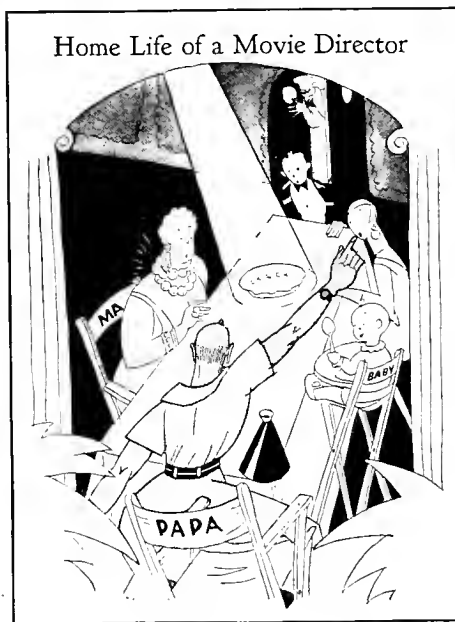
Crimson was the color Ann was wearing today. A crimson blouse and crimson lips. A skin as smooth and pale as a white camelia, and eyes as dark as her hair. Flat-heeled woven peon slippers, the kind that flap at the heel—"Five dollars at Fry's. Why pay more? But they do make my feet look big, don't you think?" A dark blue skirt, girlish in its simple pleats.

"My trainer called me at five this morning. I've been up for hours. He makes me run *blocks*. I've got to reduce. And after I run for blocks I have a Swedish massage. Do you think Swedish massage is good for reducing? Anna Q. Nilsson gave me a marvelous diet. Three meals a day, of course, but such meals! No sugar in tea, or cream either. . . ."

GAY chatter. Conversation with Ann Rork is like a pretty juggling of crystal balls. She was born to grace a governor's mansion. She would talk foreign difficulties with a diplomat. Fabrics for spring with his lady. In Hollywood she talks of production costs and budgets with producers. "I was raised on them," Ann laughs. And she chats of teas and dances with producers' offspring. She is half-woman, half-child, entirely alluring.

"Oh, let me tell you something funny!" Ann was all dimples and confidences. "I was giving a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 141]



"A re-take on that pie, please!"

From Gong to Gong



Getting their instructions for the go between *Knockout Reilly* (Richard Dix) and Jack Renault. The gentleman with white hair is Patsy Haley, known to cauliflower cultivators as the best referee of them all

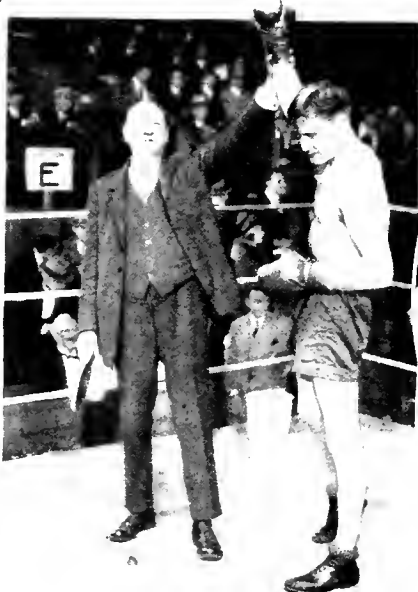


The council of war conducted by Jimmy De Forest. The subtitle is: "Nakethatbig palooka kiss the canvas!"



Dix stops a left hook from Renault and falls for the count of nine. Watch yourself, Big Boy!

"The winner!" proclaimed by Joe Humphreys. Joe is making his film debut in "Knockout Reilly." This man with the leather lungs and iron throat has played ringmaster at nearly every important fight of recent years. Yes, sir, he knows his cauliflowers



"Hello, folks, I won." The man holding the mike is Graham McNamee, of course

Safe and Seine



By Octavius
Roy Cohen

Florian Slappey makes his film debut as a comedian and thereby hangs a tale of gen-darmes and dark plots

Drawings by J. J. Gould



Florian was in a quandary. He tried persuasion. "You aint got no right to that letter, Welford. It's mine. I just let you look at it, thinkin' us was friends"

"I THOUGHT," said Florian Slappey bitterly. "that you an' me was good friends."

Welford Potts, star actor with Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., temporarily sojourning in Paris, France, replied with disturbing candor.

"You is dead wrong," he snapped. "We aint friends, nor neither we aint like to be."

They faced each other in Welford's room which overlooked the Rue Druout. From outside the murmur of Parisian traffic came to them: the geeselike notes of taxi horns, the rattle of trucks, the clanging of trams. But these two slender and

elegant young colored gentlemen paid no heed. They were intent upon personal problems as they faced each other across Welford's bed.

About of a size, there was yet a marked difference between them. Florian possessed an insouciance which was at once the envy and despair of the slender actor. Mr. Slappey was no better dressed but he wore his clothes with greater ease. Welford wanted to be the best dressed colored man on the Continent. Florian *knew* that he was!

Mr. Slappey was still disposed to be tactful. "You aint doin' me right, Brother Potts."

The Midnight Film Company Invades Paris

"You is dawg-gone tootin' I aint. Nor I don't aim to."

"I never meant fo' you to keep that letter I written. I craves to git it back."

"You better crave a diff'ent crave. 'Cause that letter is the most thing you aint gwine git. Unless—"

"Unless what?"

"—Unless you pays me one hund'ed dollars cash money. An' I don't mean no francs, neither."

"Blackmail!" withered Florian furiously.

"You also is one. Tha's my price. Either you pays me the money by tomorrow night, else I shows the letter to President Latimer."

"You aint got no right to that letter, Welford. It's mine. I just let you look at it, thinkin' us was friends—"

"Friends! Fumadiddles! Was us friends when you bet me on that haws race which you a'ready knew how it came out?"

"Sho'ly. That was just a li'l joke."

"SO is this a joke. On'y the joke is on you. I got that letter in yo' own handwritin' 'espressin' yo' pinion of President Latimer. An' b'lieve me, boy, you sho' better pay me a hund'ed dollars fo' it an' call it cheap or he reads what you think of him an' then one cullud gemmun fum Bumminham, Alubama, is gwine be walkin' the streets of Paris without no job n'r clothes."

Mr. Slaphey clenched his fists. "I got a good mind to take it out of yo' hide."

Welford sneered. "Come right ahead, Shrimp. Maybe so you can lick me, but you got to prove it. An' the minute you kisses me one time with yo' fist I yells for a gendarme an' you th'owed in jail. An' you aint even got one idea what these French jails is like."

Florian considered. He had all of his racial fear for the law and its places of incarceration. Even in Birmingham he studiously avoided contact with police. Here in France the very thought of uniformed authority terrified him—and Welford knew it. No less afraid of it than Florian, Mr. Potts understood precisely how formidable a weapon his threat was.

"An' what I said goes constant," he repeated. "I understan' that beah in Paris you gits about *trois* yeahs for salts an' batt'ry. *Compromez vous?*"

Florian knew that he was defeated. He had to have that letter—yet there was no way he could get it save by the payment of one hundred dollars blackmail money. The very thought was impossible—yet the consequences should the fatal missive ever be called to the attention of President Orifice R. Latimer were ghastly to contemplate.

Ever since the days when the company shot pictures in Marseilles—and until very recently—Florian had been distinctly *de trop* with the other members of the troupe. For months of their European jaunt, Mr. Slaphey had ridden high, wide and handsome. Eventually the worms of the company turned and blacklisted Mr. Slaphey. They made his life miserable. They inflicted numerous indignities upon him. They impressed him at all times with his own personal undesirability. Until recently. . . .

JUST before the amazing termination of Florian's unpopularity, he had indited a passionate missive to Director J. Caesar Clump expressing his frank and unflattering opinion of Midnight. Most particularly he arraigned President Latimer as an ingrate, a bloated egoist, a nickel's worth of tripe and a strutful buzzard. Being proud of this literary effort, he turned it over to Welford Potts for friendly endorsement—Florian forgetting a trifling trick he had worked on Welford recently, and considering Mr. Potts his very staunch friend.

The letter disappeared. About the same time, Florian concocted a dinner of Brunswick stew and barbecued pork which



re-won him his place in the hearts of his associates and caused all of their rancor and bitterness to disappear overnight. It was not until today that he even remembered the letter.

Florian was not slow to appraise consequences. Once let the presidential eyes of Orifice R. Latimer fall upon that document and Florian knew that he would be turned loose with startling abruptness upon a foreign and unfriendly city. He had tried Latimer's patience more than once . . . but this was certain to prove the straw to give the camel spinal curvature. Latimer's opinion of Latimer was something not casually commented upon.

Mr. Slaphey mourned down the street, unmindful of the whirl and color and beauty of the French capital. Nor, for that matter, did Mr. Potts pay any particular attention to what was transpiring outside. He locked the door through which Florian had disappeared and took from his pocket a letter written in Mr. Slaphey's handwriting. For the dozenth time—and with

to do "We're in the Gendarmie Now"



The very formal permit was exhibited to the gendarmes. They read it carefully and held a lengthy conference. Finally they were convinced and immediately their manner changed. They became in an instant profusely apologetic. They bowed and scraped and spoke sweet and honeyed words

a glee no less acute than on the initial occasion—Mr. Potts read the devastating letter.

Director J. Caesar Clump
Midnight Picture Corporation, Ink.
Paris, France.

Dear Caesar—

I am writing this to you because I think you are a fare man and not no judas like that fat floppy bowl of tripe Orifice Latimer who is president of Midnight.

I have been geting a dirty deal and it is all Latimers fault. I guess that slab-sided balloom has forgot how I saved his life when we was in Biskra, africa which if I had not done it he would be lying in the dessert rotting away for camels to eat, etc.

I do not see how a dum bell like him ever gotten to be

president of this compny except he is dam lucky. He aint got no brains nor neither sense and he looks like a comick page in a Birmingham newspaper. I am good and sick and tired of geting a raw deal from such a hunk of fatmeat and I wish you would do something about it becaus you have always ben a friend of mine and have lots of fluence.

Also the rest of this compny has got pretty rotten including such bums as Opus Randall, Exotic Hines, Forcep Swain and other, etc.

I dont think so much of Eddie Fizz either. He is awful uppity lately.

Yrs. restply.

FLORIAN SLAPPEY.

Florian Slappey did not spend a very happy evening. He dressed himself in his ultra-best, polishing off the ensemble with high hat, spats and monocle, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 142]

How to Dress Like a Star

by using Photoplay's
Famous Shopping Service

PHOTOPLAY'S Shopping Service is famous for its smart selections and remarkably low prices. Its facilities are at the disposal of every PHOTOPLAY reader whether a subscriber or not. Send check or money order together with size and color desired. STAMPS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED. No articles will be sent C. O. D. If you are not pleased with any purchase return it immediately and your money will be refunded. IMPORTANT: Articles for credit or exchange must be returned immediately and without question direct to Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, and not to the shop from which they were sent.

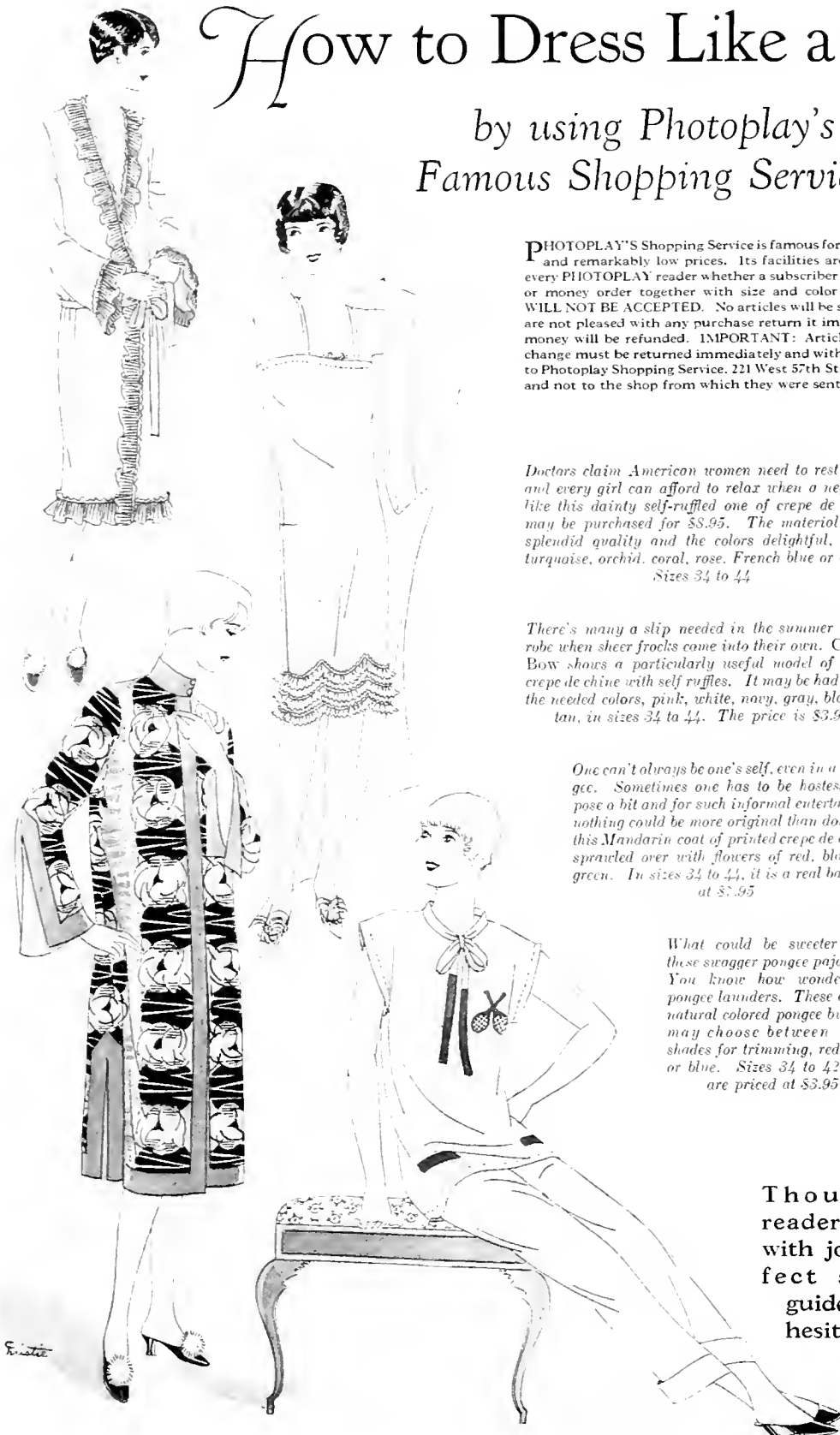
Doctors claim American women need to rest more and every girl can afford to relax when a negligee like this dainty self-ruffled one of crepe de chine may be purchased for \$8.95. The material is of splendid quality and the colors delightful, pink, turquoise, orchid, coral, rose, French blue or black. Sizes 34 to 44

There's many a slip needed in the summer wardrobe when sheer frocks come into their own. CLARA Bow shows a particularly useful model of heavy crepe de chine with self ruffles. It may be had in all the needed colors, pink, white, navy, gray, black or tan, in sizes 34 to 44. The price is \$3.95

One can't always be one's self, even in a negligee. Sometimes one has to be hostess and pose a bit and for such informal entertaining nothing could be more original than donning this Mandarin coat of printed crepe de chine, sprawled over with flowers of red, black or green. In sizes 34 to 44, it is a real bargain at \$7.95

What could be sweeter than these swagger pongee pajamas? You know how wonderfully pongee launders. These are in natural colored pongee but you may choose between three shades for trimming, red, jade or blue. Sizes 34 to 42, they are priced at \$3.95

Thousands of readers acclaim with joy this perfect shopping guide. Do not hesitate to use it.



on an Extra's Income

The hand-made voile frock, light, cool and blessed with the simplicity that gives true chic, is always found in the wardrobe of the well-dressed woman. CLARA BOW is wearing one trimmed with hand-drawn work that may be ordered in any of the spring colors, maize, copenhagen, orchid, rose, green or white. Sizes: Misses' 16-20, 34-44. \$3.95

Changes of costume! A girl simply must have them if she is going to ward off attacks of spring fever. And what could be a pleasanter cure than this practical, scrivable crepe de chine, with hand-drawn work and embroidery, in the newest shades, tan, maize, gooseberry green, queen blue, rose or white? Very worth \$10.95. Sizes: Misses' 14-20, 34-44

Service and smartness! It's a difficult combination to find but flat crepe solves it. Flat crepe literally wears and wears and wears. The model shown in tan, green, blue, flesh or white is the sort of dress every woman requires, and may be had in this case for \$15.75. Sizes: Misses' 16-20, 34-42

A gay deceiver is the little striped frock at the right for while it appears to be two-piece, it's all in one. Furthermore it's washable, of blue, green and rose-tinted silk. One of those treasures that may be worn anywhere, for lunch, dinner or the country club. \$10.95. Sizes: Misses' 14-20

The two piece frock is universally becoming, particularly for figures not so slim as desired. Fluffy GRETA NISSEN likes this dashing affair of sheer crepe ornamented with hand-drawn work. The sizes are: Misses' 16-20, 34-44, the colors gray, navy, tan, flesh or white, and the cost \$15.75





NECKING—Spanish style. One look at the picture and you know why *Carmen* tossed over *Don Jose* in favor of *Escamillo*. Dolores Del Rio is playing the trouble-maker of Seville and you can see she enjoys the rôle. The *Toreador* is Victor McLaglen, who ought to be paying for the job instead of taking a salary. R. A. Walsh who, years ago, guided Theda Bara through the dances of the same tale, is the man who directed this burning close-up.

She Doesn't Use a Lipstick

in Public

By Ivan St. Johns

IT was at the Montmartre where so many things begin—and end—in Hollywood.

Somebody said, "I want to introduce you to Joan Crawford." And I said, "Oh, no—I don't want to meet her."

But having been well brought up and seeing a horrified look upon my friend's countenance, I realized that a gentleman doesn't refuse an introduction to a lady without an adequate explanation, so I said, "Oh, yes—Joan Crawford. Sure—I'd love to meet her."

But she was dancing and my friend wandered away and forgot and I was glad.

Because I didn't want to meet her.

I had a perfectly good reason. I have always liked not knowing Joan Crawford.

She is so mysterious. Her eyes are long and strangely afloat. You look at her one moment and she is a slim, dancing girl, a prom girl, a sub-deb. And then she dances around the floor and comes back as sombre and passionate and deep as an Egyptian poem.

SHE possesses the greatest of all charms—mystery. The cloud of her dark hair, the light of her eyes that are sometimes violet and sometimes blue and sometimes gray-green, the flexibility of her long, red mouth, are all mystery.

When I was younger, I would have dashed to be introduced to such a girl. I would have rushed all over the place looking for someone, anyone, who could introduce me to her. I would have pursued an introduction over a period of weeks if necessary.

But now—well, in the thirties, one cherishes mystery, one cherishes illusion. And, whisper it, for it is not very chivalrous, one has been disappointed too often.

But I did eventually meet Joan Crawford. Hollywood is such a little place. You meet everybody eventually. Here or

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]



Joan Crawford dances more and better than any girl in Hollywood. Even when she sits perfectly still, you feel that she is longing to dance, that she is humming dance music softly under her breath . . . Man asks so little of woman nowadays. Just to be intrigued by her mystery . . . That is the secret of Joan Crawford's appeal—she is a mystery

WANTED — Forrest James!



LOST, somewhere in the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina—A MOVIE STAR! His name is Forrest James and he is a native mountaineer, fond of hunting and fishing. Movie actin' is pisen to him. James was discovered by Karl Brown and played the leading rôle in Brown's folk drama, "Stark Love." He received thirty dollars a week for being himself. When Brown went back to Carolina for re-takes, Forrest James heard he was coming and hit it for the hills. He thinks play-actin' is silly and wants none of it.

James, shown here in a scene with Helen Mundy, has put over a hit that would make the fortune of a Hollywood juvenile.

But the lad is offen the movies. A group of directors have organized a posse and are headin' for the Carolina hills to lasso him. So, Mr. James, if you voluntarily give yourself up, all will be forgiven.

Come to the studios and bring your gun. You'll be treated with respect, and given at least \$500 a week to start.

The Emancipation of VIRGINIA

By Dorothy Spensley

VIRGINIA VALLI was wearing one of those insinuating negligees. Crimson and gold and green brocade, it clung to her legs like a mermaid's scales.

Her black hair was parted in the center and looped back behind each ear.

She walked with a sliding step, geisha-girl like.



Virginia Valli shook herself free from all contracts—matrimonial as well as professional—now watch her!



See what a little make-up and a bushel of diamonds will do to a sedate gal!

If her eyes had been slanted, she might have been a beautiful Oriental lady, incarnated for the moment from the rich embroideries of a fan. But, then again, she couldn't. Her eyes are blue and Irish.

"Virginia," I said, "why don't you do things like 'Wild Oranges'? Why don't you get away from these cut-and-dried parts—these stereotyped rôles you have been doing for years?"

"I can't," then a simple, resigned, gesture, "because no one will let me."

"You did 'Wild Oranges' . . ."

"Quite by accident. They wanted a long-haired girl. I was the only one available. There is a story to that—" The soft curve of her cheek grew more round in a smile. "I was just recovering from pneumonia in Chicago and my hair had been trimmed to almost nothing, to save me from becoming completely bald. King Vidor was the director. He wired me to meet the company in Florida, saying not a word about the requirement of long hair, taking it for granted that mine was still long.

"I got there and King gave one look and groaned. Thousands of miles from Hollywood, ready to start work on a story that demanded a tangle-topped heroine and here was I looking like a Mexican hairless. There was nothing to do. I was fitted to a wig, and we started shooting."

"But," I said, "after 'Wild Oranges.' More mediocre rôles. More dignified, carefully poised, perfect heroines. Nothing that even

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]



The Pursuit of the Hirsute

A penetrating study showing what a difference just a few hairs make

By Carroll Graham

HOLLYWOOD is possibly the only spot in the world where the wearing of a beard may assume commercial rather than aesthetic proportions.

Even in Russia, where the beard is considered the symbol of the honest man, the growing of one is largely a matter of diversion for the wearer.

In Hollywood, however, it is a serious and a remunerative profession. A first class beard in any one of a score of designs, if it is really a distinctive specimen, may bring one a tidy income. One professional beard, to my knowledge, supports a family of fourteen children by renting his whiskers to pictures. He is familiarly known as "Pom Pom."

There are probably four hundred permanent beards in the motion picture industry, as well as a certain number of transient or migratory ones. The permanent beards are well-known to directors and casting offices. Indeed, they are given special listing in all studio directories and booklets.

The income to be derived from a beard varies from \$7.50 a day to several hundred dollars a week, depending largely upon the luxuriance of the beard, the architectural style in which it is trimmed, and the histrionic ability of the actor behind it.

It is not our purpose here to go into the more expensive beards, but to confine our investigations to the great middle-class, the back-bone, so to speak, of the beard-wearers.

These are the gentlemen who depend upon the income from daily work in the studios, which is brought about by their facial caparisons. Any large mob scene is enhanced by the presence of a few beards sprinkled here and there throughout the crowd. They lend dignity and austerity to the scene, and give it a note of reality as well.

In pictures with Ghetto scenes or for photoplays set in foreign lands, the beards are in great demand. It is a common belief, not peculiar to Hollywood alone, that gentlemen of foreign nations are more prone to grow beards than our own countrymen. This is a fallacious theory that has touched everyone. I have re-

ferred to the prevalence of beards in Russia in this article, and, as a matter of fact, none of the several Russians of my acquaintance wear them, nor have they shown any disposition to do so in the future.

Costume pictures and period plays provide constant employment for beards of all description as do stories with Prime Ministers, Grand Dukes, court officials and statesmen in their casts. Almost a hundred beards—all of a profound and serious mien—appeared in a scene in "He Who Gets Slapped." It was supposed to be a gathering of scientists.

The beard, indeed, is so definitely established as a part of Hollywood that directors never refer to one as "a man with a beard." When they want one for a picture they say: "Get me a beard," and describe the type of whiskers wanted. There are fine distinctions between old beards, grand duke beards, artist beards, doctors' beards, comic beards, professorial or academic beards and the other classifications.

Some of the professional beards are old-time actors who have found that whiskers add to their popularity. Some are old gentlemen who first grew their beards for adornment and later found they had market value, and some are men who have deliberately developed beards as a means of livelihood.

Do not think from this, however, that all professional beards are men of advanced age. One in particular, who possesses a beautiful brindle beard, perfectly suited for biblical characterizations, is only twenty-six years old. He is a meditative soul by nature and demands peace and solitude for his philosophical reflections. By growing a beard he found he could work a few days a week and devote the rest of his time to the development of a new system of metaphysical reasoning. The beard helps in other ways, too. It is not only apt to repel chance acquaintances who might disturb him, but it tends to put him in a ruminative mood by its very design. Despite his youth he looks not unlike Walt Whitman.

The permanent beards are prone to look at the transient beards with



Their artistic chins rebel at the idea of crepe hair whiskers getting the pay check



the feeling of contempt common to the professional in any calling who is contemplating an amateur.

A russet beard of my acquaintance stopped me on Hollywood Boulevard recently. He was in a high state of indignation over the menace of transient beards to his profession.

"Retired farmers," he told me, "come out here from Kansas and Iowa to die. They bring their beards with them, and instead of dying, they start working in pictures for amusement. This works a tremendous hardship on the permanents, who take pride in their work and have made it a life pursuit. Most of the amateurs are financially independent and they will cut prices to work just for the fun of it."

I agreed that from his standpoint the situation could be viewed with alarm, and asked what steps were being taken to safeguard his profession. He replied that he was serving on a committee to investigate the possibilities of forming a Hollywood Beard Union.

Forward-thinking and public-spirited beards, he said, are advocating a movement to make all the studios operate under a closed shop policy in regard to beards.

"Think," said he, "of the inconvenience we could cause producers if a general walkout of beards was called during a production boom. And mark my words, we'll have to do it if casting directors persist in using scab beards."

The unusually high average of beards among the men of Hollywood has brought about a variation of the game of Beaver, which is so popular in London. Beaver is played there by clubmen who sit by windows facing on the street and wait for beards to pass by. Whoever sees a new one cries: "Beaver," and is paid by his opponent whatever sum has been agreed upon at the start of the game.

However, I digress. The beard is an established Profession and one that is entitled to respect. The beards are an august, dignified body. Ne'er may they shave.

He was Born a Trouper



HERE is one of the few existing photographs of Jack Gilbert and his mother. It was taken when Jack was two years old. But even at that early age, Jack had had a lifetime of experience in the theater. His mother was Ida Adair, then a popular stock company actress, and Jack was almost born in the wings of the theater. His first cradle was the top tray of a trunk; his first nurses were stage-hands. His first toys were "props"; and his first step was taken in a dressing room.

A glamorous life? Not entirely; because the players were poorly paid in comparison with movie salaries, and theirs was a

restless, homeless life. Most of Jack's childhood was spent in this nomadic fashion.

In the bleak world back-stage, there was little chance for a normal childhood of play and companionship.

Those who remember Ida Adair in her prime say that she was a talented and magnetic woman. Certainly, in this photograph, you can see that her famous son resembles her. But, more important, Jack inherited from his mother a priceless instinct for acting. And the stern education of his early days in the theater has stood him in good stead in his career on the screen.



An Artist in Overalls

There's no dog about Herr Murnau, Germany's finest contribution to our screen personnel. The director of "The Last Laugh" and "Faust" uses mechanic's overalls as his studio smock, and won't work with a gallery. He has just finished "Sunrise" for Fox and is notable by his absence at gatherings of Hollywood celebrities. Twelve hours' work a day is his idea of a rattling good time. There is just a slight possibility that may have something to do with his reputation as one of the few, very few, great directors

Margot Asquith writes on

Woman's Instinct to make herself Attractive

The famous MARGOT, NOW COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH, has written with her own hand and in her own sparkling, inimitable style this article on a subject of universal interest to women.

“AS long as human nature exists, men and women will want to make themselves physically attractive. The intention to be at your best, to feel brilliant, responsive, triumphant, is prompted by a desire to love and be loved.

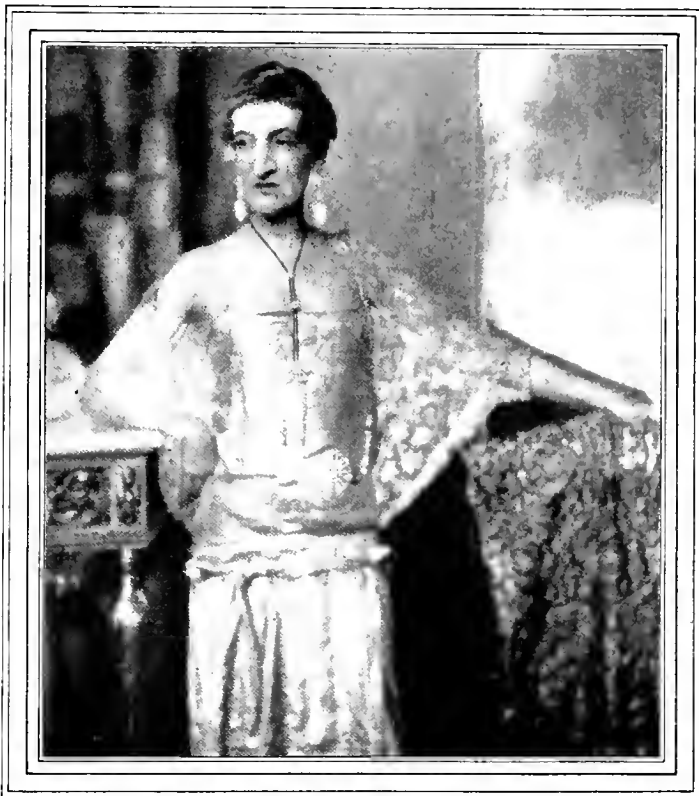
“We have all known women who have more than made up for their lack of features and general homeliness by the play of their expression, the grace of their carriage or the beauty of their complexion. And, fortunately, most of us if we take enough trouble can improve our complexions out of all recognition.

“Those of you who have hunted, mountaineered, or been as much exposed to our inhospitable climate as I have, will know it is almost impossible to prevent your face from becoming like leather, or your chest like a gong, unless you take a great deal of trouble to preserve them.

“YOU do not want to apply creams and lotions that will make your skin soft and susceptible, but something that will make it fresh and impervious.

“I have used Pond's Creams for my skin more years than I can remember; and though I have never been beautiful and I am not young, I have not got a wrinkle in my forehead. When I came in from hunting I always rubbed the Cold Cream over my face, neck and hands.

“Nothing in my life has changed so much as the estimate people place upon a



The COUNTESS of OXFORD and ASQUITH

“Margot,” daughter of the late Sir Charles Tennant, is the wife of the distinguished Statesman and former Prime Minister of Great Britain. She is one of the most vivid and interesting figures of English society, famous for her daring, her wit and her wide acquaintance with the personable of every land.

woman's age. When I came out, to suggest that a woman of thirty could upset a man's heart would have been looked upon as a paradox.

“Now you see proficiency at golf, riding, fishing, shooting, in women past the age of forty; and they have preserved not only their youth but their complexions.

“My advice is, save your skin—with Pond's—and cheat the devil that lurks in soot, dust, wind—and birthdays!”

powder. Wipe off and repeat. Finish with a dash of cold water. A little cream left on overnight keeps a dry skin supple.

Pond's Vanishing Cream, used after every day-time cleansing, gives your skin a new freshness, holds your powder smoothly and protects it from sun and wind.

Buy your own jars of Pond's Creams and as Lady Oxford suggests, “cheat the devil that lurks in soot, dust, wind.”

Free Offer Mail coupon for free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. S,
114 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

Margot Oxford

How you should use these Creams:

Apply Pond's Cold Cream generously at night and often during the day. In a few moments its fine oils bring up from the pores all dust and

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



On Lady Oxford's dressing table are unusual perfume bottles and jade green jars of Pond's Creams.

Close-Ups and Long-Shots *By James R. Quirk*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

it "The Cathedral of Motion Pictures." "Roxy," as he is known to millions of radio devotees, is to the theater what Zukor is to the films, and the story of his "Cathedral" is an amazing romance of modern business methods.

Roxy started in pictures by borrowing some undertaking parlor chairs and turning a saloon into a store screen show, and developed the art of motion picture theater presentation to the point where he brought the limousine trade to the Broadway picture house when he opened the Capitol Theater.

HERBERT LUBIN, a little fellow, who had been up and down the film rialto and in his luck for many years, financed this veritable palace on a shoestring made of vision, shrewdness and perseverance, and the reputation of Roxy as a master showman.

I saw the slight figure walking around the spacious outer corridors the opening night during the show. Inside was an audience of 6,200 people, millionaires, United States Senators, wide-eyed shop girls, the Mayor of New York, heads of all the great film companies, stockholders and newspaper writers, generals and admirals, and just ordinary folks. A tremendous opening, a triumph of showmanship.

He had a strange light in his eye and he didn't seem very steady on his pins. He is a fragile little cuss, with nerves made of spun glass, and a drink of old fashioned liquor, let alone the paternal poison we get nowadays, would kill him. I stopped him.

"Stewed, Herb?" I asked him.

"No," he said, in a thin husky voice, "I'm trying to believe this."

NORMA TALMADGE has taken her pen in hand and written her life story for the "Saturday Evening Post." It is interesting reading and I am sure that Terry Ramsaye will find the section relating to the early start of Vitagraph Company especially engrossing. Obviously Norma has been reading "A Million and One Nights," because her account of the

start of "Pop" Rock in the film business is just a boiled down version of Ramsaye's researches, originally published in PHOTOPLAY.

All the general and women's magazines have discovered the movies lately, but most of the stuff they are printing was told by the lowly fan magazines years ago. At the rate they are going they will discover Jack Gilbert any day now.

AS I write, the House of Commons is wrangling over the Government's film bill which would make British exhibitors use at least seven and a half per cent home productions in their programs.

They are quite frank in admitting that it is the trade influence of American films they fear. Even in New Zealand and Canada, they say, American films play a large part in moulding public taste.

Undergoing a reorganization, one of the great white collar concerns of Troy, New York, complains that the general use of the attached soft collars is ruining their business. Films did that, motion picture actors started wearing them because of their comfort in California, and now millions of men wear soft collars.

The young woman of today spends most of her income to increase her attractiveness. Women spend twenty billions a year on things that were luxuries a few years ago, but are now regarded as necessities.

EXTRAVAGANCE? Perhaps. But if that spending influence were removed it would bring about something akin to a national financial disaster. Motion pictures are largely responsible for this. But the totals of savings deposits continue to mount from year to year, so there is really nothing for the graybearded economists who view with alarm the spending tendencies of today to be worried about. If these twenty millions of young women ceased dolling themselves up to coax a second glance from the boys the economists would have something real to be alarmed about.



DENTISTS SAY THIS TO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

You must protect your charm from the acids which attack The Danger Line

Not only are white teeth and firm, pink gums vital to charm and beauty, but physical well-being often depends upon their soundness.

With the vital fascination of good health depending on them, it is fundamental that you must guard your teeth and gums. But how are you to know the most effective method of protecting yourself?

E. R. Squibb & Sons asked the dental profession of America to settle the problem. 50,000 dentists were requested to state briefly what constituted the greatest threat to teeth and gums, and what was the best means of combating it.

95% of the answers agree that mouth acids most frequently cause tooth decay and irritated gums.

95% of the answers state that the most treacherous decay and gum

infection occur at the place known as The Danger Line where teeth and gums meet—where a tooth-brush cannot reach.

85% state that Milk of Magnesia is the best product to neutralize these dangerous acids.

Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in the most convenient and effective form. Each time you use it, tiny particles of the Milk of

Magnesia are forced into every pit and crevice where acids can form. There these particles neutralize the acids already present, and remain for a considerable time, to neutralize any new acids that may be formed.

Squibb's Dental Cream combines all the ingredients necessary for the correct care of your teeth and gums. It is a thorough cleanser—leaves the teeth beautifully white—relieves sensitive teeth and soothes sore gums—contains no harsh grit.

Protect your health and beauty. Follow the advice of these authorities. Consult your dentist at least once every six months, and meanwhile use Squibb's Dental Cream. At all druggists—40c a tube.

E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York—Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.

© 1927

**SQUIBB'S
DENTAL
CREAM**

THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

Naturally
Lovable



“That Schoolgirl Complexion”

—gained and safeguarded, as thousands are doing,
by following this simple rule in daily skin care

MODERN beauty culture, today, starts largely with choosing a bland complexion soap.

That is the reason millions use Palmolive—a soap made solely to safeguard the skin.

In America, it is the largest selling toilet soap. In France, it is supplanting French soaps by the score!

AS more women become skilled in the ways of beauty, more and more turn to natural ways in skin care.

That means a clean skin: pores kept free of accumulations to perform their functions *naturally*.

Thus modern beauty culture starts with soap and water; its only secret being the **KIND OF SOAP** one uses—and how.

Palmolive is a beauty soap. A soap made of bland and soothing cosmetic oils, solely for one purpose; to safeguard the complexion. A soap made to be used freely, lavishly on the skin.

the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

Used in the following way, it is credited with more beautiful skins, probably, than any other beauty method. Its results you see on every side today.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging



Retail
Price

10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

He Shoots His Golf Through Glass

William A. Seiter, the director, takes his golf seriously. In order to study his own game he has arranged a platform with a glass floor. Underneath he places a cameraman with a slow motion camera. Then he tees off—and that night studies what's the matter with his shots. It's great for everyone but the cameraman



Just above is a glimpse of Director Seiter as he appears to the slow motion camera. Mr. Seiter, who, by the way, swings a mean club, is here shown lining up for a mashie shot. At the left, note the dented backstop. It protects Mr. Seiter's neighbors

News and Gossip of all The Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

Elinor Glyn." Then came, "Why did you fall off your horse and break your contract? Edward, Prince of Wales," who, needless to say, was not a guest.

Nor was Adolph Zukor, who was supposed to have wired "Congratulations." Other celebrities were not forgotten by Marion's house guests, who gaily sent "Congratulations on successful opening. Calvin Coolidge," and, "It is a good picture that comes out of cutting room with only one cut. Congratulations. George Bernard Shaw."

There were others, of course; but I quickly shoved them back in the hand-painted secretary.

EDDIE CANTOR has been having his share of bad luck of late.

Two weeks ago a trained seal bit Eddie on the ear. A few days later a pet bull terrier, working on the same set, took a piece out of one of Eddie's legs.

"You can't tell me," declared Eddie. "I know that seal told the dog."

THIS is a true story.

It was one of those mornings when the Southern California weather was unusually unusual, but despite the high fog Harold Lloyd and Edward Everett Horton were playing their regular round of golf on Lloyd's private course.

Just as Lloyd drove off the third tee a wild duck, flying low and alone as though he were

trying to get home after a hard night out with the rest of the drakes, hurried past.

Harold's ball struck the big mallard full amidships and the bird crashed into a nearby sand trap, dead.

"That's the way to kill ducks," Lloyd shouted jubilantly to Horton.

"I suppose you play golf with a shotgun," Horton replied.

A caddy threw the duck into Lloyd's car and the two comedians finished their round with Lloyd talking all the way about the wonderful duck dinner he was going to have that evening.

As they were leaving the course they encountered Lloyd's gamekeeper.

"You remember that pair of tame mallards we paid \$50 for, Mr. Lloyd?" the gamekeeper inquired.

"Yes," said Lloyd. "How are they getting along?"

"Well, they were both here last night," the gamekeeper replied, "but I can find only one of them this morning."

ALL sorts of wealth is stored up for "little Bill," big Bill Hart's five year old youngster, whose mother has just won a divorce.

When he reaches the age of twenty-one he is to receive the five thousand dollar interest each year that his mother received for his support until that time, from the \$100,000 trust fund established for the boy by his father. But when he reaches the mature age of twenty-five, "little Bill,"—who will then be "Big Bill"—can step out, for he then receives the whole one hundred thousand dollars.

MY Derby is doffed to Donald Keith. No flamboyant headlines about his marriage to Kathryn Stickuzza, a boyhood sweetheart. Just a small announcement that they were wedded. It was Donald's wish. He had enough publicity, as I recall, at the time when there was that engagement tangle with Clara Bow and Gilbert Roland.

"QUESTIONS." That's Hollywood's most popular pastime. Over at Virginia Valli's new Beverly Hills home the other night they were playing it.

"What author was known by the name of 'Boz'?" Virginia asked Julianne Johnston.

"Charles Dickens," Julianne answered, just like that.

Then Virginia decided to ad lib a bit.

"Who wrote the 'Refrain from Spitting'?"

"The City Health Commissioner." The decision was given to Julianne.

AN autobiography of the movies, covering the history of the screen for thirty years, was shown at Carnegie Hall in New York, under the auspices of the National Board of Review. The film was edited and titled by Terry Ramsaye, who has dignified the screen by giving it an orderly history—"A Million and One Nights." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]

\$15,000 in Prizes for Picture Ideas

Rules and Conditions of This Great Contest— Read Carefully

1. Every suggestion must be written in 200 words or less; and must be submitted in type-writing, on one side of a sheet of paper, and mailed in a post-paid envelope to:
Judges, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Idea Contest,
221 West 57th Street, New York City.

2. Suggestions will be read, prior to award of prizes, only by the judges of the contest and persons employed by them for that purpose. Suggestions submitted will be kept in locked steel files, prior to award, at the offices of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, where they are accessible to no other persons. No responsibility is assumed, however, for their safe-keeping or for unauthorized access to them. No suggestions will be returned at the conclusion of the contest, unless sufficient postage is forwarded. They may, at the option of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, be destroyed after award or kept on file.

3. Every suggestion must be signed with the full name of the person making the same and must be accompanied by the form or a copy of the form which appears on this page, personally signed by the contestant, together with his or her full address, in which the contestant agrees to the conditions set forth therein. These rules and the form should be read carefully by contestants before submission.

4. Everyone, whether a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or not, may enter this contest, except persons in any way connected with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, their relatives or members of their household, or anyone actively employed in the production departments of any other motion-picture company.

5. The Board of Judges shall consist of three members. The Editor of PHOTOPLAY shall be Chairman. No person connected with Famous Players-Lasky Corporation shall be a judge. The decision of the judges shall be final. The judges will be selected by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

6. The prizes to be awarded shall be as follows:

First Prize.....	\$5,000
Second Prize.....	2,000
Third and Fourth Prizes.....	1,000 each
Fifth and Sixth Prizes.....	500 each

Seventh, Eighth, Ninth
and Tenth Prizes \$250 each
Forty Prizes..... 100 each

In the case of ties for any of the prizes the fullaward will begin to each tying contestant.

7. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation will donate the prizes which PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will pay for the winning suggestions and will be entitled to full and complete rights for their use in motion-picture productions and for any and all other purposes, as well as to use the name and likeness of any successful contestant in connection therewith, at its option, without further payment. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation may use the suggestion in whole or in part, alter the same, change the title, if any, and require the execution of any papers by the successful contestant which, before payment, it deems necessary or expedient.

8. There is always danger that contestants become so convinced of the merit or originality of their own ideas or suggestions that they become suspicious when they see something approximating theirs which may be quite old, in fact, or come from another source. To avoid all questions of this sort, or of any other character whatsoever, all contestants must submit, and will be deemed to have submitted their ideas and suggestions upon the distinct agreement and understanding that no liability of any sort, save as to the prizes, may be placed upon PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; that each of the latter two is released from any and all liability for any cause or reason by each contestant.

9. Every effort will be made by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and the judges to make this contest as fair and open as possible and to conduct it in strict accordance with these Rules. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation will simply donate the prizes and will be under no obligation, either legal or moral, to do anything except to donate the same.

10. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation shall not be bound to use any of such suggestions even though they win prizes. All prize winners, however, bind themselves not to, nor to suffer or permit anyone other than Famous Players-Lasky Corporation to make any use of such suggestions in whole or in part. If they con-

tain copyrightable matter, all rights therein, including the copyright and the right to secure copyright therein, shall become the property of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

11. In case several ideas are submitted involving historical, religious and dramatic events in the world's history, and to avoid the possibility of ties, it is understood that no idea or suggestion which covers any event in a general way, for instance, a general idea or suggestion of the making of a picture based on the American Revolution, or the discovery of America, or the life of Shakespeare without specific argument or suggestion of story and treatment, will be considered.

12. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will each month conduct a department of instruction and helpful suggestions, but it is understood that none of the suggestions made therein will be considered unless they are treated in an original and meritorious manner. Ideas or suggestions taken from picture productions which have already been made will not be considered unless they conform to this general qualification. Ideas or suggestions involving great works of literature will be considered if accompanied by ideas and suggestions of treatment and reasons for their use.

13. While facility of writing and style of expression are not necessary to the winning of a prize, the clearness and specific quality of the idea will be considered.

14. Ideas or suggestions expressed in exactly the same language, or slight variations of the same language, which would seem to indicate collusion between different individuals, shall not be considered, although any one person may submit the same idea or suggestion in different treatments and with different arguments as to their merit.

15. No profane, immoral, libelous or copy-righted matter shall be submitted or suggested.

16. The contest will close at midnight, August 15th, 1927. No ideas received after that date will be considered by the judges and no responsibility in the matter of mail delays or loss will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Ideas may be sent in at any time after the 15th of March, when the April issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE appears on the newsstands.

Any person may submit any number of ideas, but each should be accompanied by this form or a typewritten copy of it

IN submitting the accompanying idea or suggestion, as a contestant for one of the cash prizes offered by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, I agree to all the terms and conditions contained in the Rules of the Contest, as published in said Magazine, which terms and conditions I acknowledge I have read, and in consideration of my suggestion being examined and considered in said contest, I hereby release said PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Photoplay Publishing Co. and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation from any and all claims or liability, present or future, by reason of any use or asserted use thereof, in whole or in part, in any form or manner, by either of them, except from payment of one of such prizes if awarded to me.
I state that this suggestion is wholly original with me.

I hereby grant to the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING Co. and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation the sole and exclusive right to use this suggestion in any form or manner without any compensation to me or my legal representatives, save for one of such prizes, if awarded, and I request that the said PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING Co. and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation act on the agreements and statements herein contained.

.....[L.S.]
Address:
.....

“A grocer’s simple advice made my son a healthy boy”

“FOR FIVE MONTHS last year my seven-year-old son was so sick I didn’t know what to do.

“Indigestion—terrible intestinal pains—frequent nausea. He suffered misery—looked so sallow and pale.

“And worst of all, nothing seemed to help.

“One day my grocer said to me, ‘Why don’t you give Fleischmann’s Yeast a trial?’ It could not possibly hurt, I thought, so I told him he could deliver two Yeast cakes every day along with the other groceries.

“That was on August 15th. Jimmy began taking them right away and in two weeks’ time he was showing an improvement. His food began to digest. Soon his stomach gave him no more pain. He has got back his white skin and rosy cheeks. Today, thanks to my grocer’s simple advice, he is a healthy, robust boy.”

Mrs. JOHN GUINEY, San Jose, Calif.



JAMES GUINEY and one of his sisters at their home in San José, Calif.

THERE is nothing mysterious about Fleischmann’s Yeast—unlike medicines, yeast is simply a living plant—a fresh, corrective food.

To keep well the digestive tract must be kept clean and active. That is exactly what yeast does. It tends to counteract intestinal putrefaction, preventing the absorption of dangerous toxins by the body. It stimulates the sluggish muscles of elimination, gradually bringing complete release from constipation.

Start today to eat your way back to health, to rid yourself of constipation and its attendant ills—indigestion, pimples and boils, and that constant feeling of weariness.

All grocers have Fleischmann’s Yeast. Buy several days’ supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 29, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.



“SOME SIX YEARS AGO I became an airplane pilot. Sitting long hours in my plane, irregular meals, the constant strain of the work—told on me. After the first year I began to be bothered with constipation. My system seemed to become more and more poisoned. This lasted for five years—in fact, until I began eating Yeast. In three weeks after I started with Yeast my system began to function regularly. After six weeks I experienced no more heartburn. Today I consider Yeast a part of my daily food.”

R. F. KNOX, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

BELOW

MME. DOROTHY JARDON, prima donna mezzo soprano of the Chicago Opera Company

“THE DARK SIDE of operatic and concert work is the constant wear and tear on one’s complexion. Long train trips, changes in food—all had their damaging effect. Loss of color and that sallow look became most alarming. I was panic stricken. At this period a relative suggested Yeast. I ate it daily and my digestion showed improvement—and naturally this was reflected in my face. My old energy returned. Now, when that sallow look threatens I use Fleischmann’s Yeast.”

DOROTHY JARDON, New York City



This Easy Natural Way to feel yourself again

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann’s Yeast regularly every day, one before each meal: just plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation

physicians say it is best to dissolve it in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous purgatives will gradually become unnecessary.



Friendly
Advice
on
Girls'



Problems

from

Carolyn Van Wyck

DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:
I'm seventeen and I've never had a beau. And I'm sure it isn't my own fault. It's my mother's fault. She absolutely refuses to let me have boy friends come to our house, and if the truth be known, she doesn't particularly like me to have girl friends. She is old-fashioned and a darling, but I am beginning to wonder if she isn't too narrow-minded. I am never permitted to go on parties and when I want to go to the movies, I must go with her, or stay home. Mrs. Van Wyck, I love her. I don't want to disobey. But I do feel as though all my life were being choked out of me. Boys, at high school, try to date me. I can never accept. I'm as pretty as most girls. I want happiness. But I fear my mother is killing it for me.

MARJORIE.

A FEW days ago I was lunching with a fellow writer who, like myself, conducts a department of advice to girls.

"I may write on any topic except one," she said. "I can't write a word about girls defying their parents. There's a sharp editorial rule which forbids that."

Coming in from that meal I found Marjorie's letter, above, on my desk. And reading it I was thankful to my broad-minded editor who lets me write as I wish.

A letter like Marjorie's—and I get so many of them—fills me with both anger and pity—for an earnest young girl—and anger for a mother who won't see beyond her nose.

I feel very indignantly on this subject of parents who won't let their children grow up.

That is all we are in the world for—to grow to be adult; to know and share the adult experiences of love and happiness. But altogether too many parents, and mothers particularly, are waging bitter battles with their daughters to keep them everlasting babies.

It is wrong. It is cruel. It is vicious. Such mothers might better murder their children at the age of six than keep them at sixteen tied to their apron strings and wrapped in cotton wool.

That is severe, but that is the way I feel about it.

The motivating power of life is to love and be loved. A child loves no one save himself.

You may call it love he has for the nurse who feeds him and the mother who rocks him to sleep. But that is not love. That is the affection that personal comfort creates.

To love you must be grown up—not so much in years or in stature—but in your emotions. A mother like Marjorie's doesn't love her daughter. If she did she would have the girl's boy friends at the house. She would teach her daughter sex hygiene as well as social charm. She would give her the greatest protection in the world—a fearless and educated mind—and know then that she had nothing to worry about regarding the wildness of youth.

Instead this kind of a mother wants to keep her daughter a child, a sort of toy over whom she may rule despotically and absolutely. What chance has a girl to grow up emotionally when her mother refuses her even entertaining callers? Can such a prison be called a home?

The greatest tragedies of life are those poor people who have been denied all the experiences of grown-up existence—love, achievement, birth, the death of someone held dear. It is the sorrows we have never known which break our hearts the hardest. It is the sins we

have never committed that dog our consciences.

Among my friends there is a woman, who, as a young girl, had a beautiful singing voice. Everyone who ever heard her voice exclaimed over the loveliness of it. A great future, that I feel sure would have been realized, was predicted for her. Then her mother stepped in. She couldn't—she just couldn't—let her darling child go away from home to study. She couldn't—really she couldn't—let her darling sing in the church choir and be out in the evenings doing you never know what. So, pretty soon, the girl forgot her ambition and began looking about for love.

He was a nice enough young man she first loved. I doubt that he would ever have burned up any rivers or left any particular tracks on the sands of time—but he was honest, trustworthy, and adoring. Mamma came in again. He wasn't worthy of her child. He was uncouth. He was everything that was wrong so the daughter gave him up. That was when she was twenty. She sought love many times after that with increasingly less worthy objects, and each time mother forestalled it. She had heard attacks, had acquired a mysterious weakness—such ruses as that. And though, because she loved her, sacrificed herself.

She is forty today. Her figure is fat and soiden. All the love of her nature she now takes out on food and cats. She herself has all the clinging affection of a sick Pomeranian. Fortunately her mother left her a little income when she died, for the daughter is completely unable to make a living. The days go by her while she sits and eats and reads confession stories—in which to create the life she never had, a tragic figure of maternal selfishness.

Mother love can be the finest, most generous in the world. It usually is. That is what makes selfish mothers so startling. When a mother who has helped her daughter all the way, who has made home a place for the school going to gather, who has fixed party dresses and "blind dates," when such a mother advises her daughter against going with certain friends, I feel the girl should stop and respectfully ask "why." But I equally do feel the girl should be answered. No "mother knows best" or "just because mother asks you" should be considered a reply. It isn't. It's treating a girl like a baby. She has the right to know everything. Saturating a girl with fear and punishing her for natural curi-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]

The Strict Mother Is This Month's Problem

Mothers who love their daughters most tenderly sometimes find it impossible to admit their girls have grown up and desire lives of their own. An obedient girl with such a mother is in a difficult position. Here I'm giving my views on the subject.

What about your complexion and your weight? Both are important to your happiness. I've free instructions on skin care, and a reducing booklet for ten cents. And I'm still answering letters direct if you send a stamped, addressed envelope.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK



Now... 2 PACKER Shampoos....

AN OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO

for ash blondes and golden blondes . . . for radiant, red-haired girls . . . for those with soft brown or ebon locks . . . alive, sparkly, fluffy hair in half the time.

TWO Packer Shampoos now? Yes . . . And one is brand new. It's a golden liquid, called Packer's Shampoo with Olive and Coconut Oils. The other, of course, is Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo.

Since both are liquids—both are quick. A Packer shampoo, in fact, is about twice as quick as the old way which women once considered the only safe way; the old way which meant cutting up a good, pure soap and melting it down to a jelly.

Now it's just a half-minute by the clock from the moment you apply Packer's until you pile up a

A PINE TAR SHAMPOO

snow-drift of rich lather. Packer's Shampoos rinse out in a twinkling too—leaving no undissolved soap behind to dim your hair's life and lustre.

Most important of all—you can be sure that these shampoos are *good for your hair*. As makers of Packer's Tar Soap for more than 50 years, we have studied intimately the needs of the hair. All our products have been created in consultation with *doctors* who are scalp specialists. We believe we know more about the care of the hair than anyone making hair preparations.

So you know you can with benefit use Packer's Shampoos often enough to keep your hair immaculate always—three or four times a month. Often enough to make your hair so fluffy, so friendly a frame for your face that you are even prettier without your new spring hat—than with it!



Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo
A golden liquid—faintly perfumed. Made chiefly of olive oil, soothing glycerine, coconut oil. A caressing, snowy lather which rinses out completely. And the result? Fluffy, gleaming hair with just a hint of a delightful feminine fragrance.

Now... 2 PACKER Shampoos....

Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo
A tar shampoo—but without the tar odor. Rich, cleansing, and oh, so good for your hair. Packer-cleansing, gentle massage, daily brushing—and your hair can be what you've dreamed it could be—alive, vital—lovely because it's healthy.



Your gums need calisthenics, too!



MANY of us find time for regular exercise to keep our bodies in trim. And even when the "daily dozen" is omitted, our muscular tissues in the course of a busy day get some work and stimulation to keep them healthy. But our gum tissues get none.

They are robbed of exercise by our modern diet. For these soft, delicious catables we prize so highly have lost their invigorating properties. They are stripped of their roughage. They fail to keep the blood within the gum walls in lively circulation.

That is why gums soften and become prey to disease. "Pink tooth brush" is only a fore-runner of more stubborn troubles.

How Ipana and massage offset the harm that soft food brings

Very logically, the dentists turn to massage of the gums as the remedy. And, further, thousands of them direct that the massage be performed with Ipana Tooth Paste after the regular cleaning with Ipana.

For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic well-known to the profession. Its special properties enable Ipana to aid in the toning and strengthening of the weak, undernourished tissues.

Switch to Ipana for one month

You'll find Ipana's flavor a delicious surprise. And Ipana will keep your teeth white and brilliant. The ten-day trial tube will readily prove these things. But the better plan is to get a full-size tube at the drug store. Use it faithfully for a whole month, and see how your gums respond to good care!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. 157
75 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

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The Emancipation of Virginia

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

suggested that half-wild creature of the Everglades. How come?"

"Contracts . . . and things."

There you have it. Contracts, yes, but mostly things. All her life there have been things to bar her from the complete fulfilment of her talents. Indifference on the part of her family when she commenced her career. Economic pressure.

Marital unhappiness. Oppression hung like wet sea-weed on her soul. But all the time there was that brave Irish philosophy that kept her from sinking into a slough of her own despond.

Virginia comes from Chicago, where there are many McSweeneys and Murphys and O'Hoolihans, also Pilsudskis, Olsens and Garibaldis. She had the good fortune to be born a McSweeney, as well as did her brother and sister. She was a McSweeney only until she decided to become a motion picture actress. Then she changed her name to Valli. That was when she was eighteen and through the course at school that taught pothooks and type-writing.

THE family was different. Her mother was sympathetic, but housework and a family drains time. Virginia was playing small bits and parts at the old Essanay Studio on Argyle Street.

There was no scurrying home to tell what she had done at the studio that day. Sometimes there was a question from one of the family. "What are you doing now?"

"Working in pictures." It might have been scrubbing for all they knew.

The little Irish girl had to keep her dreams to herself. She built a sturdy wall of reserve, not to be broken down by indifference. People say Virginia is too cool, too poised, too dignified.

That she lacks warmth. It shows on the screen, they say.

She will never be a great actress until she tears the wall down.

Essanay closed. Virginia got a job as a typist in an insurance broker's office on Michigan Avenue. Typing leases. But not for long. She quit to model hats. One noon she met a man whom she had known at the studio. There was a vacancy in a stock company in Milwaukee, he told her. They wanted an ingenue. Virginia never returned to the hat modelling job.

Dollar by dollar, she saved enough money to go to New York, where she returned to her beloved picture work. It was there she married. She and her husband came to Hollywood. Virginia was not happy, but she kept on with her career.

Picture after picture she moved through, beautiful, talented, reserved.

Still that wall surrounding her, wherein her dreams were cherished.

Her work and her beauty, however, merited her a Universal contract. Under it she was the cool, calmly poised heroine of "The Lady of Quality," "The Signal Tower," "Siege." She made "Wild Oranges," the best thing she ever did, to my way of thinking. In this wild heroic rôle, Virginia forgot herself. Forgot she had a wall built around her dreams and permitted them to peep forth. Back in Hollywood from the Everglades where the picture was made, Virginia became the beautiful lady of poise and cool distinction.

It was then Virginia decided something had to be done to save her work and herself. That there must be some escape from it.

She asked Universal to release her from her contract. They did. Some of the fetters were gone.

Then happened an unheard of thing. Women of Virginia's nationality and creed do not seek divorces.

But Virginia did.

No scandal. No violent charges. Just a quiet divorce and Virginia was free.

At that moment there came an offer from a German film company to make a picture abroad. It was just what should have happened at that time and the rock of Virginia's sturdy little wall began to crumble. Two months in Europe. Weeks in Munich, where the picture was made. Evenings at the opera, at concerts.

Week-ends in Italy, shopping in Paris, a hurried trip to London. An overwhelming sense of freedom, of independence, that she had never felt before.

VIRGINIA returned to Hollywood ready to fight for the rôles she was entitled to. But battle, for once, was not necessary. Howard Hawks, a pioneering young director who delights in juggling the marionette strings by casting villains as heroes and vice versa, gave Virginia the rôle of *Gaby*, a Parisian dancer in love with a king, by way of proving his theory. It's about the only colorful rôle she has had since "Wild Oranges," and it helped to knock down all that remained of that uncompromising wall.

Then "Evening Clothes" with Adolphe Menjou. Light, sparkling, gay. So was Virginia.

They say it is Luther Reed's best effort as a director.

There are going to be some surprised producers when they see the new Virginia Valli. And I, for one, predict there will be no simple, resigned gestures as she says, "no one will let me do things like 'Wild Oranges.'" She'll be too busy with vivid rôles.

There's something heady about this freedom.

Acquiring a Taste for Olive

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

she is not distracted by temperament nor by outside interests. In a year and four months, she has made nine pictures. The only vacation she has taken was to go to the hospital for an appendicitis operation.

Five weeks after the operation, Olive was back at the studio, walking the tight-rope for "The Monkey Talks."

Olive, as you can see, is still unaware that she is a Big Star. She still believes that stunt scenes should be performed without the aid of

a double. She hasn't yet asked for gauze photography. She doesn't want to select her own stories or produce her own pictures. She still thinks that she is awfully lucky to be a star at all and doesn't believe that the public is in her debt because she condescends to make pictures for them.

And all these qualities are the signs of a star who is on the ascendant and not sinking off into a decline. In two years from now, we are going to shout, "I told you so!"

Peace-of-Mind

Under Woman's Most Trying Hygienic Handicap



Enjoy peace-of-mind under the most trying of hygienic handicaps—utter and absolute protection, plus an end forever to the embarrassing problem of disposal

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

SHEER frocks and gay gowns under difficult hygienic conditions used to present a serious problem—women thus were handicapped, both socially and in business. But today, to the modern women, they come as the merest incident.

The old-time "sanitary pad," hazardous and uncertain, has been supplanted with a protection that is absolute. Wear lightest, filmiest things, dance, motor, go about for hours without a moment's thought or fear.

KOTEX—What it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.



*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends all fear of offending.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

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

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Easy Disposal and 2 other important factors

① Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.



② True protection—5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton "pads."



③ Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex-Regular 65¢ per dozen

Kotex-Super 90¢ per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

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Fun for everyone
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Christmas checks
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of the alphabet—and
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BECAUSE even romance must face practical facts, Traub has striven earnestly for extraordinary value as for supreme fashion in Orange Blossom rings. The infinite variety of Genuine Orange Blossom styles allows the purchaser of an engagement or wedding ring—with a definite price in mind—to satisfy

personal preference in the matter of metals, shape and jewelry. Yet in all Orange Blossom rings there is but one standard of quality—the best—and the trade-mark of Traub is its identifying symbol. Genuine Orange Blossom rings priced as low as \$12 are displayed by the better jewelers everywhere.

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No. 622
Groom's ring iridio-platinum or gold





Mary Astor

Dear Mr. Shaughnessy:
The Olovnit Princess Slip is a delight and I am charmed with the opportunity to give it my name.

It is perfectly made and in such beautiful, stylish colors. You should recommend that it be worn with sport dresses or gowns on any occasion. I hope the "MARY ASTOR PRINCESS SLIP" will delight other women as it has me.

Sincerely,

Mary Astor

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FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES.



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Please have your representative show me your new spring garments.

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YOU can secure beautiful Olovnit garments and hosiery direct from our mills through our money saving plan.

Select your garments in the privacy of your home and they will be shipped from fresh, clean stock direct from our factory, assuring the very latest styles.

Mail the coupon today and our representative will 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 religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rubs be completed with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, **PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.**

JOHN R., MORRISTOWN, PA.—Call off all arguments! Esther Ralston is twenty-four; Laura La Plante is twenty-two; and Eleanor Boardman is twenty-eight.

E. McL., BOSTON, MASS.—A Richard Barthelmess Club is already in existence. For information, write to T. Sherwood, 188 N. Mountain Ave., Montclair, N. J.

THE RAYMOND KEANE FAN CLUB—Write to Loretta Morgan, 677 S. Grant St., Denver, Colo. Miss Signe Johnson of 507 S. Clarkson—same city—is the Secretary.

P. O. S., NEW YORK CITY—Ricardo Cortez was born in France. Before he went into the movies he was known as Jack Crane. Married to Alma Rubens. Let's see, now: Ricardo was born Sept. 19, 1899.

G. AND M. BROWN—It's pronounced "Mon-jew." Gilda Gray's first name is pronounced with a hard "g" and rhymes with "Hilda." Winifred Hudnut (Natacha Rambova) was Valentino's second wife. He was married twice.

JIGGS, LENNEX-VILLE, QUE.—Well, Jiggs, to tell the truth, I like the cowboys myself. Hoot Gibson is about thirty-five and is married to Helen Johnson. Ken Maynard was born July 21, 1895, and is five feet, eleven and three-quarters inches tall. Just missed being a six-footer. He weighs 180 pounds. Bob Custer was born Oct. 18, 1898. He's married.

B. W. G., BROOKLINE, MASS.—Write to Esther Ralston at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif. That's her real name. She has been in pictures since 1917.

A. C. R., CHICAGO, ILL.—I'd have to have a heart of stone not to answer your letter. Lady, you have winning ways! Ramon Novarro is not married. Alyce Mills was born in Richmond, Va., about twenty-three years ago. She is five feet, five inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Betty Bronson is a native of Trenton, N. J., and was born Nov. 17, 1906. She is five feet, three and one-half inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. Betty has brown hair and blue eyes and so has Alyce. Don't pay much attention to all those "rumors of romances of Hollywood." There is more talk than fact in most of these instances.

DAISY, NEW YORK CITY—Sorry to keep you waiting. Agnes Ayres has made some comedies for Hal Roach. She is married to S. Manuel Reacchi.

D. S., DENVER, COLO.—Neil Hamilton's next picture will be "The Joy Girl." Neil's wife is a non-professional. He has brown hair and brown eyes and he was born Sept. 9, 1899.

SHEILA D.—Don't do anything desperate! Clara Bow has red hair. However, it is not flaming red, but a brownish auburn. Ronald Colman has black hair and brown eyes. He is five feet, eleven inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. I don't think Norma Shearer intends to swim the Channel. Who told you that one? Thanks for the new nickname. I like it.

JUST JEANNETTE OF GEORGIA—George wouldn't deceive you. That's his real name. Mr. O'Brien is twenty-seven years old and five feet, eleven inches tall; he weighs 170 pounds. Address him at the Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

NICOLETTA, GREENSBURG, PA.—Listen, lady, there won't be any dancing at my wedding. In fact, there will be no wedding. If I told you my age, you'd tell the world. And then everyone would be writing me letters telling me to have my face lifted. However, Nicoletta, I shall announce your Ramon Novarro Friendship Club. All those who wish to join please write Miss Nicoletta de Pietro, 241 W. Otterman St., Greensburg, Pa.

A. S.—Dolores Costello was born in Pittsburgh, Pa.; Olive Borden, in Richmond, Va.; Lya de Putti is a native of Hungary and John Gilbert hails from Logan, Utah. Francis X. Bushman is a Virginian—Norfolk, this time. And Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colo.

MISS MATHTUCK—Ben Lyon was born Ben Lyon. He isn't married. Ben is twenty-six years old and his birthday comes on the sixth of February. Welcome back!

MRS. F. G., TRENTON, N. J.—Alice Terry's hair is reddish brown. That's a blonde wig, for photographic purposes only. She was born about twenty-eight years ago in Vincennes, Ind. Clara Kimball Young isn't making any more pictures, just at present. Lois and Richard are not engaged. At least, that's the latest bulletin. Renee Adoree's next film is "Mr. Wu."

In writing to the stars for pictures, **Photoplay** advises you all to be careful to enclose twenty-five cents. This covers the cost of the photograph and postage. The stars are all glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost of it is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted. The younger stars cannot afford to keep up with these requests unless you help them. You do your share and they'll do theirs.

LOUISE, EVANSVILLE, IND.—It's no trouble at all for me to tell you that Colleen Moore was christened Kathleen Morrison. Also that she was born Aug. 10, 1902. Also that Lawrence Gray entered pictures in 1924 and that he is going to marry Marion Coakley.

L. G., DAYTON, O.—Don't blame me. You see, I simply answer the questions that are put to me and have no choice of the subjects. And, seems to me, I answer lots of questions about the younger girls—and the younger boys' too. Now for your favorites: Carol Dempster was born in Santa Monica, Calif., Jan. 10, 1902. She was one of the Danish dancers before appearing in pictures. Carol is five feet, five inches tall and weighs 114 pounds. She has chestnut hair and brown eyes. Not married.

A JACK MULLHALL FAN, SECAUCUS, N. Y.—Address him at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Blue eyes and dark brown hair. Born Oct. 7, 1901.

DIANA DIETZ, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Norma was born May 2, 1897. Constance, April 19, 1900. Diana is one of my favorite names.

L. I. R., McCOMB, MISS.—Sure, Mae Murray is a real blonde. Mae says she was born May 10, 1903, at Portsmouth, Va. Five feet, three inches tall. Drop in again.

J. B. C., DAVENPORT, IOWA—I'll say that Roy D'Arcy ought to be flattered to have a whole letter devoted exclusively to him. Roy has brown hair and blue eyes and he was born in San Francisco. He is five feet, ten inches tall. Write to him at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. Send the quarter either in stamps or one of those little coin mailing cards.

CAROLYN—You are not the only one. Bill Haines is so popular that, hereafter, he is to be starred. Bill was born in Staunton, Va., Jan. 1, 1900. He is six feet tall and weighs 172 pounds. Not married. Bill was selected back in 1922 as a contest winner and trained especially for pictures. He has certainly justified the faith of those who picked him.

DOROTHY B., PORTLAND, ORE.—Hey, Buster Collier! Here is a girl who says she sent you a quarter for a picture and has never heard a word from you. Buster was born Feb. 12, 1902, and is five feet, ten inches tall. Black hair and soulful brown eyes.

D. A., AMBLER, PENN.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is the son of Doug's first wife, the former Beth Sully.

I. C. L., WORCESTER, MASS.—Farina is a boy. Mae Murray gives her birth date as May 10, 1893.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]

Perfect Behavior in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

to me to be some sort of an Egyptian story."
"No, sir," suggests a rather trembling script clerk. "It's about the life of Christ."

"Who?" asks the Director.

"Christ," replies the clerk.

"Jesus Christ?" asks the Director.

"Yes, sir," replies the clerk.

The Director glances around at the people standing on and off the set.

"What are they doing it in?" he asks. "Modern Dress?"

"NO, sir," replies an assistant director. "Those are visitors—delegates to the National Ice Cream Manufacturers' Convention in Los Angeles this week."

"What's that got to do with the life of Christ?" asks the Director.

"Well," begins the assistant, "the Publicity Department—"

"They'll have to get off the set," orders the Director. "This is a religious picture—a very deeply religious picture."

"Yes, sir," replies the assistant.

The Director retires to his office. Three quarters of an hour later the assistant comes and reports that the set is clear. The Director walks back.

"Now," he says, picking up the script and examining it again. "We'll have the three Wise Men walk their camels across the desert—very slowly—remember, this is a religious picture—"

He sits back in the chair which is marked with his name.

"Music," he says. "Religious music—"

The accordion and the violin start to play "Moonlight on the Ganges" in slow waltz time and the Director watches as the camels file across in front of the camera. When it is finished, he shakes his head.

"Wagon," he shouts, through his megaphone. "All wrong. Remember—you're *Wise Men*—"

"How would it be," suggests one of the leading actors, "if you have them *do* something wise—like, for example, somebody asks them a hard question and they answer it—"

The Director considers, and then shakes his head.

"It was just a suggestion," says the actor.

The Director raises his megaphone to his lips and the scene starts again. At its conclusion he is sunk in gloom.

"It's the camels," he says. "They don't look right."

"HERE'S an idea," suggests a "gag-man" who has been delegated to the picture. "A pretty girl goes by and the camels all look at each other and wink. That will get over the idea that they're Wise Men's camels."

The Director considers once more and once more shakes his head.

"It's too subtle," he says. "They wouldn't get it."

"It was just a suggestion," says the gag-man.

The Director sinks his head on his chest in thought.

Finally he speaks.

"Have we got any other camels?" he asks. "Camels that look more religious?"

"We can get some," replies the assistant director.

"How long will it take?" asks the Director.

"Till this afternoon—about four," is the reply.

"All right," says the Director. "We'll work tonight"—and he gets up and goes back to his office for a well earned rest before the continuation of his labors.



Face Powders are passé!

They only improve your complexion for a few fleeting moments. You must constantly resort to "touching up" to maintain the unstaple appearance they render. Moisture or perspiration destroy them utterly. Many women have found a more staple appearance of far greater beauty—the "24 hour complexion," rendered by

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

It gives to your skin a subtle, fascinating, pearly beauty that lasts. Moisture and perspiration have absolutely no effect upon it. Dance, play and enjoy any activity, fully confident that your complexion is as entrancing and seductive as when you first applied it.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream is antiseptic and astringent. Its use helps correct many blemishes and skin troubles. Made in white, flesh and rachel, also compacts.

M-297

Send 10c for Trial Size



Jord. Hopkins & Son
430 Lafayette St.
New York
N.Y.

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

osity is a relic of barbarism. Truth, in all things, makes us free. Education and right thinking make life joyous.

So, girls like Marjorie, have courage and work your way out of your problem. Be tolerant. Talk to your mothers and try to show them your viewpoint. If they refuse to see it eye to eye with you, discuss it with another older friend, a minister, doctor, or priest—but pick a wise, broad-minded one. If they argue with you and you are sure you're right, go ahead and face your life, glad-eyed and vigorous.

A LONESOME NURSE:

My dear, you are judging your looks by the standard of the flappers! Perhaps you can't be pretty, but you can be interesting and even handsome. For a change, part your hair on the side and wear it low in the back. Don't try for a fluffy style. You don't tell me whether your hair is long or bobbed, so I can't give you more detailed advice. Dark, rich reds ought to be most becoming to you; and they are very fashionable. You also can wear browns, yellow and pale pinks. I can understand your impatience with the "juniors." Why don't you select your friends from men whose interests are similar to yours and whose intelligence you respect?

ADELINE KEANE:

Well, my dear, you do seem to have done enough to remove all the blackheads in the world. Everyone of the treatments you have

been using are good ones. Since the condition doesn't clear up, it must be a combination of diet, blood condition and general health. Keep up with your facial treatments and eliminate the fats from your diet—cream; candy; pastry; fat meats; butter. Eat all the green vegetables you can—spinach, peas, string beans, carrots. Drink at least ten glasses of water daily. Bathe daily. Get exercise and fresh air. If you really do all that, you will defeat those pesky things.

D. C. H., MONTCLAIR:

Try this on your dandruff. Half an hour before shampooing, part your hair all over your head and apply olive oil to your scalp—not your hair—rubbing it in thoroughly. Then wash your hair with soap jelly made of castile soap, melted in boiling water. Rinse thoroughly and pour over your hair camomile tea, made by pouring boiling water over camomile leaves and letting it steep about ten minutes. It will cool while you are washing your hair. For both the dandruff and your skin trouble, build up your general health. Get plenty of sleep. Witch hazel is a good astringent and you should use an astringent soap like Woodbury's. Bathe daily. Drink eight to ten glasses of water daily. Eat green vegetables daily. To have a friend, be a friend. Think to yourself what you demand of friendship from others. Then act that way to others. You don't need to talk when dancing, anyway. But if you must, ask the boy about himself and let him talk.



—“sandwich, coffee, apple pie—an’ please hurry it up!”

Do you gulp lunch?

Do you “grab a bite?” So many of us eat to get it over with. And how we pay about two hours after!

There’s a little trick in thwarting indigestion. So simple you wouldn’t think it would do any good. But it works! It’s simply the eating of a few Pep-O-Mint Life Savers after meals. The peppermint in Pep-O-Mint is a proven digestion aid. Pep-O-Mint Life Savers give it to you in a pleasant and effective form.

* * * * *

Indigestion is a miserable thing. So many people suffer this way. If they only knew that simple old method our grandfathers used—peppermint.

And now it is available in a new and really convenient form—Pep-O-Mint Life Savers; the little candy mints with the hole. It sounds very simple and old-fashioned. But Pep-O-Mint Life Savers really do the trick. Try them after meals when that heavy, lopy feeling comes over you.

5c. a package everywhere.

They are “life savers”



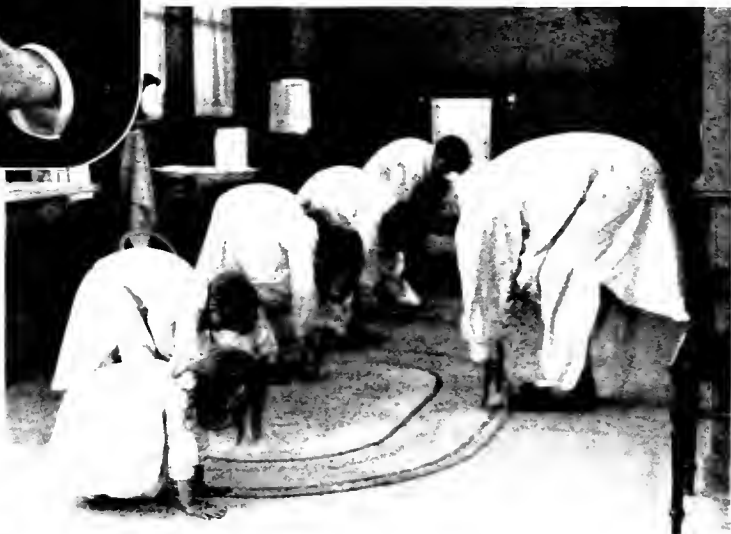
As an aid to digestion

Making Milwaukee Famous ~ Again



Introducing a citizen of Milwaukee—Emil Jannings in his first American picture—"The Way of All Flesh," a story of a German-American

Jannings selected Belle Bennett to play the role of the patient and loving *frau*. Hers is a life devoted to *kuchen*, *kirchen* and *kinder*!



Poppa and the *kinder* keep up the old customs of the Vaterland. Vas you efer in Cincinnati, St. Louis or Milwaukee, you'll recognize the strict realism of this little scene



Here is a picture of the life of the German immigrant, with its industry, its stern religion and its deep family sentiment



The same delicious magic you loved in costly French Soaps

From France comes the gift of a SMOOTH SKIN

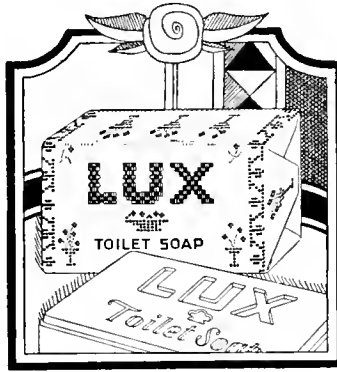
YOU longed for the luxury of fine French soap—for the satin-smooth skin that is the Parisienne's loveliness!

But imported soaps were so horribly costly! You just couldn't use them except as a treat.

So you wrote us—literally thousands of you—"Oh do make us a soap for personal use as exquisite as French soap but please, not so expensive. A soap to caress our skin, luxurious, charming."

And we made Lux Toilet Soap. Made it quite differently from the white soaps you are used to.

Made it by the very method France developed and uses for her finest toilet soaps. For centuries the whole world has looked to France for fine toilet soaps. For France knew that all her incompar-



It tends your skin the true French way

able cosmetics are of little use unless the skin itself is smooth, exquisite.

Your white fingers, pink-tipped, delighted, recognize Lux Toilet Soap in-



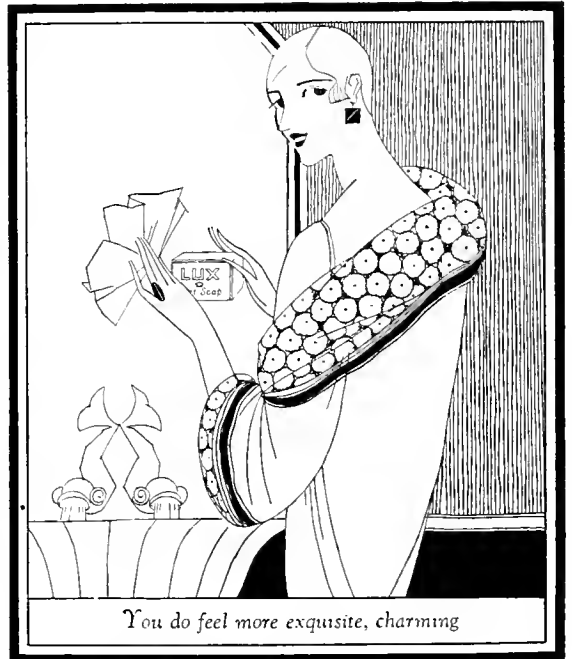
Yesterday...50¢ for a French toilet soap Today...the same luxury for...10¢

stantly as true *savon de toilette*, made the famous French way.

Firm, fine-textured, snowy, Lux Toilet Soap tends your skin the true French way. Its caressing, instant lather (even hard water can't quell it) gives you that same luxurious, cared for feeling you adored after costly imported soap. Its evasive fragrance, like the *Bois in Springtime!* You do feel more exquisite, lovelier—more gaily ready to captivate the world.

FRANCE with her passion for perfection—America with her genius for achievement make Lux Toilet Soap, the new *savon de toilette*, at just ten cents! All the family may use this delicious soap.

Firm, generous, Lux Toilet Soap is in your hands, in your deep delicious bath, proudly in your lovely bath room and you know you are not extravagant! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



LUX TOILET SOAP . . . 10¢

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Resinol Soap wins professional favor

The effect of its
Resinol properties
brings warm praise
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CRISP, immaculate, clear skinned and wholesome, trained nurses are quick to recognize real merit in a toilet requisite and to adopt its use when they find it produces comfort or other beneficial results. Resinol Soap has won their endorsement through its distinctive Resinol Properties.

They realize at once that these Resinol ingredients make the luxuriant lather soothing as well as cleansing and help to keep the skin soft and natural. They freely express their satisfaction, and in their letters are such statements as:

"Has always been my preference because it has such a soothing feeling on the skin."

"Am delighted with the wonderful lather, and appreciate its healing qualities."

"I recommend it to those who are seeking a smooth, natural complexion."

"Use it for my patients because it is so refreshing."

"As a cleansing agent, I like it very much."

Why not follow the example of these nurses and begin today to use Resinol Soap. Your druggist sells it. Of course we will be glad to send a trial size cake, free, if you will mail us the coupon below, but a full size cake gives a more satisfactory test.

If you are now annoyed by blotches or similar disorders, apply a touch of Resinol—that soothing ointment which is so widely used for various skin troubles—and see how quickly the blemishes disappear. It has been prescribed by doctors for more than thirty years.

Dept. 13-D, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me, free, a trial size package of Resinol Soap and Ointment.

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

She Doesn't Use a Lipstick in Public

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

there—at the Mayfair, or on the lot, or on Hollywood Boulevard.

I met Joan. And found out that she was born in San Antonio, Texas, and that she was playing at the Hippodrome in New York when Harry Rapf saw her and brought her out to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and that she played extras for a long time and finally fought her way up to a place as one of the most popular leading ladies on the M.-G.-M. lot.

AND as each of these facts sank into my consciousness I decided that facts are brutal things and should never be permitted or told.

But somehow, strangely enough, Joan Crawford survived meeting, she survived even facts. She was still mysterious. She is still, I am grateful for that.

Joan is one of those people whose eyes look sad when they smile, whose eyes are deep and shining, almost with tears, when they laugh. When she is dancing, and she is almost always dancing—for she dances more and better than any other girl in Hollywood,—when she is dancing you feel that she is thinking about fields of daisies in the spring sunshine, or about Keats' poetry, or about the Shanghai riots. But when she sits perfectly still and listens—she listens well, which is a characteris-

tic any woman could afford to cultivate—you feel that she is thinking about dancing, longing to dance, humming dance music softly under her breath.

Maybe all this promise is a mirage, but at least Joan Crawford is one of the few modern girls I have met who doesn't destroy it. She allows you to keep it.

She doesn't use a lipstick in public. Her voice is soft and low—pure Texan, but very sweet.

MAN asks so little of woman nowadays. Just to be allowed to find her still womanly, just to be allowed still to adore her, still be intrigued by her mystery.

If Joan Crawford is the success on the screen that M.-G.-M. insists she is going to be, it will be because she is femininity before the nineteenth amendment. Not that she is old-fashioned. No indeed. But she is more like the days of sedan chairs and trailing skirts, or masks and rosebuds and scented notes instead of telephones. Which is very odd, because she is so modern and does the Charleston so well, and wears the shortest skirts you ever beheld in your life.

But that is the secret of Joan Crawford's appeal—she is a contradiction; she is a mystery. Long may she remain unsolved.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

Oooh! Colman Fans!

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Has anyone ever caught Ronald Colman expressing love, via the face?

Because I would like to know how he looks. I admire Mr. Colman for his looks and acting ability, but in love scenes he is blah.

In one scene in "The Dark Angel" he is saying goodbye to Vilma Banky. There was Vilma, her beautiful face radiant with the light of love. And there stood Ronald about as affectionate as an Arctic fish.

After a couple of years he stepped forward (I doubt not that he was pushed) and took Miss Banky in his arms and then . . . horrors . . . he had the unromanticness (the only word) to cough!

No other actress on the screen so completely changes her personality with each succeeding picture as Vilma Banky. It is hard to believe that the frail *Kitty Vane* of "The Dark Angel" is also the red-blooded, self-reliant *Barbara Worth* of that story.

Upon seeing an emotional performance by Eleonora Duse, Sarah Bernhard said, "That woman is not acting, she is suffering." And that may be said of Vilma Banky. She does not act, she lives. A real actress and the sweetest personality on our screen today.

BEE PIERCE.

Who's Our Greatest Actress?

West Palm Beach, Fla.

"Male or female?" we ask the movie spotlight of today and instantly the answer is flashed back—"Male."

It seems unfortunate that there should be such a dearth of feminine sparklers at a time when the movie firmament is gleaming with an array of masculine luminaries. The men we have—consummate actors of force and fascinating personality—but how seldom do we find opposite them women of equal attraction and capabilities!

Almost every week or so we hear about a new actress of either domestic or foreign origin who is purported to be unsurpassed in every way. Hopefully expectant we arrive at the theater only to see Barrymore, Gilbert, Colman, Moreno, or Menjou carry off the honors.

However, there is an actress whom I believe is deserving of this high position. Her portrayals radiate unusual sincerity and enthusiasm, combined with emotional depth and versatility—an actress of extraordinary "appeal," rare beauty, and personality plus—Marguerite de la Motte.

L. B. STOKESBERRY.

Making Up the Nation's Mind

San Antonio, Texas.

I am not a reformer, a reconstructionist or a radical. And I am certainly against the narrow-minded ways of the present Board of Censors. However, it is perfectly obvious to me that the motion-picture creators, if given free rein, can do whatever they will to lead the thought of this nation.

The movies are overwhelming in their importance to the actions, moral and immoral, of the masses. They do not have to copy life. They may anticipate it and mould it to their purpose. The words of Oscar Wilde are recalled: "The imagination is essentially creative, and always seeks for a new form. The boy-burglar is simply the inevitable result of life's imitative instincts. He is Fact, occupied as Fact usually is, with trying to reproduce Fiction . . ."

Do the ones who actually create pictures (I haven't the vaguest idea who they are) feel this responsibility? There would be no responsibility if the movies were Art. Since they are not Art (for all Art is quite useless) they will be held accountable by posterity.

This same reasoning cannot be applied to drama since the world of the theater is practically limited to New York City. C. H. F.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]

COMMUNITY PLATE

To surround her forever
with the grace, beauty and
fineness which her wedding
gown captures for a fleeting
day, choose your gift from
Community Plate



Posed by Miss Marilyn Miller

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*Complete Silverware Services for the Bride
from \$35.25 upward*



ADAM DESIGN

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Buster Keaton was blown into this world in Piqua, Kansas, on October 4, 1895

Mr. & Mrs. Joe Keaton, Buster (aged five), and Harry. Papa Keaton gives an amusing account of Buster's early years as a trouper. Read it and laugh



The Cyclone Baby

By Joe Keaton

Here is the church in Piqua where Buster made his first public appearance, at the age of 24 hours — the youngest stage debut on record



THE cyclone that hit Piqua, Kan., on October 4, 1895, blew our tent away and almost wrecked the town.

We had a medicine show in those days with a "stock company," playing high class melodrama.

There were four in our troupe and on the nights we essayed to play "Kathleen Mavourneen," which called for a cast of twenty-four, the results were nothing less than astounding.

Between the acts we sold patent medicines, guaranteed to cure everything and stop anything—including cyclones.

But, after the cyclone passed all we had left was the repertoire. The tent and the medicines were gone.

That evening, when I got back to our little rooming house in Piqua, after chasing our tent all over the county, the landlady told me our troupe had been increased to five.

My wife had given birth to a son—our first baby.

I was awfully glad. I could see the time coming, when the little feller got some older, when I wouldn't have to play the bloodhound in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Those people in Piqua were awfully kind hearted. I guess they had to be to put up with cyclones and medicine shows.

Right across the street from our rooming house was a little Catholic church. The next morning the priest came to me and said:

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]



F A M O U S F E E T

MISS MAE MURRAY, *Lovely Movie Star*, believes that a corn is excess-baggage . . . with Blue-jay at every drug store . . . as easy to get as postage stamps!

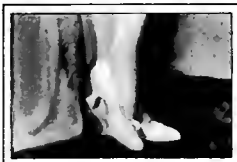
Here's a vital "foot-note" A new way to end Corns

For the feet of *Madame* and *Monsieur* . . . for working feet and dancing feet . . . for feet that are fleet and for feet that are lovely . . . for all feet . . . Here, indeed, is an interesting foot-note. Your old friend, *Blue-jay* has taken on a new burst of efficiency . . . new refinements and perfections. Always the safest and gentlest way to end a corn, *Blue-jay* in its new-style 1927 package, has acquired added finesse!

No change has been made in the *Blue-jay* formula itself. It would be folly to tamper with the magic wax which has ended over fifty million foot annoyances. But there's a *white* pad now, instead of a blue one. A creamy-white pad to blend with the pearly pinkness of the skin. A concession to the fastidious.

And there's a more flexible disc, to fit the medication perfectly even over the odd-shaped corn. To say nothing of the sprightly new package . . . a comely cardboard package instead of the old-style paper envelope.

Thus, in keeping with this progressive age, the Old Standby of your feet has moved upward and onward . . . with new efficiency and good looks. *No other way so safe and gentle!* There are many drastic ways for removing corns. But *Blue-jay* is the gentle way. The safe and convenient way. That is why, for 27 years, it has been the favored



ANN PENNINGTON says: "A corn is an evidence of personal neglect. Why should anyone keep one . . . when a dainty *Blue-jay* plaster will remove it so quickly, so urbanely and comfortably!"



GENE SARAZEN'S *Famous Golfing Feet*. "Thirty-six holes of golf a day certainly doesn't drive corns away. But *Blue-jay* does. A sensitive toe gets a lot of friction in a day on the links. But when a corn appears, I put on a *Blue-jay*."

way. A cool and velvety cushion fits over the corn. That stops shoe-friction and ends the pain. The medication is "controlled." No danger of putting on too much or too little. Each plaster contains just the right amount of the magic wax to end the corn. A single plaster, costing less than five cents, often conquers the corn. But even a deep-seated "old offender" seldom needs more than a second or third.

The new *Blue-jay* in the new and improved package now awaits you at all drug stores . . . at no increase in price.

For calluses and bunions . . . get quick relief and comfort with *Blue-jay* Bunion and Callus Plasters.

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

THE New Blue-jay



New



10¢

**Bettering
the world's best
candy bar!**

**NEW SHAPE
NEW QUALITY
EASY TO EAT**

TASTE THE *DIFFERENCE* YOURSELF!

Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Film Magnates

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

Not long after that the young man, in the course of a campaign of pressing his attentions, took Miss Kaufmann to Ringling Brothers circus. He made a great flourish of peanuts and toy balloons and cerise lemonade on that occasion. Then while the band was playing "After the Ball" he took advantage of the emotional surge of the moment and proposed, with the result that Miss Kaufmann became Mrs. Adolph Zukor. Her first present to him was a ring, in the fashion of the day, three considerable diamonds set in yellow gold and lots of it. A year ago Mrs. Zukor began a big movement to get that ring discarded in behalf of something more to modern taste. Her husband gave the proposition his most weighty consideration. The ring had been on his finger nearly twenty-nine years, with his full approval. It was not a matter to be lightly decided. There was extensive argument and much deliberation. If it had been a business matter of a few hundred thousand dollars he might have handed down a decision in three minutes. But this was a matter of sentiment, so it took three months. December 25, last, Mrs. Zukor prevailed and now the ring finger of the sceptered hand of Adolph I bears a sapphire set in platinum. Now and again he looks at it, missing the old friendly diamonds.

The old favorite ring has been put away in the family treasure vault, along with the amazing trove of the presents that Zukor has received from friends—an endless array of watches and pins and jewelled dewdads and trinkets, including nineteen match boxes in silver, gold and platinum, engraved and embossed and emblazoned. Each is in a box marked with the name of the donor, appreciated and never used. His personal taste is for efficient simplicity.

And in that matter of garb the whole Zukor doctrine that the best is the best bargain is reflected. In those earlier days when

he could afford just one suit of clothes at a time he spent a hundred dollars a suit. Usually it was blue. Today he trusts no one to do his shopping for him, somehow finding time to personally select every item of his attire—profoundly conservative as to design, but ultra in quality and texture. He has an eye and a touch for such things. They are part of the pictures that men present of themselves and he takes them in at a sweeping glance in his process of rapid appraisal of strangers. He knows cloth and men.

IN the operation of his motion picture interests Zukor's quality policy is frequently reflected, sometimes with spectacular results. Any price for what he deems is necessary to success is a fair price to him. The roster of stars and directors who have been enrolled for their days of glory by Famous Players-Lasky is an evidence. He wants the best and he often gets it.

A few years past Zukor dashed into his office after lunch, flushed up with an idea.

"I have just bought the Rialto and the Rivoli theaters for us," he announced.

"At what price?" asked Jesse Lasky.

"I don't remember right now," Zukor replied, "but we need them to represent us on Broadway."

Zukor expects a certain sequence of occasional mistakes, just as any wise player expects to lose a hand now and again. In a recent conference on tangles in the exhibition situation, one of the home office executives ventured the forecast that a contemplated experiment might cost them a million.

"A million?" said Zukor. "Then go ahead—we can sweat that out—if we have to."

Zukor has sweated out many mil- [CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]

Pictures of Proven Merit

PARAMOUNT'S 1926 HONOR

Our Exceptional Releases from January 1st. to December 31st.

Final Scoring of the Years Releases Announced March 1st.

No.	Title	Studio	In Charge of Production	Director	Writers	Star	Cast	Assistant Director	Cameraman
1	Behind the Front	West Coast	Edward G. Robinson	Edward G. Robinson	Edith Barrett	Edith Barrett	Edith Barrett	Edith Barrett	Edith Barrett
2	Way of Sin	West Coast	John G. Stimpert	Edward G. Robinson	North King, John G. Stimpert	Wallace Beery, Raymond H.addock	Wallace Beery, Raymond Haddock, John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert
3	The Grand Duchess of the Matter	West Coast	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert
4	Let's Get Married	East Coast	Jameson Blinn	Gregory La Cava	Gregory La Cava	Gregory La Cava	Gregory La Cava	Gregory La Cava	Gregory La Cava
5	The Vanishing American	West Coast	Jameson Blinn	George B. Seitz	George B. Seitz	George B. Seitz	George B. Seitz	George B. Seitz	George B. Seitz
6	MADRID	West Coast	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert
7	The Quarterback	East Coast	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert
8	The Campus Flirt	West Coast	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert
9	Indoched	West Coast	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert
10	The Blind Goddess	West Coast	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert	John G. Stimpert

Rebelle, Foster, "Dancing Madly", "Alone in the Sea".

Patricia White, "Howe Father appeared on the Honor Roll", "Patricia Honorable Mention".

Edith Barrett, "Edith Barrett", "Edith Barrett", "Edith Barrett", "Edith Barrett".

THE ANSWER TO TEMPERAMENT—BOX OFFICE FACTS. Paramount built this scoreboard to keep its stars down to earth. It's a cold record of the actual financial returns of its films. Other companies are now taking up the idea



Two lovely lustres to choose from with the convenience of liquid polish

This Rosy Brilliance in Natural Pink .. or Deep Rose

JUST the color of lovely gleaming nails you like best to have in the famous liquid polish made by Cutex!

For the conservative woman the *Natural Pink* catches the color of the nails and gives them a lovely rose petal lustre. And it lasts for days.

For the woman who likes to keep up with the very latest fashion, Cutex makes the *Deep Rose*. It gives an exotic touch of vivid color to the nails and the very high brilliance you see so much. And of course it too lasts for days.

Before a fresh manicure use Cutex Polish Remover to take off the old polish. Each is 35c, or the coupon below and 10c will bring you samples of Polish, and the Polish Remover. Northam Warren.



Mail this
Coupon
Today

Send me
10c in
stamps or coin
for samples.

(Please check
your choice)

Natural Deep Rose

NORTHAM WARREN, DEPT. QQ-5A
114 West 17th St., New York

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91]

RUTH C. TULSA, OKLA.—Lars Hanson is Swedish. He is about thirty years old and has blue eyes and blond hair. Weighs 150 pounds and is five feet, nine inches tall. Ladies, too, prefer blonds.

V. L. H. HUMBLE, TEX.—Ben Lyon and Claire Windsor work for different companies so there isn't much chance that they will appear in a picture together. However, stranger things have happened. Ben is six feet tall and has dark blue eyes and dark brown hair. He was born Feb. 6, 1901. Claire has blue eyes and she is five feet, six inches tall. Born in Cawker, Kansas, April 14, 1897.

EVA D., CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.—Gracious, Eva, do you want to work a poor old man into a nervous collapse? Wait a minute! I'll have to put a new ribbon on my typewriter before I can answer your questions. Richard Barthelmess was born May 6, 1897. That's his real name. He is five feet, seven inches tall and has brown eyes. Little Mary Hay was born Jan. 31, 1923. Dick is a native New Yorker. His next picture is "The Patent Leather Kid." Little Mary is living with her father. Her mother is entitled to have the joy of her company for six months of the year. Mary Astor was born May 3, 1906, in Quincy, Ill. Her real name is Lucille Langhanke. Not married. Renee Adoree is about twenty-six. Divorced from Tom Moore. Antonio Moreno is thirty-eight. That's his real name. He was not exiled from Spain. Where did you get that idea? He came here of his own free will.

ANNOUNCING A GLORIA SWANSON CLUB—For information, write to Miss Hortense Guzman, P. O. Box 2120, Havana, Cuba. I think your club sounds interesting, Hortense, and I think your mother is wonderful to let you have a wing of the house for your club rooms. Giving a tea-dance was a great idea and I am glad it was such a big success. Yes, Gloria plans to make New York her permanent home. Best wishes to your club and my respects to your mother, who must be a wise and charming woman.

FRISKY FRAN, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—Hollywood Hampton hasn't "disappeared." She is married to Jules Brulatour and at present, I believe, rehearsing for a musical comedy. Greta Garbo is not married to John Gilbert. Vera Reynolds is divorced. ZaSu Pitts is twenty-nine years old and Virginia Lee Corbin is seventeen. If you need any more help with your book, just apply to yours truly.

R. L., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Antonio Moreno was born in Spain thirty-eight years ago. Married to a non-professional. Ronald Colman is an Englishman. Twenty-eight years old and separated from his wife. Ricardo Cortez is of French descent. Twenty-eight years old and the husband of Alma Kubens. Milton Sills is forty, and American and married to Doris Kenyon.

MISS SUNBURN, CAPETOWN, S. A.—I always like an excuse for writing to someone in South Africa. So you see, our feelings are mutual. Your bathing beach sounds attractive—just like California or Florida. You tempt me to get on a ship headed straight for Capetown. But then who would answer all the questions? Getting down to business. Clara Bow is not married. Born Aug. 20, 1905. Corinne Griffith is twenty-six years old. Eleanor Boardman was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 10, 1898. She was on the stage before she started in pictures in 1921. Married to King Vidor. Write to me again. I mean it.

ANNE, WORCESTER, MASS.—I'm always glad to talk about Anna O. Nilsson. Anna was born in Ystad, Sweden, March 30, 1894. Beautiful blonde hair and beautiful blue eyes. She is five feet, seven inches tall and weighs 137 pounds. Address her at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

D. B., WASHINGTON, D. C.—What pretty hand-writing! But I suppose all the boys tell you that. Ben Lyon was on the stage for five years. Leatrice Joy was born in New Orleans in 1897. Divorced from Jack Gilbert. Aileen Pringle was educated in London and Paris.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 126]



Another one of those get-together pictures. D. W. Griffith visited Constance Talmadge and talks to Connie and her old friend of Biograph days, Mickey Neilan. Griffith gave Connie her first chance as the *Mountain Girl* in "Intolerance"

Always

IF A MAN GIVES A WOMAN
more than a passing glance



A canyon-like street. A stirring gale. A girl swept into the arms of a man. Wind-blown, dust-spotted, clothes awry. And then—a smile! Flashing, radiant—a revelation of gleaming teeth! Beauty triumphant!

Thus unexpectedly, women meet beauty's greatest challenge—the SMILE TEST. Could YOU pass it now?

ALWAYS—if a man gives a woman more than a passing glance, her beauty is on trial. And with Nature rests the verdict.

The art to which another woman's eye gives quick approval, he too admires—though without understanding. Yet instinctively he reserves his judgment. He seeks some sign of natural beauty, unadorned.

Thus, without realizing it perhaps, but none the less surely, he watches a woman's smile.

For there is but one attribute of beauty that no artifice can adorn or conceal: *gleaming, clean teeth.*

No beauty magic can give this loveliness. Yet it is so easy to have. Yours at the cost of but four minutes a day! Precious moments for beauty.

Get a new Dr. West's Tooth Brush. Use it faithfully each day—two minutes

in the morning, two at night. Thorough brushing—away from the gums.

Convex in shape, Dr. West's fits the natural contour of the mouth. Its sloping, tuftless end slips easily between teeth and cheek, with bristles firmly erect for proper brushing. Its widely spaced bristles not only clean the tooth surfaces, but get deep into the crevices between.

Simple care, with Dr. West's brushes, is today bringing the teeth of thousands of women to a brilliant whiteness never before thought possible. The secret is in the sturdy bristles—especially selected to *polish as they clean!*

But if you would benefit from this polishing quality, never try to wear out your Dr. West's. So long-lived is this brush that it may be serviceable months after its special polishing ability has faded. The cost is small, and the benefit great, of changing frequently enough to have new, firm, lively bristles always. Many dentists change brushes once a month. Make sure of yours by getting a new one today!

For your protection, Dr. West's is packed in a sealed glassine container, inside the usual carton.



There's a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for every member of the family. Adult's, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Special Gum Massage Brush, 75c.

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moment of the day.

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Rubber
Combs



The ACE large size 8 or 9 inch DRESSING COMB is necessary even for Bobbed Hair, to properly comb out the tangles on arising.



The ACE all fine tooth DRESSING COMB is used for dressing the hair as it imparts the natural, close fitting effect that is popular now.



The ACE POCKET COMB is carried conveniently by men and women alike for ready use at any moment during the day.



The ACE DRY SHAMPOO COMB is used at night before retiring to remove dust and dandruff from the hair. It reveals the natural lustre of the hair.



The ACE COMB CABINET is displayed at Toilet Goods Counters everywhere

Notice how perfectly Ace Combs are made and polished.

The rubber used for Ace Combs is the purest obtainable.

There is no other material comparable with hard rubber for combs.

Send for beautifully illustrated book "Lovely Hair, Its Care and Combing."

Clip Coupon, fill out, and mail

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Dept D4, 11 Mercer St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me "Lovely Hair, Its Care and Combing."

Name _____

Address _____

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

A Cheerful Loser

California.

Though it is late to write of it, your recent Cut-Picture Contest was one of the cleanest, fairest contests I ever had the pleasure to watch.

There was as fine a piece of judging as I have ever seen.

While I had entered the Contest, the awards were so outstandingly clear and aboveboard that I can't see how any loser could be disappointed.

I seldom enter contests, but I follow them all, and this is the cleanest, clearest, fairest I've seen.

Maybe some were disappointed, but they could see the reason after reading January PHOTOPLAY.

This is one contest that leaves a pleasant taste instead of bitterness.

A CALIFORNIAN.
(a loser)

Anyway, We Get the Money

Kansas City, Mo.

I fail to appreciate this dangerous "menace" of the "foreign invasion," fear of which is being so widely expressed, of late. I do not minimize the admirable technique and originality of such fine things as "The Last Laugh," but it is no secret that it was a box-office "flop" here.

We are being told that even our great American-made productions are really foreign—"Greed," "So This Is Paris," "The Woman of Paris"—all the work of foreign directors. But are these pictures to be considered superior to the heroic scope of "The Big Parade," the epic humanity of "Stella Dallas," or the unique tenderness of "The Dark Angel"?

Mr. Vidor and Mr. King are, unquestionably, not foreign.

We have many methods and ideas which can not be duplicated abroad, or our films would not dominate the European market as they do. Let the "Foreign Invasion" advance; "Made in America by Americans" should not fear the test.

JANICE M. SWARNER.

Meighan Memories

Moline, Ill.

I went to see "The Canadian," and how it took me back to my childhood in South Dakota. That threshing scene! I am a middle-aged woman, but for an hour and a half I was a twelve year old girl again helping my mother "cook for threshers." What huge quantities we cooked and how quickly everything disappeared!

The great level fields with the white clouds piled in the sky above them seemed my father's farm, and Frank Taylor's shack was almost exactly like ours. And that gate! The times without number I have held the lines over the backs of the great, fat farm horses while father opened the gate!

Once I saw my father stand at the window and watch his crops being ruined, not by snow, but burned to a crisp by a hot wind.

This picture is truly an epic of the prairie farm. I hope that some day Mr. Meighan will make as true a picture of farm life in the corn belt.

MRS. ESTELLINE CURTIS.

She's Joined United Artists

Yukon, Okla.

I have just seen "The Lady in Ermine" starring Corinne Griffith.

Corinne Griffith is beautiful, no one will gainsay that, but why must she always appear

as spineless as a jelly fish? Why can't she have some of the fire, the emotional strength, of other and less beautiful actresses?

This picture was weak, foolish and insipid. Corinne dragged herself through a thousand scenes with as much interest as the Chief Mourner at a funeral. Truthfully, I believe only the splendid work of Bushman saved the picture from being received with open scorn and disgust by most audiences.

It is time for Miss Griffith to snap out of this "dumb but beautiful stuff."

HARDIN S. RAMEY.

Who Wants a Picture?

Sutton, Surrey, England.

Are there any readers of PHOTOPLAY who admire Richard Dix who do not know of that wonderful organization, The Richard Dix Club, of 179 Arthur Street, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada? If so, I am sure they will want this opportunity of joining.

I have admired Richard Dix for many years. To me he has always meant two things—a very great actor, and someone for whom I felt a sincere admiration; Richard Dix became, in my mind, someone to be very much admired, yet someone wholly "unobtainable."

A year ago, I joined his club. Before very long, had received a letter from him. A month after the arrival of the first, I received a second. Both were personally signed.

The first I owe entirely to the President; the second to the fact that I am a member of the Club.

DIANA LISTER.

Read and Weep

Lawrence, Kan.

While nearly everyone is giving praise to Dolores Costello—raving over her beauty and her wonderful acting—let me have my say.

She is not beautiful, but to the contrary has a sad, homely face with a wornout expression on it; her features are very poor.

She cannot act. You may say, look at the success of "The Sea Beast," but Dolores had naught to do with this; John Barrymore gave the picture the little light that it had. As anyone can see, her late pictures, which have had no Barrymore to support them, have been poor. Why? First she has no screen personality, which is essential; second, her actions are mechanical, stiff and unnatural; she is simply a tool of the director; her heart and soul are not in her work.

Why, then, has she gone on to seemingly great success? Why has she risen to seemingly great popularity? Is it because of the influence of her father's fame? Is it because of the huge publicity given her? "Behind the lasting success there is worthiness."

F. M.

What Happened to Polly?

La Jolla, Calif.

This is a letter putting into words my inexpressible admiration for Pauline Starke; for her marvelous, wonderful, and under-credited acting ability; and for her ravishing beauty. The first time I had the opportunity of witnessing her acting was in "The Little Church Around the Corner," some years ago. I have never missed one of her pictures since. But, somehow she has not been recognized as great as she deserves.

I now wish to voice my protest (although it will not, I realize, do any good) against her new rôles—that of an Elinor Glyn heroine. She is simply not appealing in these rôles. I hope that will soon be discovered.

RICHARD TETLEY.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 122]

HAVE YOU *an* IDEA ~ ~ for a MOVIE? HOLLYWOOD Free!

Have you ever dreamed of meeting the screen stars face to face, of strolling about the huge studios, watching the filming of the various pictures? Would you like to lunch with your screen favorites at the MONTMARTRE in HOLLYWOOD? The SECOND ANNUAL ROMANCE-HOLLYWOOD CONTEST offers you the opportunity.

A FULL week in HOLLYWOOD with all expenses paid. Introductions to the stars. Limousines to convey you between hotel and studios. A joyful week in the land of romance. All this for an idea for a motion picture based on a human experience in which a box of ROMANCE CHOCOLATES plays a prominent part. Read the conditions and start thinking.



CONDITIONS

1. The winner will be the author of the most original, interesting, and practical synopsis or plot for a motion picture based on a human experience in which a box of ROMANCE CHOCOLATES plays a prominent part. Literary ability will not be considered, but in case of a tie, the neatness and attractiveness of the presentation will determine the winner. No manuscript shall be more than 1500 words in length.
2. The winner, and a companion of his or her choosing, will be given a trip to Hollywood, including visits to the studios during a week's stay there, with all expenses paid. In addition, the fifty most worthy plots will have careful consideration by the scenario department of one of the large distributing companies, and if any are purchased, the full purchase price will be remitted to the author.
3. The Judges will be:
Mr. JAMES R. QUIRK, Publisher of *Photoplay*.
Mr. ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, Editor of *Life*.
Mr. FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, Critic for *Liberty*.
4. There is nothing to buy in order to enter the Contest. The illustrated booklet, "How to Write for the Movies," is simply to help contestants.
5. Entries should be sent to Contest Manager, COX CONFECTIONERY COMPANY, Boston 28, Massachusetts, and must be received there before the close of business on June 1, 1927.



ROMANCE SELECTIONS at \$1.00 contains so many different kinds of chocolates that everyone's preference is easily satisfied. In addition, free of charge, the illustrated booklet, "How to Write for the Movies."



Favorites—ROMANCE SELECTIONS and Miss ANNA Q. NILSSON star of First National Pictures

ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

OUTWITTING TIME

*How women of today
keep young-looking—*

WISE in their generation are those women who, ever on the *qui vive*, gaily outwit a drab, sallow, wrinkled *tomorrow* while still enjoying their glowing, youthful *today*.



For every type of skin . . . for every distressing sign of age, Helena Rubinstein, long acknowledged the world's leading beauty specialist, has evolved a scientific regimen.

Crowsfeet, wrinkles . . . puffy, relaxed features . . . drooping contour, double chin . . . are scientifically prevented or corrected by her famous rejuvenating preparations . . . oiliness . . . enlarged pores . . . blackheads quickly disappear under her guidance.

Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—thoroughly cleanses . . . molds out "tired look" . . . keeps complexion youthful and smooth . . . the only cleansing cream that benefits oily, pimpled or acne-blemished skins . . . an excellent powder-base. (1.00)

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—the skin-clearing masterpiece—animates, bleaches mildly, purifies—creates exquisite skin texture. (1.00)

Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion—firms, tones, braces tissues—imparts alluring finish. (1.25)

Valaze Pore Paste Special—penetrative wash which carries away blackheads, corrects excess oiliness, closes pores, restores skin to normal delicacy and smoothness. (1.00)

Valaze Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream (Anthonosor)—richly nourishing and tissue-building—corrects crowsfeet, wrinkles, dry shriveled skin, rounds out hollows. (1.75)

Valaze Liquidine—instantly removes oiliness, corrects shiny nose—leaves smooth white finish. (1.50)

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STICKS intensely flattering touches of
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precise beauty needs. }

News and Gossip of all The Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

It is too bad that a film like "The March of the Movies" cannot have general release, because it was the most entertaining and instructive attraction of the month.

In particular, we liked "The Great Train Robbery," the first plot movie ever made. This picture, for all its crudity, still has a kick to it. And the home-coming of the *Little Colonel* from "The Birth of a Nation"—also included in this remarkable collection—still stands forth as the screen's greatest acting.

"THE March of the Movies" also serves to remind us that scientific subjects are sadly neglected. The wonders of microscopic motion picture photography are too little used. Personally, this fellow would rather watch the wiggling of the little microbes in a drop of water than sit through the jazz dance numbers that have taken the place of entertaining short film subjects in the big theaters.

HERE'S the inevitable Scotch story, related by Richard Dix.

"How much liquor can a Scotchman drink?"

The answer is "Any given amount."
Now you tell one.

HERE'S where I give a boost to an old friend. I knew him before he had his own wagon and a Scotch plaid blanket. Caesar's Ghost, as good a horse as ever pawed the ground with his left hoof and slowly nodded his fine white head to the question of "Do you love whiskey?"

He was that beautiful white beast that Norman Trevor rode in "Beau Geste." His name is now Flash—for no good reason—and he's out to carve a career in the rambling celluloids as gallant mount to Gary Cooper, Paramount's new Western star.

CLARENCE BROWN is upsetting that one about "a prophet is never recognized in his home base." Right from the printer's ink of a local daily he has snatched young Herbert Moulton for a part in "The Trail of '98." Herb is a pink-checked kid, just the kind of boy you'd want your daughter to marry. But there's no chance for your Sally. Herb's engaged to Janet Gaynor, that Fox starlet. They are a couple of nice youngsters.

IN addition to all our other troubles this month, Patsy Ruth Miller is severing her connection with Warner Brothers.

JOE KEATON, father of the immitable Buster, went into a haberdashery on the Boulevard the other day and after making his purchases, struck up a conversation with the clerk as to Hollywood's well-dressed men.

"Do you know who is Hollywood's best dressed man?" the clerk inquired.

"No," said Mr. Keaton. "Who is it?"

"Buster Keaton," replied the clerk, "because he dresses Natalie."
Ooch!

CORINNE GRIFFITH, Norma Shearer and some of the other girls will have to take a back seat. The reigning Queen of Love and Beauty is Billie Dove. She's knocked all the men in Hollywood for a row of speechless adoring worshippers. To go onto her set is to visit a shrine. It is flecked with devout groups of admirers. Billie is sweet. Billie is beautiful. Billie is pleasant. All that Billie has to do is

smile, blink a lash, and a delirious spell is woven.

My advice to all girls who aspire to the motion picture actresses is to cultivate the charm of the Dove.

MARION DAVIES is building one of those humble little beach shacks you've heard about. Forty-five rooms and twenty baths, that's all. She will have to keep a hotel clerk to parcel out rooms to the guests. It's a Colonial dwelling covering nine lots and cost between \$650,000 and \$700,000, if you please. And it's a fact. I suppose she feels she can turn it into a hostelry if she tires of it. Beautiful, but not dumb, that Marion.

SOMETHING new in table decorations. Leave it to Estelle Taylor to originate it. A mound of cabbages, carrots, beets, potatoes and young, succulent, tender green onions greeted her husband, Jack Dempsey, and his party of men friends at a Montmartre luncheon recently. But the joke reverted to Estelle, for Winnie Sheehan, the Fox executive, led Jack's guests in a raid on the vegetable patch and devoured every one of them.

"**WEREN'T** you terribly frightened up there in the clouds?" asked the timid lady interviewer of Harry Perry, who had charge of the amazing camera work in "Wings."
"No, not very," replied the intrepid cinematographer. And then with something of a Will Rogers grin, "But it was awfully inconvenient when you tried to talk. Couldn't get your mouth closed again because of the terrific wind."

REMINISCING is always good sport. Richard Neill and King Baggott, two old-timers in the picture business, fell to it the other night.

"Do you remember," said Neill, "down in Havana when you were Mary Pickford's leading man and one of the prop men brought a supply of cold cream from New York to sell to the actors and the Cuban chef thought it was *Americano* lard and tried to fry eggs in it?"

Baggott went him one better. "Speaking of grease, remember the sea picture you played in and the villain lost his toupee in the waves and you painted a marcel on his bald pate with varnish and axle grease?"

"You bet," replied Neill. "That was the original channel swim bathing suit."

UNCERTAINTY, thy name is Hollywood. Ask Fay Wray, she knows. Fay, who is Canadian and pretty and a von Stroheim discovery, had a taxi purring in front of the house to take her to the train and her first trip to New York for a new Lasky picture, when the studio called.

"Unpack the trunks," they brutally said. "East is moving West and the picture is to be made in Hollywood."

LOUISE BROOKS and Raymond Griffith were to go, too. They caught Louise just as she was leaving the house for the train, but Raymond Griffith had already left his club and was to meet that train at Pasadena. Much scurrying ensued, a telephone order to hold the train, and Ray was rescued from a fruitless five-day ride just as he was putting his satchels in the drawing room.

Sure. That's the picture business.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]

Voices

THE day is full of voices—meaningless, insistent. They drone upon the street, chatter at parties, hurl snatches of themselves at you from passing automobiles, rise up and down dramatically from open-air platforms, end with question marks at the office, trail after you on street cars. . . . Your ears, forever open, almost have to hear.

Yet in this same room with you are voices of utmost silence, whose every word concerns you. You control them more surely than you control telephone or radio. Open a page—they talk to you quietly. Close a page—they are through. They are the voices of the advertisements. They talk direct to you. Tell of better roofing for your home, more protective paint for its walls. Shoes your youngsters can't scuffle out easily. Salads, delicious drinks, to gratify you. Reinforced hosiery, cooler underwear, purer soaps. You believe in these voices, for they have to be sincere. Else they would not be in these pages—could not have the nation's belief. You buy the goods they proffer, for you know already what those goods will do. And wide belief has lowered their prices. They are economical—sure!

Loose products everywhere in stores are crying out, "Buy me!" But behind the voice of the advertised product is the voice of authority. The voice that tells the why, what, when, where and how of the goods you buy.



*Heed these courteous voices often. Read
the advertisements in this magazine.*

News and Gossip of all The Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106]



Wake Up!

WAKE up rested, refreshed, invigorated—every morning! You can, if you get the *proper* rest,—if you are relaxed and comfortable while you sleep. Investigate the bed springs on your beds. Are they noisy, saggy, flabby? Then, for your health's sake, throw them out and equip your beds with

WAY Sagless Springs

"No Sag In Any WAY"

They are everlastingly comfortable, buoyant, restful. To be sure to get the genuine—look for the red stripes on the frame.

Get the truth about bed springs. Write for the Way booklet.

Way Sagless Spring Co.

859 E. Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit

BURTON-DIXIE CORPORATION, N. Y.
WAY SAGLESS SPRING CO. Ltd., Toronto
PARK HILL BEDDING, Ltd., Winnipeg
Belknap Hdwe. & Mfg. Co., Inc., Louisville
Chittenden & Eastman Co., Burlington, Ia.
Roberts Bros., Los Angeles



Two types—
cable and coil



GET out the flags and hunting. Vilma Banky has made up her mind to become an American citizen. "Eet iss not lack of love for my country," Vilma cooed to me. "Eet iss appreciation of f all thees country has done for me." Can't you imagine Vilma reciting the Preamble to the Constitution, or whatever one does recite on such occasions, to the judge?

SCORE one for America against the foreign invasion. Andre von Mattoni, who was imported by Universal to *Romo* Mary Philbin's *Juliet*, has succumbed to an American miss. Elvira Kressler is the girl and they were married a short time ago.

THE *New York World* swears this happened in Hollywood.

One actor hurriedly telephoned a friend: "Come on down quick. There's a naked woman riding down Hollywood Boulevard on a horse."

"Be right down," answered his friend. "It's been years since I've seen a horse."

BREAKING ground for a theater becomes something of a ceremony in Los Angeles. Take the new United Artists Theater, for in-

stance. Mary Pickford tended the galloping steam shovel; Douglas Fairbanks was there, and Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, John Barrymore, Buster Keaton, Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky, the Duncan Sisters, the Mayor of Los Angeles, assorted senators, a couple of bankers.

The theater will cost \$3,500,000. They should have had Mr. Mellon there, too.

I TOOK a visitor on Pola Negri's set the other day. She was from the East and wore a lovely silver fox fur. Maurice Stiller was directing and some Scandinavian unknown was doing a bit.

As we arrived on the set, Stiller started to make funny motions. Knowing Pola's temperament, I thought perhaps he wanted us to leave, so I went over and tried to coax him out of it.

But I was wrong. All he wanted was my visitor's silver fox fur—for a couple of shots. In spite of ten years in Hollywood, I let him ask her.

The result was that we left the set long after the dinner hour.

He finally relinquished possession of her silver fox and it cost me three orchids for the ones that had been on the fur but were no longer fit to wear.



Five times in a few months has Eddie Sutherland been separated from his bride, Louise Brooks. Five times has business interfered with the honeymoon of Eddie and Louise. But now that Paramount has made up its mind to make pictures only in Hollywood, Eddie and Louise can look forward to a happy life together without any more sudden business separations

EDDIE SUTHERLAND is the happiest man in Hollywood. The reason? The Paramount Studios have moved West and Louise Brooks does not have to go East for her next picture.

In fact there is no reason for her to go East, so Eddie and his wife are going to be together for quite a while.

Eddie is just one of the very, very few people who are glad that the Paramount Studios have transferred all activities to the West Coast.

WHEN Richard Dix was Up

State on location, he noticed a thin, underweight little boy watching the company. Between scenes, he approached the starved looking child and said: "You want to grow up to be big and strong, don't you?"

The kid admitted that he did.

"Then you must eat more—drink a lot of milk."

"I can't drink milk," answered the farmer's child, "we ain't hardly got enough milk for the hogs."

A DASH of paprika adds spice to any scene. That's what Jackie Coogan thought when, just for the fun of it, he tossed a few smarting particles into the eyes of a fellow cadet at the Urban Military Academy where, betimes, Jackie is learning to be a first-class soldier man. Came investigation, most formal, and Jackie's acting corporalship received several dark marks.

Outside of the demerits, nothing more serious than several large tears welling in his comrade's eyes and deep contrition on the part of Jackie, resulted.

HERE'S a laugh for whippet owners. Charley Chase acquired a lean whippet that was noted for his speed and Charley set about to train him still further for the next whippet race, which, by the by, has become one of Hollywood's popular fancies.

The dog disappeared a week before the races. Strayed away, and no one knew where. Charley frantically inserted an ad in the papers and the day before the races a feminine voice phoned him that she had the dog.

Charley's fleet, slim whippet greeted him looking like a balloon tire. The kind lady had fed him "because he was half-starved and so thin," and he had gained not less than seven pounds. Charley did not enter the dog in the races.

THE vivacious Rosetta Duncan is always responsible for three-quarters of the hilarity at any Hollywood party, but the other night she outdid herself. It was at a musicale and the long-haired artist was pounding out his interpretation of the soul in conflict. There was a long—and pained—pause after he finished, then up spoke Rosetta:

"Have you heard 'The Rhapsody in Blue?'"

"I play nothing but my own compositions, madame." There was hauteur in his tones.

"Well, you want to get wise to yourself, then. How far do you think I would have got if I had only sung songs that I wrote myself?"

THE marital difficulties of Marion Nixon did not end with her divorce last fall. Joe Benjamin, the handsome young prize fighter whom she married, is determined to the point of pugnacity that she shall return to him, and Marion is just as firm in her contention that she shall not.

Several smashed windows in the Nixon home are the result of Joe's attempt at a reconciliation that was not effected.



The art of smiling charmingly is the art of caring properly for one's teeth. That is why Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities, is also universally placed by experts, these days, near the top of the list of modern beauty aids.

Cleanse Teeth of Dingy Film To Brighten Smiles Quickly

The new way to combat the film on teeth—the source of many tooth and gum disorders—which numbers of leading authorities suggest

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

WHEN teeth lack gleam and whiteness, it is usually because they are film coated.

Ordinary brushing has failed to combat film successfully. Thus thinking people, chiefly on dental advice, are adopting a new way in tooth and gum care called Pepsodent.

Now an effective film combatant

By running your tongue across your teeth, you will feel a film; a slippery sort of coating. Ordinary brushing does not remove it.

Film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. That is why, according to leading dental opinion, teeth look dingy and "off color."

Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It invites and breeds the germs of decay. And that is why it is judged so grave a danger to the teeth by authorities.

Film is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with germs, is the chief cause of pyorrhea. That is why regular film removal is urged as probably first in correct gum protection.

Most dental authorities urgently advise thorough film removal at least twice each day. That is every morning and every night.

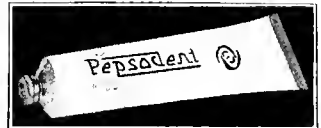
For that purpose, obtain Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice which leading dental authorities favor. Different from any other tooth paste.

Pepsodent curdles the film, then removes it; then polishes the teeth in

gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids of decay and scientifically firms the gums. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And meets, thus, in all ways, the exactments of modern dental science.

On dental advice, people are adopting this new way of tooth cleansing. Obtain Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, at drug stores. Two months' supply at a moderate price—or send coupon for 10-day tube. Use twice every day. See your dentist twice each year.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE



FREE—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 1162, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family.

Name.....

Address.....

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Canada. 2451

PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth



Dorothy Dix

Cambell Studio, N. Y.

Dorothy Dix a mother to millions ~

FORTUNATE indeed are you if you have a mother of your own—one who prays for your happiness, helps you with wise and loving counsel.

Never let her day go by without a remembrance. Picture the joy she will take in your simplest thought of her.

SUNDAY, MAY 8
IS MOTHER'S DAY

Mother's Day is dedicated to mothers—everywhere. Many people are in the habit of sending cards on this occasion to grandmothers; to the mother of wife or husband or friend; to all kindly mothers in the family group.

Surely, a lovely custom—thus to bring joy into the hearts that never lose their love for the little ones who somehow suddenly grew up to be men and women who are so apt to forget.

*Scatter Sunshine
with Greeting Cards*

A FRIEND of Eric Pommer was pointing out the difference in treatment accorded the great director in Germany and more democratic Hollywood.

A huge retinue accompanied him everywhere in Germany. He stalked into conferences to the fan-fare of trumpets. Each act was a rite. Every movement was a ceremony. It was "Herr Pommer," this and "Herr Pommer," that. But since he has been in Hollywood he has been permitted to go his own way without too much adulation.

"I see," said Roland West, who was one of the audience. "Herr Pommer over there but just plain *pomme de terre* over here."

BEBE DANIELS has had a lot of tough luck on her latest picture in which she is trying to out-Doug Douglas Fairbanks. First somebody socked her in the eye with a sword and then she tried one of those Don Q swings off of a balcony, hanging onto a piece of tapestry.

The tapestry broke, so Bebe is going around with a limp and a black patch over her eye.

They now call Bebe "Mrs. Mark of Zorro"—of course referring to the patch over the eye.

DURING her mother's absence Patsy Ruth Miller was interviewing a Chinese houseboy.

"What is your name," she asked him.

"Fu You Tsin Mei," he replied.

"It is very long. I shall call you John."

"All right, missy. What is your name, please?"

"Patsy Ruth Miller."

"Your name too long, too. I call you Charlie."

Pat showed him a sweet smile and the door.

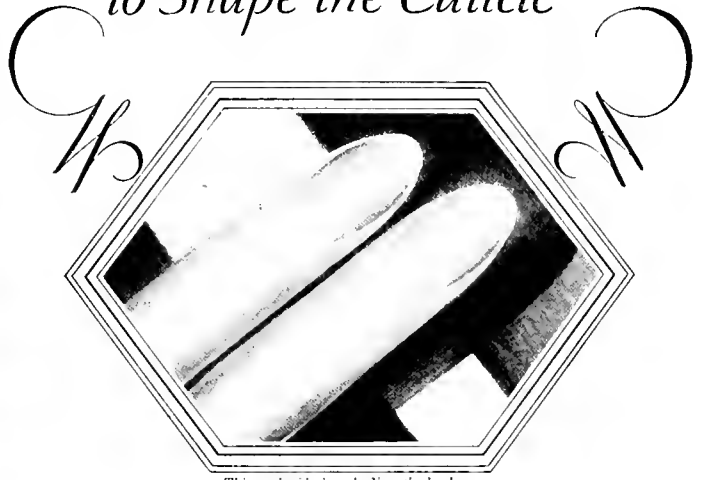


The third film to be based on the traditional warfare between a sergeant and a private—Karl Dane and George K. Arthur in a scene from "Red, White and Blue." "What Price Glory" and "Tell It to the Marines" both played on this same phase of army life. There are still other war films on the horizon. Who can remember when war stories were such a drug on the market that exhibitors advertised "Not a War Picture" in front of their theaters?



How do you like it? It is Herb Rawlinson's first and he sprouted it for his rôle of Jackie Coogan's dad in "The Bugle Call." A good hair tonic, applied externally, and tender care are all you need. But then, says Herb, you have something to sniff over

THE NEW WAY to Shape the Cuticle . .



This is the ideal nail. Note the lovely curve of the cuticle

"Remove the dead cuticle . . Supply the missing oils"

THE lovely Spanish home of the late Thomas Ince has been sold to Carl Laemmle for the neat sum of \$650,000 paid to Mrs. Ince. "Dias Doradoe," it is called, and if heaven has nothing like it, I want to stay right here. It's an adobe *hacienda*, sprawled gracefully in the center of thirty acres of palm and cactus-planted land, and might have been transported from Old Mexico.

THE Venetian atmosphere of "Three Weeks" continues to pervade Elinor Glyn's pictures. In "Ritzzy," wherein Betty Bronson is "the lady," there is a gilded boat in the shape of a gondola and a fat cupid toes the prow of the boat. The royal atmosphere is enhanced by a brace of blue plumes from which silken curtains cascade. Even the hero, Jimmy Hall, runs true to the coloring of blond beloved Paul.

IT was at a local opening of "The Temptress," and Fred Niblo who had directed the alabaster and ivory Garbo was making the usual introductory speeches. Remarking on the beauty of Greta's performance, he further said it was most difficult to direct her, for she spoke not one word of English.

"Do you?" queried Niblo, turning to the box where the Swedish lorelei sat.

"No," answered Greta, slowly, perfectly, "I do not speak one word of English."

STRONGHEART takes the hand-worked dog biscuit this month. Jane Murfin, his owner, told me about it. "Pretzel," as he is known to his intimates, has been vacationing on a valley ranch. Came a torrential storm and he was marooned, minus cbow. Miss Murfin had to send dog biscuit and meat by airplane. Now Strongheart looks to heaven for his manna.

NOW you can have nails lovelier than ever before—Northam Warren, the authority on the manicure, has added a new perfection. With Cutex already being used for removing all dead cuticle, he has now especially created two marvelous new preparations for the second step, to supply the cuticle with its missing oils.

What a difference either makes. The cuticle nourished by the oils that keep the rest of the skin soft and pliant, dried out by exposure to water and weather, becomes charmingly smooth and pink. Immediately you have the beautiful curve at the base of the nail that makes it almond shaped, giving an aristocratic length to the finger.

BUT remember your nails can't look nice if old dead cuticle is left clinging to the edges. Even the wonderful new Cream or Oil can't remove that. The thing that will remove dead cuticle is just the familiar Cutex Cuticle Remover.

Then supply the lacking oils to the cuticle with either of these wonderful new preparations.

Try this new way to shape the cuticle—first remove the dead cuticle—second supply the missing oils. Send 10c with coupon below for the miniature set containing samples for several manicures. Or the items separately are 35c. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. QQ-5, 85 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Can.



FIRST

To have lovely oval nails and half moons all dead cuticle must first be removed with Cutex Remover.



SECOND

Then massage in either of the marvelous new Cutex preparations, the Cream or Oil, to supply the missing oils.

Send 10c for the new way today

I enclose 10c for samples of Cutex Cuticle Cream, Cutex Cuticle Oil, and Cutex Cuticle Remover, together with the other essentials for the manicure.

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. QQ-5
114 West 17th St., New York





WIDE FOR SPORTS —WEAR

For those who must be correct in every detail of dress and appointment, what is more appropriate for informal and sports wear than this new wide

WRISTACRAT

The Flexible Expanding Watch Bracelet

Mannish in its generous width but undoubtedly feminine in its intricate pierced design. You'll note a big improvement, too, in the center catch—an exclusive WRISTACRAT feature. Open and off in a moment—without even adjusting the end links—and doubly safe when closed. Ask your jeweler to show you how convenient it is in a design to fit your own watch in 14k gold and 12k gold filled, white, green and yellow.



SMART!

WRISTACRAT for men is even wider and heavier than for women. Smart in appearance, comfortable to the wrist and outlasts many a leather strap.

The center catch for convenience and safety is incorporated in a wide range of WRISTACRAT designs in white, yellow and green gold.

Literature upon request

LOUIS STERN CO., Providence, R. I.

Little Journeys to Homes of Famous Film Magnates

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101]

lions, but it's the grand old average that he plays for.

There is a deeply submerged and repressed artist in Zukor, a sort of personification of the repressed emotionalism and sentiment of his people in Hungary. His basic impulse is creative, not executive. His executive position is an acceptance of necessity and inevitable developments. He wanted to make pictures, not to sell them and build a great industrial machine.

WHEN the pressure of conferences and appointments slackens Adolph Zukor drifts down the hall and into Jesse Lasky's office. He wants to talk stories, pictures. Zukor can bring a banking conference to a close in ten minutes, but a director with a new pictorial notion can get two hours to describe a scene.

The only thing that Adolph Zukor dislikes more than a column of figures is a chart. He refuses abstracted data, demanding original sources. One of his executive assistants has a lucid diagram system which shows the status of production and distribution over the whole field of the industry at a glance. Zukor will not give it the grace of a good look. He has everything that is on the chart amply pictured in his mind.

Evidences of artistic yearnings, so thwarted by business, appear all along the thread of Zukor's career. In that remote day when he was emerging from the apprentice stage of his fur shop experience he was a member of an oddly administered triangle of friendship in Chicago. Adolph and Max and Ignatz, fellow

immigrants, lived together in a West side boarding house sharing good fortune and ill. Always one of them had a job so they always ate, sometimes sparingly. When there was a surplus in the treasury of their common funds they played. It was young Adolph's notion even then that nothing was worth while but the best, so he put in operation a plan by which the amusement balance was allowed to accumulate until there was enough money to give one of them a real good time. Then, by turns, each of the three had his splash of fun, each by himself.

JUST when this plan was well in operation the billboards announced the coming of Sarah Bernhardt in one of her early farewell tours. The treasury held a total of the price for one good seat. They all wanted to go. It was impossible, but Zukor solved the problem. One admission was purchased. Max entered and saw the first act. He took a pass-out check at the intermission and gave it to Ignatz, who saw the second act. Then Ignatz gave his pass-out check to Adolph, who saw all the grand climaxes of the third and last act. He was in at the finish as usual.

There was craftsmanship in Zukor's eager fingers and he presently found a connection and the partnership of the first of his enterprises in furs. He was interested in design and fabrication. He was timid and self-effacing in the presence of customers, maybe a shade conscious of accent. He could think very clearly and boldly, but he had not the assertiveness of salesmanship. This tended to keep him in the



Doing right by the Irish. Kathleen Norris, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks hold a little conference on Mary's new story which will be written by Mrs. Norris. Is the lawn of Pickfair a pleasant place to work?

back of the shop. Meanwhile the progress, the friends, and the rewards seemed to go more to the man out front. Zukor wanted to get on and he was learning lessons in how not to get on. He worked at designs. He took patterns for scarfs and neckpieces home and studied over them at night. He invented a clasp fastener for fur garments. He did everything that could be done about furs, but that was not enough. He came to see that in a larger sense success could come only to those who work with ideas and with men.

ZUKOR ventured forth again, returning to New York and in a new association in the fur trade. Again he seemed to gravitate to the back of the shop. He wanted to get out in front, somewhere, somehow. He was making a living and saving a little. Then he loaned \$3,000 to a friend who invested it in a penny arcade in the Fourteenth street district of New York. The arcade, like those which continue today, presented phonograph renditions of song hits and peep-show motion pictures. The business tottered and the loan was in peril. Zukor went to the rescue of the enterprise and in consequence became in a small way an arcade magnate. There resulted contact with Marcus Loew, William A. Brady and others in the show world.

Zukor's arcade enterprises succeeded and led him into ambitious plans for the exploitation of that curious method of motion picture exploitation known as "Hale's Tours." The Hale's shows were tiny theaters built in simulation of a railway coach, mounted on motor-driven rockers to give an illusion of motion, while pictures taken from trains in motion were projected on a screen at the end of the imitation car. Some of Zukor's friends from the fur trade invested with him. The enterprise failed completely and the investment was lost. It was Zukor's first real defeat. He was stung with chagrin at failure and pained at the loss incurred by his friends. In years after they were repaid, for what was not a debt in a business sense, in stocks which returned them principal and profits extraordinary.

Zukor, when perplexed, walks. He walked many a weary mile, thinking it over. Out of the wreckage of the enterprise he converted the Hale's Tours shows into nickelodeon theaters, inspired by what he had seen of the Davis pioneer enterprise in film theaters with a tiny bandbox of a house at Grand Avenue and Diamond Alley in Pittsburgh. The nickelodeons fared well enough for their place and time. Presently Zukor found himself in association with Marcus Loew in Loew Theatrical Enterprises, Inc. He was made the treasurer of the organization. The position was obscure and the work was not to his liking. He was unhappy in the job. He might have plugged along and prospered if there had been harmony. There was not.

IT happens now that things are very different. Mildred Zukor, daughter of Adolph, is the wife of Arthur Loew, son of Marcus. And Loew and Zukor are grandfathers of little Jane Constance Loew and the infant Arthur Marcus Loew.

Back there in 1912 the office help at Loew's nicknamed the quiet little Zukor and cracked jokes behind his back.

Zukor then still had an interest in film exhibition through his Comedy theater, a Fourteenth street nickelodeon. When he heard of the production of a four reel drama with Sarah Bernhardt in the title role, "Queen Elizabeth," produced overseas, he was inspired again as he had been that day he discovered a ten dollar railway ticket to Chicago. Here was a beckoning opportunity to adventure into an unknown field of possibilities. Zukor plunged on the feature picture, which spelled the liberation of the screen from the one-reel minded masters of the nickelodeon era. He, and some associates, bought "Queen Elizabeth" for the United States and began his winning struggle for the reconstruction of the

Los Angeles
Chicago





Southern Pacific Lines,
Los Angeles, California.

Gentlemen:

This is a note of appreciation for the extraordinary attention and care given us on the cross-country journey aboard the Golden State Limited.

It is indeed worthy of praise and a surprising facility from every point of view.

Summer has well over "happily has, a right to be apologetic if they can afford it," but guests on the Golden State Limited car will be apologetic in spite of themselves.

Sincerely yours,
Edmund Lowe
Lilyn Tashman

"We Appreciate

—the extraordinary attention and care given us aboard Golden State Limited"

Edmund Lowe and Lilyn Tashman are enthusiastic in their endorsement of this finer, faster transcontinental flyer. They pay tribute to its surpassing appointments. "Guests on the Golden State dining car will be epicures in spite of themselves" they say.

State Limited's 63-hour schedule now saves a business day between Chicago and Los Angeles. Only two business days enroute.

You, too, may enjoy this delightful travel experience. Test this service on your next transcontinental trip. It's the direct, comfortable way across the continent. Any Southern Pacific or Rock Island agent will secure your tickets and reservations on

Travelers of distinction are unanimous in this endorsement. With accommodations and service comparable to a fine hotel or club, Golden

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FREE—The Kissproof Girl—send coupon for 12-color art print



Kissproof Lipstick is waterproof—it stays on!

Once applied, your lips are beautiful, full colored, gorgeous things—and not for an hour or two hours, but for the entire day. *Kissproof* is so different you will wonder how you were ever satisfied with the ordinary kind.

Flatters every complexion

Kissproof is such a rare blend of red and orange it will instantly make your lips vivid, brilliant, and gorgeous—yet so delicate, so subtly natural one would never know you used a lipstick at all.

Send for Kissproof Beauty Box

It contains a dainty, miniature *Kissproof Lipstick*, a beautifully decorated box of the wonderful new windproof *Kissproof Face Powder*, a generous supply of *Kissproof Rouge*, the last word in vivid, daring, yet natural color, and a whole month's supply of *Delica-Brow*, the original waterproof liquid dressing for the lashes and brows.



Send me the Kissproof Beauty Box and a 12-color Art Print of the Kiss-Proof Girl. I enclose 20 cents to cover the cost of packing and mailing. Check shade of powder.

Flesh White Brunette Ivory

Name _____

Address _____

Delica Laboratories, Inc., 3012 Clybourn Avenue, Dept. 1255, Chicago, Ill.

art and industry of the motion picture—in his hands.

What happened in the years that followed is nearly the whole of motion picture history since 1912, centered about this grim faced determined Zukor. The first of those years were filled with bitter strifes, personal and institutional. Zukor struggled against impossible odds. With his idea and purpose of making the motion picture a great product with a great audience, he first sought out all of the powers in control of the industry of those days. The chieftains of the General Film Company, the great trust, and the bosses of Mutual and Universal, the powerful independent groups, heard Zukor's story and turned him down. He was a little fellow on the outside. Why let him in? If he had had really sound judgment he probably would not have persisted. The odds were too much against him. But there was possibility ahead for vast reward if he won. He won.

BACK in 1916 Zukor was afraid that the Famous Players-Lasky-Paramount combination was going down to defeat before the tremendous onslaught of the then rising Triangle concern. Triangle had more and better players, directors, stars and stories. It had banking connections and the impetus of a fast and furious promotion by Harry E. Aitken. There was a proposal to Zukor that the Famous Players be absorbed in a merger. He came near accepting.

"They had me sitting there with it all on one ace," he recounted recently. "They offered me a million, net, for my interest. That was a lot of money, then. I knew what I could do with a million. It would have been a nice stake for the wife and children.

"But I did not know what I could do with myself."

Zukor sat still a moment, probably still thinking what he might have done.

"You see," he went on, "I couldn't exactly see myself putting that million away and then going out to run a shoe store, or something like that." Another pause—more thinking.

"So I stayed, on my one ace—and played."

Just to elucidate the hands in the motion picture game as it stood then, Aitken of Triangle was holding three jacks, Griffith, Ince and Sennett. Zukor was sitting pat with a queen, Mary Pickford, whom he correctly rated as ace-high.

Zukor's victories have been won quite as much on what he knows and estimates and guesses about men as on his ideas. Those who might have held control and power against invasions by his ambitions and ideas held all of the advantages. They lost because they did not keep on playing the game. They lost as careless winners at poker lose, by too much self-confidence and too much drawing to short pairs. Zukor always plays the game. He waits, and works while he waits.

IN the background of Zukor's strenuous career, all through the warring years, has been the refuge of home and the inspiration of family. Always he has had a home, and every day of his life when he is in range of it be sometime touches home base. If he must go from his busy office to some dinner or banquet, he goes home for at least a sandwich at the family dinner table first. And speaking of food he is utterly cosmopolitan and omnivorous. Only one item is barred. He refuses to eat chop suey.

Like many another high tension worker with great powers of concentration, Zukor is given to short recuperative naps. He can shut the door and take that nap anywhere, anytime. A quarter of an hour later he is back again apparently as fresh as from a night's sleep in the country.

At least three times in his motion picture career Zukor has gone broke, but there has always been something stowed away to insure the safety of the household. And that family has always been safeguarded from his personal



Every stain vanishes!

These stains, marks and unsightly incrustations, *how hard they used to be to scrub off!* But this task is no longer unpleasant, for Sani-Flush cleans the toilet bowl and leaves it glistening white.

Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl, follow directions on the can, then flush. Doesn't it sparkle like new?

The sparkling cleanliness of Sani-Flush reaches even the hidden trap, where you can't get with a brush. Makes it clean too. And banishes all foul odors. Harmless to plumbing connections. Keep Sani-Flush handy. *Important!*

Buy Sani-Flush in new punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store; or send 25c for full-sized can. 30c in Far West. 35c in Canada.

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio



ALL-IN-ONE Cigarette and Match Case

\$1

All-in-One holds a package of cigarettes and a box of safety matches, always handy—ready for use. No fumbling in pockets. Made of grain finish black leatherette. ALL-IN-ONE with YOUR NAME neatly STAMPED IN GOLD, will be sent prepaid, for a dollar bill or money order. Print name wanted plainly.

Patented

ALL-IN-ONE SALES COMPANY
2510 Portland Ave. Dept. 25 Minneapolis, Minn.

Skin Troubles

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Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 red stamps. We teach beauty culture. 25 years in business.

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ordeals of business. There have been times when he was grey-faced and quiet, but none of his doubts and fears crept into the discussions of the family circle. The family is ever in Zukor's mind.

Home for Zukor has been a succession of humble apartments, pretentious apartments, town houses, and now a country estate. Through the winter season he lives in New York in a hotel suite, at the Ambassador more recently. Every night in New York through the theatrical season is a first night for Zukor. He attends practically every opening on Broadway. If it chances to be a comedy every one in the theater will know he is there. He may repress his griefs and curses, but he lets the laughs go wide open.

Playtime has come into Zukor's life only recently, so he works at it like all the rest of his efforts. The country place, a matter of a thousand acres near New City on the west side of the Hudson above New York, bears the impress of his endless striving, and it will keep on bearing it indefinitely. A few years ago when he acquired these acres Zukor began to plan to do things to them. Apparently about all that pleased him with the place was its location. He set about changing everything else, streams, swamps, lakes and hills.

ADOLPH ZUKOR is the most upsetting influence which has swept over that particular landscape since the retirement of the great glacier.

The opening of the summer at hand will find the whole setting of the residences occupied by Zukor and his son remodelled. The dwellings are located in the midst of the golf course. Now Zukor has taken up golf in a serious way. He may be for bigger and better pictures on Broadway, but at New City he is after more and better golf. For the period of his novitiate he was content with a home course of twelve holes. Last winter the golf architects and an army of laborers set about a complete reconstruction of the course and an extension to a full eighteen holes. Zukor's game has become so good he must have a more sporty course. He plays the game denoted by a card of from 90 to 95. He can play a peaceful, quiet game with anyone but his son. He can not agree with Eugene about any club for any shot.

"But, pa. I've had just as good teachers, probably better ones than you've had," protests the son.

"Then you ought to play a better game than I do," replies Zukor the senior, which of course is well calculated to make the young man dub the next stroke.

Also they disagree vocally at the bridge table. All of which merely shows that Zukor sees himself in his son and makes the boy's mistakes his own. He has no such outward impatience with anyone else—because no one else matters quite so much.

MOTION picture stars are conspicuously given to pianos inlaid with mother-of-pearl, Chinese screens, gold-plated plumbing and other demimilinery of grandeur. Adolph Zukor's house has plain painted walls and iron beds, as uniform and standardized as a hotel. Of course there is more than simplicity of taste involved. There is diplomacy. Zukor has many guests and there is not enough difference in his guest rooms to let any one deduce discrimination between guests.

It is Zukor's custom to keep himself surrounded over week-ends with interesting people. He has little to say and says it immediately and to the point, but he is probably the best one man audience in America. He therefore gets along amazingly well with actors. By steady listening he has heard quite a bit, now and then.

Further, Zukor is one of our ablest listeners in the tangled jazz symphony of world politics and international affairs. He is considerably more of an authority on world politics than some of our widely proclaimed publicists and diplomats. He has to be. They make speeches,



“Can a DENTIFRICE Only CLEAN?”

.. women ask . . . and then, when they learn that Colgate's quickly brings dazzling white teeth, a healthy mouth, because it is designed only to clean, they—

AT first people are inclined to express their surprise when we say that Colgate's is designed solely to clean teeth.

“What curative properties has it?” they sometimes ask.

And then they hear from their dentist that the only thing any dentifrice can do is to clean; that charm of smile, brilliant whiteness of teeth, sweet health of mouth and gums, come only when teeth and mouth have been made scrupulously clean.

Finally, they realize why Colgate's works towards a permanent and fascinating dental beauty at each brushing . . . because its single purpose is to bring an unequaled cleanness.

Colgate's even *smells* clean as it expands into a bubbling, sparkling

foam in your mouth. In this remarkable foam is calcium carbonate—a finely ground powder that delicately scrubs, whitens, polishes each tooth, removing harmful foreign matter, bits of clinging food.

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That is why Colgate's is designed only to clean. And why the ordinary tooth paste that pays half-hearted attention to cleaning—and tries to cure an imaginary gum trouble or tooth disorder—can never achieve the Colgate goal of complete cleanness.

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Please send me a sample of this cleansing dentifrice.

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Prevents Slipping of Shoes at the Heel

*and wearing out
and staining of
stockings at
the heel*



*This simple, ingenious,
inexpensive device is
easily and quickly
attached - Insures
shoe comfort and
stocking economy!*



Shoes that rub and slip at the heel are not only uncomfortable; they mar the appearance of your delicately colored silk hose by unsightly stains at the heels, and also quickly wear them out, often causing painful blisters or callouses.

All this is prevented by Dr. Scholl's Nu-Grip Heel Liner. Made of soft, velvet-like rubber, it fits snugly and invisibly inside the counters of your shoes. Choice of four colors to match linings—black, tan, champagne, white.

Buy a pair for each pair of your shoes! At all shoe and department stores—30c.

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*World's Largest Makers of Foot Comfort
Appliances and Remedies*

and their ideas cost nothing. His do, while he must make money.

The public of the motion picture, which used to be just America, is now the world public. Zukor's merchandise and his merchandising must be international and concerned with internationalism more acutely than any other American product which crosses the seas.

The branches of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, covering the civilized world and a great deal of it that is not civilized, send the home office a flow of reports from which Zukor gleans the world story. Also he is often abroad. He is as much at home in Berlin, Paris, London or Budapest as in New York. Through the world war Zukor was consulted by men in high places in Washington on affairs of which no one else in the motion picture world will ever hear, at least not from Zukor.

Zukor is thoroughly international. He speaks four languages, English, German, Hungarian and motion picture. He can listen in several more. He thinks hard and talks softly.

Minus the Wand

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

but there seemed no way to make the start. Shortly after the expression of this ambition, Laura's mother decided to move to San Diego, where she was offered a position which would provide a better living for herself and youngsters. The father no longer contributed to their support. In San Diego Laura studied music, learning to play the violin. She still longed to get in pictures and during a summer vacation she went back to Los Angeles to visit some relatives of her mother.

She was fourteen and pretty, although a little too fat to be a heroine, as she learned quickly enough after a few trips to the studios, where she applied for extra work.

She met this situation with the same high courage which reflected the spirit of her mother and marked her own progress through the years to follow. She climbed hills, rolled on the floor, went without eating, which was not a new experience, and tried every conceivable form of exercise, until she was slender. Then she visited the Christie studios.

"I'm thin now," she said. "Can I have a job?"

SHE not only got a job, but worked steadily for three weeks at five dollars a day. It was a fortune to her and she promptly telephoned her mother and her sister, Violet, that she was established as an actress now and her mother wouldn't have to work any more. She little dreamed that she was to go for many heart-breaking weeks without another job.

Her career from those first days as an extra child to a couple of years ago, when she was made a star by Universal, was punctuated with bitter discouragement. But she never lost faith in herself and her mother kept an ever steady shoulder to the family wheel of need.

"For a while it seemed that every bit of good luck that I had was overbalanced with misfortune," Laura told me. "When I played my first lead in a five reel picture, with Charlie Ray in 'The Old Swimmin' Hole,' I thought that I was sitting on top of the world. I hadn't given much thought to the theory that the world is round, but I found out after I'd taken a few falls."

Laura is an established star now and a favorite with the exchange lads who sell Universal pictures. Her triumph comes in the announcement that her newest picture to be released, "The Love Thrill," is to play at Roxy's new picture palace in New York. She has just finished "Beware of Widows" and is just a bit provoked because a contemplated trip to Europe must wait until she finishes another picture.

Does she remember when—? And how!

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More than a thousand pictures of photoplayers and illustrations of their work and pastime.

Scores of interesting articles about the people you see on the screen.

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Send Today for "The Movie Make-Up Manual" which tells you in understandable English just how to make-up. Necessary for all Screen Aspirants, and for the Amateur Moving Pictures which are becoming very popular. Also valuable for ordinary photographs. The author of this book has for 15 years been instructor of Screen make-up in the finest Motion Picture Schools of New York and California.

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Oldridge Studios 28 West 47th St.
New York, N. Y.

Make Your Own Movies at Home

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48]

camera reporting is being seen throughout the world. You can take pictures about your city or town and sell them to your local exhibitor, who undoubtedly is a progressive showman realizing the value of home stuff.

You can film local industries, the resultant films to be used by salesmen throughout the country in selling home products.

SUPPOSE you own a camera using sub-standard film.

You can make money teaching others how to operate their new machines.

You can make family albums for town folks who don't want to spend the money for cameras just yet.

These people would like to have film records of their family for future use.

Try this idea.

We know of one man in Chicago making a steady income right now doing just this thing.

An amateur movie camera will add at least fifty per cent to your vacation this year. You can make an invaluable record of your travels, preserving them for lasting enjoyment.

Naturally, there are hundreds of other ways in which the amateur movie camera can be of enjoyment and of value. Possibly you own an amateur movie camera now. If you have a new idea, either of entertainment or remunerative value to users of amateur cameras, send it to *The Amateur Movie Producer*, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York. Five dollars will be paid for each idea accepted and published.

Want to Win a Contest Prize?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

sea fishing. In Maine you could get beautiful stuff along the rock bound coast. If you live in forest country, get wood craft or lumbering. An Alaskan amateur might screen the big fisheries.

Residents of colorful cities, such as New Orleans, San Francisco or Washington, might do a reel portraying the spirit of their respective cities.

PHOTOPLAY has had inquiries about animated drawings. Yes, you can enter a reel of animated stuff, provided you do it in accordance with the rules.

Remember that the contest rules include "any form of screen entertainment within the prescribed length."

A READER has written an inquiry regarding a comedy newsreel. Yes, that goes. You can burlesque a photoplay, a news reel or anything else.

This means ingenuity, and ingenuity will be a big item in considering the films entered in the contest.

Better get started on your entry. Don't forget that you can win unusual recognition for yourself—besides a substantial reward. Opportunity is knocking on your amateur camera. Get busy.

Additional news for amateur movie producers will be found on pages 118, 119 and 120



A click of the switch on your Kodascope projector, and the picture you've made is on your screen.

Ciné-Kodak

All the joy of picture making—plus the thrill of action. It is thus that Ciné-Kodak synchronizes with the times. It presents *life*, as it is—change-ful, vibrant, full of motion and of emotion.

*You press the button
... we do the rest*



You may sight the Ciné-Kodak either at waist height or eye level—an exclusive feature.



You may sight the Ciné-Kodak either at eye level or waist height—an exclusive feature.

Complete outfit, Ciné-Kodak B for picture taking, Kodascope C for projecting, and Screen, \$140. The price of Ciné-Kodak film, amateur standard (16 mm.), in the yellow box, includes finishing. Write for booklet "Motion Pictures the KodakWay."

Eastman Kodak Company
Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

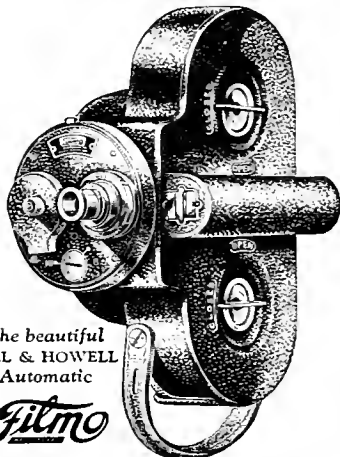


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Your Own MOVIES

with a real BELL & HOWELL Camera!

Q Did you know that most of the movies you see at most theatres are made with BELL & HOWELL Cameras?



The beautiful BELL & HOWELL Automatic

Filmo



You need no longer envy famous screen stars. Now you can star in your own movies. Made possible by the *Filmo* camera shown above. Easier than taking snapshots. Simply hold *Filmo* to the eye and look through the spy-glass viewfinder. Then press the button and "what you see, you get," automatically. No focusing for distance. No cranking. No tripod necessary. Eastman Safety Film (16 m m)—in the yellow box—used in *Filmo* Camera, is obtainable at practically all stores handling cameras and supplies. Original film cost covers developing and return postage to your door.

Then show your pictures on wall or screen. In your home or anywhere, with the *Filmo* automatic Projector. Designed for amateur use by the firm which supplies professional cameras and equipment to Famous Players-Lasky, Paramount, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Associated First National, DeMille, Universal, Vitaphone, Warner Bros., Fox, Kinograms, International and many others. Complete *Filmo* details are given in an interesting Booklet "What You See, You Get." Mail coupon for it. Mark coupon for information on *Extrio* Camera if you desire to use standard (35 m m) film.

FREE BOOK [Either Camera is worth working for if you are entering Photoplay's prize competitions.]

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Please send your *Filmo* book, "What You See, You Get"

Send descriptive circular on The Bell & Howell *Extrio* Camera which uses standard (35 m m) film

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Lon Chaney shows his *Filmo* movie camera to Crown Prince Gustav Adolf of Sweden and Prince Erick of Denmark

Tips for Amateur Cinematographers

If you are going to know your amateur movie camera thoroughly, it will be necessary for you to keep an exact record of each scene you shoot.

A vest pocket, loose-leaf binder book is now on the market at a very moderate price. This is designed to carry cards numbered from one to fifty, with spaces on each for recording the date, the roll number, the stop number used, footage of film, light conditions, etc. Before starting a scene, the book is held in front of the lens, while the number of the scene is recorded on the film. Later you can check through the binder and find out exactly how you made your shot.

IT is now possible to obtain animated galleries of the screen stars. Reels showing the stars of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Warner Brothers, Christy and Fox studios are now to be had at a price but slightly above the cost of a reel of raw film. These reels are in the 16-millimeter width and can be shown on the Eastman Kodascope.

THE city of Washington, with its historical associations and its beautiful national buildings, presents a remarkable natural studio for the amateur movie photographer.

Cameras can be used at will about the capital city.

Major Edwin B. Hesse, superintendent of the Metropolitan Police Department, of the District of Columbia, writes to PHOTOPLAY as follows:

"There are no regulations prohibiting the use of amateur movie cameras in the District of Columbia.

"Cameras are not, however, allowed in the United States Navy Yard—neither are pictures allowed to be taken of the interior of buildings without permission first had from the custodian of same."

THE editor of this department took three reels of film in and about Washington recently. Unusual camera opportunities are offered by the Capitol, the Washington Monument, the White House and the Lincoln Memorial.

At Arlington, too, beautiful shots may be secured.

The only difficulty encountered was met at Mount Vernon, Va.

There a positive rule against the use of movie cameras is in force, although still cameras are permitted.

PHOTOPLAY asked Harrison H. Dodge, superintendent of Mount Vernon, why and received the following reply:

"Due to the fact that the privilege of using moving picture machines here was very much abused, the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association passed a rule against even the bringing of such machines into the grounds."

In a subsequent communication, Superintendent Dodge declined to give specific instances of the privilege abuses. "It is enough to say that the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association found justifiable occasions for prohibiting the use of the machines," he says, "and that the rule stands at present as my official guide in the matter."

Thus amateur movie cameras are barred from the birthplace of George Washington, although PHOTOPLAY is bringing the question

before the Mount Vernon Association for a new ruling.

ANOTHER ruling, this time of a federal nature, will be of interest to users of amateur movie cameras, particularly those who are planning a trip outside the limits of the United States. If you take scenes abroad and bring them back, you must pay a duty of three cents a foot on sub-standard film or standard negative.

If you return also with a positive print of your standard film, you will pay an additional cent for each foot.

This is a duty that must be paid, even if you buy the film in this country and take it abroad with you.

PHOTOPLAY asked the Customs Service of the Treasury Department for a ruling and received the following official information from H. C. Stuart, the assistant collector at the port of New York:

"Referring to your letter I have to state that the Appraiser of Merchandise, to whom the same was submitted, reports as follows:

"Motion picture films exposed abroad are advisably classified by this office under paragraph 1453 as follows: Exposed undeveloped negatives 2c ft. Developed negatives 3c per ft. Positives 1c per ft."

"For your further information I have to state that there is no provision in the tariff which exempts from duty, or reduces the rate of duty, on merchandise imported into the United States, for the reason that such merchandise may be imported solely for personal use."

LON CHANEY is one of the most ardent amateur movie cameramen extant. He has possibly the most unusual gallery of notables in the possession of any amateur.

Naturally, he has filmed all the stars of his studio. Besides that, he has shot all the visiting celebrities.

This is a considerable item, since every prominent visitor to America eventually does Hollywood.

Chaney's biggest star to date is the Crown Prince Gustav Adolf of Sweden.

Chaney keeps his album in little film cans, alphabetically arranged.

"My biggest fun is yet to come," Chaney explains, "for I plan to take a vacation in Europe soon."

"Then I hope to get every celebrity of note in the old world."

"Another interesting thing is hunting for game with a movie camera."

"I love to camp and to fish but I dislike hunting."

"With a camera you can get all the thrill of stalking your game."

"On my last fishing trip I managed to film a deer at a water hole. I was in a blind but the animal heard the whir of my machine and ran away."

"However, I got nine feet of good stuff at a distance of fifteen feet."

"Hunting with the camera requires all the knowledge of woodlore that hunting with a rifle does."

"One has to learn to keep to the windward side of his game, to judge from tracks how the game travels, and to learn to erect concealing blinds at water holes and other gathering places."

"This last item requires more care than a rifle blind because a bullet travels through almost anything at close range while a tiny leaf can obstruct your camera lens. Volumes could be written on hunting with an amateur movie camera."

LIGHTS for home portraiture and indoor movies are fast getting within the range of every one's pocketbook. A new spotlight reflector stand is being marketed at a price of twelve dollars with \$3.25 additional for 500 watt lamps.

These smaller spots are handy, even if you own one or two bigger indoor lights.

Onyx Pointex

Silk Stockings

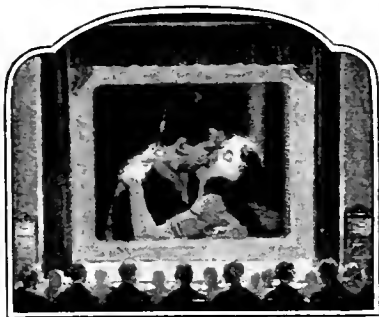


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use Onyx Pointex
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in fashion drawings

IF you would find a true appreciation of the smartness that Onyx Pointex brings to ankle lines, look to the pages of the fashion magazines. For, here you may note how many prominent artists choose the two up-sweeping lines of the Pointex heel to give smartness, trimness, grace to the ankles of the fashion figures that spring from brush-tip or pen-point.

If *you* would be smartly stockinged—wear Onyx Pointex.

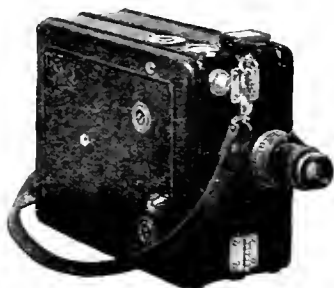




You Have Seen Movies taken with this CAMERA!

EVERY week movies taken with this remarkable camera appear in many theatres. News reel weeklies, even parts of feature productions are taken with the DeVry. Although designed for the amateur, the DeVry has gained wide recognition among professional cameramen.

Taking movies with the DeVry is as easy as taking snapshots with a box camera—no cranking—no tripod. Just point the camera, press the button and you are taking movies.



With the DeVry you can "shoot" from any position. It has three view finders instead of one. It loads in daylight—starts and stops smoothly—holds 100 feet of standard theatre size film, the kind professional cameramen use. Movies taken with the DeVry can be projected with the same sharp clearness year after year.

The DeVry sells for only \$150.00. Mail the coupon today for your FREE copy of our new booklet, "Just Why the DeVry Takes Better Movies."

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The Amateur Movie Producer

Exposure—By Gordon B. Wayne

[Over-exposure and under-exposure are the two most common errors of the amateur cinematographer. Mr. Wayne, who is an authority on amateur movies, tells how to correct this fault.]

PROBABLY the most common fault of the amateur cinematographer is over-exposure; running a close second in the other extreme—under-exposure. The amateur movie-maker demands a lens that will not only make good pictures under normal lighting conditions, but which, when occasion requires, will make good pictures under bad lighting conditions. It follows that a lens which is flexible enough to fill these requirements must, first, be "fast"; secondly, the light it admits to the film must be governed by diaphragm openings, or "stops" of varying size. These openings determine the amount of exposure which is given to each scene you photograph; and, unless you have assigned the correct "stop" to each scene, over- or under-exposure will result.

Since all photographs—"stills" as well as movies—depend on exposure, too much thought and study cannot be given to the subject. Too much light detracts from and often ruins the picture; likewise, insufficient light mars the picture. Between the two extremes of too much and too little light, there is a certain latitude to which you should adhere in your picture taking. To confine your exposures to this area of proper light means that your pictures are properly exposed and present a pleasing, natural appearance on the screen; to over- or under-expose will result in a picture that is either too dark or too "thin," or white, when projected.

WHEN a picture is correctly exposed, all the shadow tones and gradations are clearly defined. When you have an under-exposure, however, insufficient light has been admitted to the film from the darker portions of the subject, and the image lacks shadow-detail. If, on the other hand, you give too much exposure, the image is "burnt up," as the professional says, and the finished picture looks thin and waxy, especially in the highlights.

Errors of exposure are readily detected on the screen. Correctly exposed pictures are recognized at once: the images are sharp and clear, the shadows and tone-values harmonize to give excellent quality. But, if the projected picture seems blackish or dense and details in darker tones are missing, the fault is one of under-exposure.

The reverse is true of an over-exposed picture which, on the screen, will appear flat, thin and waxy, particularly in the highlights and grayish tones.

There is no infallible rule for determining the correct diaphragm opening. It is often difficult to differentiate between a dull day, dark day, or a hazy day; yet proper exposure under each of these conditions requires a different diaphragm opening. The ability to properly judge every kind and condition of light and to set the diaphragm accordingly will, like other worthwhile things, come with practice. But, to determine at the start of your ventures into the field of amateur cinematography, just what condition of light calls for the f 8 stop, or the f 5.6 stop, and so on, there is one iron-clad rule: Follow the exposure guide that comes with your camera.

The rules of this exposure guide are the result of hundreds upon hundreds of experiments conducted by experts under all kinds and conditions of light and, in normal light, you literally "can't go wrong." But, in the early morning or late afternoon, in a "hazy" sun, or on a day that is dull but which closely approaches what the professional photographer would classify as "dark," it is a difficult matter for the beginner to judge the correct stop.

Insofar as exposure is concerned, the amateur's trouble is due not so much to his failure to assign the correct stop, but to his inability to correctly judge the light condition that exists, and to coordinate that condition with the stop which is best suited for photography in the light that prevails at the time.

FORTUNATELY, we don't, as a rule, want to take pictures on dull days; yet there are times when this is desirable. On such occasions, a splendid rule to follow is: If in doubt about which of two diaphragms to use, use the larger. This applies, of course, only to dark, dull days when there is no direct sunlight; over-exposure on such days is not common. But when the sun is shining, but not brightly—in other words, when the sun is "hazy"—the opposite extreme should be adopted, and the next smaller opening used. An excellent way to determine if the sun is "hazy" is to stand in an open space and look about you for a shadow. If a very faint and diffused shadow is cast, you may be pretty sure that the sun is what the photographer terms "hazy"; but if a clearly defined shadow is cast, your subject is getting more light than you would suppose, and unless you stop down, over-exposure is quite likely to result.

It should not be forgotten that correct exposure will come with practice; yet there are numerous ways in which the amateur may hasten the acquisition of the simple little tricks which make the difference between good and poor pictures on the screen. The more observing the amateur at the time of exposure, the less practice he will require. An excellent way to learn quickly the trick of correct exposure is to make a note of the stop used for each scene in a hundred-foot roll of film and to note, also, the condition of the light at the time the picture is taken. The writer has found it quite beneficial to make these notes in a small note-book, and to number the shipping carton to correspond with the note. When the film is returned, ready for projection, they may be used for a critical check-up as the film is projected. A code of abbreviation marks should be used, such as cl for cloudy, dk. for dark, brt. for bright, brt. sn. for bright sun, etc., and each stop should be written after the abbreviation, designating the condition of light. Thus, f 5.6—dk.—6, would mean that the sixth scene on the roll was taken on a dark day, at diaphragm f 5.6. It is sometimes helpful, too, to note the time each scene is shot.

But for the ordinary picture in normal light, keep in mind this all-important rule: FOLLOW THE EXPOSURE GUIDE! If you do this, you'll get splendid pictures. And as you make your pictures, if you'll give a bit of thought to this highly interesting subject of correct exposure, your efforts will be amply rewarded each time one of your pictures is projected on the screen.

\$2,000 IN PRIZES
FOR AMATEUR MOVIE PRODUCERS
COMPLETE DETAILS ON PAGE 48

"I'm Not Going to Marry," Says Norma Shearer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

was in Los Angeles—very important man. He wanted to lunch with Miss Shearer. And Miss Shearer said she would be delighted. Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn's secretary was calling, and would Miss Shearer and Mr. Thalberg come for dinner on Saturday night at eight, and they were dressing. Miss Shearer told her secretary that if she had no other engagement for Saturday night she would be delighted to dine with the Goldwyns.

"I adore Frances Goldwyn, don't you?" she said.

"That seems to be chronic in Hollywood," I remarked. "What is it? She seems the most thoroughly adored person in town."

"SHE'S so sweet and natural," said Norma Shearer, and then more slowly, "and don't you know, too, in a way, she has time for friendships. She has time to do all the little courtesies and pleasant things that make for charm. That lack of time is one of the prices people like me pay. I never have time to do anything. Never. I work too hard."

And it came to me as I thought over the last few moments, that the moment a girl like Norma Shearer achieves great success, as she has done, she becomes the head of a family. Really. I have seen it in many cases. There may be fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, aunts and uncles, sisters and brothers-in-law by the score; but a Norma Shearer becomes head of the family and all the burdens incidental to being head of a family fall upon her shoulders. Her word is law. But also she has to settle all family complications, meet all family obligations. Being head of a family, even when that family defers to your slightest wish, is quite a business.

"Are you going to marry Irving Thalberg?" I asked her.

Rumor has been very busy lately in Hollywood with the romance between Norma Shearer and that young genius of the screen, Irving Thalberg. The slender, dark-haired youth who looks like a romantic violinist and is really the shrewdest of producers.

Her eyes widened a trifle, but she answered swiftly, and very honestly.

"No. I am not going to marry anybody. I don't think a woman in my position has any right to marry. I never expect to marry while I am on the screen.

"WHAT, after all, has a girl in my job got to give to marriage? Nothing. How can I be a good wife? How can I fulfill the duties of a wife?

"Marriage, I believe, depends upon the woman very largely. We aren't quite modern enough yet to ignore the need of woman's time and work and thought devoted to marriage. Eventually of course, with women growing independent as they are, we will have to evolve an entirely new marriage relation, in which the husband and wife are equals. But that hasn't come yet.

"When a man—suppose we say a man screen star—has worked hard from nine until seven under the lights, maybe on a hot day, maybe with everything going wrong, he wants to go home to a wife who is fresh, sweet, interested in him, ready to pet him and take care of him, to soothe him and rest him. Doesn't he?

"Well, when I've worked hard from nine until seven, I want to collapse, too, and be taken care of and thought about. Can you expect a husband to do that? I'd bate that kind of a husband. Naturally.

"But I couldn't cope with the other thing—trying myself to be a help to some man. It can't be done. I've got nothing left to give. I

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for your baby*



demand this
special treatment
for DANDRUFF



IF YOU want a "cure-all," don't pick Wildroot. If you want to get rid of dandruff, Wildroot is your best bet. Without making any absurd claim, Wildroot is offered to you simply as a most effective and *special* dandruff treatment. Wildroot *does* destroy the dandruff germ.

NOT a Hair-grower

Wildroot does not wish to be classed with the so-called hair-growers. *Only a healthy scalp can grow hair.* Dandruff is unhealthy. Wildroot fights the dandruff germ . . . removes dandruff.

A Typical Case

Mr. D. Curro of 1929 61st Street, Brooklyn, says:—"After many years of unsuccessful search

for a dandruff remedy . . . a friend recommended Wildroot. At last I found genuine relief. No more dandruff and itching of the scalp."

Such experiences are frequent among Wildroot users. They apply Wildroot. The dandruff loosens up and is quite apparent for a few treatments. Then—after faithful use, the dandruff disappears.

Send for Trial Bottle

A letter and dime to Dept. 3-5-2 Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y., will bring you a generous trial bottle. But please do not expect a small bottle to do a complete job. Your druggist has Wildroot in large, generous bottles for people who really wish to *end dandruff.*

WILDROOT

H A I R T O N I C



A Hint to Unknown Beauties

SINCE beauty is but skin deep—most precious is your skin. Guard its freshness—its youth. Use face powders that are pure, that blend perfectly with your natural coloring.



We suggest Tre-Jur!

The unique powder in Tre-Jur Compacts is quite new to the gentle art of beautifying. It has all the advantages of a heavy powder, in that it stays put—its touch is lasting.

It has all the virtues of the lightest powder in that it is as soft as silken web—blending evenly, smoothly, perfectly with the skin.

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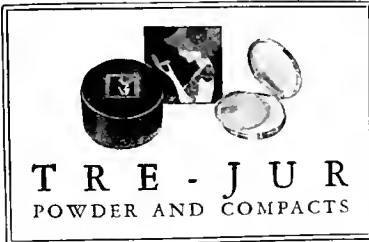
Tre-Jur Compacts owe their wide popularity to this new amazing powder. You'll find it in the beautiful Tre-Jur "Twin" with its ample mirror, puff and powder...



(a novel sliding drawer brings you rouge of exquisite quality). You'll find it in the "Thinnest" and in the "Little One"—a petite compact in silver chased case, amazingly priced at 50c.

If loose powder is your preference, there's the lovely Tre-Jur Round Box—your choice of four perfect shades, in generous quantity, at 50c.

Tre-Jur is sold at your favorite store or by mail from us. A generous sample of Tre-Jur Face Powder sent for 10c stamps or coin. House of Tre-Jur, Inc., 19 West 18th St., New York City.



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19 W. 18th St., New York City.
I am enclosing 10c. Please send me the large-size sample box of Tre-Jur Face Powder.

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ADDRESS _____

have no right to marry and bring to it as little as a screen actress who works all the time has to give.

"I would like to marry. I want children. Some day I hope I shall marry. But just now that is one of the things I've had to sacrifice to this thing you call success.

"And another thing is freedom. I suppose they are golden chains, but the chains of public success are there. You are never quite free. You have always to think of that other self of yours, the self that has brought you success.

"You have to think of how she looks and of how much sleep she needs to look well before the camera the next morning. You have to think of how much exercise she needs, in order to keep her figure slim enough for the camera. You have to think of what the people who have been kind enough to love you and come to see you will think of what you do, and that you can't really explain to them why you do it.

"YOU have to keep your head every minute if you are going to stay on top and be what you want to be and go ahead instead of back. And sometimes you'd like to let your heart rule your head. Really—every girl would.

"But—with everything—it is worth it. More than worth it. It's not a bed of roses, by any means. It's hard work, it's great sacrifice, but it's worth it. First of all because you love your work, and secondly because it brings you the fine and beautiful things of life, and thirdly because fame in itself has something deeply satisfying about it—or has had to me.

"I don't think success in itself brings happiness. Not by any means. But the work that success allows you to do, that is the thing that makes it always worth while. Only—only—everyone who starts on this road should be prepared for the sacrifices."

I had never seen Norma so earnest. There was a little flush on her cheeks and her eyes were shining.

We wanted to go on talking. I know I did and I could see by the quickness of her breath that she still had things to say.

But the titter had come. The hairdresser had come. An income tax expert had come. So I went.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104]

We Gave Up Long Ago

Los Angeles, Calif.

I have only one brickbat, but I must throw it. I have just seen "The Winning of Barbara Worth." The historical mistakes in it are terrible. In the first place, we are led to believe the story is laid in the late 19th century, the time when machines were not known. We see the people crossing the desert in covered wagons. How is it possible, then, for Ronald Colman to appear on the scene in an automobile? Miss Banky dresses in the fashions of '76 and Mr. Colman in our modern style. How do you reason it out? I give up. L. M.

That Thing Called Charm

East Aurora, N. Y.

I present a bouquet to Renee Adoree. The other night I was undecided whether I wanted to see "Tin Gods." I like Tom Meighan, but I didn't think that I cared for Renee Adoree. I went—and hereafter I shall not miss one of Renee's pictures.

I haven't been able to discover yet just what "It" is, but if it's pure unadulterated CHARM, Renee Adoree has "It." And as for acting ability, she could put any characterization across.

Above all this, her loveliness shines out. No man, woman or child, seeing "Tin Gods," could help but shed a tear when so much love and loyalty met so untimely a fate.

DORIS BLAKELEY.

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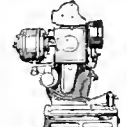
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TARKROOT

Character Reading

Tacoma, Wash.

Mary Pickford! Here is a soul who knows values, who is one of the finest persons of our day, a woman who has had too much intelligence and too little time to become an adult smart aleck. Fame and adulation have not turned her wise head,—she has been a spectacular person without making a spectacle of herself. Small wonder she is so beloved.

And Ronald Colman! Here is a man, Good looking, possessed of an old world poise so inherently the gentleman is he, a splendid actor who, thank God, does not *act* and the possessor of a fine sense of humor.

The screen has been invaluable in that it has sharpened our ability to read character. The visions are not fooling us any more. We sense character of our favorites through the medium of the screen. We know that such persons as Mary, Richard Barthelmess, Antonio Moreno, Lois Wilson and Thomas Meighan are real persons, possessed of a fine balance and worthy of a lasting regard.

It speaks well for our intelligence that the players whose popularity is built upon lasting lines, are men and women of balance, decency, intelligence and kindness.

JANE L. MOTTAN.

Romance Requested

Dalton, Ga.

Here's a little hint to producers from one who derives almost as much pleasure from motion pictures as from a library of books.

Don't believe for a minute people like problematic, psychic, or "triangular" plays better than they do romance. Never! When Norma Shearer appeared here in "His Secretary" there was not a person leaving the theater who did not wax enthusiastic over it and beg the manager to have it back again. That elusive, thrilling atmosphere of romance surrounded the heart-hungry stenographer. Valentino's romantic rôles were his most popular ones. The hearts of old men and women, unless they are atrophied, respond to precious memories; the flippant callousness of today's youth melts in the golden crucible of romance. What makes John Gilbert's appeal? His eyes, deep and dark and glowing, radiate romance.

No other recreation can compare with the moving pictures as entertainment for the masses. Persons who never in their lives saw a stage play can see plays now, usually much better and cleaner, by means of the screen.

I like your method of informing your readers of the merits and demerits of new pictures.

L. W. CARTER.

Humanizing Lillian

Houston, Texas.

Please don't misunderstand me. I think Lillian Gish is an artist. Yet I wish the writers of things cinematographic would cease their effusions about her, in which they allude in chorus to her extreme delicacy, virginal shyness, reluctance to being kissed, and so on. They have for so long described her as a frescoed angel, a waxen lily, an ascetic young saint with a pale-gold halo, that somehow one fears that the public in general may grow a little weary of such rarefied air as Miss Gish must breathe.

Her portrayals of late, though very artistic, have seemed to me a little inclined to emphasize her *spirituelle* quality at the expense of faithfulness to the character. Do let her seem a human being to us again.

And to the great hordes of motion-picture devotees. Do accord the players a little of the privacy anyone is entitled to. Enjoy them, admire them, satisfy your interest in the details of their lives as well as you can without undue intrusiveness, but don't demand that they order their lives in accordance with your idea of them. They, too, are entitled to "The pursuit of happiness" in their own way.

MRS. OSCAR SUGG.



... here, too, you've felt it. A crowded floor . . . couples colliding . . . forms close . . . a room none too cool . . . exertion. Nature responds, inevitably, unkindly. The discomfort of dampness under the arms . . . stains on clothing . . . odor. What a comfort, then, to know that you've played safe! That, like millions of others, twice a week you use your Odorono—a physician's formula for checking excessive perspiration. Yours is an assurance that soap and water alone can never give—of constant after-the-bath freshness, of *continuous* daintiness.



The Smart Woman

looks the part always. In negligee, in street clothes, dressed for tea, bridge, the ball or opera. One cannot think of the smart woman and superfluous hair in the same breath, so to speak.

Her skin must *always* be perfection—always prepared to meet the discerning glance of man, the more searching gaze of her sister woman—and the most critical eye of all—her own.

Shavette

How does she do it? Shavette is the answer. The dainty little toilette aid of the fashionable woman. A few moments' use of Shavette on arm, underarm or limb—and the hair is gone. Shavette removes hair as cleanly as a razor or the strongest depilatory, yet without coarsening or stimulating the growth of the hair or burning or reddening the most delicate skin.



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Movie Schooldays

Shepherdstown, West Va.

Within the last week I have seen and allowed my nine year old son to see three splendid clean Western pictures—one a serial about Buffalo Bill and the first pony express, some of it authentic. One "Born to the West," with Jack Holt—a splendid picture, entertaining, and well acted, as all of his pictures are. Mr Holt, a Virginian, is a gentleman born and bred. The third picture is Colonel Tim McCoy's "Winning of the Wilderness"—a picture of General Braddock's defeat in the French and Indian War. It is well acted, most of it authentic, though naturally the story itself is imagination. This picture will do more toward fixing in the minds of children that battle and other events of that war, than a dozen histories would.

Let us have more of these pictures instead of so much "blood and thunder." How much better for our young people to sit in the movies and see these pictures than to run the streets.

LORRAINE TURNER BURWELL.

Read This, Movie Knockers

Washington, D. C.

My memory of the films goes back to the time when the picture palaces were truly called "nickelodeons."

Mr. Percy Marmont did not enter the profession by influence, but by his own merits. In selecting actors, modern Adonises, without talent, are "null and void." Mr. Marmont is not a visage of a "Greek god." He is a talented English gentleman.

Nettie Leeman, will you go to see the above mentioned gentleman when in a good humor?

GEORGINA MCKAY.

Thrilling, Chilling O'Brien

Chicago, Ill.

Three cheers for George O'Brien!

I think he is superb!

He was wonderful in "The Blue Eagle" and "Three Bad Men."

I like him in a picture where he is fighting. When I see him fighting in a picture I always imagine he is fighting just as hard in real life, only in a different way, to reach the heights of fame where he belongs, and enjoy some of the everlasting praise and applause which John Gilbert and Richard Dix are receiving. I personally can not stand either John or Richard.

I hope some one throws the largest brickbat that can be found to anyone who dares to criticize George O'Brien.

George O'Brien is big, strong, thrilling, chilling, and handsome, and can act. What

Answers to Did You Know Them When?

1. MILTON SILLS. And a daring drama it was, too.
2. CHARLIE MURRAY. Of all people!
3. Of course, you recognized WILLIAM S. HART.
4. HOBART BOSWORTH. Then—as always—a good actor.
5. JOHN ROBERTSON. And what a matinee idol!
6. EDWARD SEDGWICK, the man who made "Tin Hats."

I'm just old enough to feel old, though secretly I consider myself quite a young man.

So boyhood memories include prep. school days when we used to visit—not always openly—a supposedly huge film theater in neighboring Meriden; and recall our New Haven trips, and how the movies joyously filled time while we waited for a trolley, which somehow we sometimes missed.

Jumping the rap to the immediate present. I believe the films are the most up-to-date institution in the modern world.

Through carefree hours spent at the movies, the films do this: by holding the mirror up to life and by providing a visual background for subconscious thought, they can create in us a natural balance of mind and heart and thus go far to help one solve important problems.

GEORGE W. MAYNARD.

Nettie Threw Many Brickbats

New Orleans, La.

Nettie Leeman, of Sedro Woolley, Wash., you are a pessimist.

Anyone who can not chuckle at the joy-prompting gestures of Mr. Harry Langdon isn't anything but the contrary.

A half-wit could not act as Mr. Langdon does, for the simple reason that to play in Mr. Langdon's manner takes sense.

more can any sane person want? His smile is enough to melt a heart of stone.

Long may both PHOTOPLAY and George O'Brien live! MISS CATHERINE BRELL

For Tolerance

Washington, D. C.

Just a word to those people whose chief hobby is knocking the stars.

It is a well-known fact that we can't please all the people all the time. No person is so perfect that he or she is a universal favorite. We all love to hear folks say nice things about us, to hear them praise our efforts. But when someone utters something mean or nasty it rankles. It inflicts a wound that never quite heals.

Movie stars are human just as we are. They are more sensitive because they are more in the public light, more the subject of wide discussion.

Can't we refrain from knocking those we don't like and save our efforts to praise our favorites? A little kindness and tact in expressing our dislikes, a few sincere words in showing our likes are like balm to soothe those who work so hard that we might have pleasure.

Helpful criticism is welcome at all times; the petty things are better left unsaid.

MARY E. GLOYD.

A Motion Picture Camera FREE
See Pages 48 and 49

The Cyclone Baby

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98]

"I feel mighty sorry for you people stranded here this way. I'd like to do something to aid you. Why don't you give a performance in the church?"

Well, that night the "theater" was packed. With our leading lady temporarily out of the cast, my partners and I had to give them vaudeville—and lots of it.

THE crowd was ready to laugh at anything—even us. I remember I got my silk hat caught in the open flue at one end of the "stage." It was a stove-pipe hat right.

At the end of the act I brought the new baby out and showed him to the audience. It was just like waving the American flag.

So, Buster Keaton made his first appearance on any stage when he was just twenty-four hours old.

It was several years later that we hit Syracuse, N. Y., just like that cyclone hit Piqua.

Syracuse was a tough show town in those days. A crowd of hoodlums had a custom of coming to the theater on certain nights of the week and cleaning up the show.

They would simply run the actors off the stage and sometimes tear up the scenery and the furniture.

Billed as "The Three Keatons," Buster, his mother and I had a burlesque acrobatic set in which my wife and I threw Buster about the stage like a human medicine ball.

On this particular night I had made up my mind that I wasn't going to stand any more abuse from this Syracuse crowd, so, when the racket started, I singled out a big fellow in the front row.

"Stiffen yourself, son," I said to Buster.

Catching him by a valise-handle-like contraption we had fastened between his shoulders, I gave him a fling.

The next instant Buster's hip pockets flattened the nose of that trouble-maker in the front row.

WHEN I received our salary at the end of the week Jules Delmar had deducted the price of a hat. I lost the next week's work and spent \$50 following Jules to New York.

"Now, look here, Joe," he said, when I finally caught up with him. "You can't use your son to club the spectators with. And, besides breaking that fellow's nose, you ruined his new brown derby."

Well, the upshot of it was that Jules and I parted still friendly and he had agreed to pay me twenty-five cents every time we met.

That was more than twenty years ago, but to this day each time I see Jules he hands me a quarter. He has repaid me for that hat many times but we still keep up the game. It's a sort of tradition with us now.

If I don't see him often enough I write him a letter and he sends me a remittance.

The other day I got a letter from him. He hadn't heard from me for a long time, he wrote, and was inclosing a two-cent stamp on account.

Buster made another decided, if not good, impression during those early days.

It was upon the late Harry Houdini.

The great magician was a little late with his act one night and Buster, still just a boy, was sent on to hold the audience with some imitations.

Seriously, and with no idea of being facetious, Buster announced:

"Mr. Houdini may not be able to appear tonight. He lost the key to his dressing room."

The audience howled and Harry, who once had escaped from a Siberian prison train, and who was supposed to be able to get out of, or into, anything in the world, "burned up."

After that we used to pull the same gag on



Yes! Really Natural Skin Tone Color from ROUGE! It is the secret of just one rouge—PRINCESS PAT

SKIN TONE color from rouge—or that "painted look"—which? It is the skin tone color women strive for, the beautiful, subtle tints of natural loveliness. But the utmost care and skill with usual rouges fails of the desired result—as all women know.

Now learn about rouge—as rouge *should be*. The woman who tries Princess Pat Rouge for the first time is instantly aware of a beautiful difference. Instead of the painted look, there is a clear *skin tone* effect, a perfect semblance of soft natural color which actually seems to lie beneath the skin, and *not upon it*.

And most women—entranced with the *actual result*—are curious to discover the secret of this new beauty. It is due to the special ingredients used. *No heavy-bodied color goes into Princess Pat*. Instead, the rarest and most delicate of pure vegetable tints—tints which possess *transparency*, as well as *color*. It is this same transparency—in the finished rouge—that makes Princess Pat the one rouge giving Nature's own complexion tints. Apply Princess Pat as *lavishly as you wish*. Color will be deepened—but no painted look results. And of course Princess Pat is famous as the most *permanent* of all rouges.

Select Any of the Six Princess Pat Shades Without Regard for "Type"

With usual rouges—lacking Princess Pat's transparency—women have had to be content with just one shade, selected to "match" type—blonde or brunette, for

instance. With Princess Pat giving *skin tone* color, all shades harmonize perfectly with any complexion.

Words do not adequately describe the beauty of Princess Pat shades . . . BUT—Squaw gives the deep, lovely hue of quickly coursing blood; Vivid, an exotic brilliance, the color of daring moods; Medium, the softly modulated, blushing tone for demure color notes; Theatre, the haughty tints of aristocratic, fashionable artistry; famous English Tint, the very essence of lovely, youthful glow. And there is Nite, the wonder shade for evening use . . . that cannot betray . . . that is always perfect. Nite is a beautiful, strange, violet toned hue by day, changing mysteriously to perfect rose by night. Whether blonde or brunette you find all Princess Pat shades harmonize—something new in rouges.

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Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

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you ever been
called a
Drab Blonde?
—depressing, wasn't it?

THE saleswoman slipped the chic little frock over your head, dextrously adjusted the hem, and stepped back. Why did a shadow of disappointment cross her face, as she looked at you? Your eyes are always lovely—your skin fresh and youthful. What was it?

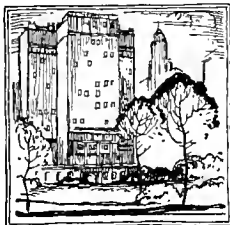
Isn't your hair a bit uninteresting? But that is so unnecessary! A Golden Glint shampoo will change all that. It's NOT a dye—it's a glint of gold for blonde hair. It's NOT a dye—it's a hint of auburn for the darker shades.

And so easy to do by yourself at home. 25¢ at drug or toilet goods counters, or direct. ***J.W. KOBI Co., 646D Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Golden Glint SHAMPOO

—that magic luster for every shade of hair

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The Lake Shore Drive Hotel

181 LAKE SHORE DRIVE
on the shores of Lake Michigan
—BUT—within five minutes of
the Loop

B. E. de MURG, Manager

him occasionally, for we were often on the same bill.

Will Rogers was with us, too, at times and I believe I heard the Oklahoma cowboy make his first smart-crack on the stage.

It was in the Union Square theater in New York City. Will had a fancy roping act with a couple of cowboys and some horses. One night he said:

"A feller up here doesn't have such an easy time. If he misses a trick, he can't cuss."

THE crowd laughed and it wasn't long until Rogers got rid of his cowboys and other animals and came out with nothing but his rope, his chewing gum and his wit.

For twenty-seven years we played the vaudeville houses of America, working with all the famous entertainers of the generation.

When Buster was with a baby I bought an autograph album for him and in that book you will find the signatures of most of the great ones of vaudeville history.

Elsie Janis, Louise Dresser, McIntyre and Heath, Bert Howard and Leona Bland, George Munroe, Fred Niblo, Tom Sharkey, James J. Corbett, John L. Sullivan and hundreds of others wrote their names and some little bit of sentiment on those pages.

Fred Niblo, now one of the best motion picture directors in the business, was a monologist in 1902 when we appeared on the same bill at Richmond, Va.

"The Girl with the Auburn Hair," wrote those words there twenty-four years ago.

Her tour of the country was one of the greatest exploitation stunts of the past fifty years.

She was the wife of J. J. Murdock, now an executive in the Keith-Albee organization but in those days manager of the Masonic Temple theater in Chicago.

I INDUCED all of the pioneer managers of theaters to write their signatures upon a doily and my wife embroidered the signatures with multi-colored silk.

It is one of our most prized possessions for on it are names like B. F. Keith, Tony Pastor, S. Z. Poli, Henry W. Behman, John D. Hopkins, Charles E. Kohl, F. F. Proctor, Jr., and N. Lehman.

Most of them are dead now. Poli paid Buster, his mother and me \$40 for working a week in his theater in New Haven.

That was big money in those days.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

BARBY LOU.—Why should I say horrid things about Gloria Swanson? Gloria is really a very sweet girl, fond of her mother, in love with her husband and a devoted mother to her children. Gloria has a beautiful home in the country so I suppose she has plenty of pets. But about her dogs—I must confess I don't know what breed they are or how many. Gloria isn't planning to retire for some years. Write to her at 522 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

EDNA OF PECKVILLE.—Delighted. Shirley Mason was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Monte Blue was born Jan. 11, 1890; Norman Kerry, in 1894; Dorothy Mackaill, March 4, 1904; Irene Rich, Oct. 13, 1897. I am sorry to tell you that Peter the Great is dead.

PAUL H., RANDOLPH, VA.—Edith Roberts and Theodore Roberts are not related. Sally O'Neill was born Oct. 23, 1908. Buck Jones is thirty-eight years old; William Russell was born April 12, 1886; Monte Blue is thirty-seven; and Rod La Rocque is twenty-eight.



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Perhaps you, too, have wanted a pleasant, clean way to remove those annoying hairs on underarms, limbs, etc. Shaving is so messy and, well—"unwomanly."

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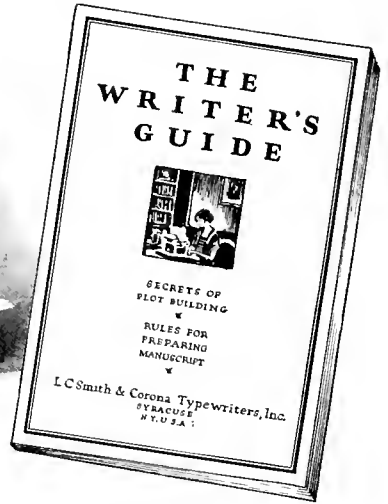


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By Using
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Soap to Cleanse
Ointment to Heal
Try our new Shaving Stick.

ALFALFA, HAMMONDSPORT, N. Y.—You take the prize, Alfalfa, for the best nickname of the month! Richard Dix's real name is Ernest Carlton Brimmer. Richard has brown hair, brown eyes and he is six feet tall. Raymond Griffith and Dorothy Dalton are not married. Dear me, no! Raymond Griffith isn't married to anyone and Dorothy Dalton is the wife of Arthur Hammerstein, the theatrical producer. Marion Nixon is divorced from Joe Benjamin, a pugilistic gentleman. She is five feet, two inches tall and was born on October 20, 1904. Bebe Daniels is not married.

J. ZAWADZKI, DETROIT, MICH.—Always come to me when you are in doubt. I'll set you on the right track. Here is the cast on "Stella Maris": *Stella Maris*, Mary Philbin; *Unity Blake*, Mary Philbin; *John Risca*, Elliott Dexter; *Louisa Risca*, Gladys Brockwell; *Sir Oliver Blount*, Phillips Smalley; *Lady Blount*, Lillian Lawrence; *Walter Herold*, Jason Robards; *Dr. Haynes*, Robert Bolder; *Mary Heaton*, Eileen Manning.

MERLE L., GENEVA, N. Y.—Has Lew Cody a "sweet personality"? If you mean a good disposition, the answer is "yes." Lew was divorced from Dorothy Dalton. Now married to Mabel Normand. He was born February 22, 1885. George O'Brien isn't married—as yet.



This Book— will help you win part of Photoplay's \$15,000 prize money

The Great \$15,000 Idea Contest Is On

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

and business-like understanding of the conditions of the contest.

Then make a list of the best pictures you have seen and analyze just what qualities in their stories have impressed you. If you want to get good practice in summarizing and condensing your thoughts, try to express the theme of any big picture you have seen in 200 words. In this way, you will learn how to reduce the idea of your own story down to a mere skeleton of a theme.

Yes, this is a good contest. Besides the chance of winning one of the prizes, you are getting a fine lesson in writing and an opportunity of testing your ability as a picture critic.

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Yes, it is perfectly fair to call in members of your family and ask for criticisms on your idea. Maybe, too, they will have some good suggestions to make. Don't be afraid of criticisms. Remember your idea must be one that would appeal to millions of people—of all races and nationalities, too.

Here are some test questions you may ask yourself when your idea is ready to submit:

- Is this idea strictly original?
- Have I seen it anywhere before on the screen?
- Is it suitable for visual presentation?
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- Does it offend any moral sensibilities?
- Will it have a wide, general and helpful appeal?
- Is it the result of unbiased observation or is it merely a personal prejudice?
- Is it clearly expressed?

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The Port of Missing Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

ten good titles and two good gags in a picture may mean the difference between success and failure.

Irwin Bush disliked them intensely. He considered them a blot upon the fair name of Hollywood, which they undoubtedly were, and a dangerous menace which might at any time become involved in some far-reaching scandal for which the rest of the industry would suffer. His eyes as they rested upon them were cold.

AND yet they were a couple of mild-looking wrecks and gave little outward indication of their inward degradation. A keen reader of men would have spotted instantly the grayish-blue tinge to Shamus' skin and the effort it was for Bill to hold his thin lips clamped together. The casual observer would merely have seen a couple of slightly shabby, not very cleanly shaven men, one tall and thin, the other shorter and heavily set.

"Do you think you can stay sober long enough to finish the titles for this new picture of Kitty Shinn's?" Bush asked.

side the projection room which had been assigned to Shamus for the titling of the new Kitty Shinn picture. They held counsel.

"Tis a lot of money, five thousand dollars," said Shamus, "I have a hunch there must be something wrong with the picture, or they'd not be giving it to me. There's a hitch in it somewhere. That lily-livered school mistress in there has little use for me, except he knows I'm the best title writer in the business. I've an idea, Bill, to lock myself in that projection room and not come out until I've finished. Go back and tell that snipe to keep an operator on this room all the time, will you? We can live for a considerable time on five thousand dollars, without being beholden to any of these lice in the studios. And the first thing we will do is to get decently drunk. We will get drunk on champagne, Bill, as gentlemen should."

Three days and nights the projection machine in Room 4 purred almost constantly. Shamus Britt sat alone within the cold, dark little room, his eyeshade well down over his eyes. In front of him on the desk, where one



"Poor little thing," said the maid in a heartbroken voice, gathering the girl into her arms as tenderly as though she had been a lost sheep. "Poor little thing. Will you help me with her, please, sir?"

Shamus considered. "How long is it?" "Fifty-eight hundred feet."

"For five thousand dollars I could try," said Shamus with a wicked grin.

"I'll not pay you five thousand dollars," said Bush.

Without a word they turned and started for the door.

Bush called them back. What could you do with such devils, men who cared for neither money nor reputation nor work, who had no decent and accepted standards of value?

In the charming little garden, all about now with winter-flowering shrubs and earliest spring lilies, Shamus and Bill stood just out-

shaded light alone broke the pitch darkness, were stacks of white paper upon which he continually scrawled, as the picture passed in review before him time and again.

When he came forth with three days' growth of perfectly red beard, a wild eye and haggard cheeks, he demanded his check instantly and took it with one brief remark. "You should have paid me twice as much for having to look at such a vile picture."

MRS. AMOREST lived on Hollywood hill-top in a Turkish villa entirely surrounded by olive trees. Inside, the villa was furnished almost exclusively in chaise longues and gin.

The public knew little of Mrs. Amorest, but Hollywood knew her well. She was a widow with money and, as she herself put it, she loved a good time. She had moved to Hollywood from Detroit with the sole purpose of furthering this ambition. Her salon was frequented chiefly by would-be actors and scenario writers, or bad actors temporarily out of work. And by those camp-followers and hangers-on who are Hollywood's greatest problem—the people who are not actually of the film colony, but who touch its edges just sufficiently to be called motion picture people when they get into trouble.

MRS. AMOREST liked to refer to herself as a patroness of the Arts and she dressed the rôle. In a huge chair—it took a pretty good-sized chair to hold Mrs. Amorest in those days—she sat wrapped in chiffons and swathed in veils and earrings, with a face not unlike a smiling Chinese idol.

There were not many places where Shamus and Bill were welcome when they reached a social stage in one of their justly celebrated sprees.

Mrs. Amorest's was one of them. To Mrs. Amorest, men were men.

At that, everybody would probably have been all right if the Hawaiian orchestra in the patio hadn't started to play "Oh, Promise Me." Nobody will ever know why a Hawaiian orchestra should begin to play "Oh, Promise Me" at Mrs. Amorest's at three o'clock in the morning. Anyway, it did.

And Shamus Britt, sunk among purple velvet cushions on a chaise longue before the fire, sat up suddenly and stared out into the dim light as though he had seen a ghost.

"For gawd's sake, Bill," he said, in a voice that shook, "don't let them play that song. Don't let them play it, Bill, I ask you."

Bill gave him a stare of unadulterated fury. "Shut up," he said, brutally. "You and your songs."

But Shamus could not shut up. The sweet little old-fashioned melody, poignant on the strings, sang through the room like the spirit of a man's first love in a brothel. And Shamus's windpipe began to go up and down fast and furious.

"Listen, Bill," said Shamus, "I'm nothing but a bum. I'm a low dog. I'm not fit to live. Look what I meant to be—a great writer. Look at the talents I had. And what am I? What am I? Nothing but a drunken bum that's looked down on by all decent people, a disgrace to my name and a misery to myself."

BILL had put down his glass on the floor and was staring at him with complete and utter astonishment.

"It's true, Bill," said Shamus, the words pouring out of his mouth. "No use to deny it. But the worst of my crimes you don't know. Because I broke the heart and ruined the life of an angel—an angel from heaven, that's what I've done. A girl that loved me, and was as pure as a lily and as good as a saint. Waiting for me she is still, because she promised me and, well, I know Persis never broke a promise."

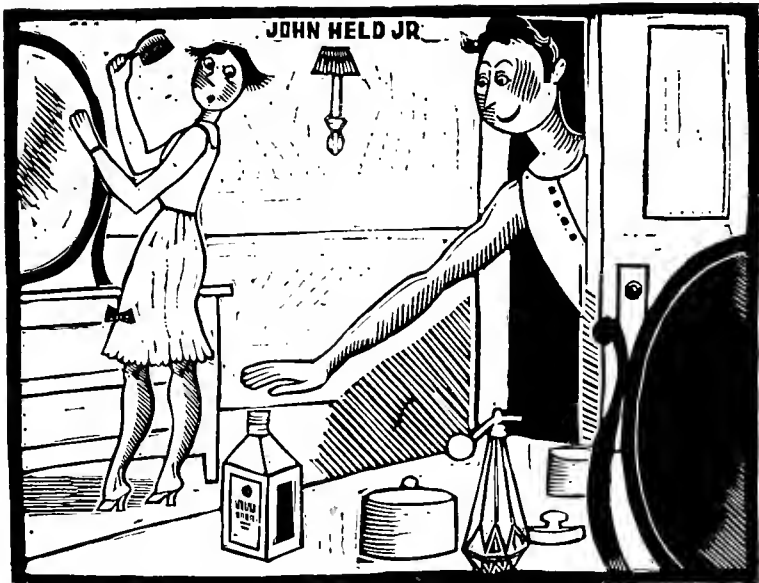
"Persis?" said Bill.

"Bill, she had violet eyes as pure and as bright as the stars in heaven. And she says to me, 'I'll wait for you, Shamus, because I love you. I'll wait for you always.' I came away and left her, Bill, standing down there by the gate under the apple blossoms, and her eyes followed me up the road with that promise in them. 'I'll wait for you, Shamus,' she said. And I was walking on air and had a gold crown on my head and was going out to conquer the world and come back and give it to her for to play with. And Oh, dear God, look what I am. Look what I am."

He began to weep, noisily and unbecomingly, but with a sincerity that somehow cracked Bill. He took another drink and considered.

"D'you think she's still waiting?" he asked at last.

"I know she's waiting," said Shamus Britt. "Persis promised me she'd wait."



Heroine, apparently brushing hair, peers sidelong into the mirror, and horrors! catches consort in the very act! Wisps of soap at his temples indicate that he has just shaved; a bright glow about the rugged chin reveals that he is about to soothe the razor-scrape with cooling Hinds. A shrill battle ensues, resulting in a score of 0 to 0 at the end of the game—and a separate and distinct bottle of Hinds for each of the contestants.

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So says the gentleman thief in hundreds of respectable families. Cautious wives have actually begun to hide their bottles of Hinds Cream. For men are discovering that here at last is a *real after-shave!* The softest, smoothest, soothiest relief for shave-worn skins you ever knew!

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"Well, then," said Bill, "why don't you go get her, if you feel as bad as all that about it. I'll go with you. Where does she live?"
 "Shamus put a heavy hand on Bill's shoulder. "Bill, will you go with me? We'll go tomorrow. We've got the money. She lives in Indiana. Will you go with me?"
 "Sure," said Bill, "great idea. I haven't been to Indiana for years."

THE Pullman conductor stopped on the platform at the end of the car, frowning ferociously.

"Porter," he bawled loudly.
 The porter appeared then, suddenly, out of one of the narrow doors near the end of the car. He opened it only wide enough to let himself out and shut it again rapidly behind him. But even that small opening was enough to allow wild and ribald and disorderly sounds to shatter the quiet in a most indecorous manner. Very black, that porter. Looked blacker, because of the white teeth his irresistible grin showed through.

"Yes sir," he said, "here I is."
 "What's going on in there?" said the conductor coldly.

"Couple gentlemen having quite a hilarious time, sir," said the porter, placatingly. "Nice gentlemen, too. They's from Hollywood. One of them's going back to get married."
 "Humph!" said the conductor. "Funny, I haven't seen them this whole trip. Don't they ever eat or take any exercise?"

"Ain't had much exercise, that's a fact," said the porter gently. "Fact is, them gentlemen came off without their collars. Reckon they'll get some in Chicago."

More sounds, probably musically intended. Shoots. And the porter's bell began to ring violently.

"They got an idea they need a tenor, sir," said the porter, and couldn't help grinning if his job depended on it.

"Tenor," grunted the conductor. "You tell them to calm down or I'll put them both off this train."

"Yes sir," said the porter.

THE vicarage of Watsonville was a little, old, white cottage, standing upon the bank of a small stream. A big tree bent its sheltering branches above the rambling roofline, and the tiny latticed windows opened out, welcoming. The cottage wore, that summer, a frill of pink climbing roses across the low front porch, and the picket fence was covered with fragrant, ivory honeysuckle.

Within it was a bare little place, of oddly shaped rooms, that were bare and clean and shining. Its old oak beams were richly dark against the white painted walls, and the old hooked rugs bloomed gaily on the worn floors.

Funny little place, so old-fashioned as to seem of another century altogether. Folks in Watsonville laughed kindly about the little old vicarage and the old vicar. They were so quaint. Of course it wasn't really a vicarage and in Indiana they didn't call the minister a vicar as a rule, but in this case the old names fitted so well.

On the day with which we have to do, Persis took the apple pie out of the oven, put it in the window where the blue gingham curtains fluttered above it, and went across to her father's door. She could hear him inside, in his combination study and bedroom, moving papers and books about, so she knew he was not praying and she knocked and called, "Lunch, father."

He came out, beaming gently, fine and old and threadbare as the cottage itself. He had never been of this age and now he seemed to Persis to be no longer quite of this world.

The table was set in the kitchen and they sat down, smiling at each other.

"I've had a wonderful morning, daughter," said the vicar. "Jesus was a wonderful man. I have been studying his actions under adversity. A glorious experience. Because adversity comes to everyone, to every man and woman. You realize that, Persis?"

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"Yes, dear," said Persis.
 "Trouble comes to everyone. And by it we are made or broken. It is the way we manage and receive adversity that determines our lives. If we become embittered, we are sure to lose our happiness. If we are too weak to pray and fight, we are beaten. But if we go forward, as Jesus did, praying and doing our best for our brother and never losing faith in God's loving care, we shall reap from trouble itself a rich reward, as Jesus did."

Persis helped him to the apple pie.
 "In Revelation—" he began.
 But there was a knock at the door, a rather loud knock, and he paused and looked up inquiringly.
 "Someone's at the door, dear," he said.
 "All right," said Persis.

SHE didn't stop to take off her apron. It was just one of the neighbors, or one of father's flock. She went as she was. Smoothing her hair a little, a smile on her lips.

Two men stood on the porch, strangers. Persis stood looking at them, a tall, slim girl, with a pale, clear skin, dressed in some simple thing of blue, with a blue checked apron tied around her waist.

"Did you—" began Persis, and stopped. Something was stirring in her heart. Her breath was coming uneasily. Why should her heart stir and her breath come uneasily because of two strange men on the front porch? A tall, thin, baggard man, and a short, stocky man, both dressed in very new but rather ill-fitting clothes.

"You wanted to see—" she tried again. This time she stopped because she knew. "Shamus," she said.

There was a little flutter, a few horribly awkward moments of strangeness and embarrassment. Then the four of them, Shamus and Bill, and the vicar and his daughter Persis were sitting about the room, looking at each other. An odd group they made—a couple of Hollywood bums, a saintly white-haired old man, and a girl with violet eyes.

Bill and the vicar were least disturbed. The vicar because nothing ever really disturbed him and Bill because he was at that stage of intoxication where a man believes utterly in his own power to cope with anything.

"Well," said Bill, "he's come back."
 Shamus nodded. He felt better now that he was sitting down. His tongue seldom played him false, but his legs often did. He had had a hunch when he stood there on the porch that they were going to let him down rather badly.

"I'm back, Persis," he said.
 "It's been a long time," said Persis.

Her eyes looked frightened, enormous. A new color had flooded her clear, pale skin.

"But you waited for me," said Shamus, looking directly at her for the first time. "You promised."

"I waited," said Persis, and she smiled at him.

SHAMUS was changed. He looked older than she had expected him to look. But he was Shamus and he had come back. They were strange to each other now, after this long separation. But she had loved him, her first, pure, half-understood girl love, and surely he had loved her or he wouldn't have come back for her, now that he was a big and successful writer in Hollywood.

There was something—something—that she didn't quite understand about him. Her father, too, had discovered something. But what it was they could not imagine. It never occurred to either of them that the returning bridegroom and his best man were decidedly the worse for a week's drunk.

Persis had never seen a drunken man in her life.

The vicar was praying deep in his heart for courage to let her go cheerfully. A woman, he told himself sternly, should be married and have a home and children. It would be lonely



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IF you want to make your hair easy to manage and add to its natural gloss and lustre, this is very easy to do.

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A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter. Try it! You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to manage.



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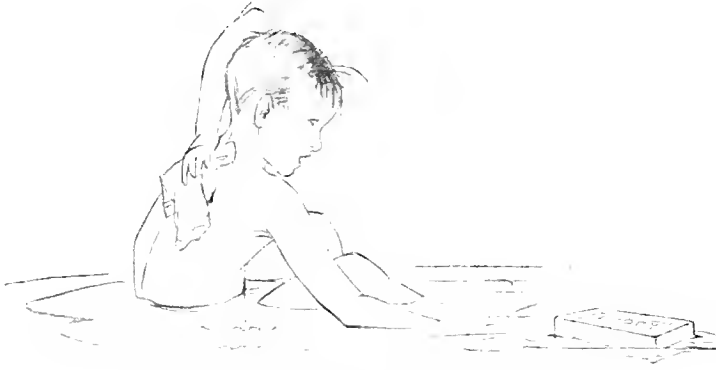
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without Persis, but he must not allow her to think of that. He must not be a selfish old man. True happiness lay in the things of the spirit. Old Mrs. Wilson would come and look after him and he would be infinitely better off than his Master had been when He was on earth.

Besides, suppose the Lord should call him? Sometimes he had a feeling in his heart that his stay upon the earth was almost over. And when he was gone, how utterly alone Persis would be. It was right that she should have a husband to look after her, and Shamus had come back, and they loved each other, which was well. The vicar thought of Persis's mother with a smile.

"You'll come to California when we're settled," Persis told him, her eyes clinging to his face.

"If God has work for me there, my child," he said.

But he knew that journey was not the one that lay in store for him.

So he married them. In the little white cottage by the stream. Persis wore the white gown in which she usually sang in the choir.

And all Watsonville went down to the station to see Mrs. Shamus Britt off for Hollywood, that dazzling and distant city that never seemed quite real.

The bride clung to her father for a moment, weeping. "You'll come soon, father," she said.

"God bless you, and care for you, my child," said the old vicar.

He kissed her.

And she was gone.

FROM the little cottage by the stream to the two messy rooms in an old rooming house on a Hollywood side street. From the companionship of the old vicar to that of Shamus Britt and Bill McCullough. From the position of the vicar's daughter in Watsonville to that of Shamus Britt's wife in Hollywood.

"Imagine anybody marrying Shamus," said Hollywood, and laughed.

The sheer, frightful drop stunned the girl at first.

It was a nightmare from which she must awaken.

It couldn't be real, happening to her.

In a panic of ignorance and bewilderment she struggled through the first months, bruised and beaten almost into insensibility by this unbelievable world she had strayed into.

She, who knew nothing of evil, nothing of the world, found herself living in a sink of iniquity. She knew no one in Hollywood, she had no money of her own, she was dependent upon Shamus for everything. Soon she did not know which she dreaded most, his drunkenness or his mad remorse and nerve-racking attempts to do better. His cruelty to her when he was drinking or his weeping over her when he was partially sober. The stark, terrible loneliness of those two rooms, when he and Bill sat day after day drinking and hardly spoke to her, or the companionship of such people as Mrs. Amorest and her friends.

THE side of Hollywood she saw was not Hollywood, any more than Limehouse is London or the Barbary Coast is San Francisco or Montmartre is Paris. It was the seamy side of life, the evil of humanity, that is to be found everywhere. It is to be found in Hollywood, too often gilded by wit and position and artistic accomplishment that permits it to go on existing. But in that Hollywood is no different from any other place, only that its doings are magnified by the glass house in which it carries on its affairs, and that a colony of art must always draw many of those who make art an excuse for evil.

Persis had lost contact with the world she knew, and she could only lie and weep at night, while Shamus tossed in his restless agonies beside her. And then without any warning her father died.

She sat very still, holding the telegram in

her hands. Her throat ached inconceivably. She saw the little white cottage, and her father moving about in his garden, and a girl who had once been herself standing on the low porch—smiling.

The peace of it. Now it was gone forever. She looked over to where Bill and Shamus sat at the dining room table, wrangling, over some sheets of manuscript.

AND a great longing for one last touch of that gentle hand swept over her, that gentle hand that was still—still. If only she could have said good-bye to him. If only now she could fling herself down beside him and weep away this unbearable load.

That had been denied her. Stumbling, she went and got the little Bible he had given her when she was a child in Sunday School, and opened it. Surely God had not deserted her altogether.

"Blessed," it said to her, "blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy."

What had her father said to her on that day so long ago when Shamus had returned? His voice was clear in her heart, clear and comforting. Why, it was as though he spoke to her again.

"Trouble comes to everyone. And by it we are made or broken. It is the way we manage and receive adversity that determines our lives. If we become embittered, we are sure to lose our happiness. If we are too weak to pray and fight, we are beaten. But if we go forward, as Jesus did, praying and doing our best for our brother and never losing faith in God's loving care, we shall reap from trouble a rich reward as did He."

She put the telegram away in the little Book, and turned a new glorified face to the way she knew she must walk.

THREE years is not always a long time. It may slip away in a golden haze of happiness or in the stern joy of work well done.

The next three years of Persis's life moved slowly, strangely, steadily.

Unhappiness had gone from her. They were years of service, that was all. She was married to Shamus Britt. He was her husband. His ways were her ways, his people her people.

As his wife she stood shoulder to shoulder with him, and she brought into his life many things that he had forgotten existed. They were not enough to save him, he was past that, past any hope of redemption. But quietly, strongly, she held him up as best she might. She nursed him. She worked for him.

"I tell you that Mrs. Britt is all but a saint, too good for this world," the landlady where they lived told her best friend. "Such a wife I've never seen, poor little thing, and him hopeless as can be. Lots of times I ain't sure they've got enough to eat, but it's never a whimper you'd hear out of her, and the way she keeps things, and makes all her own clothes, and such a cook—makes him eat, too, which he never used to. No thing but a slip of a girl she was when she come here a bride, but now—notice her eyes sometime, when she's in here. They'll show you what's inside her."

And she said much the same thing to Persis herself, when an overdose of some white powder had carried Shamus away at last and ended his wasted life.

"You've nothing to reproach yourself with, and that I must say to you," she said, patting Persis's hand. "You were a grand wife to him, the best I ever seen. He knew it, indeed he did. He'd have been better if he could. But he couldn't. But you was a good wife."

"I tried to be," said Persis. She was free again. For all her tenderness of heart, she could not regret that Shamus was gone. There was no bitterness in her thought of him, now. They had been the victims of a strange prank of fate. But she was glad now of her freedom. Only she felt lonely, undecided what to do with her future. She had to earn her living.



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"HOW TO MAKE UP" contains the make-up secrets of a famous moving picture and stage actress. A well known actor and actress, noted for the 50 descriptive illustrations.

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by
LETITIA HADLEY

DID YOU EVER HAVE AN uncomfortable suspicion that you were *not* just as irreproachably fresh and dainty as you'd like to be? What woman hasn't! . . . And how impossible it seems, sometimes, to prevent that distressing odor of perspiration, when you're busy and hurried!

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PHOTO 5-27

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"You'd better marry me," said Bill. "Hollywood's no place for a girl alone."

"I'm not a girl now, Bill," said Persis. "I'm nearly thirty. Thank you just the same, but—I don't think I'll marry again."

Shamus's few friends were very kind to his widow. They offered her work in the pictures. She played a few bits badly. And she spent several months as script girl in a cheap comedy company. But she hated it. She knew she could never make good. She was afraid of the bigness of the studio, she disliked the hectic ebb and flow of people. Her one longing was for quiet, peace.

"THAT new maid of yours has the oddest eyes," said Anne Post, finishing her seventh cocktail and lighting herself a cigarette. "Where in the world did you get her?"

Mrs. von Hutton shrugged. "She came, I rather liked her. She's the quietest thing I've ever seen. And very handy. Please, Anne, don't drink any more cocktails. You know perfectly well how Frank is. He hates it. He hates women who drink and smoke all the time. If you've an idea in the world of catching him, I'd advise you to lay off some of that stuff."

Anne's eyes narrowed. "Personally," she said, with a skeptical twist to the corner of her mouth, "just personally, I think that's rather a pose of Frank's. He talks a lot about it, but I notice he—follows me about a bit."

"Don't be misled by that, my dear," said Mrs. von Hutton, crisply. "Frank is a man and you're beautiful. I dare say he will follow you just as far and as fast as you'll let him. But I know my brother better than you do. When it comes to selecting a mother for his children, he'll never marry a gin-drinking, cigarette-smoking—"

"Motion picture actress," said Anne, amused. "But, my dear, I can't see that I'm at all different from the rest of these girls who come here and who are not motion picture actresses, merely young society buds whose chief interest is in horse shows and polo matches."

"You're not," said Mrs. von Hutton. "Frank admires you much more, because you've made yourself what you are, because you're what he calls a working woman. He doesn't bother his fool head about these girls around here. Surely you've seen that. I'm telling you these things, Anne, because I happen to know you're socially ambitious, and that you like Frank, and I'd prefer you as a sister-in-law to most of the wenches I see about nowadays. But it was a mistake to dance the Black Bottom last night. It was, really."

Anne crushed out her cigarette. "The man's a prude," she said, annoyed. "Where does he expect to find this paragon, anyway?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. von Hutton. "But he won't marry until he does."

A maid in a dark dress and white apron came into the room just then. A tall, slim girl, very erect and neatly garbed.

You would have noticed her eyes.

"You're wanted on the telephone, Miss Post," she said, "and it's after seven, Mrs. von Hutton, I thought you might want to begin dressing."

"All right, Britt," said Mrs. von Hutton, lazily, "I'm coming."

FRANK CARRINGTON shoved open the French window and walked out into the terrace that overhung the beautiful hills and valleys surrounding his sister's house. He loved them. He loved Flintridge. The sheer peaks of the mountains against the sky, the low hung, blue-blazing stars, the pitch-black canyons always thrilled him.

But now he hardly noticed them. He wanted only to get away from that mob inside, from the glaring lights and the noise and the smoke-laden air.

What in the world was the matter with him? Was he getting old—at thirty? Or had present day conditions forced the deep strong

Puritan strain in him to the surface, caused him to throw back to the days of his ancestors?

He didn't know. He was not particularly given to self-analysis—wouldn't have called himself an intellectual heavyweight. But he liked decency, and straight-shooting and clean-living.

These girls—he supposed it was horribly out of date, horribly old-fashioned—but he hated to see girls drink. Those young things, smelling of raw whiskey, flushed and dishevelled and acting either too stupid or too hilarious.

That wasn't for women—that kind of stuff. That little Anne Post, that he had liked so much at first, for her grit and her gallant sense of humor. What a spectacle she was making of herself now. If women only realized—

HE turned and went back into the house. He'd had enough. He was going to bed. It was past two now. This was an infernal bore—whole thing.

Tomorrow he'd pack up and go East, go down to his place in Virginia and stay there by himself for six months, and hunt and ride and do some fishing. He was sick of civilization, if this was civilization.

As for marrying, as for a wife and children—by Gad, he'd stay a bachelor and let the name die out forever, rather than bequeath to his children the heritage of most of the girls he saw nowadays.

He tramped up the stairs and down the long hall, his jaw set and his shoulders squared—a big, solid, lump of a young man, with a square, kind, outdoor sort of face, and kind, steady brown eyes.

At the end of the hall he saw two women and stopped, uncertain.

Then he discovered that it was his sister's maid, and a girl he remembered seeing earlier in the evening, a pretty little thing in a scant orange dress who had made outrageous eyes at him.

The maid was helping her toward his sister's bedroom, holding her with a gentle strength that surprised Frank.

"What the hell—" the girl said suddenly. "I'm not going in there. I'm all right. Get me a little drink and I'll be all right."

"You don't need anything more to drink," said the maid, in a low, firm voice. "You've had more than enough already. I'm not going to let you go down there again—I'm not."

Just as they reached the place where Frank Carrington stood against the wall, the girl keeled and went out completely, her young unruled head on the maid's black shoulder.

"Poor little thing," said the maid, in the most heartbroken voice, gathering the girl into her arms as tenderly as though she had been a lost sheep. "Poor little thing. Will you help me with her, please, sir?"

But for a long moment Frank Carrington did not answer.

He had noticed Persis's eyes.

THAT'S the way Mrs. Loringdale told the story to the press agent and Bertie Sellman that day in the studio lunch room.

She left out a great many important things. But, you see, the press agent had known Shamus Britt.

And when she had quite finished, young Mrs. Peter Pell Loringdale laughed and said, "I'm quite sure I don't know why I've told you this. I've never told to anyone before. I thought it might help—someone."

"Not that I'll ever get a rich husband," said Bertie. "I bet those other girls were fit to be tied when the minister's daughter grabbed him off right under their noses. Well, it just goes to show it pays to be good, if you got the strength. Wonder who Persis was."

But the press agent never answered.

"Time for you to get back to your set, dumbbell," he said, as he walked away with a dazed look in his eyes.

"Frank Carrington, hell," he muttered. "Peter Pell Loringdale."

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

ANKLES PREFERRED—Fox

THE same old story of the sales-gal told in a slipshod manner. There is not one redeeming feature in this piece—poor direction and lighting, cheap sets, strained comedy relief and a set of supposedly funny sub-titles that are boring. The cast—with the exception of Madge Bellamy and Lawrence Gray—is a false alarm. With proper direction Madge Bellamy may do bigger and better things. Don't even waste a quarter on this.

LET IT RAIN—Paramount

A GOOD Douglas MacLean comedy that proves life to sailors and marines is not just one joke after another and commanding officers are just as grouchy as ever. Douglas and Wade Boteler are hilariously funny as the rival factions, but at heart they are buddies. The gags are good and here is one case where a set of wise-cracking titles are appreciated. A nice clean picture—the kind the whole family can enjoy.

MOTHER—F. B. O.

FILLED with all the ingredients to make this a box-office bet. It's a very sentimental affair of the trials and tribulations of a self-sacrificing mother. After years of scrimping, success comes to hubby. The result—papa steps with one of his clients and the son—well, there's nothing like wine, woman and song. Our old friend, the train wreck, reunites the family. Use your own good judgment.

LOVE MAKES 'EM WILD—Fox

AND you will be wild if you sit through this. It's all about the much abused office clerk who suddenly decides to be nobody's yes man. He goes out on a wild tear with a pal and, before he's finished, the head boss is begging him to return. He does, because there happens to be a cute little steno in the office whom he wishes to make a good impression on—which he does. Now laugh that off.

THE ARIZONA WHIRLWIND—Pathe

A FAST moving Western featuring Bill Cody. We won't tell the story for that would be spoiling your good time. We recommend it to you without any reservations—and that's going some in these days of wild and woolly Westerns.

HILLS OF KENTUCKY—Warner Bros.

RIN-TIN-TIN is one actor who never falls down on the job. Here Rinty is the hero in a real good action story. He is the leader of a pack of wolves that is being hunted down by the mountaineers of them thar hills. A little cripple boy helps Rinty escape and, when the opportunity presents itself, the dog proves what a hero he is. Treat yourself to a good picture.

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION—F. B. O.

THIS wins the hand embroidered toothpick as being the worst picture of the month. The former Tarzan series were enjoyable. But this is filled with such improbabilities that it becomes ridiculous. It is an insult to the human intelligence to expect anyone to sit through this. Need more be said?

HUSBAND HUNTERS—Tiffany

AN easy way to spend an hour. A nice little story of gold-digging chorus girls who choose their boy-friends from Bradstreets. But all that glistens is not gold and they eventually marry the choice of their heart. Mae Busch, Mildred Harris, Jean Arthur and Charles Delaney head the cast.



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Collegiate

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]



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During the first term of the year by tradition the Freshman is not permitted to attend the first show, unless, perchance, the Freshman football team beats the Yale yearlings. In that event, however, the first year men gain a special dispensation to attend the first evening performance after Thanksgiving.

At a moving picture show which is said to be particularly good, the students will arrive early with an evening paper to read until the house is darkened for the preliminary news reel. The minute the lights go out the pianist strikes up appropriate music. If it be soldiers marching across the silver screen, the pianist will usually play, "Going Back to Old Nassau"—Princeton's marching song—while the boys stamp their feet in unison, joining in on the refrain. Next the pianist may lapse into a popular song, which the boys will whistle.

ON a first visit to Dad Struve's theater one will notice a boxlike contrivance built of boards from which the strains of the piano-music emanate. One might at first believe that its purpose was to give a greater volume of sound, but the principle of the box, one later learns, is not acoustic.

It is entirely defensive; a battement, as it were, against flying books, since at times the hapless pianist will play a rambling composition of his own, or mayhap pause a few moments between pieces.

"Music! Music!" several hundred voices command ominously.

If the instrument does not respond immediately with a strain the boys can sing or whistle, the cries are redoubled, and in extreme cases printed matter is put to a use for which it was never intended.

But now the news reel is finished and the boys have tramped with the soldiers reviewed by King George, have hissed Federal agents in the act of confiscating fifty barrels of whisky, pouring the precious contents into the gutters of New York, have sat in respectful silence through pictures of Florida's latest hurricane, and have applauded the smiling features of the first left-handed woman to swim the English Channel for her kiddies.

For an instant the screen flashes white and then comes the daintily designed title revealing that

Notorious Players

present

Flaming Sex with Wandine Willow

from the play

"HAMLET"

by William Shakespeare

An expectant roar goes up from the lusty-youthed youths following the announcement and a flurry of newspapers shoot high into the air and sink slowly back to earth. The movie proceeds amid fascinated silence until, let us say, the smooth city fellow who plays the villain opens a bottle of champagne.

Someone in the back of the house greets the noiseless demonstration of the screen with a hearty imitation of a popping bottle. Laughter.

In a later chase scene the hero enters one door while the villain goes out the other.

"Catch him! Catch him!" thunders the audience.

"The other door!" adds a solitary voice, and every one takes up the cry, advising his friend upon the screen, who seems a pig-headed sort of fellow and remains deaf to their entreaties.

Several years ago Theodore Roberts of the ever-present cigar was playing at the Arcade. He alternately smoked and chewed his cigar throughout a long scene. It became shorter and shorter, as he shifted it from one corner of his mouth to the other, and everyone was watching the stogie, fascinated, for it even threatened his moustache.

"Hey, mister," suddenly piped a student, "your chew's on fire."

STILL more recently in "Variety" at that point in the story where Emil Jannings, as the circus owner, begins to succumb to the seductive wiles of Lya de Putti, as the dancer, his wife, noticing his increasing interest in the vamp, and his rapidly waning interest in her, calls to him:

"Your soup is getting cold," read the caption. "So's your old man," commented a student from the audience.

Last year for the first time smoking was barred at the early evening show for students—it had never been allowed at the second performance attended largely by townspeople—and it was a cause of bitter undergraduate resentment.

The editorial columns of the college paper condemned the ban and there was even talk of a large *p*-rade (as parades are locally called) of protest.

The first night of the ban on cigarettes and pipes the boys busied themselves by lighting matches during the film, much to the consternation of the solitary usher, who reasoned that where a match was, there also was a smoker.

Usher-baiting is always a favorite sport among the college movie-goers. Dad Struve tells of a night when some wag brought an alarm clock, fully wound, to the theater. He set it off in the midst of the feature film. The usher much distressed set out flashlight in hand to hunt down the miscreant, who upon perceiving his approaching plight quickly passed the clock along the line.

Suddenly the alarm went off in another part of the house.

The usher rushed to the spot too late as the bell sounded in yet another part. Again he rushed toward the sound of the bell amid cheers and laughter, only to have the swiftly traveling clock sound forth in still another place. He dove to the place from which the noise had come.

By this time the whole theater was in an uproar. The film was forgotten.

THE boys were all on their feet shouting and laughing advice not in the least helpful to the frenzied usher, who, flashlight in hand made wild rushes hither and yon, looking for all the world like an enraged firefly. And not until the undergraduates had either tired of the sport, or perchance the alarm clock had mysteriously returned to its rightful but wrong-headed owner, did the flying usher come to rest.

A favorite diversion for upperclassmen before the start of the picture, while the house lights are on and the boys are still filling in, is the Freshman who enters the theater still wearing his little black cap on the back of his head—the distinguishing mark of the yearling. He walks unconcernedly down the aisle.

"Hat off!" cries a sophomore on the lookout for a breach of Freshman etiquette.

The Freshman seldom realizes that he is addressed and is as a rule completely oblivious to the first command. He walks further down the aisle.

"Hat off!" a score of angry voices cry, and should the first year man remain deaf to this warning, the whole theater will roar its protest.

This time the Freshman is sure to under-

YOU CAN OIL PAINT
Amazing new method teaches men or women to earn after first lesson. OIL PAINT photos—portraits, landscapes or art subjects. Earn \$15 to \$50 and more a week. Oil, Fat & Ovary given. Send now for free illustrated book. PHOTONIX Art Studio, Dept. G. P. 205 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

For Swollen Veins



..rub in Absorbine, Jr.

QUIETING relief comes as Absorbine, Jr. penetrates the congested area and stimulates circulation. With frequent applications Absorbine, Jr. has in many instances restored the former smoothness of the skin. Keep it handy—use it freely—it has many other uses.

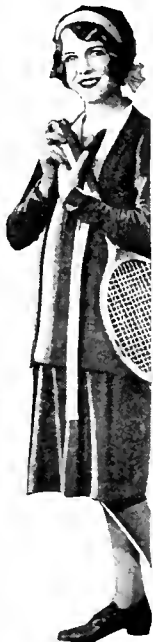
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W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

Easily Trained to Perfect Regularity!

It's so easy to have regular, thorough, and natural movement of the bowels every day! A little calcium—and Nature does the rest. Don't take harsh, habit-forming cathartics. Nor sickening salts. A tiny calcium wafer now and then avoids all need of them. Calcium cleanses the blood, too, and clears the complexion like no lotion could ever do. Pure calcium keeps you in the pink of condition.



Free!

Almost every drug-store in America has Stuart's calcium wafers in stock. They cost only a dime! Or write for a free box postpaid by F. A. Stuart Co., Dept. C273, Marshall, Mich.

STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS

stand, and covered with embarrassment, he quickly removes the meagre headpiece amid thunderous applause from the whole audience.

In like manner the undergraduates will advise the hero of the screen should he, upon entering a house, be oblivious of this social usage.

If, let us say, the suave society villain fails to remove his topper upon entering the heroine's silk-draped apartment, the student audience will always take pains to inform him of his error.

When the moving picture show is incompatible with undergraduate taste, pennies are rolled down the aisle, while in extreme cases of boredom the boys will walk out in a body.

"Money back!" is the traditional student cry of disappointment when the hero and heroine of the film fail to meet in a clinch.

But on the contrary, should the hero grasp the ingenue tenderly in his sinewy arms and indulge in one of those kisses which is more or less commonly called "a movie kiss," the undergraduate audience will in a body call, "HOLD it! HOLD it!" for the duration of the lip to lip encounter.

OFTEN there is no remark at all, for sometimes a well-timed sigh or groan, a cooing noise, or a long, low whistle of admiration will bring down the house.

Many of the quips rely on subjects of local interest for their humor.

An occasional laugh will come when some amateur lip-reader will interpret an ejaculation of the moving picture actor.

The University faculty seldom attend the moving pictures, save when there is a picture of historical interest showing. A few of the professors will attend these shows, largely to exercise their critical powers. They delight in picking out the anachronisms or historical inaccuracies ignored by the moving picture director.

With professors it is an old habit. They do it even to Shakespeare!

Actors and actresses maintain that a professional audience is the most appreciative possible audience before which to play—if you have the stuff. Of course they blame where blame is due, but they are the first and the loudest in praise of noteworthy work. In a large measure this can also be said of the college undergraduate.

His applause when it comes is unmitigated and unrestrained.

His opinions, because of his youth, are sometimes wrong, but right or wrong, they are certain to be violent.

He is equally ready to express a definite opinion of a rival college, his professors, a current novel, or a jazz orchestra. Small wonder therefore that when witnessing the silent drama his thoughts are outspoken.

AT least one student in every class at Princeton is an insatiable cinema hound, making it a point of honor never to miss one moving picture throughout his four years at college. His taste for the silent drama is soon recognized by his intimate friends and at length becomes the common knowledge of his classmates.

For his excessive interest in moving pictures he is always an object of considerable mirth at the graduation exercises of his class.

On the first day of the Commencement week exercises, it is customary for the wittiest man in the class to address the seniors humorously on the peculiar weaknesses of his fellows, whether they be laziness, "high-hattedness," dressiness or just plain talkativeness. At this particular exercise, called the Presentation ceremony, the most confirmed movie-goer is called before his fellow seniors and rewarded for his assiduity by some befitting token, sometimes with a large autographed portrait of his favorite moving picture actress, sometimes with a book—the implication being that he has neglected intellectual pursuits in favor of the silver screen.



Use Lemon Rinse

for Complete Hair Beauty

A LEMON rinse after shampooing means an absolute cleanliness that rinsing with plain water, no matter how often repeated, can't give. The mild, natural, harmless fruit-acid of the lemon juice cuts the curd formed by the soap, leaving the hair faultlessly clean.

Try this shampoo accessory the next time you wash your hair. Note its delightful fresh cleanliness. See its lustrous sheen. Feel its soft, fluffy texture. Note the "springy" quality that makes it easier to retain wave or curl.

To get the best results, wash your hair thoroughly — and rinse well to get out the free soap. Then add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water (about four quarts) and rinse thoroughly with this, following with rinse in plain water.

It is the one sure way to keep your hair looking its best. Get a dozen California lemons today and have them in the house the next time you shampoo your hair.

Send coupon below for free booklet, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic." It explains many other beauty uses for lemons.

California Fruit Growers Exchange, Sec. 1105, Box 530, Sta. "C," Los Angeles, California.

Please send me free booklet, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring, and in beautifying the hair.

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

Thanks to

ZIParms
that
charm

IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

The lure of a ZIP-free arm!
How it enchants. ZIP does more

than merely remove surface hair. It destroys the hair on the face, arms, body, limbs or underarms, by gently removing the cause, quickly, painlessly and harmlessly—and cannot strengthen fine hair. Like magic your skin becomes adorable.

Good Beauty Shops give ZIP treatments, but beware of imitations—often mere wax preparations—which act like a shave, strengthening the growth by breaking the hair at the surface. ZIP destroys the hair by gently and rapidly removing the cause.

Use ZIP once and you need never resort to ordinary depilatories. Money-back guarantee.

Sold Everywhere. Treatment or Free Demonstration at my Salon

Madame Berthe, Specialist, Dept. 928

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Please send "Beauty's Greatest Secret" telling about ZIP, "Fashion Decrees" and samples Massage Cream, AB-SCENT Deodorant, and Face Powder, for which I enclose 10c.

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Address _____

City & State _____

If Your HAIR is Gray

YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT GRAY OR FADED HAIR CAN NOW EASILY BE RETURNED TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOR BY ONE BRIEF APPLICATION OF B. PAUL'S HENNA

Gray Faded Hair
Why Have
B. PAUL'S HENNA

Imparts to the hair the desired lustrous beautiful color of youth. Prepared for fastidious women for twelve years, by Monsieur B. Paul, French hair coloring specialist. Will not stain scalp, rub or wash off. Absolutely permanent. Turkish or sea baths, perspiration, sun, shampoos, tonics, or waving will not remove this natural coloring. Composed Henna, Herbs and other harmless ingredients. 14 shades. Blonde to black. \$1.60. White Henna for lightening blonde hair grown dark \$2.25. Free Advice and Booklet.

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Illinois College of Photography, Box 757, Effingham, Ill.

Schools of Movie Acting

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

Does a look of EXPECTANCY come over your features? Do you have a look of PLEASURE? Then you really DO possess the power of expression.

"Think that you are a criminal—escaping the police. Every footfall on the walk or in the hall fills you with horror. Every moment you expect to be arrested. Does your face SHOW this horror? Does FEAR creep into the lines of your features? Then surely you have the power of expression."

The Talent Tester also offers a more elaborate scene, involving a more complicated set of emotions. And then it puts you on your honor to judge of your own talents, your qualifications for enrolling in the course. What could be fairer?

The most primitive baits are held out by the Film Information Bureau to lure along the customers. The glammers and glories of movie life are extolled in the flightiest style in the white booklet, which is profusely illustrated with a fine collection of antique "stills."

Here are some of the choicest gems, extracted at random.

"Remember that the movie actors and actresses are invited to the best homes, attend house parties, week-end parties, receptions, balls, and actually meet the cream of society.

"In our estimation, a genius is only a hard worker who applies himself or herself conscientiously to the task at hand. The photodrama has places for geniuses, but it has more places for good, steady, dependable actors and actresses. . . . Never mind about being a genius. Think about just being a capable actor or actress, first of all, and go into it with all your heart and soul. Go mad over it! Make it the biggest thing in your life, and then you should succeed proportionately!"

Shall we laugh or shall we cry? To continue to dig into the gold mine:

"The photodrama has called to its fold every type and each class of men, women and children. It has searched the highways and the byways for the beautiful and the homely; the physically perfect and the physically imperfect; for the tall and the short; the lean and the fat; the stoop-shouldered; men, women and children of all nationalities, races and colors.

"Even cripples are called upon to play certain parts, and many a little hoy or girl has found a lucrative place in the great studios."

Listen to this:

"If a man or a woman intends to enter the law, medicine, dentistry, teaching, or any of the other professions, it is necessary first of all to have a high-school education. But this is not necessary in the art of movie acting or any of the other branches that we have named, and that will be taught to you for the one price."

The Film Information Bureau puts on the loud pedal about the fascinations of studio life

and makes the most blatant appeal to the vanity of its prospective customers. As for instance:

"Your photos eventually occupy permanent, prominent places in the homes of all kinds of folks—from the little hall bedrooms of department store clerks, and the family albums of rural homes, to the sumptuous drawing-rooms of the wealthy."

If, after all these visions of a Mohammedan paradise, you don't send along your enrollment fee, the Film Information Bureau follows up with a green circular entitled "Plain Talk by Our President." Incidentally, in none of the rainbow literature are any names of the officials of the Bureau supplied to the customers.

The subtitle in the green circular is "Questions Answered and Doubts Dispelled by the Head of the Film Information Bureau."

Here are some of the imaginary conversations between the Prexy and his prospective pupils:

"I would like very much to become a Movie-actor, but I am afraid to take a chance." (This from the wavering customer.)

To which the President answers:

"Those people who are always afraid to take chances are the ones who cause the labor market to be over-crowded. If you haven't grit enough to take a chance, then, pray, where are you going to end your days? . . . The person who is always saying that the desirable things are far beyond him—who doubts, discredits and disbelieves everybody and everything, will never get anywhere or have anything in this world, mark that well."

And another—also in the style of Plato's Republic:

"Is the profession of Movie-acting really as attractive and desirable as you have pictured it?"

The answer:

"I am somewhat surprised at this question. . . . Picture a film-studio with hundreds of actors and actresses, working happily in their world of make-believe; all friends, all enjoying life to the fullest—taking trips to all corners of the globe! Think of the countless rich gowns worn by the actresses, and the wonderful costumes of the men. . . . How can this seem like work—when it is crammed full of the heartiest enjoyment, with the best pay of any profession!"

Still another gem:

"I am afraid that there will be too many Movie actors and actresses . . . that the profession will be overcrowded."

"Don't worry about that for a moment," is the cheery reply of the President. And then he begins to talk figures and continues, "You must remember that of all the thou-

sands of young people who long to get into the films, comparatively few have enough gumption to more than dream about it. . . . But you are different. Your ambition is awake. You have proved this to us by writing for our Talent Tester.

"Don't fear for a moment that there will be an oversupply of talent in the Studios. The doubters and hesitators will not be there to crowd you."

The green circular, sent to those who fail to respond to the Talent Tester finally works itself into a note of bullying terrorism. This, for instance:

"I think picture-playing is a grand profession and believe that your Course is all that you claim for it, but I guess I will wait a while—I will put the matter off for a time."

Whereupon the President thunders:

"My friend, go out in the park and look at the shabby down-and-outs sitting on the benches. Visit some of our charitable institutions where all sorts of human wrecks and riff-raff are herded together to eke out a cheerless existence. Take note of the old men digging in the streets and the old ladies scrubbing floors, when they should be spending their declining years in comfort. These are the people who 'just waited'—who put things off!"

Funny, yes, if you are in a position to see the joke. But slightly poisonous if you are a poor, simple Merton, bedazzled by all this talk of easy money and glory in the movies.

The Film Information Bureau is also undoubtedly within the law. The U. S. mails bring the circulars to your door. It's none of the government's business if you want to waste your money. Neither is it the government's business if film publications either through their editorial or advertising columns, want to tell you that movie producers are crying for your presence in the studios.

Of course, this promise to teach movie acting by mail is patent and obvious boob-chasing. What of the other schools that promise to bring you face to face with a real grinding camera? What of the men who say, substantially, "Come to Hollywood and see your face on the screen"?

Is movie acting a trade that can be learned like stenography, plumbing or pie-making?

Granted that it can be taught, what of the dear old law of supply and demand? What of the gentlemen whose schools serve to bring ambitious aspirants to Hollywood, when everyone who knows anything about the economic situations there insists, in all sincerity, that Hollywood wants no more hoys and girls to add to its unemployment problem?

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE again reminds you of its ratio: Only one in ten thousand has a chance for stellar success.

We have seen something of the workings of this "learn acting by mail" business. Now let us inspect the promises of the men who, through a direct contact with the industry, are in a position to get you before the Kleig lights—in their own school.

To get a catalog from the Cinema Schools, Inc., at 1320 Gordon Street, Hollywood, all you need is a two cent stamp. You don't have to send a dime. So I wrote the following letter to the managers of this enterprise:



NEW... SMART...
AND PRICED
SURPRISINGLY LOW!



Lyralin
Toilet ware

—for your fitted bag, too

LOOK FOR THE NAME—THE SAFEGUARD OF QUALITY



START to PLAY Very First Day!

Extra Money . . . Hosts of Friends . . . Loads of Fun Now Within Your Reach!

HAPPY DAYS are in store for you if you will only **act** on this suggestion! Cheery evenings playing catchy music alone or with sweetheart, wife or sister; proud moments as *center of interest* at gatherings; nights of joy making \$5 to \$25 for work that is "play"! The Deagan Xylorimba is your Opportunity! Wonderful for home, in demand at dances and entertainments, *yet easiest of all instruments to play*. No teacher necessary—you actually play simple melodies the very first day even if you cannot read a note of music right now!

Earns \$60 a Week—Ralph Smith, Chicago, says: "Played twenty minutes at wedding. Received \$40." L. E. Hallmann, Reading, Pa., writes: "Made \$300 in five weeks, spare time. Had never played instrument before."

SEND FOR BIG FREE BOOK!

Our new book tells all about the delightful lessons furnished with each instrument; the five day trial that removes risk; the wonderful Deagan easy-payment plan. No obligation—simply fill in and mail the coupon!

J. C. DEAGAN, Inc., Dept. 1635, 1770 Berteau Ave., Chicago Please send me, without obligation, full details of the Free Trial offer and easy-payment plan on the Deagan Xylorimba.

Name _____
Address _____



FAMOUS stars of stage and screen in Europe and America use Rimmel's Cosmétique in preference to other eyelash or brow beautifiers. There is a reason, of course! Rimmel's frames your eyes with long luxuriant lashes—without that unwanted "made-up" appearance, bringing you new beauty—truly fascinating. And—it is absolutely harmless. Insist on Rimmel's.

In black or brown at Drug or Dept. Stores —or send one dollar to Scales & Lisner, Inc., Importers, 1 West 47th St., N. Y. C.

RIMMEL'S
Cosmétique
MADE IN FRANCE SINCE 1834



"The Palmer Institute would have saved me years of labor."

Jim Tully

BE AN ALIVE WRITER

"I RECALL writing my first short story," says Jim Tully, author of the brilliant novel, *Jarnegan*, and of work in *Pictorial Review*, *Vanity Fair*, *American Mercury*, *Liberty*. "It was a tale of the ring called 'Battle Galore,' and Clayton Hamilton gave me advice on how to 'build it up.' I am certain that the Palmer course would have saved me years of labor."

An alive writer! The Palmer Institute specializes in aliveness and in sureness. It can help you give your stories a modern twist, unexpected, spontaneous—help make them sell—the kind of stories that make good motion pictures. Your own special talents are aroused to highest writing strength.

Palmer courses are also endorsed by Charles Kenyon (writer of both the story and the continuity of "The Iron Horse"), Carl Clausen, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Jesse Lynch Williams, Gertrude Ather-ton, Katharine Newlin Burt, Rupert Hughes, Julie M. Lippmann, Alex McLaren, Frederick Stuart Greene. Use the coupon for details.

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP
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Please send me, without any obligation, details about the course I have checked.

- Short Story Writing
 English and Self-Expression
 Photoplay Writing

Name _____

Address _____
All correspondence strictly confidential
No salesman will call upon you

"Dear Sirs:

"Will you send me your catalog for your Cinema Schools, Inc. My husband and I are contemplating a trip to your state in the near future and I would dearly love a chance to do some movie acting. Realizing full well that this is impossible for an amateur, I am writing about your school altho I can't spend more than a few hundred dollars. Altho married I am considered attractive to my friends.

"Hoping to hear from you.

Respectfully,

Mrs. Smith.

"P. S. Please excuse pencil!"

The spelling and punctuation were slightly off form and the letter was written on yellow, lined paper. Also I gave my own R. F. D. address in Connecticut.

After two weeks of breathless suspense, the catalog of the Cinema Schools, Inc., arrived. It is an evasive volume, printed on handsome, heavy paper and profusely illustrated with "stills." The "stills" have no captions. One doesn't know whether they are taken from professional productions or whether they are pictures of scholars at work.

an engagement, it is in a position to suggest students for minor parts under the supervision of prominent directors. Often in such parts, the aspirant for screen honors has plenty of opportunity to show the degree of talent he possesses, and may find himself on the stepping stone to regular engagements and a successful career as a screen artist."

If you can gather any definite hope from that sentence, you are a Grade A Pollyanna.

The chief charm of the catalog is the old Hollywood stuff—the fascination of the movies—the demand on the part of producers for new faces—the importance of training for screen players—the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

A course in the Cinema Schools costs \$500 payable in advance. You may enroll any time—the school has no terms. Any of course, that you have the \$500. If you are under eighteen years old, you must have a chaperone. You pay your own board, your own railroad fare, your own living expenses.

Answers to Questionnaire

1. Martha Mansfield.
2. Lefty Flinn, "Red" Grange, Milton Sills, Jack Mulhall, Dick Barthelmess, Malcolm McGregor.
3. June Mathis, Alice Miller, Frances Marion, Clara Beranger, Jeanie MacPherson and Josephine Lovett.
4. Chinaman—Dick Barthelmess. Leading rôle—Lillian Gish.
5. Ramon Novarro.
6. Dick Barthelmess.
7. Farina.
8. Lillian and Dorothy Gish.
9. Charles Chaplin.
10. D. W. Griffith.
11. Alice Terry.
12. Rex Ingram.
13. Lon Chaney.
14. Marion Davies.
15. Cecil De Mille and William de Mille.
16. "Ben Hur."
17. Gladys Smith.
18. "Mare Nostrum."
19. "Aloma of the South Seas."
20. Fred Niblo.
21. Lois Wilson.
22. Dolores Costello.
23. Anna Q. Nilsson.
24. "The Merry Widow."
25. "Irish Luck."
26. Gloria Swanson, Colleen Moore, Betty Bronson and Carol Dempster.
27. Esther Ralston.
28. "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."
29. Jobyna Ralston.
30. Catalina Island.
31. John Gilbert.
32. "The Torrent."
33. "Moby Dick."
34. "The Iron Horse."
35. Lois Moran.
36. "The House Without a Key."
37. Vilma Banky—Hungary. Ronald Colman—England.
38. Geraldine Farrar, Theda Bara and Dolores Del Rio.
39. Wanda Hawley.
40. Richard Dix, Viola Dana, Colleen Moore, Blanche Sweet, Marion Davies and Pola Negri.
41. None.
42. Famous Players - Lasky, Metro - Goldwyn-Mayer, Producers Distributing Corporation and Universum Film Aktien-gesellschaft.
43. "The Lamb."
44. "The Admirable Crichton" by Sir James Barrie.
45. G. M. Anderson.
46. John Gilbert and Estelle Taylor.

The president of the school is E. M. Dailey, whose photograph shows him to be a nice-looking fellow with a dimple in his chin. The director-in-chief is John Ince, of the famous Ince family, a former director. William W. Gregory is general manager and Irene G. Sayers is the secretary-treasurer. There are no other names of instructors or personnel given in the catalog.

There is no list of graduates.

The Cinema School is conservative in its promises. In fact, the text of its catalog is vague. For instance:

"The School is located in a large motion picture studio, one of the oldest in the industry."

Also:

"While the Cinema Schools, Incorporated, does not guarantee anyone

The catalog has no addresses of living headquarters in Hollywood.

But the catalog does say:

"Here the student . . . will be in the heart of the studio district, in constant touch with producers, directors, stars, screen writers, technicians—all the personalities that make up the motion picture profession."

Yes, take your slim savings, and see how "constant" your touch will be with the richest, busiest, most sought-after bunch in the country. You'd be just as lonely stranded in Newport with five dollars.

The School promises—and probably does—give the usual course in screen make up, gesture, deportment and character study. It also teaches the art of "emotional control"—and that is something that's worth a lot in any walk of life.



Lips To Love!

Alluringly Young — Invitingly Beautiful

Without a Lip Stick

LIP-GLO

Is Liquid Loveliness For Your Lips

Just a drop of Lip Glo, the newly discovered beauty magic! Instantly, the lips glow with intriguing charm! Exquisite lips, as natural in their cherry beauty as the lips of childhood—and no "inner lip line" to betray your makeup. Bring the loveliest lips in the world. Lips that bring you sweetest tribute! Lips that conquer at your will!

Lasts All Day Just think! Lip Glo often lasts four times as long as lipstick. Lip Glo will not cake or smear—will not dry or chap the lips. Absolutely waterproof and tasteless. Does away forever with greasy, unsanitary lip-sticks. Very attractive, convenient container, filled with drops of wonderful vivid beauty!

Send No Money Send today at our generous supply of Lip Glo. Enclose 75c or pay postman on arrival, plus a few pennies postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. **WRITE NOW!**

REVA CORP., 1700 Wilson Ave., Dept. 635, Chicago

It demands, among other things, high moral character. It says:

"Particular emphasis is laid on moral qualifications of applicants. They must fully satisfy the School that they are morally clean and bear an unquestioned reputation for honesty and serious-mindedness."

All sinners are summarily dismissed. All applicants must have their enrollment blanks signed by three character witnesses. The School guarantees no jobs and it politely suggests that women students have at least \$75 a month to live on, during their scholastic life at Hollywood.

Figured conservatively, six months apprenticeship to Art at the Cinema Schools, would cost you \$1,200. In return you get six months' training under the supervision of John Ince and other instructors unnamed.

Then what? I never have heard of any big directors sorting the students of the Cinema Schools—or any other similar institutions—from the other extras. And I have a strong and persistent notion that if the Cinema Schools had any conspicuously successful graduates, their names would be blazoned all through the catalog.

Don't get me wrong. The Cinema Schools, Inc., may be all right. The Better Business Bureau of Hollywood says that it is "Legal and that is just all." Although Major Wyman of the Central Casting Bureau has received many complaints, he can do nothing about it.

Dorothy Spensley, of PHOTOPLAY's Hollywood staff, telephoned the school for information and was offered a free screen test. The motto of the school is "We separate grain from chaff to find new screen material."

But it is the opinion of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE that the probable investment of \$1,200—paid presumably by girls and boys who must work for a living—is far too high when you consider that pitiful ratio of 10,000 to 1. And far, far too high when you consider how long it takes the newcomer in Hollywood to earn \$1,200 in order to break even on the original investment.

Messrs. Daily and Ince may be sincerely convinced that movie acting can be taught. Their school may be conducted in a seemly and business-like manner.

But PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE reserves the right to close its advertising columns to any concern that would try to convince its two million readers that there is even a fifty-fifty break for the movie beginner in Hollywood.

As for the gentlemen who try to teach acting by mail, PHOTOPLAY has shut its doors, haughtily and ritily, to the shysters, the medicine men and the hokus-pokus bangers-on of the motion picture industry.



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That Rork Gal

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63.]

dinner the other night at the Ambassador and all the boys to be invited lived at the Hollywood Athletic Club.

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Safe and Seine

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

and strolled along the Boulevard des Italiens to loiter at the Place de l'Opera. He was immensely worried.

A new ambition had come to Mr. Slaphey. Ever since the organization of Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., Mr. Slaphey had been on its payroll.

Until recently he had resisted the insidious lure of sun arcs and Kleigs, being content to maintain his semi-official position.

DURING the European tour a change had occurred. The company possessed limited numbers and on several occasions Florian had been called upon to do tiny bits of acting. The vision of his photographed self on the flickering screen caused him to entertain ideas that he was some punkins as an actor. He wondered how this latent ability had so long gone unrecognized and now was making the life of J. Caesar Clump more or less unhappy with his insistent clamor that he be given a part worthy of his histrionic ability.

At the present moment there seemed every likelihood that his chance had come. The company was engaged in shooting a Parisian slapstick called "You're in Gendarmie Now," a two-reeler in which Glorious Fizz and Opus Randall played the stellar rôles.

In that picture was a very minor rôle—yet one which called for display of talent. It was the part of a French policeman, a comic individual who seemed unable to co-ordinate the action of his two feet and who invariably was chasing somebody.

Florian put in his application for the job, and his friend, Julius Caesar Clump, chief director and production manager, promised to consider the thing.

"It all depen's on Welford Potts, Florian," he explained. "If he is willin' to play the part—I has got to use him on account of him bein' a swell actor. But if he refuses—you gits it."

"When does you ask him?"
"Tonight. He a ready said no, but maybe he is willin' to reconsider his mind. I lets you know late tonight."

And even at that moment, while Florian was delicately if mournfully sipping a glass of Madeira at a sidewalk cafe Director Clump and Welford Potts were in heated conference.

"An' fo' the last and most positive time," barked the irritated director, "I ask you—does you does or does you don't?"

MR. POTTS was dignified—as befitted an actor of his eminence: "I don't," he answered unequivocally.

"How come not?"
"Cause I got a contract which reads that I play leads, an' this heah cop part aint no lead. It's nothin' but a bit, an' I aint gwine play no bits while Opus Randall is starrin'. That's final!"

Clump pleaded, "Heah us is fo' thousand miles away fum Bummingham. Welford, an' it seems like to me you'd be willin' to make each an' ev' y pitcher of ours as good as it can be. You is a good actor—"

"That's the one thing I aint nothin' else but!"
"—An' even if this rôle aint as good as Opus's, you ought to be willin' to he'p us make the pitcher the best possible. C'mon now . . ."

"Nothin' stirrin'. Absotively an' absolutely! I aint no minor actor, an'—"

"No!" roared Clump, "you shuah aint. You is just a uppity pig-headed. Ji' fool which would cut yo' best friends throat fo' a nickel. Yo'se'f is the fondest thing you is of—"

"Right you is, Live Wire. J'ai heaps of respect fo' Mushoor Welford Potts."

Later that night Florian dropped in to Caesar's room and received the happy news.

"Welford refuses to play the gendarme," reported Caesar miserably.

"Hot Ziggity dam!" Florian leaped to his feet in sheer glee. "Then I gits to act?"

"Uh-huh. Rotten as you is—I got to use you."

Mr. Clump's pessimism failed to dampen Florian's enthusiasm: "Man! wait 'til you see me. Ise gwine be swellegant. Always I has knowed I was a good actor, but befo' this I aint been suttin. Tomorrow I proves it."

"I hope so, Brother Slaphey. Ise rootin' fo' you, but I got lots of doubt. If it was anybody but Welford . . ."

"Shuh! You aint gwine miss him."

Mr. Clump blinked.

"You sho'ly got lots of confidence in yo'se'f, aint you, Florian?"

"Uh-huh. I know how good I is. Others just think they knows."

THE following morning the company assembled on the Quai du Louvre. The principals were all ready. Welford Potts appeared, strolling languidly, as befitted a screen star temporarily at leisure. He stood on the outskirts of the group and gave ear to Director Clump's incisive orders.

"Us gets a few comedy shots heah," announced the director. "Be shuah, Exotic, that yo' cam'ra gits some good angles on the Seine. We needs the river fo' atmosphere as well as to fall into. After we finishes, heah, mebbe today, we goes to the Lac Inferieur in the Bois de Boulogne an' takes some mo' stuff. But this mawvin' we works right along the river bank."

"We got things pretty well fixed. Glorious, you is playin' the lady lead; Opus you is the star. Enoch plays Glorious's Papa an' Florian Slaphey is the gendarme—"

"Hot dawg!" The voice of Mr. Slaphey rose clear on the bright morning air of Paris. "I sho'ly is gwine show 'em what a actor I is."

Mr. Potts edged closer. He frowned. He compressed his lips angrily. He was in the position of a man who seeks to do injury to another—and therefore despises the man whom he wishes to discomit.

Mr. Slaphey had steadfastly refused to accede to Welford's extortion—and therefore Welford hated Florian. He wished Mr. Slaphey to understand clearly that he was a person of influence and power . . . and he was of no mind to permit Florian the grandeur and glory of a regular part in a regular production. He insinuated himself into the group and addressed the director.

"Who did you say was gwine to play the gendarme?" he inquired superciliously.

"Florian Slaphey."

"You is dawg-gone tootin' Ise gwine play it," exulted Florian. "Ise gwine play its back teeth out—tha's what!"

WELFORD sneered. "You mos' likely is gwine bust the cam'ra an' ruin the pitcher." He turned back to Clump. "How come you to cast this feller in them rôle?"

The director was peeved. "Because you was too high-hat to play it, that's why. I ast you—"

Florian snapped his fingers gleefully. "An' also he knowed I was a good actor, Welford. Time my face gits on them American screens, they's gwine be a new star in Midnight."

"Piffle!" Mr. Potts glanced at the elated Mr. Slaphey. The situation presented an opportunity too good to miss. "You caint let no such of a tripe actor as Florian play that part, Caesar."

"No? An' who is gwine play it if he don't?" Welford gesticulated.

"Moi!" he announced in his best French.

"Says which?"

"I plays it," repeated Welford. "I don't crave to play such small parts, but I can't let Midnight git ruined by havin' such a hunk of ham as Florian try it."

"Good!" endorsed the director. "Now we starts—"

But a wild wail of protest emerged from the lips of Mr. Florian Slappey.

"Hey! Wait a minute, Caesar. You done promised me I could play them gendarme 'Taint fair—"

"Hahd luck, Florian. But business is business an' actin' is actin'. I got my own 'pinion that Welford is doin' you dirt, but he's a star an' if he is willin' to he'p us make this pitcher better, I can't say No."

"Oh! my gosh!" Mr. Slappey swung around so that he faced his *bete noire*. "Chitlin's!" he muttered. "Fo' one centime I'd bust you so hahd you'd hit in the middle of the Seine river an' never come up no time."

"Boastings what you speaks with yo' mouf!"
"Boastings, is it? Just you try me once. Just try—that's all. You wouldn't of took this part if you hadn't been tryin' to make me mis'able."

"Right you is, Thin Man. An' Ise gwine make you a heap mis'abler befo' I finishes. Remember I has got somethin' of yours which you don't get back less'n you pays my price. An' if you insults me any mo', the price is goin' up!" He turned to his director. "Ise ready," he announced.

"The hell you is," snapped the chief. "Where yo' coshume is at?"

"The hotel."

"How come it's there? Why aint it heah?"
"Well, I wasn't figgerin' on playin' the part an' so I didn't bring it—"

"An' I thought it was heab all the time," interrupted Florian. "I didn't know you had give it to Welford."

Clump was angry. "Such foddledads! I reckon we got to stan' aroun' an' waste vallible time 'cause you two fellers is qualling with one another. Now I says this an' I says it positive: If you craves to play this part, Welford, you hoofot it to that hotel an' creep into them clothes. An' git back heah in one hour or I gits another uniform an' turns Florian loose on the part."

ORDINARILY Welford would have refused to perform such a menial errand. But the paramount desire of his soul at the moment was to make Mr. Slappey superlatively unhappy. Therefore, without a syllable of protest, he struck off toward the center of Paris, seeking the modest hostelry where the troupe was staying.

He walked with dignity for the first block, then quickened his pace. He was very anxious that Clump should not have a chance to reconsider and cast Florian in the rôle which that gentleman wanted to play.

Welford realized that he had Florian precisely where he wanted him. He knew from past experiences the consuming nature of the acting itch and he realized that there was no method by which he could so depress his temporary enemy as by making it impossible for him to play anything more than background or atmosphere stuff.

He passed through the tiny lobby of the hotel and took the lift to the third floor. There on a hanger in his room, was the uniform of a Paris gendarme.

It was an impressive thing with all its braid and tinsel.

Mr. Potts was whistling gaily as he doffed his own clothes and dressed himself as a Parisian policeman. Patting the tiny sword which nestled in its scabbard against his left hip and adjusting the natty cap at a rakish angle, Mr. Potts threw back one corner of the cape over his left shoulder and passed once more into the busy Rue Duout.

Welford was very well pleased with himself and the rest of the world. And not the least



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Complete Details Will Be Found on Pages 30 and 31. This Issue

item of his enjoyment was the rapt attention his snappy uniform attracted from sundry passers-by.

He strutted toward the spot where the company was assembled, keenly alive to the interest he was exciting. And, as a matter of fact, the vision of a negro gendarme was somewhat startling.

He walked with a swagger, taking his own sweet time and revelling in the stares of the populace.

In this manner he reached Place de la Republique. He experienced a trilling difficulty in crossing traffic, and as he reached the farther curb he found himself staring into the amazed eyes of two French policemen.

THESE two gendarmes looked first at the vision and then at each other. Welford frowned. He heard them chatter volubly in French and then—out of the corner of his eye—he saw one of them point toward him and gesticulate wildly.

An uncomfortable sensation smote Welford. It was obvious that they were discussing him and he could tell from their manner that the discussion was not wholly friendly. And suddenly it occurred to him that they considered his uniform suspicious.

As unobtrusively as possible he turned into the broad and busy reaches of the Rue de Turbigo. Fancying himself temporarily out of sight he moved with increased velocity. He crossed the Rue de Verbois and looked back over his shoulder.

The two gendarmes were close behind, matching his pace with theirs and continuing to discuss him in high staccato.

Welford's annoyance developed rapidly into a mild fear. He moved with greater speed. He leaped across the intersection of the Rue Vaucanson, narrowly avoiding extinction under the wheels of a shrieking taxicab.

But the Frenchmen were after him and now one of them struck terror to his heart by hailing him.

Mr. Potts didn't know what the policeman said, but he knew that the shrill cry was directed at him. He pretended not to have heard and another command was hurled after him.

At no time had the uniformed arm of the law been overly popular with Mr. Potts. But never had it been less pleasing than at the present moment when he was not only in a foreign city but also separated from all his friends. He spoke only a few halting words of French and now he couldn't even think of one of those.

He realized the situation. His costume had excited their suspicions. They wished to question him—and his ignorance of the language made it impossible for him to converse with any native. The inevitable conclusion was that he would be dragged into a Parisian calaboose and there faced by a stern magistrate. The thought paralyzed Welford's brain and galvanized his muscles.

HE never knew when he started running. His instinct simply stepped in and caused him to locomote at top speed. Instantly there came a shrill blast from a whistle. A wild glance over his shoulder indicated that the gendarmes were in full and enthusiastic pursuit.

And then, for the first time in many years, Mr. Welford Potts of Birmingham, Alabama, experienced genuine untinged terror. He ran as he had never run before. With his little sword slapping against his swiftly functioning thigh, with his lungs straining for air and his uniform cape streaming in the wind, he fled through the narrow side streets of that section of Paris hoping to elude his pursuers and come at length to the somewhat doubtful safety of his kind.

As he ran he cursed the mad impulse which had prompted him to accept this insignificant rôle. Even in his mad fear he could vision how elated he would have felt had this experience been the lot of Florian Slappey. He thought

also of how Florian would gloat when he should be overhauled and arrested.

There was that horrid thought again! No doubt now that he faced jail—even though his imprisonment might only be temporary. The idea turned his spine to water. But it gave wings to his feet.

Pedestrians stared at the fleeing colored gendarme. They knew not what it was all about; they realized only that it was both interesting and picturesque.

The chase continued madly through the streets of Paris: the Boulevard de Sebastopol, the Rue de Rambuteau, Rue Baltard, Rue St. Honoré and thence to the Rue du Louvre. Welford's knees were trembling with exertion, his lungs were pumping overtime, he swayed drunkenly as he ran—and always immediately in his wake he saw—or fancied he saw—the pursuing gendarmes.

STARK terror gripped him; horrid fear gnawed at his vitals. Never in all his previous life had he so craved to see the dusky countenances of his associates. He had lost his bearings and it was only by merest chance and luck that he burst eventually into view of the placid Seine.

Now he could look back. The gendarmes were not in view. But even so, Mr. Potts dared not slacken speed. He turned right along the Quai du Louvre and staggered toward the spot where the company was assembled.

As he approached the others much of his terror departed. He slowed to a walk and with the more normal functioning of his lungs, a great agility came to his brain.

He felt that danger had been avoided only temporarily. He believed that he had convicted himself of something by his mad flight through the byways of Paris. Sooner or later the French law would lay its cold and clammy clutches upon him. And then . . . he shuddered.

But an idea came to him. It came suddenly and completely, fairly dazzling him with its magnificence. He tried to walk with dignity as he came to the spot where Exotic Hines was grinding his camera under the megaphoned directions of Caesar Clump while Opus Randall and Glorious Fizz zipped through some live slapstick.

STILL fearful of the gendarmes, Mr. Welford Potts walked straight up to the stern and unhappy Florian. He spoke in a smooth, righteous voice.

"Brother Slappey," he announced, "I has done you wrong."

Florian looked up in amazement. "You bet yo' las' franc you has."

"I is sorry, Florian. Ise awful sorry. Us used to be friends an' I craves that we also be again."

Florian was bewildered—but not entirely unsuspecting.

"I know what you says, Welford—but I don't *compres* what you mean."

"I don't aim to do nobody dirt," expounded Welford unctuously. "'Twa'n't fair fo' me to take away yo' chance to be an actor."

"Hmph! It's only what I might of expected fun—"

"Now Florian—le's us don't fling no mo' dirtment at each other. 'Cause Ise 'pologizin' an' askin' you won't you asept the hand of friendship, pervided I lets you play the part of the gendarme in this heah picher?"

Mr. Slappey could scarce credit the evidence of his senses. His eyes shone.

"You—you mean . . . ?"

"Uh-hub. Just step behind this screen with me an' change clothes. Then you plays the gendarme in this picher."

Mr. Slappey emitted a shout of unalloyed happiness. The scene finished—Director Clump came over to find out what was happening. With oily guile Welford explained his change of heart—and scrupulously avoided any mention of the harrowing experience through which he had just come—and which he feared was not entirely ended.

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Clump was annoyed, but willing. "Go ahead an' git into them coshume, Florian. An' be quick. Us is losin' time. As fo' you, Welford—it aint gwine do you no good to change yo' mind again 'cause this is the las' shift us makes."

"Don't worry," smiled Welford, "I aint cravin' to be no dinky gendarme—specially when Brother Slappey heah is anxious to play the part."

They moved into the shelter of the portable canvas dressing room which the company used on location. And there, with a speed which amazed Florian, Mr. Potts shed the garments of officialdom and donned Mr. Slappey's clothes.

FLORIAN was absurdly grateful. He was incoherent with his thanks. Welford was magnificent.

"I guess Ise a pretty decent feller, Florian. Libel to git riled up once in a while, but I values our friendship so high . . . I wishes you lots of luck in them uniform."

"Great man what you is!" O' Big-Hearted Welford . . . tha's what I calls you after this."

"Shuh!" modestly, "I aint doin' nothin' any other brainy man woul'n't do."

"Oh yes, you is. An' I depreciates it tremendous. Nowif—"

"You better git on out yonder, Florian." Mr. Potts was busy donning Florian's clothes. "Sounds to me like Mistuh Clump is terrible impatient fo' you."

Superbly unconscious of his regalia, Monsieur Florian Slappey strutted into full view of the company. They voiced their approval of the picture he presented. And Welford Potts, standing very much in the background, gave himself over to a delicious moment of mirth.

This was indeed a piling of Ossa on Pelion. He didn't doubt for a moment that the gendarmes had not been seen for the last time. Not if what he had heard of the French police was true! He envisioned Florian's consternation when they should come leaping onto the scene and lay heavy hands on Mr. Slappey! He turned his back so that the others might not see the extent of his enjoyment and thereby become suspicious.

CAESAR CLUMP, Florian Slappey, Opus Randall and Glorious Fizz were in close conference. Exotic Hines, the cameraman, joined the group.

Heads close together they discussed the action of the next scene—Florian's first appearance in a regular screen role.

Mr. Potts permitted his eye to quest along the banks of the Seine. And suddenly his face lighted.

Some distance away he discerned two figures. They were clad in identical costumes and even at this distance he could tell that they were angry. They moved at a pace slightly faster than a walk and slower than a run. They continued to chatter, gesticulate and point. And Mr. Potts could see that the person they were pointing at was the colored man in the gendarme's uniform.

Welford was fairly overcome with glee at the imminence of his triumph. He wiggled with delight.

He pictured the forthcoming scene in every luscious detail. . . .

The conferring group split up. Exotic moved his camera.

Florian strutted up and down, preening himself like a peacock.

And into the middle of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., of Birmingham, Alabama, walked two small and wiry and irate Parisian gendarmes. They continued to talk, to frown and to gesture.

Florian smiled genially upon them. But they apparently saw no humor in the situation. With forceful directness they moved to Florian's vicinity and with a startling unanimity



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of action, two official hands were dropped on the shoulders of the bewildered Mr. Slappy. For a moment Florian did nothing. Then his eyes grew very large and very round. His jaw sagged and his knees trembled. He tried to jerk loose, but his involuntary action met with a tightening of steel fingers and a barrage of language.

SAVE for Welford Potts, who stood on the outskirts of the group grinning in his moment of triumph—the actors indicated fright. No one understood what it was all about, least of all Florian Slappy.

President Orifice R. Latimer summoned Ethiop Wall, a colored ex-doughboy who had joined the troupe in Nice after having resided in France since 1918.

Ethiopo spoke the language with a fair degree of fluency.

He conversed in rapid-fire fashion with the gendarmes, then turned to his chief.

"These fellows say that Brother Slappy has violated the law," he announced.

Florian shivered. "I didn't do no such of a thing. I never done nothin'—"

The gendarmes broke forth again with words. "They say," translated Mr. Wall, "that when they ast you to halt, you run away fum them an' they chased you all the way fum the Place de la Republique."

"Oooo! What a lie! I never was to no such place . . ." Then an idea smote Mr. Slappy right in the brain. He turned and glimpsed the beaming countenance of the triumphant Welford Potts. He shook an irate fist at that gentleman.

"Friends we is, hey? Soft-heartedness you got! You measly hunk of side-meat! I might of knowed you was up to somethin'."

It was all quite clear to Mr. Slappy. He understood that Welford had stepped into some sort of trouble, had been chased by the police and succeeded in eluding them—and then had caused Florian to don the very garments by which they would recognize their quarry.

Anger struggled with fear in Florian's breast. He burst forth into a torrent of explanation which Ethiop Wall tried to translate. Welford Potts moved up and down delightedly while Florian sweated with terror. It was most decidedly a large moment for Mr. Potts.

At length Ethiop made clear what had worried the gendarmes in the first place.

"They craves to know," he repeated, "whether you is a real gendarme?"

"Tell 'em I aint. But—"

More French conversation. Then, from Ethiop:

"They says they got to put you under arrest fo' impersonatin' an officer!"

"Oh Gosh! Disaster slaps me in the face, and then kicks me in the pants."

President Latimer broke in on the conversation. "Tell those policemen, Ethiop, that I is president of this heah company an' neither I aint a fool. Befo' I dressed up one of my actors in them funny clothes I got written permission from police headquarters to do same."

He produced a document from his coat pocket. "Heah it is!"

The very formal permit was exhibited to the gendarmes. They read it carefully and held a lengthy conference.

Finally they were convinced and immediately their manner changed.

From fearsome nemeses, they became in an instant profusely apologetic friends. They bowed and scraped and spoke sweet and honeyed words.

They assured Mr. Slappy that not for anything in the world would they have discommoded so eminent an actor as himself and they craved ten million pardons.

Mr. Slappy made the most of the situation. Fear vanished and in its place came a great sensation of unutterable triumph. He paraded up and down chatting in atrocious French with the gendarmes.

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He flashed a radiant smile at the down-hearted Welford Potts.

"Hey—Nothin'!" he called, "What you think now, eh?"

"Umph!"

"Tryin' to put somethin' over on yo' good friend, Florian Slappye—was you? Well, I anyhow thanks you fo' doin' all my runnin' fo' me."

DIRECTOR CLUMP bustled forward "Let's get busy," he suggested efficiently. "We has wasted too much time a ready."

"You aint gwine let Welford play this part, is you, Caesar?"

"I sho'ly aint. Ise had enough shiftin' around fo' one pitcher. You plays the gendarme!"

"Hot dam! Swell actor what I gits to be!"

Florian strutted into camera range, had cocked jauntily on one side of his head and hands thrust deep into the pockets of his baggy trousers.

Mr. Welford Potts found himself wallowing in the muck and mire of the famous slough of despond.

Everything was wrong. Florian was now an actor—he himself had suffered mental and physical torture by fleeing wildly through the streets of Paris when flight was unnecessary. Worst of all, everybody knew what had happened and Mr. Potts realized that he would never hear the end of it.

And then, just as Caesar prepared to summon Florian to the picture, something happened.

Mr. Slappye thrust a queuing hand into his coat pocket. His fingers closed upon an envelope.

His eyes grew round as saucers. His heart missed a beat. Without warning he leaped into the air and gave vent to a large and enthusiastic cheer.

IN Welford's haste to outfit Florian in the incriminating garments, Mr. Potts had completely forgotten to transfer from the pockets of his uniform the damning letter which Florian had written. That letter—Florian's own incriminating missive expressing his opinion of President Latimer—had now, by the wildest of miracles, come back into the hands of Mr. Slappye.

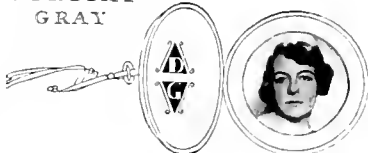
Holding the letter in his hands, Florian posed before the crushed Mr. Potts. With deliberate magnificence, Mr. Slappye exhibited the prize to his arch enemy and before that person's saddened gaze the document was torn into tiny bits and scattered to the winds.

It was the crowning touch of disaster for Welford Potts. Gone was his last hold over Florian—gone his ultimate hope of extracting a hundred dollars from the elegant young actor. And, as though from a great distance, Welford heard Florian's triumphant words of advice—

"Next time, Welford," suggested Mr. Slappye, "don't be in such a hurry to do me dirt that you forgets to take valuable letters out of your pockets!"

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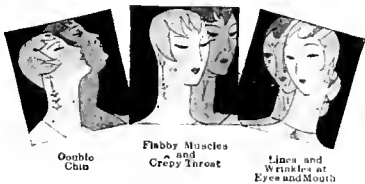
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Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by May 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend the picture yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

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PHOTOPLAY

JUNE
25¢

The National
Guide to
Motion Pictures



The Real Hell Raisers
of HOLLYWOOD

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and fresh mint*



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are delicious too!

ORANGE - LEMON - LIME

“Pink Tooth Brush” is a protest from over-coddled gums

*Our gums are soft—
sometimes they bleed—for their health has been
impaired by lack of stimulation from our food.*

HAVE you ever noticed as you brush your teeth, a tinge of pink upon the bristles of your brush?

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Why gum troubles are so prevalent today

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Our diet is soft and creamy, we eat too quickly. Our teeth and gums do not get enough rough, hard chewing that coarser fare would give. The circulation within the gum walls becomes sluggish and slow.

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How Ipana and massage repair the damage soft food does

To change the culinary habits of our households is a task too radical to attempt. Servants would leave. Guests might not enjoy it. But it is simple, as any dentist will inform you, to keep the gums in health in spite of modern food.

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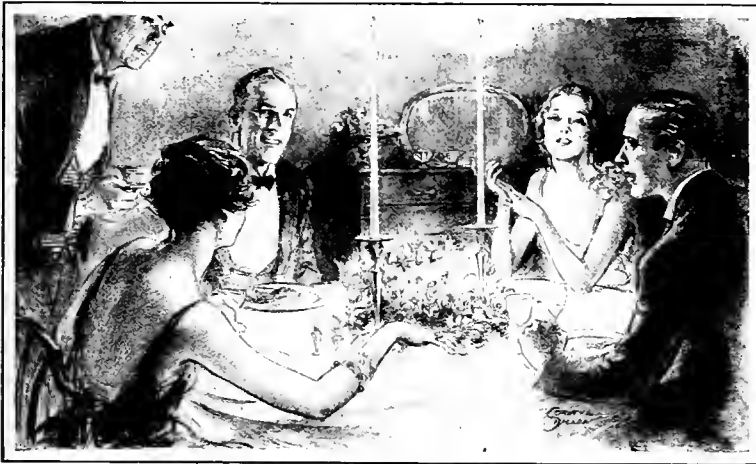
And this frictionizing, or massage, is all the better if Ipana Tooth Paste is the agent. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic known and used by the dental profession for many years. This ziratol content gives Ipana its remarkable power to aid the massage in toning the gums and in rendering them firm, sound and more resistant to infection.

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But the full-size tube from the drug store, providing more than a hundred brushings, makes a fairer and more thorough test of its good effects on your gums. So give Ipana the full 30 days’ trial and see if you, too, do not decide that this is the tooth paste you want to use for the rest of your life.

* From a standard text-book on preventive dentistry



Under a regime of modern food—soft and over-refined—our gums grow soft, weak and unhealthy. This page explains the simple method dentists recommend to offset the lack in our diet, and to keep our gums firm and sound.

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Charles Farrell and
Johnnie Walker.

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Paramount
Clara Bow in
"Rough
House Rosie"
with Reed Howes

"One of the
Public Theatres"
RIALTO
Clara Bow and
Esther Ralston
in "Children
of Divorce"
A Frank Lloyd
Production.

CRITERION
Herbert Brenon's
"Beau Geste"
with
Ronald Colman,
Noah Beery,
Neil Hamilton,
Alice Joyce
Mary Brian.

COHAN
Victor Fleming's
"The Rough
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with Noah Beery,
Charles Farrell,
George Bancroft,
Mary Astor and
Frank Hopper.


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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
MANAGING EDITOR

JAMES R. QUIRK
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

IVAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXXIII

Contents, June, 1927

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As we go to PRESS



Last Minute News from East and West

AFTER a period of peace and quiet, Hollywood enjoys another epidemic of front page-itis. In twenty-four hours, the film colony contributed two romantic episodes to the news of the nation as follows:

JOHN GILBERT invaded the neat Beverly Hills police station and so noisily demanded the arrest of an unknown offender that he was pinched and sentenced to serve ten days on the charge of disturbing the peace. Upon paying a fine of \$25 he was released.

POLA NEGRI announced her engagement to Prince Serge Mdivani, brother-in-law of Mae Murray. The wedding gown is ordered and the ceremony will take place soon in Paris. The Prince, says Pola, is an old childhood friend.

MARY PICKFORD decides to call her next picture, the story of a clerk in a 5-and-10-cent store, "Paradise Alley."

DOUG FAIRBANKS and Mary Pickford are reported to be planning to go to Africa with the Martin Johnsons on their next jungle trip. Doug says all shooting will be done with cameras.

CLARA BOW, threatened with breakdown from overwork, takes vacation.

JUANITA CROSLAND divorces her husband, Frederic Alan Crosland, the director.

VIRGINIA BROWN FAIRE has had her nose altered by Hollywood surgeons.

STORK expected at the Edwin Carewe home.

ALYCE MILLS leaves Famous Players.

CHRISTIE Comedies to be distributed through Paramount next year, according to report.

RONALD COLMAN wears a monocle and has his mustache waxed in "The Magic Flame," which Henry King is

directing. Vilma Banky is co-star. Miss Banky next will appear with her fiance, Rod La Rocque, in a production called "Chains."

MAL ST. CLAIR chosen to direct the film version of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" for Famous Players. No one yet selected for the rôle of *Lorelei*.

BETTY COMPSON has prominent rôle in "Twelve Miles Out," with Jack Gilbert. Joan Crawford has a leading part.

THOMAS MEIGHAN to do screen version of Sydney Howard's play, "Lucky Sam McCarver."

GRETA GARBO has started work on "Anna Karenina," to be released under the title of "Love," with Dimitri Buchowetzki directing.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS to do "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" after

his next, a college-football story called "The Substitute."

MILTON SILLS comes East to visit his wife, Doris Kenyon, ill in a New York Sanitarium. Sills' next to be roughneck melodrama called "Hard-Boiled Harrigan."

GRETA NISSEN signs long term contract for Fox Films. First to appear in a leading rôle of "The Cradle Snatchers."

HERBERT BRENON is in England, conferring with Warwick Deeping, author of "Sorrell and Son." Brenon will direct this novel for United Artists. Brenon is reported to be trying to secure film rights to Shaw's "Pygmalion" and Kipling's "Gunga Din."

UNIVERSAL signs Lucian Littlefield, the character actor, under one of those long term contracts.

PAULINE STARKE leaving Metro-Goldwyn to free lance.



By the time you read this, Prince Serge Mdivani may be Pola Negri's husband. Pola has set Paris as the place for the wedding, sometime in May. Mdivani is a Georgian prince. His brother, David, married Mae Murray

LILLIAN GISH starts work on "The Wind," Victor Seastrom directing. Lars Hanson is playing opposite. Hanson will next go to Germany to appear in "From Nine to Nine," a special production to be made by F. W. Murnau.

ERNST LUBITSCH is taking his technical staff to Germany to film special shots of "Old Heidelberg" in and about the historic city on the Rhine. No actors are going along.

LAWRENCE GRAY has been selected as leading man for Norma Shearer in her next, "Liberty Bonds." This was written by Monte Bell and will be directed by him.

SAM WOOD, who made "Rookies," for Metro-Goldwyn, has been signed permanently by that organization.

REPORTS have it that Red Grange, the football star, and F. B. O. have separated over the salary question. Red wanted more money. There is a possibility, it is said, that Grange will sign with Metro-Goldwyn.

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 "On Her Own Feet"

THE star must do exacting work, endless hours of it; she must look pretty; she must have charm and poise; she must be brimming over with personality. She *must* always be at her best. She cannot afford to suffer with foot aches, leg weariness or undue fatigue. Therefore, such a star as Miss Dorothy Mackaill wears

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Dorothy Mackaill, winsome star of "Convoy," and other First National Pictures, is here seen wearing the "Dorothy" model of the Arch Preserver Shoe named in her honor.



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 Please send booklet T-66 "A New World."

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

ACE OF CADS, THE—Paramount.—Just missed being one of the six best. Menjou, Alice Joyce and Luther Reed's sane direction make it interesting. (December.)

ACROSS THE PACIFIC—Warner Bros.—The old native gal was just as vampish in the days of the Philippine insurrection as she is today. You'll be bored to death. (December.)

AFFAIR OF THE FOLLIES, AN—First National.—Billie Dove and Lewis Stone in an entertaining and snappy story of stage life. Honestly! (May.)

ANKLES PREFERRED—Fox.—A silk stocking comedy full of runs—and mostly cotton, anyway. Madge Bellamy is a pretty kid and too good for the story. (May.)

ARIZONA WHIRLWIND, THE—Pathe.—Guess what? A Western story! And a pretty good one, at that. Bill Cody is the star. (May.)

AUCTIONEER, THE—Fox.—A slow motion version of the Belasco stage play. With George Sidney in the Warfield rôle. (March.)

BELLS, THE—Chadwick.—An old favorite with some real Barrymore acting by brother Lionel. If you like heavy drama, here is your meat. (January.)

BERTHA, THE SEWING MACHINE GIRL—Fox.—The old stock company thriller brought up-to-date and made into a jazzy tale of a modern working girl. With Madge Bellamy. (March.)

BETTER 'OLE, THE—Warner Bros.—Syd Chaplin makes a picture which is to comedy what "The Big Parade" is to drama. It's the type of comedy that Charlie made, years ago. (December.)

BLARNEY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—If it wasn't for Renee Adoree this certainly would be a lot of blarney. (December.)

BLIND ALLEYS—Paramount.—Lots of laughs in this one, but they all come at the serious moments. Don't blame Thomas Meighan—nor yet Greta Nissen nor Evelyn Brent. (May.)

BLONDE OR BRUNETTE—Paramount.—A sparkling and sophisticated comedy, charmingly played by Adolphe Menjou. The presence of Greta Nissen helps a lot. (March.)

BLONDE SAINT, THE—First National.—Where-in Lewis Stone plays the cave-man, and love triumphs again over something or other. Not so much. (February.)

BREED OF THE SEA—F. B. O.—Be sure to see this fascinating, romantic and adventurous sea tale. (December.)

BROKEN HEARTS OF HOLLYWOOD—Warner Bros.—It's just as bad as it sounds. (December.)

CALL OF THE WILDERNESS, THE—Pathe.—The hero, cast off by his rich dad, wins a fortune of his own, with the help of his dog. Good propaganda for dogs. (February.)

CAMPUS FLIRT, THE—Paramount.—Not to be outdone by the football heroes, Bebe Daniels shows the feminine side of college life in a neat running suit. Amusing. (December.)

CANADIAN, THE—Paramount.—Just Thomas Meighan in a story that has moments that remind you that Elinor Glyn was born in Canada. In spite of its burst of sentiment, the film is pointless. (February.)

CANYON OF LIGHT, THE—Fox.—Evidently tired of flooring villains, Tom Mix knocks down a couple of houses. The current Mix film—and good fun. (February.)

CASEY AT THE BAT—Paramount.—A baseball comedy, laid back in the gay old Floradora Days. Another home run for Wallace Beery. This picture gives the baseball "fans" somewhere to go on rainy afternoons. (May.)

CHEERFUL FRAUD, THE—Universal.—A silly farce made bearable—and even amusing—by the agreeable presence of Reginald Denny. (February.)

CITY, THE—Fox.—Proving the crookedness of urban ways as compared with the high moral tone of small town life. Yes, yes? Robert Frazer, May Allison, Walter McGrath and Nancy Nash are in the cast. (February.)

COLLEGE DAYS—Tiffany.—Once again the day is saved for dear old Alma Mater on the football field. But isn't it about time to desert football for chess? (January.)

EAGLE OF THE SEA, THE—Paramount.—An adventure tale of pirates and lovely ladies that fails to make its thrills. Ricardo Cortez and Florence Vidor head the cast. (February.)

EASY PICKINGS—First National.—Anna O. Nilsson again dresses as a boy—this time at the instigation of crooks. Not so satisfactory. (April.)

***EVERYBODY'S ACTING**—Paramount.—A great cast, an entertaining story and some of Mickey Neilan's happiest direction. A refreshing and amusing tale of stage life. (January.)

EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS—Preferred.—The pardon comes from the Governor in time to save the hero—but not in time to rescue the audience from boredom. (March.)

EXIT SMILING—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A comedy story that fails to "jell." Plus Beatrice Lillie, a stage cut-up, who fails to register. Sorry. (Jan.)

***FAUST**—UFA-M.-G.-M.—An extraordinary adaptation of Goethe's poem, with Emil Jannings as *Mephisto* and Camilla Horn as *Marguerite*. Miss Horn runs away with the picture. It's a fine achievement. (January.)

FINGER PRINTS—Warner Brothers.—It's a comedy mystery. The comedy is furnished by Louise Fazenda. The mystery is why the picture was produced. (March.)

***FIRE BRIGADE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—One of the best thrillers ever produced. A real picture of the heroism of fire-fighters and fine entertainment for children. Charles Ray scores a big come-back in this one. (March.)

FLAMING FOREST, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—James Oliver Curwood tells you how the Royal Mounted got its first man—or first girl. In spite of the excellent cast, the acting is stilted and the conventional direction spoils the story possibilities. (February.)

***FLESH AND THE DEVIL**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A burn 'em up love story with John Gilbert and Greta Garbo. A Sudermann story dashingly acted. Lars Hanson also helps a lot. (February.)

FOR ALIMONY ONLY—Producers Dist. Corp.—A light sophisticated domestic comedy for grown-ups. (December.)

FOR WIVES ONLY—Producers Dist. Corp.—One of those conventional stories of the pretty wife and the neglected husband. Just about enough story to fill two reels. (February.)

FOREVER AFTER—First National.—All the ingredients of a box-office picture—sweet girl and boy romance, football and war. Passable. (December.)

FOURTH COMMANDMENT, THE—Universal.—Cast your eagle eyes over the pictures we recommend and forget that such a thing as this was ever produced. (December.)

GAY OLD BIRD, THE—Warner Bros.—Once more the old tale of the substitute wife, engaged to please a rich relative. But Louise Fazenda and John T. Murray make it amusing. (May.)

***GENERAL, THE**—United Artists.—Buster Keaton spoofs the Civil War most uncivilly. Good satire on war melodramas and excellent comedy thrills. (March.)

GETTING GERTIE'S GARTER—Producers Dist. Corp.—The plot is a hangover from the days when garters were considered holy tootsy. It now rates as a historical story. Marie Prevost and Charles Ray are in it. (April.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]

Pictures You Should Not Miss

"Beau Geste"
"Resurrection"
"Slide, Kelly, Slide"
"The Big Parade"
"Old Ironsides"
"What Price Glory"
"The Rough Riders"

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 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.

CORPORAL KATE—Producers Dist. Corp.—The girls get their chance at winning the war, with Vera Reynolds as leader of the feminine contingent. Will the big parade of war films never end? (February.)

COUNTRY BEYOND, THE—Fox.—Another of James Oliver Curwood's stories of the great North makes good screen material. (December.)

DEMI-BRIDE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—French farce, as Hollywood understands it. Naughty, in spots, but ultimately as pure as snow. Norma Shearer and Lew Cody are in it. (May.)

DENVER DUDE, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson in a Western in which, for a change, he plays the dude. But the he-man stuff wins in the end. (April.)



**WILLIAM HAINES in
SLIDE KELLY SLIDE**

LISTEN to that roaring grand stand,
SPRINGTIME'S here, Oh boy!

BASEBALL, romance, love and laughter

REMEMBER William Haines in "Brown of Harvard"?

THAT was one glorious football picture!

AND now this happy, handsome star appears in

THE epic picture of the great National pastime

WITH lovely Sally O'Neil and — wow!

MIKE Donlin, Tony Lazzeri, and the

MEUSELS (Irish and Bob) themselves.

FOLLOW the crowd!



Slide Kelly Slide

with WILLIAM HAINES, SALLY O'NEIL, HARRY CAREY

An Edward Sedgwick Production

An original screen play by A. P. YOUNGER

Titles by JOE FARNHAM

Directed by EDWARD SEDGWICK



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

**Where are eyes
the keenest?**

North, South, East, West?

These rare prizes will decide it!

What a difference there is in eyes—and between merely looking at things and actually seeing them. Thousands of people miss half the enjoyment M-G-M pictures could give them. They do not see—and, of course, can't remember—anywhere near all that producers put into settings and players into their characterizations.

Here's a test that'll help you discover how keen your eyes are. If they're as sharp as we hope, they'll win one of our prizes for you! Send us your answers to the six questions below. The possessor of the keenest woman's eyes shall receive the favorite "Aileen Pringle" choker necklace. The sharpest male optics will win the silver-topped "Lew Cody" cane used in "On Ze Boulevard."

To the 50 next best, we'll give our favorite portraits specially autographed. Luck and keen eyes to you all—North, South, East, West!

(Signed)

Film Pringle
Lew Cody

Here are the six questions!

- 1 In what recent M-G-M picture does Lon Chaney play the role of a son, a father and a grandfather?
- 2 With what type of picture has Reginald Barker been long identified?
- 3 Give your estimation of William Haines' work on the screen with particular reference to "Slide, Kelly, Slide." (Not more than 50 words.)
- 4 What M-G-M picture has for its background the Citizens' Military Training Camps?
- 5 Name six M-G-M pictures which will be shown at your local theatre in 1927. Give name of theatre and manager.
- 6 In what M-G-M picture does an imaginary island figure and what was the name given it?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1540 Broadway, New York.** All answers must be received by June 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE:—If you do not attend the 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 the Joan Crawford Contest of March:
HARRY D. BROWN, Mayor
Gillispie, Illinois
SADIE M. MOORHOUSE
815 Pacific Ave., Osawatomie, Kansas

The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views



Brickbats and Bouquets

LETTERS from
PHOTOPLAY READERS

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

The Monthly Barometer

"FLESH and the Devil" is creating the same interest in the smaller cities that it excited in the metropolitan districts. Many are thrilled by it; a few detest it; nobody ignores it. The Garbo flag flies high. "Beau Geste" wins universal praise. So, too, does "What Price Glory." Not a brickbat has hit them.

"The King of Kings" has established more advance enthusiasm than any picture yet filmed. Apparently the whole fan world is waiting for it.

Careful casting of pictures seems to pay, for, with the exception of Greta Garbo, no particular personality seems headed starward. Letters to this department show a definite, strong and quite new interest in the smaller players. Leila Hyams, for instance, has won an audience by her performance in "Summer Bachelors."

One of the surprises of the month was the score of letters about Leslie Fenton. Madeline Hurlock of the comedies has a fan following and among the Westerns, Fred Thomson is steadily climbing toward the top.

\$25.00 Letter

Los Angeles, Calif.

How many people realize that the vast improvement Americans have made in the last decade in general knowledge, dress, speech, manners, and artistic taste, is due to the subtle, yet forceful teachings of motion pictures?

We have acquired a cultural development that has raised us from crudities bound to exist in so fast growing a nation, to refinements that ordinarily take centuries to acquire, and then are passed on only to the socially superior.

Note that Molly O'Grady, like Colonel's lady, now dresses modishly, sips her soup from the side of her spoon, desists from planting her elbows upon the table and gobbling her food; that her home reflects the gracious influence of the artistry so obviously present in motion pictures; and that there gleams in her everyday language much of the impeccable English of the titles and sub-titles of the pictured drama.

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about 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.

Yes, the credit for disseminating to America's millions an incalculable amount of illuminative knowledge, that has broadened, enlightened and refined our people to an extent realized by few, goes unquestionably, unequivocally to the motion picture.

H. A. MELVILLE.

\$10.00 Letter

Rochester, N. Y.

We had company for dinner. The soup boiled over on the cat. The cat jumped through the kitchen window, glass and all. My wife screamed. Our little son, Junior, upstairs dressing, heard the scream and ran to investigate, forgetting to fasten his knickers. Three maiden aunts, making us their annual holiday visit, hurried from the living room to the kitchen. As they entered, Junior entered minus his trousers. He had lost them falling down stairs. The aunts screamed.

My wife, forgetting the cat and the soup, spanked Junior with enthusiasm. Thereafter we sat down to dinner. Everything went wrong. The roast chicken I was

carving slipped off the platter and landed in Aunt Alvira's lap. The gravy on its back didn't match her lavender silk dress. The dinner party was like a refrigerator that makes its own ice.

Afterwards we sat in the living room submerged in gloom.

"Whoop!" yelled Junior.

"Are you sick?" my wife gasped.

"No," said Junior, "but Harold Lloyd's in town in 'The Kid Brother.' Let's go."

We all went. We all laughed. We came home happy. The encircling gloom was gone. Even the cat came back, purring.

Wherefore, I conclude, consign life's troubles to the movies and be happy.

M. S. SIMMONS.

\$5.00 Letter

Washington, D. C.

I wish to take issue with the letter in your February issue which seems to fear the ominous superiority of European films, in European opinion! There is no worry.

Last summer having visited relatives in those far-off bald, wild Scottish Highlands, which give one that weird feeling of being detached from the earth, I entered the "Acropolis" of Edinburgh. Two things struck me simultaneously on the Main or Prince's street:—Woolworth's Five and Ten Cent Store, and a movie featuring a real United States Wild West Show. I tell you again "There is no worry." If these staid Scotchmen can appreciate our bucking broncos; if these "braw" Highlanders can approve our Western leathers in opposition to their kilts, emblematic of their historic clans; if these Scotchmen spend their money to see a true American show—there is no worry!

ELIZABETH G. CLARK.

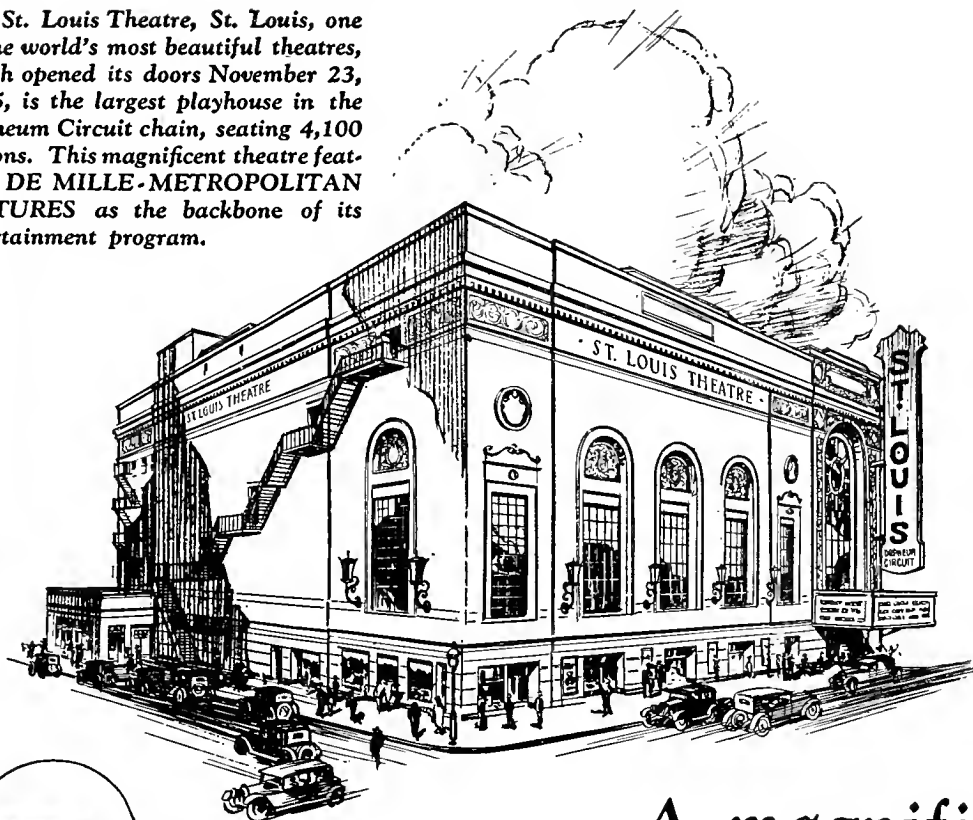
A Little Western

Middletown, Pa.

Where do they get this stuff about Westerns being the death of an actor? What kind of a death? Financially? Artistically? When Lois Wilson begins to shout for Art and says that she has always had an inferiority complex what she really

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]

The St. Louis Theatre, St. Louis, one of the world's most beautiful theatres, which opened its doors November 23, 1925, is the largest playhouse in the Orpheum Circuit chain, seating 4,100 persons. This magnificent theatre features DE MILLE-METROPOLITAN PICTURES as the backbone of its entertainment program.



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

GIGOLO—Producers Dist. Corp.—Rod La Rocque's fine performances rescue this from the lokum class. (December.)

GOD GAVE ME TWENTY CENTS—Paramount.—A story with an original idea that comes out, under screen analysis, as too far-fetched for credibility. Good performances by Lois Moran and Jack Muhlhall. (February.)

GOING CROOKED—Fox.—A crook story—but stop! Bessie Love is the crook. And that makes the film easy to look at. (February.)

GREAT GATSBY, THE—Paramount.—Fitzgerald's novel, with its unscrupulous hero, violates some pet screen traditions. It's unusual entertainment and Lois Wilson makes a hit for herself as the jazzy, cocktail-drinking Daisy Buchanan. (February.)

GREAT K & A TRAIN ROBBERY, THE—Fox.—A fast and furious Tom Mix picture. Need more be said? (December.)

HIGH HAT—First National.—Life among the movie extras—which might have been more interesting than the film would have you believe. Ben Lyon plays the extra boy. (May.)

HILLS OF KENTUCKY—Warner Bros.—Rint-Tint-Indeserves an extra helping of dog biscuits. The story is good for children, but the dog is the Edwin Booth of the Silent Drammer. (May.)

HIS NEW YORK WIFE—Bachman.—Well, it seems there was a little country girl who came to New York to fight for success—ta, ta! There's more plot than entertainment in this one. (January.)

***HOTEL IMPERIAL**—Paramount.—At last Pola Negri has an unqualified success. Credit her new director, Mauritz Stiller, with an assist. It's the story of an incident between the Austrian and Russian lines during the war. Highly recommended. (January.)

HUSBAND HUNTERS—Tiffany.—A further investigation into the lives and habits of the gold-diggers. Trivial but fairly amusing, my dear Watson. (May.)

IT—Paramount.—Clara Bow in Elinor Glynn's snappy story of a modern working girl. Good popular stuff with little Clara making the hit of her life. (March.)

JIM THE CONQUEROR—Producers Dist. Corp.—Another version of the old feud between the cattlemen and the sheepmen, with William Boyd as its chief redeeming feature. (March.)

JOHNNY GETS A HAIRCUT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—You'll like Jackie Coogan as a grown-up actor. And he still keeps his appeal for the children. A nice little picture. (April.)

JOSELYN'S WIFE—Tiffany.—Pauline Frederick in a Kathleen Norris story—and that guarantees that the picture is worth-while. (February.)

JUST ANOTHER BLONDE—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill, Jack Muhlhall, Louise Brooks and Buster Collier are in this one. A lot of good talent is wasted on a plot that fails to get anywhere. (February.)

***KID BOOTS**—Paramount.—Eddie Cantor brings a new face to the screen. And such a face! As slapstick, this film is very funny—and too, it has Clara Bow as a shining light. (December.)

***KID BROTHER, THE**—Paramount.—A top-notch Harold Lloyd picture. It's a comedy version of "To-able David" and one of the best of the current releases. (March.)

KISS IN A TAXI, A—Paramount.—Hey, Bebe Daniels, Chester Conklin stole your picture. But don't cry, little girl, it wasn't much of a film, anyway. (May.)

KOSHER KITTY KELLY—F. B. O.—The funniest of the carbon copies of "Abie's Irish Rose." (December.)

LADIES AT PLAY—First National.—Nothing new in the plot, but a lot that is spontaneous and hilariously funny in the performance of Louise Fazenda and Ethel Wales. Worth your money. (February.)

LADY IN ERMINE, THE—First National.—This film tries hard to be haughty but, dear me, how times have changed! Corinne Griffith's vaunted beauty fails to register and the acting is very ham. (March.)

LAST TRAIL, THE—Fox.—Zane Grey plus Tom Mix plus Tony. You can't beat that for a good Western combination. (April.)

LET IT RAIN—Paramount.—Douglas MacLean makes a comedy of life among the sailors and marines. Good gags and good titles. Most people will like it. (May.)

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Watch This Column

Laura La Plante in "The Love Thrill"



"The Love Thrill" is the catchy title for LAURA LA PLANTE'S new comedy, and there are many who tell me it is one of the most delicious farces of the season. It has a very clever plot and in the hands of MISS LA PLANTE, assisted by TOM MOORE and BRYANT WASHBURN, the situations are splendidly developed.

The story was written by Millard Webb and Joseph Mitchell and was directed by Webb. I saw it twice and was unable to criticize it because the details were so capably handled. I'd like to have your opinion of it. Is this the kind of play in which you like to see MISS LA PLANTE?

Briefly, Joyce Bragdon, a beautiful young woman, is a member of an insurance firm about at the end of its string. Seeing poverty staring her in the face, she forces her way into the presence of a wealthy man to sell him insurance and poses as the widow of his best friend, an African explorer, supposed to be dead. All goes well until the supposed dead man appears on the scene. Then is when the fun begins.

Coming soon, "The Claw," Cynthia Stockley's fine story, starring NORMAN KERRY and CLAIRE WINDSOR with ARTHUR EDMUND CAREWE. A Sidney Olcott Production.

(To be continued next month)

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
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LIGHTNING LARIATS—F. B. O.—Our old pals, Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro, step forward with their version of the Mythical Kingdom yarn. (March.)

LILY, THE—Fox.—The sisterly love stuff presented in a weepy manner: Yep, Belle-Bennett sobs throughout the entire piece. Fair. (December.)

LITTLE JOURNEY, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—An airy, inconsequential story, deftly directed and charmingly acted by William Haines, Claire Windsor and Harry Carey. Nice amusement. (March.)

LONDON—Paramount.—Rags to riches in the London slums, played by Dorothy Gish. Filmed in England. Come on home, Dorothy. (January.)

***LONE HAND SAUNDERS**—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson in a human Western that will be great for the kids. (February.)

LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM—Paramount.—What goes on behind the counters in a department store. Amusing true-to-life stuff with Louise Brooks as a cute little vamp. (February.)

LOVE MAKES 'EM WILD—Fox.—Yes, and pictures like this make 'em wild, too. (May.)

***LOVE OF SUNYA, THE**—United Artists. —Gloria Swanson didn't pick much of a story for herself for her first independent film. But her acting is swell and the direction is handsome. And Gloria grows prettier every day. (May.)

LOVE'S BLINDNESS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Written, supervised and dominated by Elinor Glyn. The old stuff with a change of names and Pauline Starke as the owner of IT. (January.)

LOVE'S GREATEST MISTAKE—Paramount.—Delving into the more hectic side of New York life, William Powell, Evelyn Brent and Josephine Dunn head the cast. Brisk melodrama and good comedy. (April.)

LUNATIC AT LARGE, A—First National.—Leon Errol and his rubber legs are very funny. A good comedy for those who like their films with a nutty flavor. (April.)

MAGIC GARDEN, THE—F. B. O.—Romance, romance, romance with ten lumps of sugar. Adapted from a story by the late Gene Stratton Porter. (April.)

MAGICIAN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Rec Ingram messes around with some more weird characters and with some weirder emotions. Except for Alice Terry, a foreign cast. (January.)

MAN OF QUALITY, A—Excellent Pictures.—A good mystery yarn with George Walsh. (December.)

MANBAIT—Producers Dist. Corp.—Marie Prevost in a mild story of a little rough diamond in search of a Tiffany setting. (April.)

MARRIAGE—Fox.—In spite of the fact it was adapted from H. G. Wells' novel, it is just a lot of applesauce, sister. Alma Rubens starred. (April.)

***McFADDEN'S FLATS**—First National.—A comedy as broad as a barn and as subtle as a swift kick. But what a big relief from Art! Charlie Murray and Chester Conklin deal out the laughs. (April.)

***METROPOLIS**—UFA-Paramount.—Marvellous setting, gorgeous camera work, awful German acting and terrible English titles. It's an imaginative story of the City of the Future and might, alas, have been one of the greatest pictures of the year. (May.)

MIDNIGHT LOVERS—First National.—Proving that Lewis Stone can be as funny as any of the comics. In spite of the cheap title, there are a lot of clever moments in this picture. (January.)

MILLIONAIRES—Warner Bros.—More Ghetto stuff and more tenth-rate hokum. Stick to the Vitaphone, boys! (January.)

***MONKEY TALKS, THE**—Fox.—The swellest melodrama since "The Unholy Three." A weird, original plot and a fine performance by Jacques Lerner. Worth your while. (April.)

MOTHER—F. B. O.—Mammy! A sentimental story of a weak, thoughtless husband who steps out with a "cAMP" after his long-suffering "ball-and-chain" has slaved and slaved and slaved to make him a success. (May.)

***MUSIC MASTER, THE**—Fox.—An exquisite version of the much-loved stage play, told with charming sentiment. Lois Moran, Alec Francis and Helen Chandler head the cast. (March.)

MY OFFICIAL WIFE—Warner Bros.—Terrible cheap sex stuff—we don't even recommend it for the older folks. (December.)

MYSTERY CLUB, THE—Universal.—If you like your movies thrilling and chilling don't overlook this. (December.)

NEW YORK—Paramount.—The story of a Tin Pan Alley genius who marries a society girl. Who can they mean? A trite and obvious picture with Ricardo Cortez and Estelle Taylor indulging in some bad acting. (March.)

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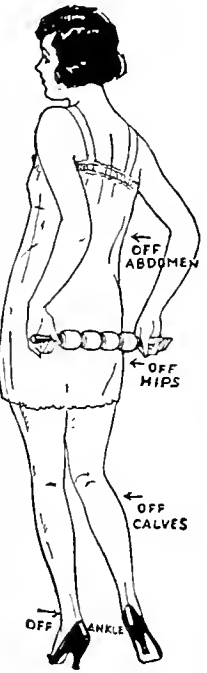
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***NIGHT OF LOVE, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Beautiful romance, exquisitely played by Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky. Treat yourself. (February.)

NOBODY'S WIDOW—Producers Dist. Corp.—A good little comedy, starring Leatrice Joy. But Charles Ray is the whole show. You'll like it. (March.)

OBEY THE LAW—Columbia.—Romance and domestic sentiment in the lives of a couple of jailbirds. So-so. (February.)

***OLD IRONSIDES**—Paramount.—The great story of the Constitution, told in stirring and beautiful fashion by James Cruze. Finely acted by Wallace Beery, George Bancroft, Charles Farrell and Esther Raalston. A real screen achievement. (February.)

ONE INCREASING PURPOSE—Fox.—A slow moving and diffused story made fairly interesting by the acting of Edmund Lowe, May Allison and Lila Lee. (March.)

OUTLAW EXPRESS, THE—Pathe.—Of all things! A Western story about bad men, sheriffs and sheriff's daughters in the great open spaces! (Jan.)

OVERLAND STAGE—First National.—Ken Maynard takes a band at making American history. And he does a good job of it. A rousing Western and good for the whole family. (March.)

PALS IN PARADISE—Producers Dist. Corp.—What, oh what, is duller than a dull Western? (February.)

PARADISE—First National.—This isn't worth a dime unless you're keen about Milton Sills and Betty Bronson. (December.)

***PARADISE FOR TWO**—Paramount.—Richard Dix and Betty Bronson bring new light and gaiety to an old plot. It's the antique tale of the gay bachelor who must marry to please his rich uncle. (April.)

PERFECT SAP, THE—First National.—An amusing tale of a rich boy who tries to be a Sherlock Holmes. Ben Lyon's best picture in a long time. (March.)

PLAY SAFE—Pathe.—Play safe and stay away from this Monty Banks comedy. Its trick climax is good but the rest of the film is a waste of celluloid. (April.)

PLEASURE GARDEN, THE—Aywon.—A foreign picture. And "can they make wiener schnitzels? Yes, they can make wiener schnitzels." Two American girls—Virginia Valli and Carmelita Geraghty—got in this one by mistake. (January.)

POPULAR SIN, THE—Paramount.—Modern marriage and divorce, as observed, none too originally by Mal St. Clair. Florence Vidor, Greta Nissen and Clive Brook are the principals. (March.)

POTTERS, THE—Paramount.—W. C. Fields in a middle-class, middle-aged comedy, adapted from the popular newspaper comic series. Pretty fair entertainment. (March.)

PRINCE OF TEMPTERS—First National.—So much camera artiness that the humanness is overlooked. Lya de Putti is the world's worst vamp. (December.)

PRIVATE IZZY MURPHY—Warner Bros.—Abie's Irish Rose joins the Big Parade of War Pictures, and the result is nobody's business. George Jessel's film debut is just so-so. (January.)

PROWLERS OF THE NIGHT—Universal.—Just a Western, built according to the same old primitive formula. (February.)

***QUARTERBACK, THE**—Paramount.—Richard Dix in a real football classic. It's a WOW. (Dec.)

RED HEADS PREFERRED—Tiffany.—Raymond Hitchcock has his own way in this one. But Raymond doesn't know his film groceries. Pretty awful. (March.)

RED HOT HOOPS—F. B. O.—A Western with a real story and a sense of humor. Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro are featured. (January.)

RED HOT LEATHER—Universal.—Jack Hovie does a lot of hard riding just to pay the mortgage on the old ranch. (February.)

***RED MILL, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies makes a bum out of the plot of the popular musical comedy. But Marion is so genuinely funny that who cares? Not, surely, the laughing audiences. (April.)

REGULAR SCOUT, A—F. B. O.—A simple tale of a bad boy who would steal the widow's money. But the widow has a daughter—and that's the stuff that films are made of. (February.)

***RESURRECTION**—United Artists.—Tolstoy's powerful story, made into one of the best pictures of the season by Edwin Carewe. Intelligently and stirringly presented, it also introduces Dolores Del Rio as one of our greatest actresses. (May.)

***RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, THE**—Fox.—An effective translation of a charming stage success, with young Janet Gaynor contributing some fine acting. (January.)

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- *BUFFALO and CHICAGO.....\$79

One Way Round Trip
†CLEVELAND and DETROIT...\$3.50 \$6.00
‡BUFFALO and DETROIT...\$6.00 \$11.00

*Berth and meals included. †Berth and meals extra on the Mackinac Island and Chicago Division there is music, dancing, with hostess in charge, bridge, afternoon tea, golf, horseshoe pitching, radio, moving pictures, and other entertainments. Passengers limited to sleeping accommodations. Radio and moving pictures also on Buffalo Division. Yachting, golf, horseback riding, fishing, etc., at Mackinac Island. Liberal stopover privileges.

For Reservations or further information, address E. H. McCracken, Gen. Pass. Agt. at Detroit, Mich.



DETROIT-CHICAGO-LELAND NAVIGATION CO.

ROSE OF THE TENEMENTS—F. B. O.—A war story plus the Ghetto atmosphere. But don't be frightened, because the film isn't half bad. Johnnie Harron and Shirley Mason in the leading roles. (February.)

ROUGH AND READY—Universal.—Jack Hoxie is the honest cowboy who protects the gal's ranch from the villain. Ouch! (March.)

***ROUGH RIDERS, THE**—Paramount.—Thrilling history, plus authentic American backgrounds and characterizations. It is built, of course, about the exploits of Our Teddy, but it is really a complete panorama of an entire epoch. Fine acting by Charles Farrell, the late Charles Emmett Mack, George Banroff and Noah Beery. (May.)

RUBBER TIRES—Producers Dist. Corp.—A merry comedy evolved from the adventures of pioneer motor transcontinental tourists. A good original idea. (May.)

SHAMEFUL BEHAVIOR—Bachman.—Shameful behavior to any audience that is coaxed into seeing this one! (January.)

***SHOW, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—John Gilbert in a strong character study of a Hungarian sideshow spieler. An interesting story—lightly too macabre for the innocents—but nevertheless fine entertainment. Oh, yes, and Renée Adoree is in it. (April.)

SILENT LOVER, THE—First National.—Movie hash concocted from remnants of old plots—a little Von Stroheim, a little Foreign Legion and a few Arabs. With Milton Sills. (February.)

SILENT RIDER, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson again goes through his paces in the conventional Western plot. (February.)

SIN CARGO—Tiffany.—Not as bad as the title but not for children. Heavy smuggling in high society. (February.)

***SLIDE, KELLY, SLIDE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—We urge you to see this honestly funny comedy of the great national game. It is the story of a conceited rookie, played shrewdly and engagingly by Bill Haines. Attaboy! (May.)

***SORROWS OF SATAN**—Paramount.—Marie Corelli's novel, a shocker of thirty years ago, makes real old-fashioned cinema "melodrammer." Carol Dempster, Adolphe Menjou and Ricardo Cortez are excellent. (December.)

SO'S YOUR OLD MAN—Paramount.—An amusing tale of a disreputable small townier who becomes the pal of a haughty visiting princess. W. C. Fields and Alice Joyce make it worth your while. (Jan.)

SPANGLES—Universal.—Romance under the Big Top. Also a murder thrown in, just to make it exciting. (January.)

STAGE MADNESS—Fox.—Palpitating yarn of an actress who gives up marriage for the stage, only to be confronted by her own che-ld-later in life. Well, if you like this sort of thing— (March.)

***STARK LOVE**—Paramount.—A folk drama, made in the Carolina hills, by James Brown. Astonishingly well acted by native players. An important contribution to the American theater. (May.)

STEPPING ALONG—First National.—Johnny Hines overplays in this one. The comedy is too long and the gags fail to explode. (February.)

STRANDED IN PARIS—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels at her prettiest and snappiest in a comedy of a department store girl innocently masquerading as a Countess. (February.)

SUMMER BACHELORS—Fox.—A hotsy-totsy Warner Fabian story of cheating husbands and wily flappers. Silly material but good direction and snappy acting by Madge Bellamy and Leila Hyams. (March.)

SWEET ROSE O' GRADY—Columbia.—They are all imitating "The Big Parade" and "Abie's Irish Rose." This plays on the Irish-Jewish theme. (February.)

SYNCPATING SUE—First National.—Corinne Griffith breaks away from the society stuff and appears in a story of Tin Pan Alley. It's good entertainment. (January.)

TAKE IT FROM ME—Universal.—The trials and tribulations of a department store owner are snappily presented by Reginald Denny. (December.)

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION—F. B. O.—The original "Tarzan" stories were good. This is one of the biggest pieces of nonsense ever fed to a suffering camera. (May.)

TAXI DANCE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—An unsavory story of an ambitious girl's adventures in Manhattan. Joan Crawford manages to triumph over inferior material. (April.)

TAXI, TAXI—Universal.—The sort of pleasant comedy that usually finds appreciative audiences. Edward Everett Horton and Marion Nixon are in it. (April.)

Round the world in 15 minutes!



Pathé News

Big things are happening in the world of today. You read of them in the newspapers, but you see them in the Pathe News. Can there be anything more interesting than to see history as it happens?

Pathe News was the first news reel. Its news-gathering staff of cameramen, far flung and unique, has been built up and perfected through the ripened experience of fifteen years. That's why it leads all motion pictures today in interest and in prestige.

Make Pathe News a habit
at your favorite theatre

PATHE EXCHANGE, INC.
35 West 45th Street, New York



[CONTINUED ON PAGE 155]

All over town First National take the guesswork out

THOUSANDS of happy, hurrying foot steps . . . Flashing, eager eyes . . . Boys and Girls together—Dad and Mother too—You can almost *feel* the thrill in the air . . . There's a new Movie at the Royal tonight—and it's a First National Picture!

They're out for a good time, and they *know* they'll get it. No more show-shopping—no more after-the-theatre grouches . . . For



"The Tender Hour"

NEW prize beauty of the screen—Billie Dove. See her win Stardom in this pulsing drama of Riviera Romance and Paris Divorce. Ecstatic love scenes that will recall all the great moments of your life! Supreme production of a master director, George Fitzmaurice.

JOHN Mc CORMICK presents

**A GEORGE
FITZMAURICE PRODUCTION**
by CAREY WILSON
with

BILLIE DOVE — BEN LYON

Alec B-Francis and Montague Love —



-the latest Pictures of "Going to the Movies"

"First National" on a theatre's ads or sign-boards is ironclad FUN INSURANCE!—a *guarantee* that you'll get your money's worth in either laughs, or thrills, or a famous star's performance—in gorgeous fashions, an unusual story, snappy "lines", or beautiful girls—or all combined!

See for yourself! These two new hit-of-the-hour successes will show you!



"Naughty But Nice"

She didn't MEAN to do it—but when they found her in the handsome young stranger's hotel room she just HAD to introduce him as her Husband! What a start for Colleen Moore's latest laugh-hit! And the Finish will make you say again: "There's only one Colleen."

Tune in!

For real Radio entertainment tune in on the FIRST NATIONAL TO-BE-WEDS every Tuesday at 8:15 p.m. Eastern Standard Time. Millions call them one of the best features on the air. Stations WJZ, KYW, WBZ, KDKA, WBZA.



JOHN McCORMICK presents
"NAUGHTY BUT NICE"
Adapted from Lewis Allen Browne's
"The Bigamists"

Scenario by Carey Wilson
Directed by Millard Webb





... Like tropical flowers, in their brilliant frocks—how do the women of these exclusive cottage colonies take care of their skin?"



AT THE MOST FASHIONABLE RESORTS

NEWPORT + BAR HARBOR + LAKE PLACID CLUB

+ THE MOUNT ROYAL IN MONTREAL +

*Society women find it
"a perfect soap for the skin"*

NEWPORT, with its white palaces above the sea—Bar Harbor, where the yachts of millionaires flash back and forth like sea-gulls—Lake Placid Club and Mount Royal, with their wonderful winter sports—

Society has made these places her own. Here, in the season, the most beautiful women in America are to be seen—riding, golfing, swimming, dancing—or, wrapped in furs, against the glittering background of winter, making the loveliest of pictures as they skate, ski, toboggan.

How do these women, accustomed to every luxury, take care of their skin? What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough, to keep the texture smooth, soft, exquisite?

In the fashionable cottage colonies at Newport and Bar Harbor—three-fourths of the 193 women we questioned said they find Woodbury's Facial Soap best for their skin.

Among 208 women guests at Lake Placid Club—nearly two-thirds were using Woodbury's.

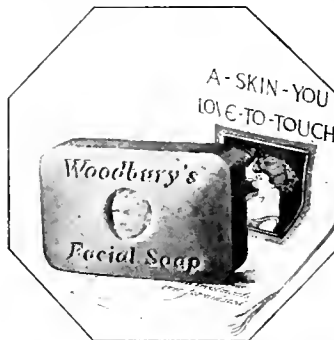
At beautiful Mount Royal in Montreal three out of every four women guests were enthusiastic Woodbury users: "Truly the most cleansing and non-irritating soap," they said. "The only satisfactory soap for the face." "Perfect!"

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's Facial Soap is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients; it also demands greater

refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

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

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



Demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap

Your Woodbury Treatment for ten days
Now—the large-size trial set!

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
2211 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".

In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2211 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright 1927, by The Andrew Jergens Co.



Ruth Harriet Louise

ANY girl with a turned-up nose, freckles and merry blue eyes should have little trouble in playing a James Barrie heroine. So Marion Davies is now appearing in "Quality Street." It's a story that she has always wanted to film.

NEW PICTURES



Ruth Harriet Louise

BECAUSE of her hard-boiled comedy performances in "The Demi Bride" and "Slide, Kelly, Slide," Dorothy Sebastian receives this handsome picture of herself in our critical magazine. Maybe, with this encouragement, she'll keep up the good work.



Russell Ball

AFTER sponsoring the boyish cut, Gloria Swanson goes back to long hair. It is arranged in club fashion at the nape of her neck. Also Gloria is coming out strongly for the uncovered ear. The hair, incidentally, is all her own.



Ruth Harriet Louise

AILEEN PRINGLE played "vamp" rôles until her sense of humor revolted. Henceforth she will devote herself to plots with a glint of comedy. She is to be co-starred with Lew Cody in a series of pictures, the first of which is "Her Brother from Brazil."



Russell Ball

WHEN all the other players hit the trail westward, Ben Lyon returned to New York, just to be different. Robert Kane engaged him for the leading rôle in "Dance Magic," a new picture with a Manhattan background. Ben accepted without a protest.



Russell Ball

AFTER long fidelity to the screen, Alice Joyce is flirting with the idea of going on the speaking stage. Hollywood is too far from Park Avenue where Alice has her home, her husband and her children.



WHEN one is sure of a groomed appearance, the trials of uncomfortable weather become less formidable. Gossard figure garments for summer assure groomed and graceful lines to the most difficult, filmy frocks . . .

Ask your corsetiere to show you model 556 . . . a pliable, lightweight Gossard clasparound, of brocade and elastic, illustrated here. Center clasp, or hooking down the side, \$5.

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., 100 E. Ohio St., Chicago—New York, San Francisco, Dallas, Atlanta, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires

The **GOSSARD** *Line of Beauty*

"My Clothes are no longer the problem they were"

—*MARY ASTOR*

Sheer frocks, dainty underthings, now are laundered perfectly since her maid learned the secret of keeping them like new!

"I LIKE BEST fragile frocks in the light colors," Mary Astor told me, "but their very sheerness makes it imperative that they be kept fresh and dainty always. That was once a problem in this land of sunshine where we spend all our days out-of-doors!

"My clothes became wind-blown and dusty so quickly and washing was so uncertain—often so ruinous—that it seemed impossible to keep their dainty new look.

"One day last summer I wore for tennis a new frock of apricot crepe with an embroidered jacket. After the game it was so powdered with the dust of the courts that I wondered whether it, too, must be added to my long list of clothes that had never tubbed successfully. Or whether it might be

one of the miracles my maid had lately seemed able to perform!

"The next day I found my precious frock hanging in my wardrobe—lovelier than ever! At my surprised de-

light, my maid told me that she had learned the secret of safe laundering and that secret was—Lux! Since her discovery my clothes are no longer the problem they were!"

As we sat talking in Miss Astor's boudoir her maid came in with an armful of freshly laundered things, and it was evident, indeed, that Lux had solved a difficult problem.

Pajamas and negligees of old-gold crepe, a coral dance-set of triple voile, little tailored dresses of radium silk, and many, many pairs of the open work stockings that go so well with the chiffon frocks Mary Astor loves. Billowing heaps of rainbow-colored bits of loveliness! Kept always fresh and dainty now with Lux.



THE lovely frocks that Mary Astor is famous for are a perfect setting for her demure dark beauty. Frocks so fragile—yet Lux washes them perfectly!



Tennis is Mary Astor's favorite sport and she always dresses adorably for it in the smartest sports frocks



MARY ASTOR'S Beverly Hills home is one of the most charming in that famous colony. Here she comes for occasional days of sunshine—brief holidays snatched from the strenuous life of a motion picture star



"If it's safe in water . . .
it's just as safe in Lux"

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

PHOTOPLAY

June, 1927

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk



GO see "The King of Kings" even if you have to miss the Wednesday evening prayer meeting to do so.

Cecil B. De Mille has taken the greatest story of history and woven it into a celluloid fabric of rare beauty and reverence.

He has given us a screen record of the last year of the life of Christ, ending with the crucifixion and His reappearance to His apostles.

He brings Him back to us today as no mere words ever could.

Whether you believe Christ God or man makes no difference. The picture leaves you with a visualized realization of the divinity of His mission.

NO book, no painting, no sculpture is as susceptible of microscopic examination as is a motion picture.

If a man has done a piece of work better than any other man has done it, we have no right to withhold credit because of one or two slight imperfections.

It is possible that someone else could have done the story of Christ better. I will admit it when he does it. But I know of no man in motion pictures today who would have the courage to attempt to surpass De Mille's film Testament.

MANY millions who have never read the Bible will see this picture. It will run on the screens of the world for years.

It will do more spiritual good than all the

well meaning missionaries in Africa and Asia, because it will tell the story of sublime sacrifice and love to the eye that believes what it sees, instead of the ear that is accustomed to strain words through the

brain for acceptance or rejection.

TAKE all the missionaries out of China, send a hundred prints of "The King of Kings," and then let China alone to work out its destiny.

"WILL it make money?" some one asked me the opening night in New York.

I hope it makes \$5,000,000 for its producers. And I think it will.

ALL the big producers are in a welter of consternation over the increasing cost of pictures.

Salaries are not the problem now. It is camera time, the time the director takes to shoot his film.

If they could cut down one week of camera time on every picture they could save millions. If you can demonstrate your ability to do it you are worth \$5,000 a week to any of them.

Here is a chance for a good job. Step right up with your solution. The line forms on the right, and don't crowd.

CONGRATULATIONS to Eddie Carewe on "Resurrection." There's a picture! I asked him how he happened to make it after all the pot-boilers he has done.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]

The REAL



It Is the Big Butter and Egg Man's Little Boy Who Puts the Sin in Cinemaland

The poor little rich boy longs to meet actresses. Hollywood, not Paris, is his new Mecca. Here is Craig Biddle surrounded by Clara Horton, Marie Astaire, Ilone Marlowe and May West. Philadelphia was never like this!

IT'S the soft sap who gives Hollywood the hard name.

It's the Big Butter and Egg Man's little boy, coming to Movietown with an urge to be seen out with any girl who says she works in motion pictures, who is the real Hell-raiser of Hollywood.

The genuine motion picture people are tame, hard-working innocents compared with these sin-seeking scions. And that's not a defense. The true troupers have less time and more sense than the dollar descendants. The players are there to work.

The college cut-up comes to Cinema Center to give and receive thrills. No longer do the burning boobs go to Paris when they graduate. They go to Hollywood, and Hollywood, because of them, gets the space Paris used to get in the newspapers which retail wickedness to the small towners who never get west of the water tower.

Make no mistake. Hollywood can never again be a sleepy California village. It means too much. It symbolizes too much. Life, with all the vast connotations of that word, is there. The romance and the beauty of Hollywood are there as you have pictured them, and more so. Once in Hollywood you are caught in the magic trap of its atmosphere. It isn't until you leave that you find your thoughts wandering back to the palm-shadowed, fragrant lanes of the most unreal city ever created.

Hollywood is the world's newest illusion. Paris, London, Vienna, Berlin, yea, even New York, the magnificent, are dead cities as far as the dreams of the world today are concerned. But these cities raise sin as is sin for all of that, and could give cards and spades in wickedness to the Western village by the sea.



If Jerry Miley succeeds, it will be in spite of his money

Hell Raisers of Hollywood

By
Cal York

Yet Hollywood nights, warm, sweet scented, languorous, are those the world now visions.

So it's small wonder the B. & E. Man's little boy wants to be a knight of those nights. In many cases it's really the nearest approach to ambition the boy has ever shown.

For if all the installments his dad paid on the lad's so-called education had been spent in one place, the boy might be able to show a diploma entitling him to cut hair.

As it is all he has for his four year college itinerary is a ukulele and the first four steps of the Black Bottom.

But arriving in the picture paradise he chatters about fraternities and college and wears clothes as funny as a Harry Langdon feature. He immediately contracts to buy a low-priced but high-g geared automobile and a hip flask as big as Death Valley



Michael Cudahy, whom Joan Crawford dubbed "just an adorable fool," and Clara Bow, the girl who burns 'em up and then leaves 'em cold, as Robert Savage can testify

Robert Savage and Clara Bow were saved from matrimony by union hours at the License Bureau



Scotty's canteen and starts in to paint the town red. He doesn't make it even a pale pink. His failure in the latter project, perhaps, may be ascribed to the fact that the coloring matter to be found in a bottle of Hollywood gin is almost as negligible as its alcoholic content. But his exploits do get the town muddied up in the yellow journals.

How he meets a movie girl is not a formula to be detailed here. There are lots of girls in Hollywood and girls will be girls, particularly where a millionaire's son is concerned.

But meet one he does—probably several of them—and what happens thereafter may be as funny as those multi-colored sweaters worn by members of the Hollywood Boulevard Golf Club. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 123]



Marie Astaire — co-starred with Mr. Cudahy in "Nearly Married"



CHARLIE FARRELL has gone ahead faster than any other young actor during the past season. For three years he belonged to the doughnut dunking brigade of Hollywood. He was living on \$7.50 a week, when a bit in "Sandy" brought him to the notice of James Cruze and he was engaged for "Old Ironsides." Farrell still drives a Ford.

Papa Stops Wondering

Mr. Farrell's little boy finally amounts to something

By Cal York

I WONDER what on earth you will ever amount to," Papa Farrell used to say to young Charles after the manner of all fathers to all sons everywhere.

Papa Farrell had a chain of motion picture theaters about Cape Cod.

The rich city kids used to go down there during summer vacations and young Charles Farrell used to play around with them.

Like most sons of wealthy parents these rich city kids never had any money—not enough, anyway—and young Charles used to pass them in to his father's movie house.

And Papa Farrell would see sixteen or twenty rich city kids come piling into his theater without the cash receipts being swelled by a single nickel and again he would say to young Charles:

"I wonder—" and all the rest of it.

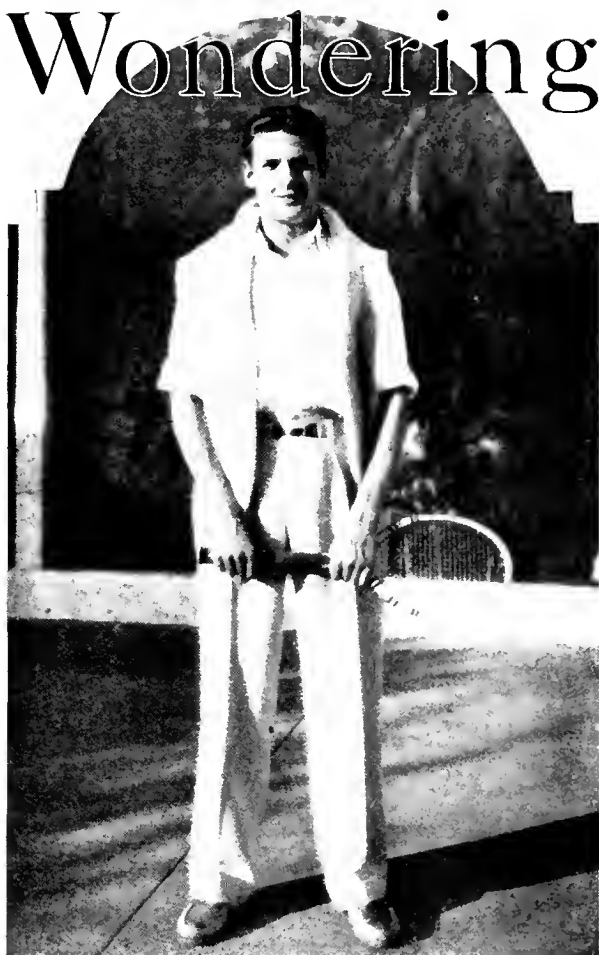
But Charles never wondered.

He knew.

He was going to be a motion picture actor.

"From the time I was twelve years old I knew what I was going to be," he said.

"I used to tell those kids of my ambitions and



His movie ambitions came naturally to him. Farrell hails from Cape Cod, where his father had a chain of theaters

every time I got a black eye or a split lip I knew I was going to have a tougher time getting into pictures."

But Charles didn't know the half of it.

He was still 3,000 miles from Hollywood, where the doughnut is to the actor what rice is to a Chinaman and the Community Chest may mean just anybody's icebox.

After three years at school in Boston, Charles joined a stock company.

"I wonder what on earth—" said Papa Farrell and almost collapsed.

Charles was the company manager, property man, et cetera. He did everything but post the bills.

But the time was to come when his mouth almost drooled as he remembered that nice billboard paste and thought how good it might taste with sugar and cream.

His sole object in joining the company was to reach Hollywood and when they arrived in Los Angeles he quit the show.

And the panic was on.

Of course, he joined the Dunker Society.

There is a legend that one extra man established a world's record by dunking the same doughnut in the same cup of coffee twenty-seven times.

Charles Farrell is said to be that man.

For nearly three years he almost starved.

Sometimes he only worked one day a week and if you want to know just how [CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]



Little Fellow: "Y' can't talk to me thataway. I used to be a Life Saver."

Big Boy: "Aw g'wan! What flavor?"



The Famous Players-Lasky Studios today and, right, the old barn—and original studio of Jesse Lasky—as it stood on the first lot, with Gloria Swanson's bungalow dressing room and the wardrobe building almost hiding it from view

When

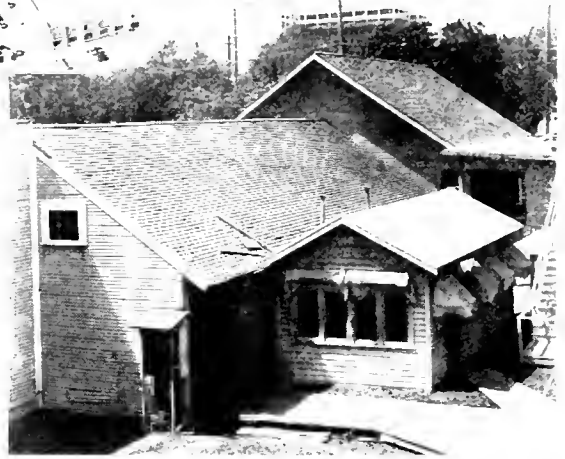
How the Film Capital has changed since the Good Old Days When Cows Chased Movie Stars on the Village Green

HOLLYWOOD! That's the place you used to take tourist friends to see because it was a sweet old picturesque place full of rose-embowered homes set back among tall trees, with wide orange and olive orchards on all sides!

And then, if you had an automobile, you circled through Cahuenga Pass, being careful not to run over the jack-rabbits and coyotes!

Hollywood looked like a town that would be called Hollywood when I first saw it—before the Midas of the Movies came in to turn everything to hard and glittering gold.

What visions of shady glens picked off with cheerful



red berries, of vistas of purple hills, of peaceful, tree-lined streets, cottages smothered in roses, little quaint churches, that name Hollywood conjures up!

Surely there dwelt the fairy godmothers in the golden orange orchards, the dew-covered lawns, the rose bushes that bloomed along Hollywood and Sunset Boulevards, where now the granite buildings loom and the traffic cops' whistles have replaced the song of the mocking birds.

Indeed, didn't I know an author out there who moved off Hollywood Boulevard because the mocking birds in the trees around his house disturbed his slumbers!

Just funny little old Main Streets were Hollywood and Sunset Boulevards, edged with an occasional rambling, low shop which thrust its ugly face forward from between the rose and lilac bushes; paved not at all, sidewalked with gravel or plank walks.

The Hollywood hills were clad in all their virginal mesquite and live oaks. No gashes yet were cut in their smooth and charmingly wooded sides for the erection of those pink-, yellow- and blue-tinted Italian and Spanish villas. Santa Monica Boulevard and environs were prairies with an occasional cottage, and with Senator Cole's gray frame two-story house the only imposing structure on the thoroughfare.



The Rex Arms, where most of the famous stars resided in their days of struggle. Mary Pickford, Mabel Normand, Corinne Griffith and many others lived here

Hollywood Was a Pasture

By Grace Kingsley

The Taft Building, at the right, now stands at the corner of Hollywood and Vine. Below is the little church which once stood on this very spot. Pepper trees shaded peaceful Vine Street in those days



"You must," somebody said to me one day, "go and see Paul de Longpre's home."

The great painter of flowers had passed away, but lovely paintings still adorned the walls of his pink-stucco Moorish house with its carved windows and arches, and a wilderness of flowers still bloomed in the front and at the sides. Now a huge office building stands on the site.

"When you go to the Lasky studio," I was told thirteen years ago, "you get off the car at a little church at the corner of Vine and Hollywood Boulevard. The church has a little lawn around it, and there are huge pepper trees all along Vine Street. Dustin Farnum goes there to church."

Long since that little church and its green lawn have gone their way to give place to a tall, frowning office building, with its corner drug-store.

And the many aced home estate which stood opposite the church, a tangle of orange and palm trees, rose-bushes and magnolias, has given way to another business building.

A many-acred olive orchard spread its silver-and-green-leaved charm where now stand rows of apartment houses opposite the old Griffith Studio on Sunset Boulevard near Vermont Avenue. A wide common

nearby, on which grazed a herd of cows and horses during the green winter months, now gives standing room to several business blocks.

I remember Pauline Starke telling me, one morning when she arrived at the Griffith studio, how frightened she had been that morning when a cow chased her across that common! Now they are scarce on sets.



The Hollywood Hotel. In the pioneer period very affluent stars lived here. Thursday nights at the Hollywood were the social event of the time

How the Hollywood Common Became Preferred



Above, the corner of Hollywood and Cahuenga today. Right, twenty years ago, before the celluloid gold rush, traffic cops and stellar Rolls-Royces. In those days the luminaries hadn't captured Beverly Hills and a hall bedroom was a hall bedroom. The pre-Spanish villa era



A wide orange grove spread its sweetness on the air where now stands the famous Grauman's Egyptian Theater.

"There is going to be a great ceremony this afternoon," somebody telephoned me one day in the comparatively recent days of seven years ago. "You had better come out."

Over there under those orange trees I discovered Anita Stewart, Mildred Harris and other stars, whom I now forget, ready to turn little silver shovels of dirt over as the ground-breaking ceremony of the Egyptian Theater. Sid Grauman stood by and made a speech to a big bunch of film men and exhibitors. A few natives, dwellers in cottages close by, came with the dust of the orchards on their shoes, to watch proceedings. Those natives are all rich now. They have sold their orchards to men who put up business blocks.

Nobody in the olden days pointed out the picture stars' homes for the simple reason that those homes were nothing much to point out. Picture stars dwelt in those long-ago days of twelve and thirteen years ago in cottages, bungalows or apartments, or if very

affluent they lived at the Hollywood Hotel or the Rex Arms Apartments, the latter a down-town apartment house in Los Angeles, or they rented a house in an orange orchard. Many stars who now own their own town and beach mansions and yachts besides then lived in two rooms—with a bath if lucky; otherwise they took their turns in the general bath-rooms. A few lived in boarding houses, but somehow the theatrical boarding house never got much of a hold in Hollywood.

Cecil B. De Mille resided in a modest little home on Cahuenga Avenue, and used to walk to the studio for exercise, while William de Mille lived in a tree-embowered home on a side street afterward the home of Betty Blythe. A house on Argyle Street, now the dwelling of the Duncan Sisters, once was occupied by Mary Miles Minter, and is said to be unlucky.

The late Wallace Reid dwelt with his

pretty young wife, Dorothy Davenport, in a little white cottage on Cahuenga Pass, until they built their pretty Italian-and-Spanish home out toward Beverly Hills. Mrs. Reid still lives with her two children in the Reid home.

Noah Beery was one of the first actors to build a picturesque villa clinging to the side of a Hollywood mountain. May Allison built a pretty and rather imposing concrete house on the edge of Beverly Hills, and Pauline Frederick built a wide-fronted mansion in Beverly. Alla Nazimova's house, famous for its bizarre planning and furnishing, which once faced a lovely garden and huge swimming pool, with its flanking aviaries full of birds, has been torn down to make place for a bungalow court. William S. Hart and his sister lived at the Rex Arms Apartments until they built their home-like house [CONTINUED ON PAGE 140]



POOOR Marguerite du Plessis! The fair, frail lady is not allowed to rest in peace in *Pere la Chaise*. *La Dame aux Camélias* is resurrected again to agitate the screen with her sad, sad story. Norma Talmadge is playing the 1927 version of the girl whom Fannie Brice once described as "a bad woman, but good company." Gilbert Roland is *Armand*—a rôle once made glamorous by Rudolph Valentino.

Advice to Husbands

THERE ain't a man livin' today who'll admit that he isn't capable of doin' two things better'n anybody else—playin' poker an' givin' advice.

Women string along right strong on the advice question. There ain't a lady of anybody's acquaintance who don't put in twelve hours a day seekin' advice and the other twelve givin' it. An' not a great deal of importance attaches either way.

I get a heap of letters an' for some reason I can't exactly cipher out a lot of my correspondents is of the fair sex and inquirin' earnestly what to do with their husbands. Every once in a while a gent writes a none too encouragin' note about wives in general and his own most special.

Gettin' down to cases, I reckon now and then any lady feels herself in need of this here expert advice you hear mentioned and I can see how they figure anybody livin' in Hollywood should be able to write a book on matrimony and divorce with footholds, blue prints, and diagrams throwed in. So, naturally, she takes pen in hand and seeks first hand information, but why a lot of 'em pick on me I haven't got figured out yet.

I'VE got six letters in front of me right now seekin' advice on divorce—three from women, two from men and the last one don't say what he is. Before answerin' any of these here wails for assistance, I've been waiting for the final decision on an important divorce suit just now holdin' the range in this part of the country. In the aforesaid mentioned case, both parties has hired a lot of high-priced, double-barrelled, six-cylinder lawyers an' the battle thus far has been as lively as a cattleman's war or one of them old Oklahoma or Kansas county seat disputes which was generally settled with shot guns and six shooters.

There's one mighty handy thing about this here well-known divorce case. It is great for us folks livin' in' at close range as it's givin' the inhabitants and settlers more free legal divorce advice and information than any community ever got before for nothin'. The women folk are standin' on their toes a-waitin' to see how many millions the young woman can actually collect, while the men are keepin' books as to how much certain alleged misdemeanors can cost a man.

Daily each court decision or legal shark's opinion on the community property and ali-



By
Tom Mix

mony part of the argument is cut out and pasted up in a scrap book for future reference—wives savin' all decisions in favor of, and the men puttin' by all that are against.

Future household wrangles, from bein' promiscuous and personal in the extreme and dealin' with small matters like the price of the wife's last hat or just what time friend husband returned from a meeting of whatever lodge he uses for that purpose, are a-goin' to sound like a session of the United States Supreme Court in Washington. No longer is the missus a-goin' to quote her mother as a household authority. She's goin' to get out her scrap book and point a finger to a pasted up decision and say—

"Don't you-all try puttin' anysuch foolishness as that over on me. It reads right here that Judge McGuffus held that touchin' on an' appertainin' to community property rights, a wife can claim that, etc., ad infinitum."

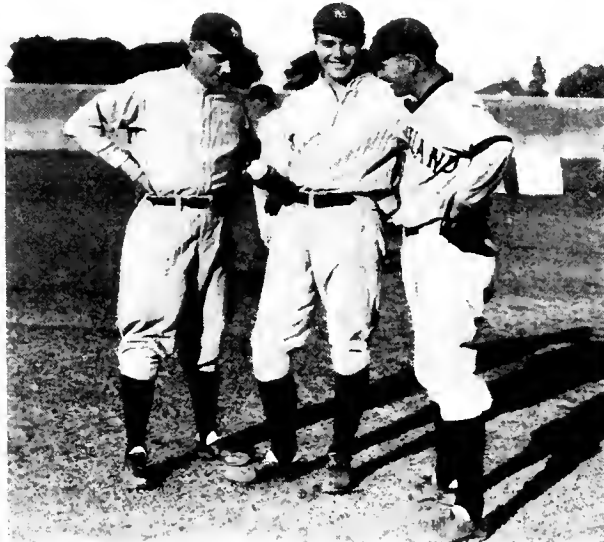
BUT husbands ain't so easily silenced nowadays. "Is that so," he'll bust in, wavin' a newspaper clippin'. "Is that so? But all that was way down in the Superior Court. What did the three judges of the Supreme Court have to say when that question came up on appeal? I ask you, what did they do? They throwed it out as a bad law faster'n you could say scat."

There is a lot to say in favor of gettin' married, but most of it has been said. Now

the other side of the question has assumed paramount proportions. Seems like it's about the same as hitchin' up a work team—a horse an' a mare. A smart ranchman expects the horse to do most of the pullin'. The male is naturally stronger and as naturally shields the female, she bein' of finer fibre. The male is always the burden bearer.

Each is hitched to his own singletree an' in a measure is expected to pull a proportionate share of the load. If one of 'em hangs back and shirks, it's bound to be a bad team an' you got to separate 'em and get other team mates.

It's just the same with humans.



FIRST PRIZE CAPTION OF MONTH

"Can you pitch a curve?"

"Say, I can pitch two curves at one time—and braid 'em."

—"Slide, Kelly, Slide"

and Wives

Slightly Prejudiced in Favor of the Husband

Like travel, divorce seems to broaden people. It sure helps to increase their callin' acquaintance. Each new wife brings in a new herd of friends, so by the time a gent has been bedded down for a few years in this town, he's extended his social activities along a lot of widely diverged trails.

I know birds out here who after bein' married three or four times have got to know most everybody in town.

A young feller who has been married so many times that he sends out his alimony checks in alphabetical order told me that the next time he got hitched he was aimin' to marry a girl up Laurel Canyon way, as he didn't know any folks up there and he understood there was some mighty nice ones.

WOMEN folks sure like to talk a heap about it's them that "pays and pays an' pays." When it comes to alimony, howsomever, it's the poor sap that "settles and settles."

I got some fixed and personal ideas on the cuttin' up of the family bankroll, when the great day of liberty comes and the divorce decree is signed and I think these here ideas of mine would go a long ways to lowerin' the divorce rate.

Every now and then, for example, you see an old sprout friskin' around with a nice lookin' yearling. To him she seems to carry a little more class than his missus. In other words, human nature's got him and he's lookin' for a change.

It's my idea that the bunch-quitter should stray off, leavin' the live stock, ranch and Ford to the missus. She helped to accumulate 'em by takin' in washin' maybe or havin' a few boarders on the side, and accordin' to the Injun way of figurin', which is pretty square as a rule, if a buck walks off of his own free will an' accord there is nothin' comin' to him. He's got the same chance with the young squaw he had when him an' the old girl first started out—to hustle another bankroll an' another string of cattle.

If the new gal is on the level, all she wants is the old boy himself, so she'll be perfectly agreeable. But if you was to ask me right out straight, I'd have to admit that I'm afraid when

"There is a lot to say in favor of gettin' married, but most of it has been said."

"Like travel, divorce seems to broaden people. It sure helps to increase their callin' acquaintance."

"Takin' the gold frame from around any man's picture don't enhance his good looks, especially to a young girl."

the old boy slips the heifer the idea that the two of 'em is comin' to the altar with nothing but love to start housekeepin' on, she's apt to fly the coop. Takin' the gold frame from around any man's picture don't enhance his good looks, especially to a young girl.

But it isn't always the missus who fails to measure up to the romantic requirements. Not infrequently the good wife discovers that friend husband ain't what he used to be. Mebbe the pair have got a bankroll big enough so he don't have to work any more and they get a few social invitations which uncover the humiliatin' fact that the male of the species is a little shy on the correct use of the fork. Mebbe he'd rather play pitch with the boys in the bunk house than tackle the elegance and refinement of bridge. Mebbe he calls the butler Al, instead of Parkins.

ABOUT this time the wife, who has dieted until she can wear a 44, meets up with some cake-eater whose only bankroll is a pair of gray spats and the ability to walk into a tea room with more dog than the head waiter. By contrast, the old man looks pretty bad and aided and abetted by this young rustler, the missus gets the divorce idea in her head.

Give her a divorce. If she feels that way, it's comin' to her. Let her be free as air. But she should take her nice young man and go out and make a fresh start. She's not entitled to a dime that she and friend husband hustled together. Bankroll and furniture still stays on the ranch along with the old man an' the rest of the live stock. What the young man with the perfumed handkerchief would say to the divine gift of the missus now weighing around 185, a complexion that can't stand daylight and a fondness [CON. ON PAGE 98]



SECOND PRIZE CAPTION OF MONTH

Enlistment officer: "Full of the spirit of '76, eh?"
Happy Joe: "No, sir, I haven't had a drop of lickin'."
—"The Rough Riders"

Hints to Help You

THOUSANDS of manuscripts have already been received in PHOTOPLAY'S \$15,000 Idea Contest. But the Idea Contest still has many weeks more to run. You have plenty of time to put your brain to work and win one of the big awards, offered by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, for the best ideas for a motion picture.

Your idea must be expressed in 200 words. Yes, it can be done. Remember, it will not be necessary for you to relate an entire plot. All you have to do is to summarize an original idea, merely suggesting the groundwork of a story.

PHOTOPLAY is not asking for mere plots. Contrary to popular belief, motion picture producers do not always buy famous novels or stage plays for their plots. They buy them for their basic ideas. The plot, as a matter of fact, is often changed when the picture is produced.

To win one of PHOTOPLAY'S prizes, you do not need a knowledge of scenario technique. Don't try to put your idea in scenario form. You need no special gift of writing, except the ability to express yourself clearly, briefly and exactly.

Do not look to recent books, plays or the screen for your ideas. Obviously, it is not fair to suggest filming a book or a play. The producers have combed the literature of the world for filmable material.

Do not try to reflect anything you have read or anything you have seen in the theater. Take your ideas from life. There are problems of life all around you—social and personal. The last twenty-five years have seen almost a complete revolution in habits of living and trends of thought. Never have social and industrial changes been so swift or so dramatic.

OUT of the enormous panorama of modern life, can you crystallize an idea that can be reflected on the screen? Can you summarize one phase of this vast drama of progress and change that is going on around you? Can you hit upon one incident that is significant of the trend of modern life?

In literature and on the stage, idea books and plays have started wars and social revolutions. Before the Civil War, Harriet Beecher Stowe recognized slavery as the crucial problem of the nation. Her novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," precipitated the conflict. The idea of one, obscure woman helped mould the history of the country.

Charles Dickens dipped into his own bitter experience and wrote "Oliver Twist," and all England awakened to the shame of its treatment of charity children.

Upton Sinclair investigated the stockyards and his book, "The Jungle," changed the food laws. It became known as the "novel that turned the stomach of a nation."

Henrik Ibsen wrote a play of one woman's revolt—"A Doll's House,"—and gave a tremendous impetus to the newborn feminist movement.

Sinclair Lewis in "Main Street" started a vigorous protest against the standardization of small towns in America.

As an individual living in a changing world, you are surrounded with vital problems. Can you express one of these problems clearly and forcibly enough so that it will influence the millions who may see it on the screen?

\$15,000 in Cash Prizes in the Great Picture

Perhaps there is some incident in history that always has remained in your mind, an episode never depicted on the screen. Can you relate it in 200 words, with merely a general suggestion for its treatment?

In order to present your material in the most advantageous fashion, you will have to edit your idea carefully. You will have to discard all the elements that are non-essential to the basic idea. You will have to search for words that will best convey the meaning of what you wish to say.



Fifty Dollars a Word for the Winner

Win \$5,000 *for an Idea*

for Photoplay Readers Suggestion Contest

Try for briefness and try for originality. But don't try for literary effect. This is not a short story contest; nor yet a scenario contest. The business man, with no experience in writing, has just as good a chance as the man who has studied play or story technique. The housewife is on equal terms with the girl who specialized in English composition at school.

Five and ten dollar words won't count against thousand dollar ideas.

Now for the integrity of the contest: A gentleman,



The Highest Rate on Record

By JESSE L. LASKY

First Vice President of Paramount Pictures

CENTRAL ideas are the foundation of all pictures. Before a screen story is written somebody has an idea of a big situation, a timely topic, a tremendous event or famous character around which the story is constructed.

Our biggest pictures have not been from printed books or stage plays but from original ideas. For instance, "The Ten Commandments" was produced by Cecil B. DeMille from an idea suggested to him in a newspaper contest. "Old Ironsides" was produced from an idea suggested to us by Harry Carr, who had just been talking to Secretary of the Navy Wilbur. "The Rough Riders" was written from a suggestion that a good picture could be made around the exploits of Roosevelt's famous Spanish War regiment. "Wings" has just been produced from an idea of John Monk Saunders, who came to us with the suggestion that one of the greatest pictures ever produced could be made about the war in the air among the aviators during the World War. "Chang," that remarkable picture of life in the Siamese jungle, was produced from an idea of Major Merian Cooper's and Ernest B. Schoedsack's.

The bigger the idea, the bigger the picture.

writing from a State prison, wants to know why he should submit ideas to PHOTOPLAY for nothing. If the gentleman knows any market in the world where ideas are paid for before they are read by editors or judges, he is free to take his manuscripts there.

PHOTOPLAY is backing its reputation on the honesty of this contest. All of PHOTOPLAY'S contests always have been scrupulously fair—and enormously popular. All manuscripts in this contest are kept in locked steel files. The contest rules are so explicit that there is no reasonable possibility of a misunderstanding.

REMEMBER that to make a good film production, your idea must have wide appeal. Avoid personal prejudices, theories or religious beliefs. That doesn't, of course, prevent your expressing an opinion. But be sure that your opinion is sound, reasonable and acceptable to a large audience.

If you will check up on the big box-office successes—"The Miracle Man," "The Ten Commandments," "Beau Geste," and "The Covered Wagon,"—you will find that they contained a vital message, or were set in a picturesque background or contained an appeal of world-wide interest.

Unless the love story is a part of the theme, you may merely suggest it in your manuscript. In fact, you may omit it entirely, unless you consider it absolutely necessary or have a unique presentation of the situation. In developing a motion picture from an idea, it is easy to weave in romantic interest.

Before you submit your idea, read the rules carefully. A thorough understanding of the rules may save you from disappointment. In the rules, you will find all the requirements of the contest clearly outlined for you. So turn to page 81, where you will find the rules, and study them thoroughly. Then put your brains to work, get busy at your typewriter and see if you can be one of the lucky winners!



Laemmle's characteristic expression—a broad smile. He's always looking for a joke

Little Journeys

To the Homes of Famous Film Magnates

By Terry Ramsaye

In this second article, Mr. Ramsaye paints a candid portrait of "Uncle" Carl Laemmle, pioneer chieftain, whom everyone loves, but only one man understands.

The plain truth—free from flattery or exaggeration—about the men who rule the movies never has been told before. PHOTOPLAY takes pride in presenting this unusual series.

CARL LAEMMLE, squat, smiling, grey and sixty, a millionaire, saver of pennies and spend-thrift of thousands, a fretful dealer in details swirling through the scope of a world-circling corporation, a personification of commonplaceness so extreme that it marks him with genius and eccentricity, devout and unorthodox, grateful, superstitious, proud and humble. All these are glints of the unusual figure of man who is the president of Universal Pictures Corporation, and oldest of the surviving active motion picture chieftains, both in years and experience.

Formally he is Mr. Laemmle in his own organization, without any of the accent of sycophancy on the "Mister," so common to the inflections of motion picture office conversation. Informally he is most often "Uncle Carl," maybe in part because of his mellowing years, but mostly in reflection of his glowing manner of friendliness and eager sympathy.

Laemmle is to be counted among America's conspicuous successes and yet he will do not at all for a hero in the pattern of the routine and accepted success story. He has broken and continues to break most of the rules. He is so irregular that it is hopeless to try to record him as an example to aspiring youth.

This motion picture chief goes to bed at all hours,

the nearer daylight the better. He is never at his desk until nearly noon, unless he chances to have stayed there all night. He eats the equivalent of nine meals a day, in three installments. His diet is selected at the random of whim from the richest and heaviest items on the menu, from thick soups to an abundance of pastries. He never takes any exercise. He complains bitterly of his health, and feels reasonably well all of the time.

It is charming to record that Laemmle despises golf and all thereunto-pertaining. He holds that for some golf is a disease and for others a vanity. He admits that perhaps a self-controlled few can play golf with impunity and the ability to take it or let it alone, but he has a conviction that it will likely get them in the end.

Laemmle has forgiven not a few erring men in his big machine of business for minor matters like larceny, petty and grand, forgery and misappropriation of the corporation's funds, but he is less lenient about golf.

Approximately a year ago Universal Pictures Corporation was confronted with the necessity of selecting a new sales manager. There were two excellently probable candidates, with little to color a choice between them. Let us call them Smith and Jones. The commercial record favored Smith slightly. Laemmle decided against Smith. "Why?" his advisors demanded to know.

"It is like this," Laemmle propounded. "Jones, he plays golf, too, but only on Sunday. Smith plays not only on Sunday, but Saturday even and during the week,—I have it straight!"

Laemmle's feelings about golf, like most of his principles, are founded on personal experience, slightly bitter, the result of his betrayal into the game by a



Laemmle likes fried chicken and plenty of it. To insure a regular supply, he established a model chicken ranch at Universal City, in the heart of the studio zone



R. H. Cochrane, who chaperoned Laemmle from Oshkosh to Fifth Avenue. He's the one man who understands Uncle Carl

With a fellow immigrant from Laupheim, Germany. Laemmle (seated) now plays Lord Bountiful to his little native town



trusted member of his staff. Paul Gulick, Universal's publicity director, is a golfer of many years addiction. Some years ago, with that perverseness which characterizes all true addicts, he thought to seduce Laemmle into the lure of the links. It would have been of large usefulness to Gulick by way of explaining why his office should be closed on Fridays in the summer and things like that.

Gulick is bland and soft voiced and plausible. He found "Uncle Carl" in a good humor and at the right moment and, for the time, sold him the golfing idea. Mr. Laemmle went shopping down in the sporting goods zone in Madison avenue and got Abercrombie and Fitch into the purchase of three hundred dollars worth of golf tools and appurtenances. Then his tailor did him a costume, plus-fours, minus about \$150.

On two trips to California and three to Europe Laemmle carried all this regalia and apparatus in his luggage, without ever removing a club from the bag. Then came one glorious forenoon in Switzerland. He had breakfasted pleasantly on the verandah of the hostelry, overlooking Lake [CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]

News and Gossip



"Listen, kiddie," says Will Rogers to Fannie Ward, "as long as I'm Mayor of this town, little girls like you will have to go to bed when the curfew rings. And papa doesn't mean maybe!"

THE romance of the month—Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque.

Vilma and Rod were oh, so anxious to keep their engagement a secret!

Vilma didn't want to tell a soul. So she gave a small dinner and told several of her intimate friends, swearing them to secrecy.

And Rod, at a luncheon, told his intimate friends, also swearing them to secrecy.

By that time, every newspaper in the country had carried the news and so Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn decided to make it official by giving a tea and announcing the engagement again.

Miss Banky starred with Ronald Colman in Goldwyn's "The Winning of Barbara Worth."

"**T**HIS tower goes back to William the Conqueror," a pompous English guide explained to the Duncan sisters on their last trip to the other side of the Atlantic.

"What's the matter?" inquired Rosetta. "Isn't it satisfactory?"



Sheep's Camp at Chilkoot Pass, which has been reconstructed for some of the big scenes in "The Trail of '98." Just such an encampment was the center of the gold fever in the never to be forgotten rush to the Klondike

SOMETHING of a social event, this marriage of Irene Rich and David Blankenhorn. They were married at Carmel-by-the-Sea at the home of the William May Garlands, very prominent in California society, and afterwards went to Del Monte for a honeymoon.

Irene will continue with the picture work, having just renewed her Warner Brothers' contract, despite the fact that her husband is a wealthy realtor with a beautiful home in Pasadena.

I can think of no one more perfectly fitted than Irene to shine as both motion picture and social queen.

AFTER a winter spent in ambush fighting, Greta Garbo and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have declared a truce. Greta has signed a new contract and is said to be getting \$2,500 every Saturday night.

Although it is not what Greta wanted, it is a lot of money and will buy a lot of herring and rye bread.

Also Greta is playing "Anna Karenina," an ideal story for her.

And Ricardo Cortez, released from his Paramount contract, has been cast as *Wronsky*—one of the fattest parts that has come his way.

ANICE little story about Mervin LeRoy and Edna Murphy.

Edna's wearing the most gleaming diamond of the season on the correct finger and hand. Mervin is a gag man with the Colleen Moore unit.

"I'd like to announce our engagement," Mervin said to John McCormick, in whom is vested Mervin's faith and admiration.

"Why don't you wait a couple of weeks?" suggested John.

"Well, you see, Edna wanted to announce it to the girls at her club tonight."

"Wouldn't she rather announce her engagement to a director instead of a gag man?" queried McCormick.

of All the Studios



Clarence Brown and his company went to Corona, Colorado, in the heart of the Rockies to get these "Alaskan" scenes. Corona is sixty miles from Denver. An obliging blizzard furnished some Alaskan atmosphere



Sunny California's climate turns into plain bad weather. During the recent floods in Culver City, Julia Faye rigged up this outfit to make the trip to and from the set

"Sure."

"If she waits a few weeks she can."

It was McCormick's way of telling Mervin that he had been promoted to directorship of Colleen Moore's next picture.

EXPERT testimony from one of our most eminent actors who enjoys his rum on the bounding main: "Yachting is something where you wear a funny little cap and get drunk."

IN spite of reports that she has surmounted double pneumonia and is practically out of danger, all her friends are still very much worried about Mabel Normand.

The little actress, who in spite of the bad luck which has persistently followed her of late, will always be one of Hollywood's best loved daughters, doesn't seem to be getting back her strength.

Even her husband, Lew Cody, has not been allowed to see her lately.

And a sad feeling seems to have crept about that Mabel may not have the resistance and energy left to come back from this serious illness.

Mabel Normand is one of the characters of the motion picture industry. A girl without a personal enemy, with a reputation for sweetness and generosity unequalled by any other film actress. Certainly no one has ever had the prayers of the picture people more earnestly delivered than Mabel.

A ROMANCE of long standing has gone on the rocks, much to Hollywood's consternation. Bobby Agnew and May McAvoy, who have been inseparable for years and years and who lately have been causing all the picture colony to believe matrimony was imminent by going around Beverly Hills looking at houses; have had a definite split.

Nobody paid any attention to it at first, thinking that it was just another of these lover's quarrels which you read so much about, but now that it has endured over a period of

several months it really looks as though it might be serious.

Moreover, Bobby has been seen frequently in the company of a stunning young society girl and May has a multiplicity of escorts. Too bad.

Rather thought those two kids would make a go of it. They're "nice people," if you know what I mean.

TOM MIX was en route home by automobile from a location in the High Sierras and stopped at a little restaurant in a Union Pacific tank-town.

"Will you bring me a napkin?" he said to the waiter. "Aw, g'wan," replied the waiter. "There's another feller usin' it."

MARY HAY, divorced recently from Richard Barthelmess, hopped off to Greenwich, Conn., and married Vivian Bath. Mr. Bath is an Englishman, son of a rubber magnate of Singapore. He is twenty-one years old. Immediately after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Bath set out for China, stopping off at Hollywood to see little Mary Hay Barthelmess.



Not Douglas Fairbanks in another "Mark of Zorro." Pause and hesitate before you write "fan" letters to this handsome lad. It is none other than Bebe Daniels in "Senorita"

By the terms of the divorce, Mary Hay is entitled to the custody of her child for six months in the year, which probably means that the little girl will spend much of her time on the Pacific Ocean.

Mrs. Bath is through with the stage forever, she says, and will live in Singapore.

And so ends another great love story of the studios.

PART of the day at school had been devoted to explaining the principles of liberty behind the American flag.

Freedom and the rights of American citizens had been strongly emphasized.

Young William Wallace Reid, better known as Bill, had listened attentively.

When he returned home, however, he had some difficulty with his grandmother, whose authority was ably supported by Mrs. Reid.

"Hmm," said young Bill, "the teachers boss me. Grandma bosses me. Mother bosses me. A lot of good the American flag does me."

MUTTERINGS of thunder and flashes of lightning from the "Topsy and Eva" set. Hints of Greta Garbo-ish temperament from the Duncan Sisters. Stories of the untoward activities of Rosetta Duncan who, it seems, has her own ideas as to how pictures should be made.

Anyway, "Topsy and Eva" ran up a huge production cost, even before a quarter of the story was filmed and the Duncan Sisters apparently got as much fun fighting the production staff as they do in battling with traffic cops.

But a long distance conversation with Joseph Schenck, in New York, quelled the trouble and the Duncans buried the hatchet and went back to work.

EVERYBODY is carrying olive branches, these days. I hear that Wallace Beery has patched up his fight with Famous Players and signed a new contract.

For months, Mr. Beery has been hurling thunderbolts all over the studio.

Which reminds me of a swell line pulled by Walter Winchell.



The three ounce bathing suit—introduced by Sally Blane and Doris Hill. It is made of sheerest silk and can be packed into a vanity case, with still room for a compact and a lipstick, but is not recommended by bathing beach censors

Mr. Winchell wrote as follows: "All the Famous Players-Lasky executives are in Hollywood which isn't where Wallace Beery told them to go."

BASHED-IN faces cuddled close to frosted complexions and joy reigned supreme to the tune of "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." It was a great night for the clan and the gowns were hotsy-totsy enough to make Chanel see red. Josef von Sternberg was directing "Underworld," a story of life, fast, furious and fevered, in Chicago.

"What's it all about?" questioned Richard Dix, sauntering by.

"The First Ward's Ball in Chicago," replied a ready reference.

"And when do the casualty reports come in?" Richard queried, knowing his election returns.

RAMON NOVARRO is going to become a great tenor, the real successor to Caruso, according to many musical authorities.

Among them is Louis Graveure, one of the most famous singers and teachers in America. Ramon is devoting his entire time to the study of music now, and says that eventually he is going to give up the screen for the operatic and concert stage.

Imagine hearing some of our operatic heroes divinely sung by somebody that looks like Ramon, instead of by the disillusioning fat gentlemen who usually appear. I think it would help opera in America a lot.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG and Arthur William Brown, two of the most famous artists and illustrators in America, have been sojourning in Hollywood on a little vacation and they have been a riotous success socially.

The fact of the matter is that Hollywood gets awfully tired of its own small circle and of seeing the old familiar faces at every dinner party and the advent of two such entertaining celebrities and raconteurs is hailed with joy.

HELP! Eric Pommer, former supervisor of UFA, is now directing a Tim McCoy horse opera.

HARRY REICHENBACH recently celebrated his thirtieth anniversary as a press agent. In summing up some of the things he has learned in his thirty years, Harry listed the following items: "That Clara Kimball Young was the most remarkable star; Alice Brady, the best natured; Francis X.



Long shot of wolf coming through forest. Closeup of Little Red Ridinghood, registering fright. Spoken title: "Help, help!" Clive Brook is shown here reading the popular old script to his little daughter, Faith



Don't step on it, it's Lon Chaney! (Positively the last appearance of the old gag.) Chaney evolved this bit of horror for "Mr. Wu." Coming soon: Chaney as a Japanese Rose Beetle!

Bushman, the most appreciative; Mae Murray, the most intolerant and egotistical; Mrs. Valentino, the least able; Rod La Rocque, the most likable; and Ethel Barrymore, the most exacting."

RUMORS of P. D. C. merging with United Artists and First National going with Pathe. No wonder an actor wonders who he is working for.

"What are you doing now?" Lloyd Hughes asked William Boyd.

"Oh, just merging about," replied Bill.

JANET GAYNOR, sweet as an old-fashioned nosegay, confided her hobby to me the other day. Collecting wedding rings that have bound her to screen heroes. A wide golden band from "The Return of Peter Grimm," a narrow circlet from Murnau's "Sunrise."

She is about to acquire one from "Seventh Heaven," much to the distress of the prop man.

She's not alone in her hobby.

A lot of our movie gals collect them, but they go through more turbulent channels.

THE ultimate in domestic unity. Vivien Oakland Murray wanted to grow tomatoes in their tiny garden. John T. Murray, her doting husband, wanted to buy them in cans. So they compromised and planted sweet peas.

TO many persons deafness is an affliction but it is one of "Uncle" Carl Laemmle's charms.

At his new home in Beverly Hills he frequently sits on the side lines of the tennis courts watching members of the younger generation cavorting while he transacts business with his executives.

The other day a newcomer to his official family shouted himself red in the face, trying to explain his proposition to "Uncle" Carl.

"You needn't shout," Mr. Laemmle finally said, mildly. "I usually hear what I want to hear."

LAURENCE STALLINGS is back in the film epic business again. He is working at the Metro-Goldwyn studio, writing a what-price-big-parade story of the Panama Canal.

In commenting on Stallings' favorite topic of conversation—namely the limb he left in France—a newspaperman remarked:

"I don't wish Larry any hard luck, but I wish that leg of his would grow again."

INSTEAD of remaining in New York to further the interests of his exporting business, the Marquis de la Falaise accompanied his wife, Gloria Swanson, to Hollywood. Henry, you see, is introducing the Peugeot automobile to America. The Peugeot is a cute little contraption, not much larger than a kiddie car. On the first evening of his arrival in Hollywood, the Marquis sold one to Marion Davies and reports tell me that he is rapidly building up a neat little trade among the other film stars.

Yes, Gloria has bought two for herself.

CHATTING with Fred Niblo the other day and he told me the latest on John Barrymore.

Jack's yacht came blowing in first in some sort of race off Hawaii, recently, and Jack was presented with an enormous silver loving cup. It was a handsome thing, round and gleaming.

He looked at it, at the judge and then his upper lip flared in the Barrymore way:

"Gentlemen, you underestimate my capacity."

TOO many scenario writers curdle the continuity. About fifty writers at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio have been trying to re-write Jules Verne's story, "The Mysterious Island." Nearly all the picture has been filmed, but it is said to be in a most unsatisfactory state, in spite of the fact—or maybe because of the fact—that two directors worked on it.

Maurice Tourneur and Benjamin Christianson both found the Verne fantasy completely unmanageable and a regiment of writers has been assigned to fix up the story, so that the film will not be a total loss.

Maybe the officials will finally come to the conclusion that it would be easier to film the story as the late M. Verne wrote it.

I HAND to Madeline Hurlock the carved ivory blunderbus for bravery that amounts to sheer indifference. In her Sennett-ship she has played with more lions than Kermit Roosevelt.

"How did you feel with the lion laying across your body?" trembled the listener, pencil in hand.

"He was rather heavy," replied [CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]

Voila, Antoinë,

By
Agnes Smith

Some little tips from Paris's
foremost head-worker

IT isn't Mr. Antoine, nor yet Monsieur Antoine. It is just Antoine. And that is fame.

Antoine is one of the reasons why girls leave home to go to Paris. The other reason, of course, is to get a divorce. In settling domestic situations or in arranging coiffures, Paris is still the center of civilization.

This elegant young Frenchman came to New York for a brief but hectic visit to establish a *salon* at Saks Fifth Avenue. The pilgrimage was in the nature of a missionary expedition. Antoine descended upon New York like an evangelist to set up an outpost of True Culture among the heathen.

Don't laugh. Antoine really knows his business. I watched him work. I saw him turn women into ladies and little cuties into charming girls. I also saw him let a woman walk out of his *salon* because she insisted on a tight frizz instead of a soft curl.

I asked him what was wrong with most American bobs. And he answered "*Pas de raffinement.*" In your language—and mine—that means "no refinement."

The secret of Antoine's bobs is simplicity and elegance. When bobbed hair was in its infancy, it was enough merely to have the hair short. The bob was only a fad and not a coiffure. If you were young and slim, your bob became you. If you were older and stouter, the square, curly bob made you look hoydenish and grotesque.

Curiously enough, Antoine's bobs give



the effect of long hair—or rather, of plenty of hair. But, as a matter of fact, most of the hair is shorn from the head before the curling process begins. Antoine, with his little safety razor blade, literally models the hair to the shape of your head.

Briefly, here is the principle of the new bob. The hair is cut short in the back. The neckline which, in unexpert hands, usually makes a woman's neck look like a second baseman's, is shaped into a delicate, fringe-like bang.

The hair is thinned back of the ears—most hairdressers leave it too long and too heavy. Antoine leaves the front and the sides of the hair long. These strands of hair are given a soft curl and swirled back. For an evening coiffure, Antoine catches these long hairs and makes them into soft curls, high on the back of the head.

Antoine thinks that the hairdresser who makes the back of a woman's head look flat ought to be lynched. He didn't say so outright, but he groped around in a haze of mixed French and English to express the same idea.

Of course, Antoine's bobs are as varied as the individuals whom he serves. His price, incidentally, is a measly, insignificant ten dollars, in spite of the rumors that credit him with receiving one hundred and fifty dollars every time he picks up a curling iron.

The full, rounded back of head and soft wave

Antoine doesn't like this hair-cut, although it made Colleen Moore famous. He says it gives the face a common expression. Also it is too heavy for grace



Antoine does like this bob—the property of Billie Dove. The hair is waved softly and the general lines are good. Beware of harsh lines and tight curls



Maitre de Bob

Some of the most attractive of the new bobs have the hair brushed back off the ears entirely. It is a lovely style, if your ears are flat and well shaped. But don't try it if your ears stand out like fans.

Antoine doesn't like the straight cut. It is too severe. To be frank, he told me that it gives the face a slightly common expression. Some of his coiffures are miraculously swirled in the back. I say miraculously, because the clip is so short that there doesn't seem to be enough hair to swirl. But Antoine does it.

The tight wave, or the straight wave, is absolutely out. Antoine's curls, be they permanent or temporary, are soft, wide and natural looking. He can't abide the sight of thick, bushy curls. Any style of hairdressing that destroys the contour of the head is ridiculous in Antoine's eyes.

When he arranges a coiffure, he considers, first, the shape of the head and then the texture of the hair. Weight, height and even age are secondary considerations. For Antoine was once a sculptor and now he literally carves out coiffures.

As for clipping hair with long shears, Antoine would just as soon wield an axe. He clips the hair with short, sharp scissors—something like embroidery scissors—and uses a safety razor blade for shaping. Every hair gets individual treatment.

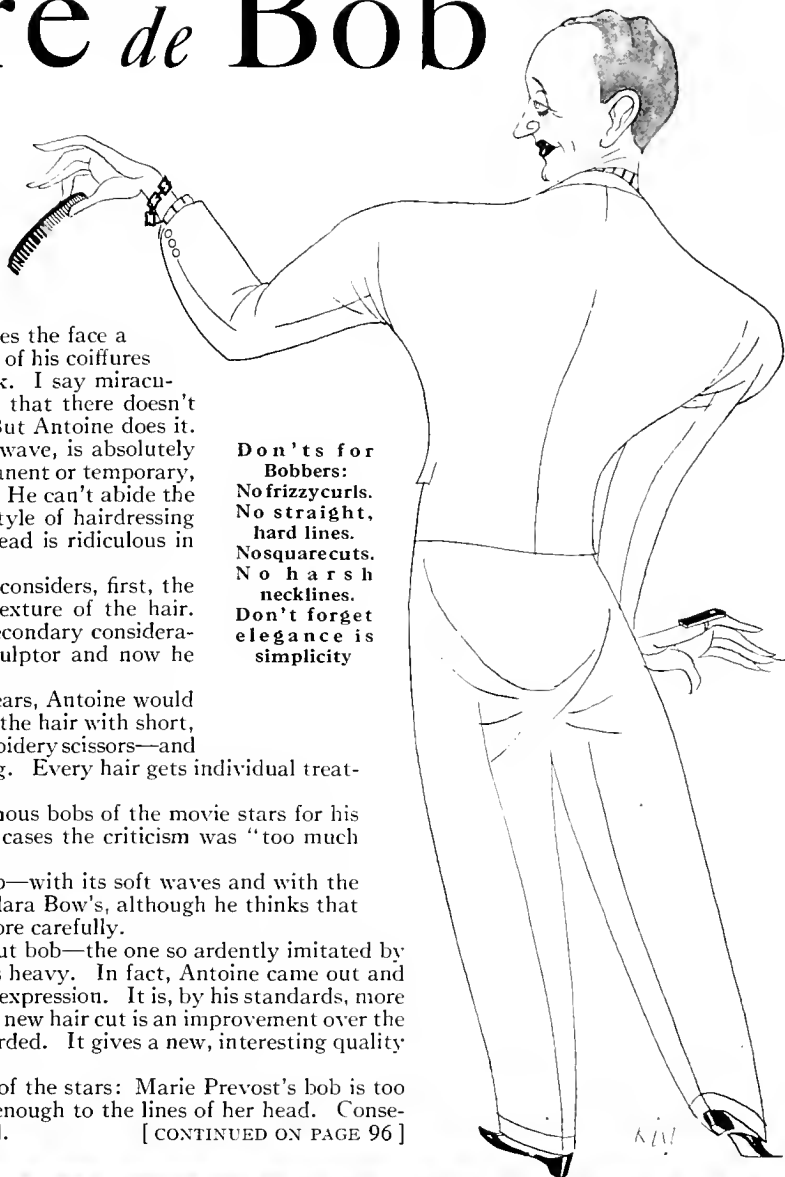
I submitted to Antoine some famous bobs of the movie stars for his inspection and criticism. In most cases the criticism was "too much hair" or "*pas de raffinement.*"

He approved of Billie Dove's bob—with its soft waves and with the ears showing. And he also liked Clara Bow's, although he thinks that the hair could be thinned a little more carefully.

Colleen Moore's famous square cut bob—the one so ardently imitated by the younger set—was denounced as heavy. In fact, Antoine came out and said that it gave the face a common expression. It is, by his standards, more than a little vulgar. Louise Brooks' new hair cut is an improvement over the square, short bob that she has discarded. It gives a new, interesting quality to her face.

To continue breaking the hearts of the stars: Marie Prevost's bob is too curly and it doesn't cleave closely enough to the lines of her head. Consequently, it looks fussy and artificial.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]



Don'ts for Bobbers:
No frizzycurls.
No straight, hard lines.
Nosquarecuts.
No harsh necklines.
Don't forget elegance is simplicity



Clara Bow's bob—piquant, interesting, but slightly heavy



Marie Prevost—cute, but a little artificial and unnatural



Greta Nissen—pretty and effective, but too much hair

The PORT of

Illustrated by
Frank Godwin

The consciousness of her own beauty, the feeling that life was cheating her, drove Paula to Hollywood. She failed. Adela Rogers St. Johns reveals all the tragedy back of her failure

By



*Adela
Rogers
St. Johns*



He lost his head a little, then kissed her—violently

INTO the Port of Missing Girls came Paula. Like a trim and expensive yacht, flying banners, very sure of herself, knowing her way about, unafraid in any waters.

But the Port of Missing Girls cares not for yachts nor for banners. All manner of craft are alike to its resistless tides. No one can steer the waters of the Port of Missing Girls, because its dangers change every hour, its reefs are uncharted, its whirlpools blind.

It is very beautiful, the Port of Missing Girls, and as treacherous as a cobra. True, it is full of buried treasure, chests of jewels and magic spells. But the treasure is hard to find, and for the one that finds it thousands are wrecked and ruined.

There are storm signals and warnings for mariners to stay away from its seductive shores. But the tales of treasure go forth and the gay and gallant little crafts come a-searching warning or no.

Hollywood is the Port of Missing Girls.

Paula, it is true, was not exactly a girl. But you would never have known it to look at her. And certainly she was a lady. But then, all kinds come to Hollywood—princesses and peasants, beggar maids and queens, harlots and saints. You never know.

Paula, of course—but Paula's story can be told, shall be told. There are brutal moments in it, for Hollywood is like Limehouse, you must take the bad with the beautiful. You are not going to like Paula. But she belongs to today, she belongs to these stories of the strange, hidden failures of Hollywood.

And I hope that in the end you are going to feel a little sorry for her.

CHAPTER V—Paula—I

THE Country Club had never looked so beautiful as upon that night. It was a beautiful club anyway, rambling along a hillside, under stately and unforgettable trees. It had been an old mansion, and a great architect had remodelled and enlarged it, so that it suggested everything fine and lovely from out the past, with everything dazzling and thrilling from the present. The night of the Hunt Ball, it was at its zenith.

The candles, thousands upon thousands of them, glimmered and glowed everywhere. The light they shed was like melted gold. Masses of orchids, from the Tennyson estate, and baskets of flowers of every shade, filled the room with color and perfume.

Baltimore is famous for its beautiful women. They were all at the country club that night—the beauties. All at their loveliest, all in their finest. The Thomas sisters, vying with each other, the one so dark and the other so fair, both in shimmering white. And the Countess Sparta, who had been little Daisy Carter, home from her triumphs in Rome and Paris and very grand and gracious. Of course Mrs. Arto, startling in jade green, mysterious still after fifteen years' belledom, taking a back seat to none of them. And little Mary Belle Reyson, tiptoe with excitement at this, her first ball, alight from her twinkling toes to her curly head and the prettiest of the debutantes.

Oh, you had your pick of beautiful ladies that night. But the most beautiful of them all, everybody agreed, was Paula Fitzgerald.

Missing Girls

No. 4

Paula, the wife, who wanted to barter her beauty for romance

When she came in, in black velvet, her exquisite little head held high, old Mrs. Everett said aloud to nobody in particular, "My husband would have fancied *her*. She looks a lady, not a strumpet. But for all that I hear she's a fly piece. And not much, certainly, to hold her to her bed and board."

She was looking at Dr. Fitzgerald when she said that, looking at him as he followed his wife across the entrance hall and stood while she mounted the stately stairs.

Well, there were others beside Mrs. Everett, who was a terror of course, who had often remarked that about Dr. Fitzgerald. He did seem an inadequate and unromantic custodian for so much beauty. A little man, and very round. Round as to paunch,

round as to eyeglasses, with a round and innocent face. A nice little man, but even as to profession lacking in those things that you might have selected in the husband of a woman who looked like Paula. He was a dentist. And a darned good one, too. But still, a dentist.

Mrs. Fitzgerald came down the stairs, one hand holding an enormous plumed fan. She knew how to walk down stairs, that woman. Her foot barely touched each step, and under the edge of her black velvet the slimness of her foot and ankle were exquisite and intriguing.

"Who is that beautiful woman?" strangers asked.

And the people who knew her best said, "Paula certainly is beautiful."



Her eager hands flung wide the door. "Eddie—you—what are you doing here?"

Men flattered her, courted her—and made love faced the bitter truth that beauty is

The murmur of her beauty ran through the gay and festive crowd as a wind blows through wheat.

Do you think Paula missed it? How could she? How could any woman? It was not the way the men rushed to her for her dances, nor the rapidity of their cutting in that convinced her of her beauty. It was the way the other women's eyes dwelt upon her for a moment and then slid away.

She was beautiful. She was miserable. She was wasting her life. That, as she lay in bed that night after the dance was over and the lights were out in the Country Club, that was what Paula decided.

EDDIE made a round bunch of covers in the other twin bed. Rather like a little tent, over his paunch. Funny, Eddie wasn't old, nor so very fat and he played golf religiously and took cold showers. But that little paunch persisted. Without his glasses, his face had a naked look—the dawn was coming in at the windows and after the golden glitter of the night revealed things as drab and commonplace.

Paula turned over for the ten thousandth time and gave a dry little sob. One glorious night like that and then—back to the ugly, drab routine of her life. She hated it. She hated Eddie—she did. There was no romance in anything in her life and she was made for romance. A beautiful woman had a right to romance.

Eddie—Eddie talked about Mrs. Everett's new in-lays. He talked about old Major Weston's incisors and things like that. He did, actually. Romance didn't exist for Eddie. Practicality was his pet hobby.

While she was seeking a cool place on her pillow, he began to snore. Not loudly, but most annoyingly, with a long, low rumble ending in a startling little grunt. With each rumble, Paula's nerves stretched tighter and tighter, until at last she half-screamed at him, "Oh, Eddie, do stop that noise."

He sat up, blinked at her, and was again asleep, but this time without the snore.

More light came into the room and every familiar detail began to be plain. The bureau and the chifforobe. The twin beds, the chaise longue, on which she never sat. The two windows, overlooking the house next door. Just a bedroom. Attractive enough, but like a thousand other bedrooms.

Without meaning to, Paula began to cry. What was there in life? Why go on living?

SHE could see everything that would happen ahead of her all day long, hear every word that would be spoken. As far as her life was concerned she might as well be as ugly as a Chinese idol. Except for rare moments like last night, her beauty counted for absolutely nothing. That wasn't fair. It wasn't just. Like owning a gold mine and never getting anything out of it. Even Eddie had long ago become accustomed to it, never mentioned it.

He was a good man. But she didn't love him. Love him? Allowing her burning glance to touch him for a moment, she felt that she hated him. He tied her to this horrid existence of domesticity and drabness. Of course he made a living, a good living. But that was all.

He didn't make enough so that they could have any of the things that might have made a life without love and without romance bearable—a Rolls Royce, or a chauffeur, or a diamond necklace.

They were in society, after a fashion. The Fitzgeralds had lived in Baltimore a long time. Eddie's mother and father had always known everybody and, as a bachelor, Eddie had been asked to big parties and they were members of the Country Club. But—Paula wasn't one of the inner circle, didn't belong to that little group that she really admired and envied. When Eddie married her she had occupied about the same sort of position in Nashville that he occupied in Baltimore. She had hoped as a married woman to improve her standing, her finances, everything.

Now she knew that she should have waited. It had been a great mistake, marrying Eddie, a terrible, terrible mistake. It had really ruined her life. Why, with her beauty, she could have married anybody—anybody. Her mother had begged her to wait,

marrying at nineteen was foolish anyway. But Paula hated waiting, she never waited if she could help it. She was so eager for life, and she had grown so very tired of

her father and mother and the house where she had been born, and of being told what to



to her. Then they dropped her. And Paula a drug on the market in Hollywood

do and of never having any money of her own. If it hadn't been for her foolish affair with Allen Choate she probably would have had chances enough to marry and marry well in Nashville. But Allen Choate had occupied all her time for two years, had got her talked about, labelled as his girl, and then had calmly gone off to Europe. He had always told her he wasn't a marrying man. But that is one thing no girl can be made to believe about any man she wants to marry.

She thought of herself as she descended the stairs that night at the Country Club. If she hadn't made a really brilliant marriage, some great love affair might have come her way. After all, things were different. Some wealthy man already married might have fallen in love with her, given her everything in the world, adored her, taken her to Paris, to London, and laid the world at her feet. Such an alliance, if one loved and the man was rich enough, might dazzle any girl, and if she was beautiful enough and knew how to handle people, they would understand that love excuses everything.

OR she might have gone on the stage. Her thoughts had often turned in that direction in the old days, but she didn't know how to go about it. If she could have got to New York, and seen some managers, there would have been no trouble about it. Her friends were always telling her that it was a shame she wasn't in the movies. She really was beautiful.

Sleep seemed farther away than ever. She groped for it, desired it terribly. Her head ached, her eyes burned, but there was no sleep near.

Then she heard the patter of little feet outside her door. Running, little feet were always running. They stopped, she heard the door open just a crack, a breathless waiting. Of course, Sonny was peeping to see if she was awake, if he might come into her bed and cuddle. He waited for the sign from her. When it did not come, he closed the door softly and she heard his little feet running down the hall toward the nursery. He was so good. Really, since she was awake, it was a shame not to have let him come in.

But she just couldn't, she was too miserable.

Turning over again, she began to cry, softly, miserably, from the depth of her bitter disappointment in life.

II

PAULA said, "Oh yes, I think this will do quite well."

She went to the window and stood looking down into the street. She tried to seem composed, not to breathe deeply with delight, not to act like a school girl about the thing. But she could not keep the radiance from her face. The tip of her lovely little nose quivered with ecstasy.

"If you're worried about the noise," said the landlady, "it isn't bad. Nobody minds it."

"I shall love it," said Paula, vibrantly.

"You're from the South, aren't you?" said the woman, following her into the pretty bedroom, with its green painted furniture.

"Yes, I am," said Paula. Funny, at home they hadn't ever noticed her voice and accent, it hadn't seemed nearly as Southern as lots of the girls'. Out here everybody was always asking her if she didn't come from the South.

"Your first visit to Hollywood?"

Paula smiled at her. Usually she would have resented the familiarity of such questioning, but just now she was too delighted with life to resent anything.

"Yes, my first visit.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 134]



"If I was you,
I'd go home.
This is no
place for you.

You aren't hard enough, or hard-
boiled enough to beat this game"

So when the successful young Dr. Fitzgerald from Baltimore came along and proposed to her, rashly and wildly, the second night they met, it seemed to her a heaven-sent opportunity. Escape from Nashville, from the unpleasant gossip and aftermath of the affair with Allen Choate, from the status of an unmarried girl, from her parents.

Now she lay in her twin bed in the brightening dawn and knew that she had been a fool.

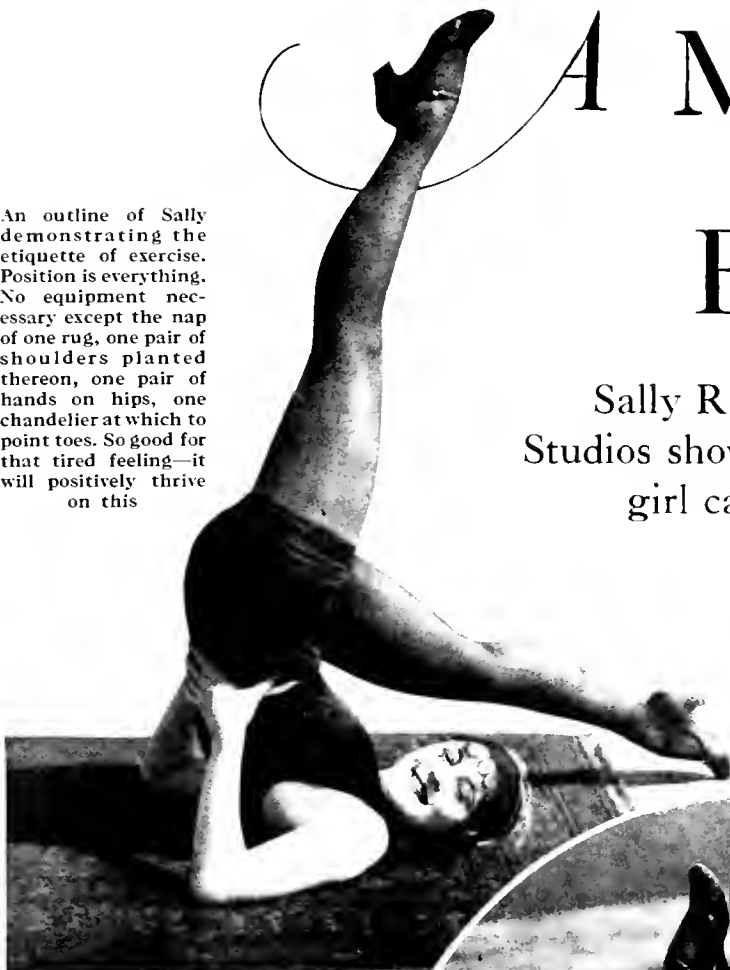
If only she had waited. Not wasted herself, thrown herself away on such a man as Eddie.

A Matter *of* FORM

Sally Rand of the De Mille Studios shows what a hard working girl can make of herself

An outline of Sally demonstrating the etiquette of exercise. Position is everything. No equipment necessary except the nap of one rug, one pair of shoulders planted thereon, one pair of hands on hips, one chandelier at which to point toes. So good for that tired feeling—it will positively thrive on this

Figuratively speaking, what could be neater? You can see for yourself what became of Sally's waistline. The stunt is to raise your upper body on your fingers and pat your cranium with your toes. Mind over matter, in other words. Simply wonderful if you don't break your neck



With heels clicked together, outstretch both limbs. Then touch left toe with left hand. Reverse right. After twenty touches sing the national anthem. "Oh, sugar, where is thy sting; oh, fat, thy victory?"





"Cutting" a picture is a fairly delicate operation and quite painful to the author. Many of the weaker authors have been known to die from the effects

Donald Ogden
Stewart *concludes*
His GUIDE to

Perfect Behavior in Hollywood

Comes dawn and Jack and Lucille, the dark clouds
behind them, walk into God's Great Outdoors

FINAL CHAPTER

AT the request of hundreds of thousands of readers of this magazine we now come to the final chapter in this series. The preceding installments have directed the aspiring novice in the various arts and crafts of the picture making industry; this final article will endeavor to take up and clarify the remaining necessary steps after the picture has been scenarized, adapted and "shot."

The average length of a "movie" seen in the motion picture houses is from six to seven thousand feet of film, and, as everyone in Hollywood knows, the length of this same picture, when the average director has finished "shooting," is from eighty to one hundred

times that. This, therefore, necessitates the introduction of the art of "cutting."

"Cutting" a picture is a fairly delicate operation and quite painful to the author, even with the use of various anaesthetics, such as ether or chloroform or gin, and many of the weaker authors have been known to die from the effects. The miracles of modern plastic surgery are as nothing compared to some of the results achieved in the present day "cutting room," and many a picture has been known to emerge from the operation with its features so completely changed that even its own father did not recognize it. I myself have seen pictures that went into the "cutting room" as "Silas Marner" and emerged three weeks later as "Aunt Jemima's Cook Book," and [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]



CABARET—Paramount

GILDA GRAY, idol of the Manhattan night clubs, has her familiar background in this film. Here is the whole panorama of the glittering, sinister life in New York's roaring '40s. Manhattan this season has had a big stage success with this background, "Broadway." "Cabaret" skims the cream off "Broadway" without imitating it in any sense. Miss Gray plays *Gloria Trask* of the Club Costigan. In the offing is an honest young detective and an unscrupulous gent. The evil *Sam Roberts* involves *Gloria's* brother in a shooting.

Chester Conklin is amusing as *Gloria's* father and Tom Moore is a pleasant bull. Miss Gray does the Black Bottom in "Cabaret"—and how! If you live in a censor ridden state you may not see it. That's your hard luck!



CAMILLE—First National

THIS was a boxoffice picture before a single scene was shot. The famous tragedy of Alexander Dumas, fils—the poignant story of the Parisian courtesan who finally found real love only to lose it—is sure fire stuff. Norma Talmadge shifted the background to the present day. This change seems to have affected the story itself but slightly.

"Camille" has one fault. It is too long. Too much footage is given to planting reasons for the mode of life followed by the *Lady of the Camellias*. She is beaten and pursued for over two reels. We suspect that Miss Talmadge will be a popular *Camille*. She has some excellent moments toward the end of the film. Gilbert Roland is the *Armand*. Rather actory but with IT. Supersexy stuff, this.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



THE KING OF KINGS—

HERE is Cecil B. De Mille's finest motion picture effort. He has taken the most difficult and exalted theme in the world's history—the story of Jesus Christ—and transcribed it intelligently and ably to the screen.

De Mille has had a variegated career. He has wandered, with an eye to the box office, up bypaths into ladies' boudoirs and baths, he has been accused of garishness, bad taste and a hundred and one other faults, he frequently has been false and artificial. One of his first efforts, "The Whispering Chorus," stood until this as his best work.

"The King of Kings," however, reveals a shrewd, discerning and skillful technician, a director with a fine sense of drama, and, indeed, a man with an understanding of the spiritual.

"The King of Kings" is the best telling of the Christ story the screen has ever revealed. De Mille has achieved some tremendous climaxes.

The winning of the Disciple Matthew, the raising of Lazarus from the dead, the betrayal of Judas, the meeting of Christ and Pilate, the tortuous way of the cross to Calvary and the Crucifixion provide mighty film episodes as De Mille develops them. De Mille has not hurried from tableau to tableau. He frequently pauses to humanize and reveal his principals. One of the best things in "The King of Kings" is his revelation of Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor of Judea. For the moment Pilate, puzzled, hounded by the high priests, compassionate and seeking the path of least resistance, lives and breathes.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE KING OF KINGS

CABARET

CHANG

CAMILLE

THE TELEPHONE GIRL

The Best Performances of the Month

H. B. Warner in "The King of Kings"

Victor Varconi in "The King of Kings"

Rudolph Schildkraut in "The King of Kings"

Ernest Torrence in "The King of Kings"

Norma Talmadge in "Camille"

May Allison in "The Telephone Girl"



CHANG—Paramount

MAJOR MERIAN COOPER and Ernest Schoedsack, those two young chaps who filmed "Grass," have returned from the Siamese jungles with this new study in elemental life. It compares favorably with Robert Flaherty's "Nanook" and "Moana" and provides a big dramatic kick of its own.

"Chang" shows the eternal battle between man and nature. The protagonists are a native, his wife and their three children, not to mention a pet white gibbon. Their daily combat with tigers, elephants and other jungle inhabitants equals the tribulations of even a Chicagoan with machine-gun inhibitions. Reviewers are requested not to reveal the meaning of the title, "Chang." So we pass it by.



De Mille-P.D.C.

You are going to be amazed at the complete sincerity of De Mille's direction. Nothing is studied. There is no aiming at theatrical appeal. De Mille has followed the New Testament literally and with fidelity. He has taken no liberties. Frequently, in his groupings, he has followed famous Biblical paintings.

It is difficult to analyze the performance of H. B. Warner as *Jesus*. We can conceive of no more difficult rôle in the whole field of history and literature. Mr. Warner meets the accepted ideas of Christ and gives a very well sustained performance.

The surprise of the big picture is Victor Varconi, as *Pontius Pilate*. Here is an intelligent and splendidly conceived bit of work. Rudolph Schildkraut gives an admirable portrayal of *Caiaphas*, the high priest of Israel. Among the disciples, all well played, Ernest Torrence stands out vividly as *Simon Peter*. It is a fervent and moving characterization. Jacqueline Logan is excellent as *Mary Magdalene* and Dorothy Cummings has several moving moments as *Mary*, the mother.

"The King of Kings" is a tremendous motion picture, one that, through its sincerity, is going to win thousands of new picture goers. De Mille deserves unstinted praise. He ventured where few would dare to venture, he threw a vast fortune into the balance and he carried through without deviating. Congratulations, Mr. De Mille. And a measure of praise, too, to the battery of cameramen, headed by Peverell Marley. **Frederick James Smith.**



THE TELEPHONE GIRL—Paramount

ANOTHER score for director Herbert Brenon. A drama of men and women, utterly devoid of all the cheap trappings without which the average director seems lost. A story of an aristocratic woman who committed an indiscretion in her youth and finds herself in the vortex of a gubernatorial election scandal that threatens to ruin both candidates and her own life and happiness. May Allison, as the woman whose reputation is at stake, gives one of the finest performances of her career. Madge Bellamy is featured in the title rôle and proves she is a dramatic actress as well as a comedienne. The whole cast, which includes Holbrook Blinn, Warner Baxter, Hale Hamilton and Larry Gray, gives to the picture a distinction worthy of the efforts of the director. Don't let the title stop you. See it.

**CONVOY—
First
National**



**LOVERS—
M. G. M.**

THE part the United States Navy played in the World War is here, magnificent, real and thrilling, the actual scenes as they actually occurred, and if you can forget the silly conventional German spy-American girl secret service operator plot you will find this very worth your time. The cast is studded with names, Dorothy Mackaill, Lowell Sherman, Ian Keith, Lawrence Gray and Buster Collier, but direction seems to have made them all pretty bad.

EVERYBODY concerned has been worried over this adaptation of "The World and His Wife," once played by William Faversham. It is a story of the evils of gossip, which finally involve *Don Julian*, his young wife and their youthful friend with tragic consequences. The picture, under repair for months, is fairly good. Ramon Novarro is really excellent as the boy, *Jose*. The film is just out of the Metro-Goldwyn hospital and quite well.

**FASHIONS
FOR
WOMEN—
Paramount**



**LONG
PANTS—
First
National**

IF Dorothy Arzner, Paramount's first woman director, continues to turn out pictures like this, heaven help most of the directing boys. It was her first effort. She has very little story to guide her—that frail plot concerning the lovely, poor, virtuous girl, who, looking exactly like the rich girl with the sultry past, doubles for her and gets in wrong with the hero. She has the exquisite but heretofore non-acting Esther Ralston to star. But she put them altogether with pure artistry.

IN the spring a young man's fancy turns to Long Pants—and when Harry Langdon gets his first pair of long pants he's sitting on top of the world. So much so that he casts aside the little country gal and falls madly in love with the vamp, who is incidentally a bandit. Harry soon realizes his mistake and returns home. Not much of a story for six long reels, but Langdon is always funny and so who cares a great deal about the story.

**BEWARE
OF
WIDOWS—
Universal**



**ORCHIDS
AND
ERMINE—
First
National**

UNIVERSAL told you. Beware! Here is that familiar fable of the very great doctor deceived by every woman's faint and the dear young thing who loves him but is alienated because the doctor's patients, all widows, stop at nothing when man-hunting. Bryant Washburn and Laura La Plante play the lovers and Laura is beautiful. But recall that there are still starving Armenians to be fed with the quarter you might otherwise spend on this, and do your bit.

HERE is an amusing hour for everybody. A nice little comedy, featuring Colleen Moore and Jack Mulhall. Another rags to riches story of a telephone operator in a hotel who meets a millionaire—and of course they marry. Colleen, the direction and the titles take the Cinders out of this Cinderella yarn and make it just one grand laugh after another. Jocelyn Lee is quite interesting as a gold-digger. A pleasant way to spend an evening.

EVENING CLOTHES—
Paramount



NOT quite up to the standard of the previous Menjou pictures, but still you will find it enjoyable. Menjou is a wealthy Marquis (though quite dowdy) who marries a very beautiful lady. She despises him so he leaves her and goes to Paris where he becomes a boulevardier. When wife sees all the women flocking around him she naturally realizes she loves him. The supporting cast is fine—Virginia Valli, Louise Brooks and Noah Beery.



THE YANKEE CLIPPER—
Producers
Dist. Corp.

IT is rather a difficult problem to stretch a boat race over six reels. And incidentally quite boring for those who are viewing it. All the picture rests on is the race between the Yankee Clipper and an English vessel from China to Boston. Who won? Now don't be silly. The picture is badly cast—William Boyd looks no more like a seafaring man of the olden days than Tom Mix does. And Elinor Faire is the poorest excuse for a leading lady.

THE NIGHT BRIDE—
Producers
Dist. Corp.



THE usual Marie Prevost farce, not very hilarious and still not very boring. Marie does her usual pouting act as the spoiled daughter of a millionaire who just must have what she wants. And her prize package is a woman-hater. But Marie shows him how grand and glorious it is to love women by broadcasting the fact she is married to him—though she really isn't. Don't worry, Censor Birds, they are married before the final reel!



WHITE FLANNELS—
Warner Bros.

LUCIEN CARY'S Saturday Evening Post story makes excellent entertainment. It is the most human and interesting piece of work seen in some time. The story revolves around the ambitions of a mother to raise her son from the routine of mining life to a college education. Louise Dresser and Warner Richmond give sincere performances. Jason Robards, Virginia Browne Faire and George Nichols complete the cast. We liked it and think you will.

FRISCO SALLY LEVY—
M. G. M.



SOME more corned beef and cabbage and gefultefish is served for your screen menu. Whether this will meet with your approval all depends on your taste. If you're not the type that wears the old silk beaver, you will find this very, very amusing because of the good cast—Kate Price, Sally O'Neil, Tenen Holtz and two cute youngsters who keep things moving. Roy D'Arcy is the villain. His grin comes near spoiling the whole show.



TOO MANY CROOKS—
Paramount

MILDRED DAVIS' comeback is not successful. To begin with, she has acquired too much weight for a dainty little ingenue. Then a story was selected for her that is just about the silliest thing we have ever seen screened. One thing in her favor is the supporting cast—George Bancroft, Lloyd Hughes and El Brendel. As to acting honors—Mildred poses nicely in every scene, sharing a few with Lloyd Hughes.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 137]

Get Your Scissors Out

THE fourth annual cut puzzle contest of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is under way.

Every reader of PHOTOPLAY knows the widespread interest aroused by these big cut puzzle contests. The magazine offices each year were engulfed in an avalanche of solutions from every part of the world. Each year a large staff has required weeks to clear its way through the thousands of answers, giving each solution careful scrutiny.

This year the cut puzzle contest is different from its three predecessors.

The portraits are cut into different and smaller fragments. Each fragment carries a key letter, to aid you in assembling your answers. And, **NOTE THIS**, you are to

make as large a list as possible of players' names, developed from these key letters. During the four months of the contest, 128 key letters will appear. You must use these key letters in building names of well known motion picture players. The size and accuracy of your list will have as much to do with your winning of a prize as your assembling of the cut pieces.

NOTE, too, that elaborately assembled solutions will not help you this year. The editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE feels that too much ornamentation and expense have been put into the submitted solutions. These elaborately created solutions have grown each year and the editor feels that this has become unfair to contest workers who cannot afford the cost of creating expensive solutions. So simplicity is the thing this year. It will count more than elaborateness. Remember that, please.

Note, also, another new rule. Solutions will not be returned in this contest. The contest has grown in size each year until it has become impossible to return the vast number of answers. Last year it took a special staff months to clear these back to contestants who requested their return. Solutions in this contest will not be returned. Hence the new rule with this contest.

The fourth annual contest is wide open. Remember that you can compete without the slightest expenditure. You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY. You do not have to buy a single copy of PHOTOPLAY. You can trace, if you wish, your pictures from copies of PHOTOPLAY

And Cut Your Way to a Fortune in Photoplay's Annual

\$5,000.00

Cut Puzzle Contest

List of Prizes

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

to be found in the New York or Chicago offices of this magazine, or in any public library.

Neatness, accuracy and originality are the items to be considered in checking your solution.

To be one of the successful prize winners, you will have to use your wits. Not only must you assemble the picture correctly and identify them, but you will have to put your brains to work when you make your list of players from the key letters.

Just to make it clear to you, we will explain that, in the key letters, the complete alphabet is used four times. In addition, there are extra sets of vowels—a, e, i, o and u, making a total of 128 letters. Each letter may be used only once.

For your guidance, you will find a long list

of the names of players on Page 86. These are published to refresh your memory and to show you the correct spelling of the names. In arranging the 128 letters to make the names, remember that abbreviations and nicknames won't count. Use the names of the players as they officially appear on the screen. Tom Mix, for instance, is Tom's accepted name and you do not have to waste your letters by calling him Thomas. But Douglas Fairbanks' name is Douglas and not Doug. See the idea?

YOUR ingenuity in arranging the letters into names of stars and assembling and identifying the cut pictures correctly will count more than an elaborately ornamented solution.

Neatness in presenting the puzzle is important, of course, but expensively decorated answers won't help win any prizes this year. PHOTOPLAY is making this emphatic so that there will be no chance of a misunderstanding.

The list of names must be of recognized film players of some standing. It will not be fair, for instance, to use a name like Abner Ash, on the chance that there might be a motion picture player by that name. The safest thing to do is to consult the list—a long and comprehensive one—which PHOTOPLAY is running for your guidance.

SO get out your scissors and go to work. PHOTOPLAY believes that this new cut puzzle contest is going to be the most fascinating sport this summer. And the most profitable.



RUTH WALKER
Winner of First Prize of \$1,500 in 1926 Cut Puzzle Contest

Rules and Conditions of the Cut Puzzle and Name Contest

There is \$5,000 in this Treasure Chest for Photoplay Readers



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. Four complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture consists of eight pieces. When cut apart and properly assembled, four complete portraits will be produced. Key letters will be noted on each fragment. These are an aid to assembling and constitute the second part of the contest. Make as many names as you can of movie players from the 128 letters appearing on the fragments during four months. A list of prominent players appears on another page of this issue. You are not limited to these players, of course. Develop as many names of well known players from the letters as you can. \$5,000 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 sixteen portraits, as well as the largest list of motion picture players' names created from the letters.

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 sixteen only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. List of names developed from the key letters should be typewritten on sheets of paper using only one side of each sheet. Be sure that your full name and address is attached to your assembled portraits and written on your list of names. At the conclusion of the contest, send your solutions to CUT PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Do not send them to the New York office of PHOTOPLAY.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the verses appearing with the pictures in each issue. They are accurate clues to the identity of each fragment. 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 contestant's methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The sixteen 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. The size and accuracy of your list of players created from the key letters will play an important part in the selection of winners.

6. Elaborate ornamentation or obviously expensive presentation of solutions will not count. Simplicity, neatness and originality will count more. No solutions will be returned.

7. 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.

8. In the cases of ties for any of the first five prizes, the full award will be given to each tying contestant.

9. 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 newsstands on or about August 15th.

A Jolly Game to Test Your

Read Rules on Preced



Upper

Who is from Canada?
 Why, of course, A—
 Who is twice married?
 The B is that way.
 Who is called "elfin"?
 The E stands for elf.
 Who is just twenty?
 Why F is, herself!

Lower

Who is unmarried?
 The lady named C.
 Who is from Pittsburgh?
 The lovely, blond D.
 Who went to school?
 Why Miss G did, in France.
 Who thinks of business
 Before (H!) romance?

Upper

Who went to convent?
 The one that's named I.
 Who reached quick stardom?
 J—for whom men sigh.
 Who was in ballet?
 M was—she was good.
 N will not marry—
 (One man thinks she should!)

Lower

Who is from Jersey?
 The K stands for her—
 Who went to High School?
 L—she makes hearts stir!
 Who did pro. dancing?
 O—this is her letter;
 P, through an author,
 Knew stardom, and better!



Wits and Win a Big Prize

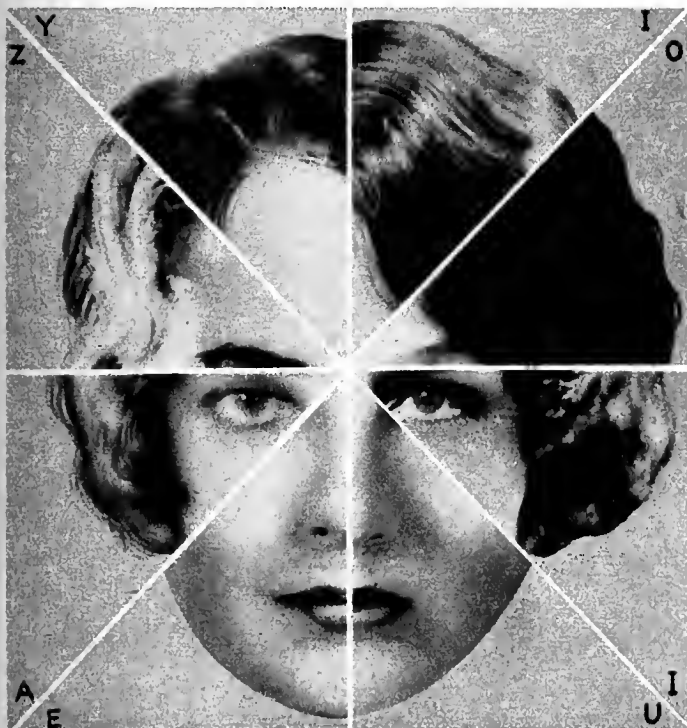
ing Page Carefully

Upper

Who's in her 'teens still?
 Why Q is, the dear!
 Who likes to motor?
 Miss R does, we hear.
 Who won a contest?
 U did, for her charm.
 V is the sort that
 Folk shelter from harm.

Lower

Who worked for Goldwyn?
 S did, to begin.
 Who'll try the stage, next?
 T will—and she'll win!
 Who played in whimsies?
 Young W did—
 Who has blond hair?
 X—a lovable kid.



Upper

Five years in pictures—guess who?
 Just Miss Y,
 Two years in opera,
 Z, modest and shy!
 Who has brown hair—
 I—And makes it look smart.
 O had the Mardi Gras,
 For her first part.

Lower

Who has no children?
 A, though she's wed twice.
 Who is the girl—E—
 That all folk call "nice"?
 Who played in pictures,
 Of—I—circus life?
 Who of the four is
 The only (U) wife?



MARY PICKFORD,
as seen by a French
photographer. This is
one of Mary's few
"dressed up" pictures. It
shows her as she looks
when she makes her rare
appearances in the social
world of New York or
Europe



Stars Who Never Were—

By Margaret E. Sangster

THE great stars come, the great stars go,
 Some like a sunset, with a slow,
 Rare spread of color and of light;
 Some like a comet in the night.
 The great stars dawn and die—some pass
 Like dim shapes in a looking glass.
 And some there are who laugh and stay,
 Because the public smiles their way!

But what about the ones who peer
 Around the corner of each year,
 With hopes half old, and yet half new—
 With dreams that never dare come true?
 The ones who wait life's great romance—
 Spelled out for them in this word—
 "Chance!"

The ones who never feel the stir
 Of fame—the stars who never were?

This girl who glances from the mob,
 This boy whose pulses feel the throb
 Of keen ambition—this wan face,
 This body, with a dancer's grace . . .
 What of the ones who work and strive,
 Yet never, never can arrive?
 What of the weary souls that wait,
 While genius turns to fear and hate?

The extras—eyes and legs and lips,
 No more! They fade and wonder slips
 Beyond their reach, while others take
 Life's fullness. . . But though hearts may
 break,
 They struggle on, past pain and loss,
 Although their goal may be a cross—
 The gallant ones that never win,
 The stars—the stars that might have been!

Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

HAVE you thought of the fun to be derived from a movie club?

Do you realize how simple it is to organize a club and to make photoplays of your own, perhaps for submission in PHOTOPLAY'S big \$2,000 contest?

Talk this over with your friends and see how many of them are interested. Suppose you organize a club of thirty enthusiasts. Of course, you should select officers and make by-laws.

Then check up on the expenses of a movie equipment. You will need a camera, at least one additional lens, a tripod, two or more lights for inside illumination and a set of reflectors.

SUPPOSE you select an Eastman Cine-Kodak B. That will cost \$70. An additional lens for close-ups and special shots will approximate \$50 more. The tripod will run between \$20 and \$35. Two Kirbylites, with their tripods, will total \$109.50. You can build reflectors yourself. Divide this total of \$265 among thirty members. That costs less than \$9 per club member.

Select a Bell and Howell Filmo at \$180. That changes your total to \$375, or less than \$13 per member. A Pathex reduces the total to about \$230, or less than \$8 for each club member. Or a De Vry, using standard film stock, at \$150. That gives a total of \$335, which means it costs each member less than \$12.

How else could you have so much fun at such a minimum of expenditure? 16mm. film, used by the Cine-Kodak B and the Filmo, costs \$6 a hundred feet. Film for the Pathex runs to \$1.75 per 30 feet.

Standard negative for the De Vry costs \$7.50 per hundred feet and the following positive prints add \$6.50 per hundred feet.

After picking your outfit you should select your producing staff. Pick



The amateur cameraman should watch his backgrounds. Color is a misleading factor. Above, filming a cat and her kitten with a Cine-Kodak B. If they were filmed on the grass, the resultant print would be confusing, greys and greens having the same relative color values. The improvised background gives a well defined and clean cut image



Monty Banks took a Pathex with him to Italy

your production manager first. He should have executive ability. Select your scenarist, who should have some knowledge of story values. Pick your director, who ought to be a person with some experience in making amateur films. Also, he (or she) ought to be a person of decisive judgment. Your club must give him authority, so that time isn't wasted over arguments during or between scenes.

Then you will need an assistant director, a cameraman, two or more amateur electricians to operate the lights, a script clerk to note each scene as it is filmed for possible re-checking, two or three studio aids with some knowledge of carpentry to rip up scenes, a cutting editor, to put the final film in shape, and a member to do the subtitles. The duties of these members of your producing staff will shape themselves as you go along.

YOU will need a location man to hunt up and find the right places to shoot your outdoor scenes. These, of course, should be selected before your club starts on location. Two or three members of your club undoubtedly can play various musical instruments. These members will constitute your studio orchestra.

The cost of actual film will depend on your ingenuity—and how much you want to spend. An amateur organization in California spent \$7,000 in making a picture recently. However, this organization used a fifty foot schooner for a brief cruise. The organization even purchased an old Packard for California location trips. 30,000 feet of film were shot. This was an exceptional expenditure. You can make a motion picture play as cheaply as you wish.

You must count upon shooting enough film, however. To get a good 400 foot story in 16mm. film, you will have to [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]

Everybody's Making 'em



The correct way to shoot an interior. Source of illumination is placed at an approximate angle of 45 degrees about subjects. The camera, a Cine-Kodak, shoots between, while the Kirbylites are directed at their nearest subjects, thus properly lighting scene. The light toned walls help

Here's Your Chance to Win \$2,000

"THE movie amateur is the hope of the photoplay's future."

That is the opinion of David Wark Griffith.

"The motion picture business of today is one of America's big businesses. There is no time for experimenting. There is no time to adventure. The commercialized photoplay must continue, necessarily, in a groove," in the opinion of the veteran producer.

"Today, however, thousands of movie amateurs are experimenting. They are trying new things for the love of it. They aren't afraid to venture. Big things are sure to come from the Amateur Movies of today."

Mr. Griffith has high hopes for PHOTOPLAY's \$2,000 Amateur movie contest.

Do you want to earn a motion picture camera and all equipment free? If so, write The Amateur Movie Producer, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

PHOTOPLAY created this contest largely to teach movie amateurs the full possibilities of their cameras. PHOTOPLAY wants every amateur to know all the joys of creating, assembling and projecting their own pictures. There are about a hundred thousand amateur movie cameras in operation today, but too many of these amateurs merely take pictures, disregarding the fun of cutting, assembling and editing their films.

PHOTOPLAY is planning to show the prize winning amateur films of its contest in one or more of the New York theaters interested in the little film theater movement. These winning films may also be shown in various theaters about the country.

This means that the winners will receive [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]

Full Rules for Amateur Movie Contest on Page 118



SHE was rich. She was happily married. She had everything she wanted. Dolores Del Rio came to Hollywood seeking neither fame nor romance nor money. She went into the movies "just for fun." But the movies refuse to let her go, because she is one of the great discoveries of the year

A Daughter of *the* DONNS

By
Ivan St. Johns

ORANGE trees and moonlight, prancing, silver-studded horses, and mantillas caught with shining combs, colors of the rainbow, guitars and ceaseless melodies, flashing white teeth and dangerous dark eyes, balconies, serapes and serenades, dons of the old school and their young daughters, like fairy-tale princesses.

Background of the City of Mexico, that opal among cities.

Two years ago, against this background, moved a charming young woman, the Senora Jaime Martinez del Rio. The Senora del Rio was a reigning beauty, a great favorite with the brilliant and cosmopolitan society of Mexico City, and an idol of the people, who stood aside to watch her carriage pass.

And why not?

For Senora del Rio had been the fascinating, the devastating Senorita Dolores Asunsolo, flower of that ancient and aristocratic and enormously rich family whose name is part of Mexico's history.

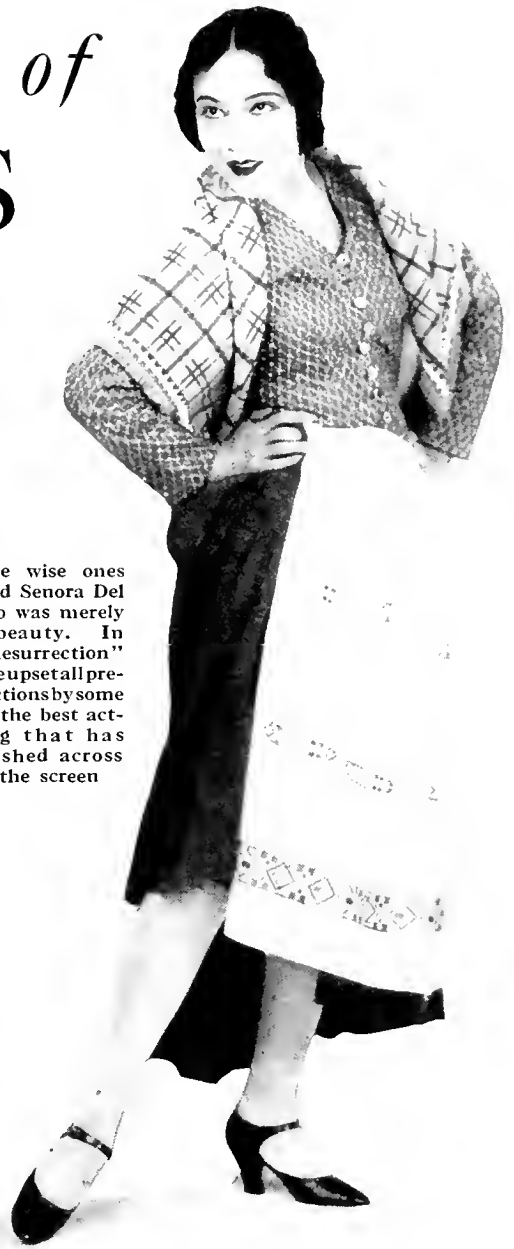
She had been educated in a convent in France, coming home occasionally to cause all hearts to flutter with a glimpse of her blossoming beauty. She spoke five languages, she danced like a dream, she was lovelier than the dawn.



The ingenue: "Have you ever loved a girl before?"

The juvenile: "Sure! Do you think I'd practice on a nice girl like you?"

The wise ones said Senora Del Rio was merely a beauty. In "Resurrection" she upset all predictions by some of the best acting that has flashed across the screen



And when, at sixteen and upon the very day of leaving the convent, she married the Senor Jaime Martinez del Rio, of blood and fortune equal to her own, there were many broken hearts in the City of Mexico.

But the sixteen-year-old matron soon widened her sway and became one of the reigning belles and beauties of Mexican society.

That, according to tradition, and especially tradition in the City of Mexico, which is of the old world and still clings to its old customs, should be the end of the story.

What more could there be? A beautiful girl has her brief heyday, she marries, for love but also suitably, life has settled itself into a routine and there you are.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]

The Commandments

Showing how, unconsciously, the screen has de- and personality—not type. Your selec-

May Allison had to show she was a governor's lady with a past. Here's the gown the director finally chose. Only a troubled conscience makes a beautiful girl wear too dignified frocks



MOST women believe that given enough money they would be smartly dressed.

It isn't true. Cash buys our gowns, but it is our suppressed desires that choose the models. If you have a little picture of your ideal self in your mind, you will soon be buying it costumes, unless somebody picks your pocket on the way to the store.

The trouble is that a woman's ideal self and her real self synchronize one in about every 45,000 cases. And unless this ideal self matches one's personal architecture perfectly, no woman, no matter how much money she spends, will ever be smartly dressed.

Be Yourself and Know Yourself are the two great commandments of smart dressing and between these two hang all the gowns and the fur coats.

The above pearls of great price are writ down somewhat dogmatically, I realize, but it is the real conviction I have about this matter of chic.

Not that I have acquired this wisdom by myself. May Allison showed me the way to it.

It was quite by accident that May and I got to talking about clothes and that we discovered the vast truths I am about to reveal to you.

Of course, it was Spring, and while beside the golden beauty of Miss Allison, I am even as the cres-



Here's the contrast, May as the girl before she has been indiscreet

of CLOTHES

By
Ruth Waterbury

veloped a new thought in dressing for character
tion of clothes is a real psychoanalysis

cent of casaba compared to the crescent of the new moon, I, too, am feminine. And furthermore, while in the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to love, a young woman's fancy, being essentially practical, turns to style and whether or not bows are really going to be worn as generally as forecast.

Now the very Scotch Mr. Burns remarked some time ago that few of us have the power to see ourselves as others see us, even when we are surrounded by mirrors. And so, as I sat in Miss Allison's delightful dressing room at the Astoria Studio of Famous Players-Lasky, while she made up for her rôle in "The Telephone Girl," I imagined myself, in my simple girlish way, trotting about in May's modish and lovely clothes that were hanging about the place. They were obviously most expensive garments.

Looking at them, and looking at her, I inflated my troubled vanity
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]

This is the gown that started the discussion. Miss Allison believed she had purchased it for heavy drama in "The Telephone Girl." Director Brenon disapproved. He said it was too smart and charming for a lovely lady who had not told her husband all. May looked again and agreed, the moral being that becoming styles can trick even the wisest girl into unsuitable purchases



The type of gown Miss Allison chooses for her personal wardrobe

French Leave

By



Octavus Roy
Cohen

Illustrated by
J. J. Gould

Florian Slappey's first move was to meet Evergreen Tapp when she was walking with the two Farnsworth children on the Promenade des Anglais. At the moment an elaborate sedan rolled past. Beside the chauffeur sat the suspicious Enoch Tapp



THE executive board of Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., of Birmingham, Alabama, was sadly in session. Present were President Orifice R. Latimer, Lawyer Evans Chew, Production Manager Julius Caesar Clump, Director Edwin Boscoe Fizz and Florian Slappey. A hearty and enthusiastic effort to exclude Mr. Slappey had met with complete failure and that debonair young colored person now dominated the meeting.

It was evening and the day's work was finished. Other members of the troupe were out disporting themselves in true Riviera fashion. Nice was popular with the colored actors and actresses. They liked France and most particularly they enjoyed this climate which was so similar to that of their beloved Birmingham.

And so tonight most of them strolled along the Promenade des Anglais or up and down the broad

reaches of the Avenue de la Victoire. Others timidly hazarded brass francs in the boule rooms of the Casino Jeteé Promenade and the Casino Municipal. Still others motored along the Corniche Drive . . . leaving the executives to their problems.

It was not that the troupers lacked interest in the affairs of the travelling company, but how were they to suspect that the defection of the two most unimportant members of the organization could possibly be of consequence?

As a matter of fact ever since Midnight had left Birmingham several months previously for the express purpose of manufacturing zippy two-reel slapstick comedies against a background of old world civilization, Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Tapp had been markedly unimportant. Enoch—tall and angular and queerly dignified—had certain comic potentialities. His wife, Ever-

The Midnighters Have a Nice (France) Adventure



are colored Alabamians and are sojourning four thousand miles away from home, substitutions are not easy . . . even in the most humble spots.

The defection of Enoch and Evergreen had grown out of conditions in general and fortuitous circumstances in particular. The situation dated back to Mobile and had nothing whatever to do with any person now connected with Midnight.

Many years previously Mr. Henry Farnsworth of Mobile had entered the employ of an internationally known tourist bureau. He himself was a gentleman of education and culture. The result was that he rose rapidly in the service and eventually was sent to France by his company. He was put in absolute charge of the tourist bureau in Nice. It was a job of consequence, since much travel is booked from Nice . . . that being a city where many tourists pause for a long rest in order to determine at leisure what the next step in their travels is to be.

When Mr. Farnsworth left America for France, he took with him a bride. They settled themselves in Nice, and, in due course of time, two delightful children came to them. Eventually these children attained the ages of five and seven and along with Mr. Farnsworth's material prosperity (considerably enhanced by his American business acumen in the handling of certain private real estate investments) came a terrible knowledge that his son and daughter were decidedly more French than American.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Farnsworth were flag-wavers, but their patriotic senses were deep-seated. It pleased them to hear their youngsters chattering glibly in French—but it was appalling to realize that the children knew scarcely a dozen words of English. They held more than one conference. They even tried a female dragon who claimed to be an English governess. She was discharged summarily and the young parents worried.

It was impossible to consider leaving Nice. Mr. Farnsworth had acquired considerable real estate which he was disposing of to enormous advantage. He had other business irons in the fire. His commercial roots were being buried more deeply each day in the fertile soil of the Cote d'Azur. But bitterly resented the Gallic education of his children—not that he didn't adore France and most things which were

French, but most certainly he wished his son and daughter to be American.

It was then that a miracle intruded into the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth. It was a very dark miracle—but from the instant of its appearance, its possibilities were realized by both man and wife. He brought the news home from his office:

"Dear," he announced, "an American motion picture company arrived in Nice today."

She was interested—but only mildly. "There's been one here for a long time already."

"Not this kind."

"What do you mean, Henry: Not this kind?"

He was smiling triumphantly. "This is a troupe composed entirely of negroes!"

She flashed him a quick, inquiring glance. "American negroes?"

green, was pulchritudinous to a degree but certainly possessed of no such amount of histrionic ability as to cause professional jealousy to rise in the bosoms of Sicily Clump and Glorious Fizz, Midnight's feminine stars.

The result was that Enoch and Evergreen had been used for unimportant bits—absurdly small and inconsequential rôles—general photographic chores. Therefore, when they presented themselves before President Latimer and Director Clump to announce their resignation, no consternation was spread.

Not then!

But immediately thereafter Production Manager Clump and Director Eddie Fizz commenced to find themselves confronted by problems which hitherto had not existed. When a troupe is limited to twenty-five persons—including orchestra—and all of those persons

Temperament and Jealousy Stalk the Riviera



"I ain't gwine to stay heah," announced Evergreen. "I don't crave to nurse all my life. Tomorrow afternoon Midnight leaves for Marseilles. I is goin' with them. You do what you please!"

"Better than that. Alabama negroes!"

They stared at one another with that rapt wordlessness which expresses volumes between well-mated persons. That she had read her husband's thoughts was shown by her next remark.

"Oh! darling—do you think we might?"

"Perhaps . . . Of course, these aren't the servant type . . ."

"But Henry! If we tried very hard . . ."

"It would be wonderful," he agreed soberly, "if we could get a real colored Alabama nurse for the children. I'm willing to pay what would amount to a heavy wage in America. Of course, we mustn't count too heavily on the chance, because really these people seem to have plenty of money and I've heard of their pictures way over here. It's that Midnight organization which has been so successful in America. They are really remarkable folks."

Mrs. Farnsworth sighed. "I'd rather trust my children to an honest-to-goodness colored nurse from Alabama than to the whole French government. And if we can't get one of the women—"

"Perhaps," said her husband. "Perhaps we might get a man. Menfolk are usually more ready to settle abroad than women. And someone who could teach Junior to play American baseball . . . I'll do my best, dear. I'll have plenty of chance to meet them because they're making my office their headquarters. Their president brought in a letter of credit today. He almost wept when he learned I was from Mobile."

So it was that two of the most prominent Americans in Southern France set out deliberately to deprive the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., of two of its actors.

Fortunately for them—and unfortunately for the Midnight company—these two persons knew precisely how to proceed. Mr. Farnsworth made it his business to investigate the personnel of the company. He struck up conversation with a dapper little fellow who seemed to have no particular duty except the wearing of gorgeous clothes and dazzling neckties. From Florian Slaphey, Mr. Farnsworth received considerable information.

In the first place he [CONTINUED ON PAGE 144]



THE Doug & Doug Company. This superimposed picture shows two gold coins struck from the same stamp. Neither photograph was made with a thought of revealing the striking likeness. Fairbanks, Sr., wants to make a story of the crusades. Doug, Jr., is shown here as *L'Aiglon*. He plans to play in the unhappy story of Napoleon's son. His-
torical leanings run in the family.

Dress Like A Star

Two definite characteristics mark the smart summer mode. The first is the use of printed silks, the second the jabot as trimming. This frock of excellent quality crepe de chine in red, green, copen or black, with white polka dots features both, which makes it doubly chic. In sizes 16 to 18, 36 to 40, moderately priced at \$9.75

Chavel is the Lubitsch of the dress designers. She believes in "touches" and in the model at the right, the most popular of her summer collection, she features the draped-up-in-front skirt, the lavish use of long silk fringe as trimming and the shoulder flower as a contrasting color note. White, rose, beige, powder blue, light green or tan. The price is \$9.75. The sizes 16 to 18, 36 to 49



On an Extra's Income

HOW TO ORDER

INSTRUCIONS: Thousands of PHOTOPLAY readers are using this Shopping Service. Its facilities are at the disposal of every PHOTOPLAY reader whether a subscriber or not. Send check or money order together with size and color desired. STAMPS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED. No articles will be sent C. O. D. If you are not pleased with any purchase, return it immediately and your money will be refunded. **IMPORTANT:** Articles for credit or exchange must be returned direct to Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, and not to the shop from which they were sent.



If you would follow in the footsteps of Palm Beach, you must have a pair of these gay colored kid and straw sandals. And you can afford them, too, for in all white, white and black, blue, red or green, beige with brown, red, green or blue, with medium heel, they are \$8.50. In white or tan with flat heel they are \$5.00. They come also as oxfords with crepe rubber soles in all white or tan and brown for \$8.50. Sizes 2½ to 8, widths A to D



In the whole realm of style, there simply is nothing smarter this summer than the pajama and matching coat ensemble. Furthermore, this combination is not limited to home life but may be as social as one pleases, at the beach or traveling. Of white cotton broadcloth with orchid, rose or blue stripes, small, medium or large sizes, complete for \$5.95

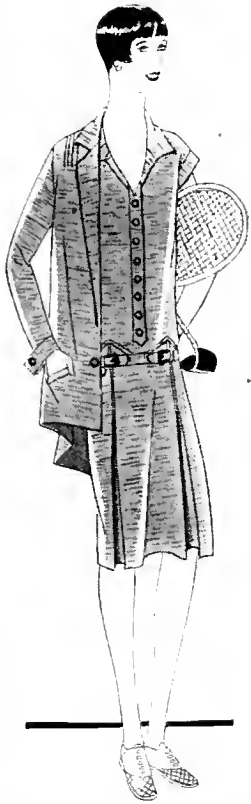
Is there any girl anywhere who doesn't love a Spanish shawl? The one LOUISE BROOKS models so jauntily is quite the most delightful bargain of the year. Beautifully embroidered in same or contrasting shades on a splendid quality crepe de chine, 50 x 50 inches square, with two knot fringe, it may be purchased for the amazing sum of \$9.95. The colors are black with white, or white with black, black with color: white, flesh, peach, maize, red or jade, plain or with colors

The little self-ruffled georgette dress Miss BROOKS wears is another happy bargain. It may be either afternoon or evening dress since its cap sleeves are detachable. Of white, flesh, peach, maize, Nile or turquoise blue, 14 to 20, \$15.95



The ever-useful little pin for hats, scarfs or what you will, is still with us. The designs run all the way from Buddha to orls, horses, dogs, camels or goats in rhinestones. And the price requires so little pin money, only \$1.00! This newest slave bracelet of silver and blue stones will be a pleasant addition to your collection of small jewelry, \$1.95

Buy on Fifth Avenue through Photoplay's Shopping Service



The sports frock at this season of the year occupies the leading position in every smart girl's wardrobe. To be well dressed for any informal outing nothing could be more suitable than this charming costume of washable Chinese Honon—a type of silk Shantung—with a little matching jacket. In white, green, copen, coral or gold. Sizes 14 to 20, \$14.95



Have you tried the new cream perfumes? Their fragrance is subtly French and the lightest touch of them on the skin is sufficient for hours. Furthermore, they do away with all risk of perfume stains. DuBarry or Narcissus scents in purse size boxes, \$1.00

Even underwear is tailored now and nothing is more chic than French panties with a fitted yoke and separate matching bandeau. In crepe de chine in white, black and pastel colors they are \$3.95 the set. In voile, \$2.95. All sizes. But if you still cling to ruffles, this crepe de chine Teddy of georgette should delight you. Flesh, peach and Nile are the colors. Sizes 34 to 40 crepe de chine, \$2.95, voile, \$1.50. When warm days come and skirt lengths forbid rolled hose, this ribbon garter belt will prove a most effective as well as a thoroughly attractive lingerie accessory. Medium or large sizes, flesh, peach or Nile, \$1.00

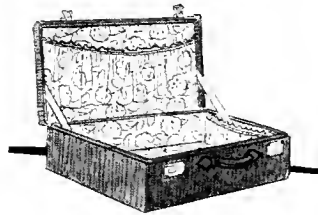


For sports wear the scarf is a fashion necessity. This one is made up in squares of crepe de chine, with air brush designs. In rose, copen, blue, tau or orchid, \$2.95



The golf enthusiast, (above right) like her tennis friend, is gowned in Chinese Honon, the popularity of which is due to the ease with which it launders. Perfectly tailored, it comes in lovely colors, blue, cherry, rose, palmetto green or white; sizes 16 to 18, 34 to 42. \$9.75 The cardigan sweater in zephyr wool is separate—but, of course, you need it—in black, white or any summer shade. 36 to 46. \$2.95

Shorts like brother used to wear are featured for sister's bathing suit this summer. The one piece suit is simply not being worn by the lady who knows. The only smart bathing costume is the one here pictured. The shorts are of navy blue flannel, the shirt white flannel with broad stripes of red, green or bright blue. 34 to 42, an exceptional value at \$6.95. Then you must have a beach robe to complete the ensemble. This flattering model of straight line Terry cloth may double as a house bath robe. Brightly striped in rose on navy blue, or blue on rose; small, medium or large, \$6.95



Now with the open seasons for week-end visits in full swing this 22-inch size black fabricoid bag is ideal. Though it is sturdily built with the new rounded corners and colorful lining, it is light to carry even when filled with a week's wardrobe. Price \$6.95

Summer and the smock. The one illustrated is of chambray with embroidered pockets and may be had in rose, green, Faxe blue or orchid: 34 to 44; \$1.95



Speaking of Comedy Falls



Ed Wynn was floated out to the brink of Niagara Falls. He is the first man to look over the cataract—and live

THIS is the first time that Niagara has done a comedy film fall. The famous falls were incorporated in "Rubber Heels," which stars Ed Wynn. Wynn left the speaking stage because he was threatened with a nervous breakdown and thought the movies would give him a nice rest. If this is a rest, send us the case of nervous prostration.



Here is the chest, with Wynn inside, en route out to the brink. The close-ups were done with a telephoto lens



Of course, something kept the chest, plus Mr. Wynn, from going over. Here is the life cable

Foremost in the Brilliant Society of Europe

The DUQUESA DE ALBA
The PRINCESSE EUGÈNE MURAT

DISTINGUISHED and beautiful, high in the ranks of European society are the Duquesa de Alba and the Princesse Eugène Murat.

The Duquesa de Alba, in whose veins flows the bluest blood of Spain mingled with a noble strain from the England of the Stuarts, receives from all Europe tribute to her romantic youth and beauty.

Princesse Murat, granddaughter of Maréchal Ney, Napoleon's brilliant officer, wife of a leading prince of the historic Murat family, is vigorous, original, dominating—French to the backbone.

Different though they are, both have the same pride in maintaining high standards, both believe that a clear, fresh skin should be carefully guarded. "I know of no better way," says the Princesse Murat, "than by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams." The Duquesa de Alba says: "In using Pond's Two Creams, my skin receives the sum of all good care."

Your skin, too, will be clearer, firmer, finer, if you give it every day the following care:

Cleansed, Refreshed, Supple

For cleansing your skin and keeping it fresh and supple use Pond's Cold Cream. Upon re-



The DUQUESA DE ALBA, fourteen times a Spanish grandee, Seventeenth Duquesa de Alba and Tenth Duchess of Berwick. She is, perhaps, the most beautiful woman at the Spanish Court today



The PRINCESSE EUGÈNE MURAT, whose great estate near Versailles, where the exclusive ones of French society delight to visit, is one of the most beautiful in France

tiring and often during the day pat it generously over face, throat and hands. Let it remain a few moments. Its fine, pure oils penetrate the pores, and remove all dust and powder. Wipe off. Repeat and finish with a dash of cold water. If your skin is dry leave some

of the Cream on after the bedtime cleansing.

A Cool, Fresh Radiance

For that exquisite last touch of loveliness, for evening and when you go out, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly—over face, throat, hands. It not only adds a smooth and glowing finish and takes your powder naturally, but it gives you unerring protection from the irritation caused by dry winds, dust and soot.



Women of beauty and high position in every land choose these Two Creams

Free Offer: Mail this coupon for free sample of Pond's Two Creams

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. T
114 Hudson Street, New York

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

"I just got mad," he said. "I was sick of making pictures with a lot of swivel chair executives forcing me to work on formulas, and decided I was going to make one as I wanted."

Dolores Del Rio, the Mexican girl he found in Mexico City, put over a performance in this picture that sets her right up among the top-notchers. She is great.

THE wilted tiger lily of Hollywood has metamorphosed into a blushing rose. The funeral weeds of autumn bloom forth as the bridal gown of Spring.

Pola Negri, by this time, is probably the Princess Serge Mdivani, of Georgia, and what is more, she becomes the sister-in-law of Mae Murray.

Ah, well. Ain't love wonderful?

"WHERE is Georgia?" asked a little extra girl of Bill Haines, with whom Pola once admitted she was in love.

"Study your geography, kid," chided Bill. "Georgia is between Zenda and Graustark where all the movie princes come from."

GEORGE ADE, in selecting great Americans of his acquaintance, hands the palm as the most competent organizer to Will Hays.

He says, "The most wakeful and compe-

tent organizer I ever saw in action was Will Hays. When it comes to seeing through a proposition, sizing up men, and ironing out difficulties he is a buzzing dynamo and a wizard for results."

THE English film producers are getting quite touchy on the subject of their failure to compete with America in their own theaters. The cartoon reproduced from "Punch" on this page reflects their feelings. But I notice that director John Bull is using a Bell and Howell camera, made in Chicago.

THE British producers have bills up in Parliament to foster their own film industry. But the fly in the ointment of their hopes consists in the fact that they must have a genuine export trade demand first. And if American films are giving knock-out competition in the tight little island itself, what can be done about such competition in world markets? The English, being good business men and computing their economics as carefully as their ha'pence, know they're licked before they start.

GETTING back to Cecil B. De Mille, what enterprising theological seminary is going to make the front page at commencement time by handing him the degree of Doctor of Divinity?



Uncle Sam: "Hello, Britisher, going in for film-making? Don't forget our old song, 'We've got the sun, we've got the stars, and we've got the money too.'"

John Bull (registering dogged determination): "No matter; I'm going to have a try."

—Punch.



Stay Young with Your Daughter

As scores of mothers do by keeping that schoolgirl complexion, the result of natural ways in skin care. *The daily rule to follow:*

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. Natural 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.

THE present generation recognizes charm only in Youth; with every daughter wishing, in her heart, for *her* mother to retain, above all things, her youthful allure.

Most mothers know how true that is. And those wise in modern beauty methods know too that natural ways in skin care are the most effective known for holding back the hands of time.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

That means soap and water—a clean skin, pores cleansed regularly of age-inviting accumulations. Beauty experts advise it. Skin specialists urge it—but always, of course, with the *Right Kind of Soap*. That is the important point.

So, largely on expert advice, more and more thousands of women turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive, used this way.

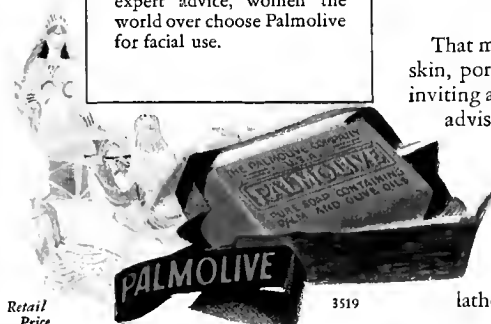
Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream.

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 this treatment. 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, Ill.



Retail Price

10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

3519

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

H A V E A C A M E L



To you—experienced smokers . . .

EXPERIENCED smokers, your patronage has put Camel first among cigarettes.

You know good tobaccos. From their taste and fragrance, you know that Camels are rolled of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown.

Your preference proves it. You've paid every price and tried every brand, and you will smoke only Camels. Camel popularity—your vote—shows that Camel is totally unlike any other cigarette that ever was made.

You are also steady smokers, and you have paid Camel the highest compliment: "No matter how liberally we smoke them,

Camels never tire the taste. They never leave a cigarette after-taste."

Experienced smokers, it is your patronage that enables us to produce the best. We spare no expense, we buy the best of everything for Camels because we dare look forward to your appreciation. And you give it beyond all bounds!

There's only one thing more we could ask. Pass the good news to inexperienced smokers. Help them shorten the search for tobacco enjoyment. Extend them the most friendly—because the most helpful—smoke invitation ever spoken—

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

\$15,000 *in* Prizes *for* Picture Ideas

Rules and Conditions of This Great Contest—Read Carefully

1. Every suggestion must be written in 200 words or less; and must be submitted in typewriting, on one side of a sheet of paper, and mailed in a post-paid envelope to:

Judges, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Idea Contest,
221 West 57th Street, New York City.

2. Suggestions will be read, prior to award of prizes, only by the judges of the contest and persons employed by them for that purpose. Suggestions submitted will be kept in locked steel files, prior to award, at the offices of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, where they are accessible to no other persons. No responsibility is assumed, however, for their safe-keeping or for unauthorized access to them. No suggestions will be returned at the conclusion of the contest, unless sufficient postage is forwarded. They may, at the option of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, be destroyed after award or kept on file.

3. Every suggestion must be signed with the full name of the person making the same and must be accompanied by the form or a copy of the form which appears on this page, personally signed by the contestant, together with his or her full address, in which the contestant agrees to the conditions set forth therein. These rules and the form should be read carefully by contestants before submission.

4. Everyone, whether a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or not, may enter this contest, except persons in any way connected with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, their relatives or members of their household, or anyone actively employed in the production departments of any other motion-picture company.

5. The Board of Judges shall consist of three members. The Editor of PHOTOPLAY shall be Chairman. No person connected with Famous Players-Lasky Corporation shall be a judge. The decision of the judges shall be final. The judges will be selected by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

6. The prizes to be awarded shall be as follows:

- First Prize.....\$5,000
- Second Prize..... 2,000
- Third and Fourth Prizes. 1,000 each
- Fifth and Sixth Prizes... 500 each

- Seventh, Eighth, Ninth
and Tenth Prizes..... \$250 each
- Forty Prizes..... 100 each

In the case of ties for any of the prizes the fullaward will be given to each tying contestant.

7. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation will donate the prizes which PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will pay for the winning suggestions and will be entitled to full and complete rights for their use in motion-picture productions and for any and all other purposes, as well as to use the name and likeness of any successful contestant in connection therewith, at its option, without further payment. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation may use the suggestion in whole or in part, alter the same, change the title, if any, and require the execution of any papers by the successful contestant which, before payment, it deems necessary or expedient.

8. There is always danger that contestants become so convinced of the merit or originality of their own ideas or suggestions that they become suspicious when they see something approximating theirs which may be quite old, in fact, or come from another source. To avoid all questions of this sort, or of any other character whatsoever, all contestants must submit, and will be deemed to have submitted their ideas and suggestions upon the distinct agreement and understanding that no liability of any sort, save as to the prizes, may be placed upon PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; that each of the latter two is released from any and all liability for any cause or reason whatsoever by each contestant.

9. Every effort will be made by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and the judges to make this contest as fair and open as possible and to conduct it in strict accordance with these Rules. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation will simply donate the prizes and will be under no obligation, either legal or moral, to do anything except to donate the same.

10. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation shall not be bound to use any of such suggestions even though they win prizes. All prize winners, however, bind themselves not to, nor to suffer or permit anyone other than Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, to make any use of such

suggestions in whole or in part. If they contain copyrightable matter, all rights therein, including the copyright and the right to secure copyright therein, shall become the property of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

11. In case several ideas are submitted involving historical, religious and dramatic events in the world's history, and to avoid the possibility of ties, it is understood that no idea or suggestion which covers any event in a general way, for instance, a general idea or suggestion of the making of a picture based on the American Revolution, or the discovery of America, or the life of Shakespeare without specific argument or suggestion of story and treatment, will be considered.

12. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will each month conduct a department of instruction and helpful suggestions, but it is understood that none of the suggestions made therein will be considered unless they are treated in an original and meritorious manner. Ideas or suggestions taken from picture productions which have already been made will not be considered unless they conform to this general qualification. Ideas or suggestions involving great works of literature will be considered if accompanied by ideas and suggestions of treatment and reasons for their use.

13. While facility of writing and style of expression are not necessary to the winning of a prize, the clearness and specific quality of the idea will be considered.

14. Ideas or suggestions expressed in exactly the same language, or slight variations of the same language, which would seem to indicate collusion between different individuals, shall not be considered, although any one person may submit the same idea or suggestion in different treatments and with different arguments as to their merit.

15. No profane, immoral, libelous or copyrighted matter shall be submitted or suggested.

16. The contest will close at midnight, August 15th, 1927. No ideas received after that date will be considered by the judges and no responsibility in the matter of mail delays or loss will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Ideas will be received at any time up to close of Contest.

Any person may submit any number of ideas, but each should be accompanied by this form or a typewritten copy of it

IN submitting the accompanying idea or suggestion, as a contestant for one of the cash prizes offered by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, I agree to all the terms and conditions contained in the Rules of the Contest, as published in said Magazine, which terms and conditions I acknowledge I have read, and in consideration of my suggestion being examined and considered in said contest, I hereby release said PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Photoplay Publishing Co. and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation from any and all claims or liability, present or future, by reason of any use or asserted use thereof, in whole or in part, in any form or manner, by either of them, except from payment of one of such prizes if awarded to me.

I state that this suggestion is wholly original with me.

I hereby grant to the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO. and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation the sole and exclusive right to use this suggestion in any form or manner without any compensation to me or my legal representatives, save for one of such prizes, if awarded, and I request that the said PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO. and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation act on the agreements and statements herein contained.

.....[L.S.]

Address:

.....



LOIS WILSON still stands for cleaner pictures. She is all dressed up for the song "White Wings They Never Grow Weary." Lois wears this costume in "Broadway Nights," the story of a cabaret girl who keeps the Great White Way white.

“Six months ago I was miserable, unhappy”

“I WAS ACTUALLY LOSING all my strength. I had a terrible case of constipation. I was very thin; my skin was sallow, and I was extremely nervous.

“I had been taking several different kinds of medicines but all in vain.

“After reading a number of Fleischmann’s Yeast advertisements I decided to try this much talked of food, and immediately I purchased a number of cakes.

“Several weeks passed and I began to see my complexion clearing up, my old pep and vitality returning. I gradually regained my normal weight and I am now enjoying wonderful health. I feel it is due entirely to Fleischmann’s Yeast and I am more than pleased to have the opportunity of relating my experience.”

MRS. CORA M. GREGORY, Dallas, Texas

IN the past year over three quarters of a million more men and women have started eating yeast. Today one person in every third American family is making this remarkable food a part of his daily diet.

To feel the way that Nature meant everyone to feel you must keep your system clean—and active. That is what yeast does. It purifies the entire digestive and intestinal tract, counteracting putrefaction and preventing the absorption of dangerous toxins by the body. It strengthens weakened intestinal muscles, daily aiding the sluggish processes of elimination.

Fleischmann’s Yeast is the easy, natural way to banish constipation and its attendant ills—indigestion, pimples and boils and that

constant, discouraging feeling of weariness.

Fleischmann’s Yeast is not a medicine; it is a pure corrective food—a living plant, rich in the nutrients of the grains in which it is grown. Unlike harsh drugs and purgatives, which merely whip the system into temporary abnormal activity, yeast gently, naturally tones up the whole system.

Start today to eat your way back to health! All grocers have Fleischmann’s Yeast. Buy two or three days’ supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 30, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., N.Y.C.



MRS. CORA M. GREGORY in the garden of her home at Dallas, Texas



LEFT

MISS JEAN McLEAN likes the outdoors and thinks horseback riding is by far the nicest thing to do in it. She was made particularly miserable when she fell victim to a series of painful boils. Her mother writes, “My daughter Jean had such a bad boil on her leg that I persuaded her to try Yeast. She did and had no more trouble until she stopped eating Yeast. Then she had another boil—on her arm. She began the Yeast again, and again was all right—until she stopped. This time the boil came on her eye but after this third one she ate the Yeast more faithfully. This was a year ago and she hasn’t had a boil since. I believe that the Yeast keeps her system in such good condition that there will be no further trouble with boils.”

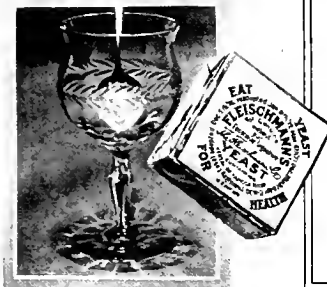
MRS. DANIEL McLEAN, Glendale, Los Angeles, Calif.



JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON, Well-known Theatrical Producer, N.Y.

“THEATRICAL PRODUCTION, demanding as it does constant rehearsals and irregular hours, is a severe strain upon the constitution. I find that the best way to counteract that run down feeling and to keep in perfect trim is the regular daily use of Fleischmann’s Yeast. For several years now I have made it a practice to take Yeast every day. I drink it in a glass of milk and find it very pleasant. It relieves all traces of indigestion and keeps my system functioning normally.”

JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON, New York City.



Keep well this easy, natural way

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann’s Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it just plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

means is that she has an inhibition and it is a Publicity one, too, that goes by the ugly name of Ego.

Lois, we remember you in pictures where you had been plain to the point of painfulness, but, oh, so real, and when you suddenly appear standing before us, satin enveloped figure with hips that sheened so sveltly, a little stab runs through us. Of beauty, yes; of sex appeal, yes; and yes, too, like suddenly coming upon one's sister stark naked. GRACE YORDI GORDON.

Maybe It's Prohibition

Princeton, N. J.

One question has been bothering me for some time. It is, "What is in America that seems to stifle the genius of artists who come here from other countries?" Something is wrong. The most glaring example is Pola Negri. No one will deny that her European pictures were masterpieces, and that, as yet, she has done nothing in this country that can rank with them. Lya de Putti is another. Certainly she gave great promise in "Variety," but she has not lived up to our expectations. Lubitsch has made fine pictures in this country, but none as fine as those he made in Germany. Whatever this genius-deadening thing is, I sincerely hope that all those now afflicted with it soon escape, and that Emil Jannings will never experience it. E. ISETT KELLY.

Easier on Home-made Sheiks

Syracuse, N. Y.

It is gratifying to note the return of the American hero. With the growing popularity of William Boyd and others of his type, the future of motion pictures looks promising. Boyd typifies the clean-cut ideal of manhood.

What a relief, after the foreign invasion of sexy, feverpitch lovers, who put silly notions into the heads of sentimental girls and made us boys hot under the collar. Just why we have imported so many of these

delirious Don Juans is not clear, though it isn't so difficult to understand "how they got that way" at \$5,000 per. But the girls seem to forget that love-making is the actor's business, that he gets paid for his physical and mental exertion, that it is to him what selling is to the salesman, what executive ability is to the commercial leader, and that off the set he is probably as unromantic as any other individual.

Certainly we want romance on the screen, it is an essential part of life, but for heaven's sake let's bring it back to normalcy and quit kidding the girls. E. B. HILL.

A Cooling Colman

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Three years ago I saw "A Thief in Paradise." It was the first time I saw Ronald Colman, and I felt sure that here was our coming matinee idol.

Since then I haven't missed a picture in which Colman played. But—where is the Ronald Colman who seemed such a promising idol? A few mediocre performances, and his popularity started to wane. Then he played in "Lady Windermere's Fan." Under Lubitsch's direction he seemed to be coming back. But Goldwyn again laid hands on him, and in an effort to star his latest importation, Vilma Banky, Colman is again being neglected, and used merely as atmosphere.

In "Beau Geste" he gave a marvelous performance. He seemed to be making a comeback under Brenon's direction. But Goldwyn cast him in "The Winning of Barbara Worth" and he lost hundreds of fans. He had nothing to do except appear on the scenes to shade off the monotony of the light Vilma against a light background of sand and sky.

I feel sure that if Mr. Goldwyn would release Colman from his contract or stop using him as an ornament in a Banky picture, he would be a truly great star, and not an extra playing bits now and then.

JEANETTE LOEB.

So much to do everyday everyday!

Why our hurried, nervous lives, our pleasures and our work, induce Auto-Intoxication, the self-poisoning that lowers vitality and keeps us miserable and depressed.

* * *

In these quick-step times thousands of American women are on the go from morning until night. Somehow they manage to run a household—to bring up children and to rush to parties and to dinners. They are active in society and in clubs. They work hard and they play hard.

But under the pressing demands of this twentieth century life—too many of us—men and women alike—neglect to take care of our physical selves. We are irregular in our habits—we exercise only in spurts—most of us eat more than we should.

* * *

And so, headaches, indigestion, and that "tired feeling" are common—and all too often the food we eat remains within us for longer than a day, fermenting and setting up a form of self-poisoning popularly called Auto-Intoxication. This self-poisoning is at the root of most of our modern ills.

In keeping clear of Auto-Intoxication and its bad effects, the first step is to correct the stoppage and to sweep away the enervating poisons of waste. Sal Hepatica, an effervescent saline combination is the approved way to do this quickly, safely and thoroughly. You may take Sal Hepatica on arising, or if you prefer, half an hour before any meal.

* * *

Send for the new booklet on Auto-Intoxication which tells you how to keep feeling physically fit.

For booklet please address

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. G-67, 71 West St.
N. Y. C.

Sal Hepatica



© 1927



It is pretty soft to make a point with these pillow dice, as Warner Baxter demonstrates to Mrs. Baxter. Properly used, these ornamental little cushions will pay for themselves in no time



When you take off your hat....
are you prettier?

DOES your hair gleam and shine and catch the light? Is it so alive, so soft, that it enhances your features, your coloring? Does it make you prettier?

Here are 2 Packer Shampoos to make your hair lovelier—to restore it to fluffiness, to burnish it with little natural lights:

1. Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo*, a new golden liquid of olive oil, cocoanut oil, soothing glycerine. It lathers in an instant, rinses in a twinkling!

2. Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo*, a dark-amber liquid that contains the soothing benefits of olive and cocoanut oils and—in addition—healthful pine tar, without the tar odor.

In each bottle, all the knowledge gained in 55 years' experience in making shampoos—55 years of consultation with physicians and others specializing in the care of the hair. In each bottle—*safe* cleansing, hair loveliness, hair health. These two

shampoos are gently cleansing for dry hair. So quick and safe you can use them on oily hair as often as you wish—every 4 or 5 days if need be. With Packer's you can keep your hair always fluffy, soft, entrancing. Packer's can help it to make you *prettier!*

Send 10c for Sample and Manual!

For 10c (stamps or coin) we will send you enough Packer's Shampoo (either *Olive Oil* or *Pine Tar*—please indicate which) for two applications, and a copy of our new Manual, "The Care of the Hair." This profusely illustrated 28-page book has been re-edited to present the most modern scientific thought on the care of the hair. It contains dozens of authoritative suggestions for making your hair healthier and lovelier. Use coupon.

Now 2
PACKER Shampoos

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Practically every medical work on the hair recommends pine tar in the treatment of dandruff and other scalp ills requiring special care. And so scalp specialists prescribe Packer's Tar Soap as the most effective nice way to give your scalp the benefits of pine tar. Each cake now in an individual metal soap box.



OLIVE OIL



PINE TAR

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I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). Please send me your Manual and sample of the type of Packer's Shampoo I have checked:

Olive Oil Pine Tar

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

To insure correct mailing PRINT name and address

CUT PUZZLE CONTEST AID

Here is a list of prominent film players, to be used in building names from the key letters in the new cut puzzle contest:

Renee Adoree	Jack Daugherty	Ben Lyon
Robert Agnew	Billie Dove	Bert Lytell
Mary Alden	Louise Dresser	Marc MacDermott
Ben Alexander	Dorothy Dwan	Dorothy Mackaill
May Allison	Ileen Jerome Eddy	Douglas MacLean
Don Alvarado	Robert Edeson	Arlette Marchall
Robert Ames	Snitz Edwards	Percy Marmont
Richard Arlen	Leon Errol	Tully Marshall
George K. Arthur	Elinor Faire	Shirley Mason
Gertrude Astor	Douglas Fairbanks	Ken Maynard
Mary Astor	Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	May McAvoy
Agnes Ayres	Virginia Browne Fair	Tim McCoy
George Bancroft	Farina	Malcolm McGregor
Monte Banks	Charles Farrell	Victor McLaglen
Vilma Banky	George Fawcett	Thomas Meighan
John Barrymore	Julia Faye	Adolphe Menjou
Lionel Barrymore	Louise Fazenda	Patsy Ruth Miller
Richard Barthelmess	Rockcliffe Fellowes	Tom Mix
Barbara Bedford	Leslie Fenton	Colleen Moore
Noah Beery	Casson Ferguson	Matt Moore
Wallace Beery	Helen Ferguson	Owen Moore
Madge Bellamy	W. C. Fields	Tom Moore
Belle Bennett	Lefty Flynn	Lois Moran
Alma Bennett	Ralph Forbes	Antonio Moreno
Constance Bennett	Harrison Ford	Jack Mulhall
Enid Bennett	Allan Forrest	Edna Murphy
Andre Beranger	Johnny Fox	Mae Murray
Holbrook Bliam	Earle Foxe	Carmel Myers
Monty Blue	Alec B. Francis	Conrad Nagel
Betty Blythe	Betty Francisco	Pola Negri
Eleanor Boardman	Robert Frazer	Anna O. Nilsson
Olive Borden	Pauline Frederick	Greta Nissen
Hobart Bosworth	Dale Fuller	Marion Nixon
Clara Bow	Greta Garbo	Mabel Normand
John Bowers	Pauline Garon	Ramon Novarro
William Boyd	Janet Gaynor	George O'Brien
Evelyn Brent	Hoot Gibson	George O'Hara
Mary Brian	John Gilbert	Gertrude Olmstead
Gladys Brockwell	Claude Gillingwater	Pat O'Malley
Betty Bronson	Douglas Gilmore	Sally O'Neill
Clive Brook	Dorothy Gish	Mary Philbin
Louise Brooks	Lillian Gish	Jack Pickford
Edmund Burns	Gaston Glass	Mary Pickford
Neal Burns	Huntly Gordon	ZaSu Pitts
Mae Busch	Jetta Goudal	William Powell
Francis X. Bushman	Gibson Gowland	Marie Prevost
Francis X. Bushman, Jr.	Red Grange	Aileen Pringle
David Butler	Ralph Graves	Esther Ralston
Eddie Cantor	Gilda Gray	Jobyana Ralston
Harry Carey	Lawrence Gray	Charles Ray
Mary Carr	Corinne Griffith	Vera Reynolds
Cyril Chadwick	Raymond Griffith	Irene Rich
Helene Chadwick	Kit Guard	Lillian Rich
Lon Chaney	William Haines	Jason Robards
Charles Chaplin	Creighton Hale	John Roche
Sydney Chaplin	Georgia Hale	Charles Rogers
Ethel Clayton	James Hall	Gilbert Roland
Ruth Clifford	Neil Hamilton	Ruth Roland
Lew Cody	Einar Hanson	Alma Rubens
Buster Collier	Lars Hanson	William Russell
Ronald Colman	Kenneth Harlan	Tom Santschi
Betty Compton	Mildred Harris	Jeph Schildkraut
Chester Conklin	Johnny Harron	Rudolph Schildkraut
Lige Conley	William S. Hart	Dorothy Sebastian
Edward Connelly	Raymond Hatton	Norma Shearer
Jackie Coogan	Phyllis Haver	Lowell Sherman
Clay Cook	Holmes Herbert	Milton Sills
Ald Cooke	Jean Hersholt	Pauline Starke
Hal Cooley	Walter Hiers	Myrtle Stedman
Gary Cooper	Johnny Hines	Vera Steadman
Virginia Lee Corbin	Jack Holt	Ford Sterling
Anne Cornwall	Hedda Hopper	Lewis Stone
Ricardo Cortez	Reed Howes	Gloria Swanson
Dolores Costello	Jack Hoxie	Blanche Sweet
Helene Costello	Lloyd Hughes	Constance Talmadge
Ward Crane	Gardner James	Norma Talmadge
Joan Crawford	Emil Jannings	Richard Talmadge
Dorothy Cumming	Julanne Johnston	Lilyan Tashman
Frank Currier	Buck Jones	Estelle Taylor
Bob Custer	Leatrice Joy	Conway Tearle
Viola Dana	Alice Joyce	Lou Tellegen
Karl Dane	Raymond Keane	Allce Terry
Bebe Daniels	Buster Keaton	Fred Thomson
Mickey Daniels	Donald Keith	Ernest Torrence
Roy D'Arcy	Ian Keith	Ben Turpin
Frankie Darro	Doris Kenyon	Tom Tyler
Marion Davies	Norman Kerry	Virginia Valli
Marjorie Daw	Kathleen Key	Victor Varnoni
Alice Day	Natalie Kingston	Alberta Vaughn
Marceline Day	Cullen Landis	Florence Vidor
Priscilla Dean	Harry Langdon	Johnny Walker
Marguerite de la Motte	Laura La Plante	George Walsh
Dolores Del Rio	Rod La Rocque	Henry B. Walthall
Carol Dempster	George Lewis	H. B. Warner
Reginald Denny	Margaret Livingston	Bryant Washburn
Lya de Putti	Harold Lloyd	Lois Wilson
William Desmond	Jacqueline Logan	Claire Windsor
Dorothy Devore	Bessie Love	Jane Winton
Elliott Dexter	Montagu Love	Grant Withers
Richard Dix	Edmund Lowe	Fay Wray



LIKE NARCISSUS SWOONING IN THE NIGHT

(Letters from Lovers: VIII)

LAST night, in one dazzling moment, I realized how marvelous you are. The very room that held you breathed a delicate, indescribable fragrance, like the Narcissus, swooning in the night. Your arms were moulded moonlight. Your eyes were jewels of haunting fire. I felt as if you were a vision from some bewildering, unforgettable dream. And the miracle of it was that you were real.

FROM HER DIARY:

"I am so happy. He has not said it—but I know that he loves me. Somehow last night he was transformed. Is it possible that the new Narcissus temple incense could have helped?"

WOMEN have known for ages that, when the air about them is suffused with the subtly intoxicating fragrance of so exquisite a flower as Narcissus, their appeal is made even more alluring by the spell it works upon the senses. Vantine's has newly created a Narcissus Blossom Temple Incense, so that this heightened charm may be achieved by all modern women who will burn it. The new Narcissus Incense may be had, with eight other fragrances, at every drug and department store.

Know the magic of Narcissus Incense
Send 10c for nine sample odors

A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC.
71 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Gayest of Frocks—Sheerest of Light Summer Things

Wear Them Now Under the Most Trying Hygienic Handicap



Easy
Disposal
and 2 other
important
factors

① Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.



② True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.



③ Obtain without embarrassment at any store* simply by saying "Kotex."

Utter protection and security, plus an end to the problem of disposal

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

SUMMER days and moonlight nights, dances, tennis, motoring, yachting—don't let them bother you because of a difficult hygienic situation.

The old-time "sanitary pad" has been supplanted. There is now protection that is absolute, positive and certain—a new way that will make a great difference in your life; that will provide peace-of-mind under the most trying circumstances.

KOTEX—What it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.



Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends all fear of offending.

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding.

It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere simply by saying "Kotex." Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super. Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"Ask for them by name"
KOTEX
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular
65¢ per dozen

Kotex-Super
90¢ per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

* Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

MARY LOU, VANCOUVER, B. C.—The top of the page to you! I hope you feel honored. Ronald Colman is thirty-six years old and five feet, eleven inches tall. Separated from his wife. Ralph Forbes is married to Ruth Chatterton. He is twenty-five years old and six feet tall. Neil Hamilton is married to a non-professional. He is twenty-six years old and is six feet tall.

E. C., WILLIAMSPORT, PA.—Warwick Ward was the villain in "Variety." He's an English actor and I don't think he has played in this country. Lya de Putti is pronounced Le-ah de Pooti. The "u" is sounded as "use."

M. M. F., AUGUSTA, Ga.—I'll use my influence about getting a picture of Mr. James Hall in PHOTOPLAY. Mr. Hall was born in Dallas, Texas, on October 22, 1900. Not married. Give him a chance, he's just a young fellow yet.

LAVINIA J., ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Lady, if I live to be one hundred years old, I'll never forget that Charles de Roche played Pharaoh in "The Ten Commandments." Call off the argument.

HELEN E., DAYTON, O.—Vilma Banky is five feet, three inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. That's just perfect, isn't it? Jack Gilbert weighs 160 pounds and is one inch shorter than six feet. Mary Brian is nineteen years old.

MICKEY, CONCORD, TEX.—Welcome, debutante! Bebe Daniels is five feet, three and one half inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. She has black curly hair and dark brown eyes,—very melting. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope for the cast of "Johnnie Gets a Haircut." And drop in again anytime.

A. B. B., NEW YORK.—George Walsh is, like yourself, a native New Yorker.

N. S., CORBIN, Ky. — Lloyd Hughes was born on October 21, 1897. Write to First National Studios, Burbank, Calif., for his photograph. Clara Bow works at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif., and Laura La Plante may be reached at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. Don't forget to send a quarter for those photographs!

B. R., ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Ralph Forbes was only loaned to Paramount for "Beau Geste," hence the mix-up about your letter. He is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Calif. Address him there and you'll have better luck.

V. R., DETROIT, MICH.—Sorry, Virginia, if I have neglected you. Renee Adoree is French.

E. A., SILVERTON, ORE.—It's no bother to answer questions. That's my hobby in life. Will you think me conceited if I agree with your kind criticisms? Kenneth Thomson was the man whose work you admired. He was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., about twenty-eight years ago. He's five feet, eleven inches tall.

TUBBY, DETROIT, MICH.—There is a George O'Brien Fan Club already in existence. Write to Leonard Eury, Bessemer City, North Carolina, for information.

J. RAMIREZ, PANAMA.—Your faults in English are very few. Not many Americans can write foreign languages as well as you foreigners can English. Rex Ingram directed "The Four Horsemen," and Alice Terry was the leading woman. Louise Brooks is nineteen years old and Olive Borden is one year older. Carmel Myers is twenty-six and Lya de Putti is twenty-three. As for deciding which is the most beautiful of all the girls you mention, I wouldn't dare risk an opinion. I would get too many letters of complaint. Richard Dix's newest picture is "Knockout Reilly." He is thirty-one years old.

HELENE HAAS, IRVINGTON, N. J.—That's a good girl! Marion Davies' real name is Marion Douras. She is an American, with a touch of Irish. Virginia Lee Corbin is not "forty or fifty." What a terrible thought! Virginia was born on December 5, 1909, and only a few years ago she was a child star.

PAT., WINNIPEG, CAN.—Yes, Pat, that is Ben Lyon's real name. He was born on February 6, 1901, and has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes. Write again as soon as you like.

T. L., PARKERSBURG, ILL.—Billie Dove is married to Irvin Willat, the director. Billie is five feet, five inches tall and weighs 114 pounds. She has dark brown hair and hazel eyes. Born on May 14, 1904. Bebe Daniels is five feet, three and one half inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. She was born on January 14, 1901.

BRUNHILDE.—I think it's a nice name. Obviously, you were named after Richard Wagner's heroine and I hope you see your namesake sometime in one of the music dramas of "The Niebelungen Ring." Your suggestions are good. I'll pass them on for further consideration. Yes, that was Richard and Mary you heard broadcast. At least, they did broadcast recently. Stick to your course in nursing, my dear; it's a great profession for an intelligent girl. Much nicer, I can assure you, than kicking around the studios looking for a chance day's work. Write to Miss Carolyn Van Wyck at 221 W. 57th Street, New York. And send to PHOTOPLAY Publishing Company, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., for back copies of the magazine. Yes, they cost a quarter.

CHRISTINE M., MIAMI, OKLA.—Fred Thomson makes a hit with all the girls. He was born in Pasadena, Calif., on April 28, 1890. Married to Frances Marion, the scenario writer. They have a new baby son. He started in pictures in January, 1920. John Bowers was born in Garrett, Ind., on Christmas Day, 1888. He has black hair and brown eyes. They say that Mr. Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte are married. But they haven't actually 'fessed up to it.

A LAWRENCE GRAY ADMIRER.—That's his real name. He was born in San Francisco on July 27, 1899. Five feet, ten inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. You'll see him next in Ed Wynn's picture, "Rubber Heels."

LAZY MAE, PITTSBURGH, PA.—Here's the answer to your last question! Olive Borden is five feet, one and one half inches tall and she weighs 105 pounds. William Farnum has retired. His last picture was "The Man Who Fights Alone." Eric von Stroheim also directed "Blind Husbands," "The Devil's Pass Key" and his latest unreleased film, "The Wedding March." "The Merry Widow" was reviewed in the October, 1925, issue of PHOTOPLAY. If you wish a copy of this issue of PHOTOPLAY send twenty-five cents to the PHOTOPLAY Publishing Company for a copy. The address is 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]

IN writing to the stars for pictures, Photoplay advises you all to be careful to enclose twenty-five cents. This covers the cost of the photograph and postage. The stars are all glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost of it is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted. The younger stars cannot afford to keep up with these requests unless you help them. You do your share and they'll do theirs.



No. 7610—Iridio-platinum or special 18K white gold

Specially posed by Claire Windsor, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star



No. 88-55—Popular style and price—5 quality diamonds

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OF COURSE Orange Blossom is widely, and cheaply, imitated—an unconscious tribute to the vogue of this beautiful pattern and the position of leadership held by its originator. Yet the purchaser of an engagement or wedding ring may quickly and surely identify genuine Orange Blossom, by the trade-mark of Traub stamped on

the inner surface. Throughout the rise of decorated rings to their present universal popularity, this symbol has stood for supreme quality as well as for matchless style and beauty. Ask to see the latest and most distinctive Traub creations, displayed by all the better jewelers. Priced as low as \$12.

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No. 622—Groom's ring, Iridio-platinum or special 18K white gold

The hexagonal wedding ring of 15th century France bore this inscription: "It is spoken—she holds me." A scene from our delightful booklet, "Wedding Ring Sentiment," a copy of which will be sent free on request



About the graduation gift

*a few things that son or daughter
would like to have you remember*

WISELY, for the graduation gift you will select a good watch. For a good time keeper has always been the favored gift for graduation.

If it is a young man who is graduating, you will in all probability select a pocket watch as giving the greater assurance of permanence.

If it is a young woman, you will of course consider her taste for the dainty, not forgetting, however, the importance of durability.

In either case, you will give much thought to style, for the person who is to receive the watch is young.

But what is the style in watches?



The newest Gruen creation
Gruen Paris Square VeriThin, \$60
17-jewel PRECISION movement
Other Gruen Pocket Watches, \$500 to \$25

For men, the trend is decidedly away from the round watch. Watches in other shapes have been steadily gaining in popularity. There is every likelihood, too, that they will continue in favor, for a man now looks for distinction in his

watch, just as in his home, automobile, or personal apparel.

The woman's preference is for the rectangular wristlet. For maximum service from a watch in this shape, it should be of the Gruen Cartouche type of construction. That is, it should have an oblong movement, taking advantage of all possible space for greater size and strength of parts.

Representative of the present styles in fine timepieces are the Gruen Watches pictured here.

You can see them at any Gruen jeweler's—always one of the very best in your community. His store is marked by the Gruen Service emblem shown below.

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GRUEN GUILD WATCHES

Copr. 1927, G. W. M. G.



Gruen Pentagon VeriThin, \$75
17-jewel PRECISION movement
Other Pentagons, \$500 to \$100



Newest Gruen Cartouche
Solid gold, with smart leather strap, \$42.50



PRECISION

This GRUEN pledge mark is placed only upon watches of finer quality, accuracy and finish. Made only in the Precision workshop.

Pay a little more and get the best

Look for the same PRECISION on the dial



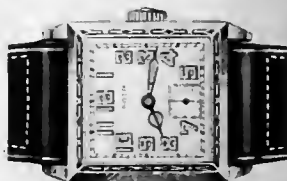
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Gruen Cartouche, \$35



Gruen Cartouche, solid gold, \$50



Gruen Strap, \$35

Friendly Advice

from

Carolyn Van Wyck

on

Girls' Problems



Dear Carolyn Van Wyck,

I'm just desperately in love with a boy of eighteen. He is the most gallant, courteous, wonderful boy in the world. He is handsome and charming with beautiful manners, quite unconventional with an I-don't-care complex and adores me. He has given me some beautiful presents and has simply been perfection. We are mad to be married, but my parents refuse to let us even be engaged. They say I am too young. I'm sixteen and I hate my home. I want to get away and have a home of my own. How can I wait? Don't you think a girl should marry young?

DORIS.

No, Doris, I do not think a girl should marry young. I do not approve of youthful marriages for either girl or boy. Oh, my dear child, have you any conception of what marriage means, what love means, what the adjustment of two very human beings living together means to a youngster of your age?

In the cities we get the general idea that people are marrying older, using more discretion, judging the matter of matrimony more carefully than they used to. But statistics prove this optimistic viewpoint false. The facts are that Americans have been marrying more and younger every year since 1890. There are living today in the United States 343,000 women who began their marriage careers as child brides, as girls less than fifteen years old. All of these marriages were contracted within the last thirty years. Nearly every one of them failed. There can be no doubt of their effect on our divorce rate.

I feel that every intelligent person must be against marriage between boys and girls of less than twenty. Before that time one has reached neither mental nor physical maturity. For the wife such marriage almost always means being worn out by thirty-five, and frequently it means being cast off then. For the young husband it means wage slavery, the lack of all freedom to bargain with life, due to the family re-

sponsibilities he has assumed. For the children of such a marriage it means poor health. Few girls of sixteen are strong enough to be mothers. Even if you are intensely modern and you both work and defeat the economic problem and you have no children, you have no guarantee of

How Young Should a Girl Marry?

Will early marriage stop flaming youth? In the rapid social development of today, should a girl marry at her earliest opportunity? Many girls write me asking me to answer "yes." Instead I answer "no," and here you find my reasons for doing so.

Are you over-weight? Send ten cents for my reducing booklet. Advice on care of the skin and answers to personal problems I will send you in exchange for a self-addressed stamped envelope.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

marital happiness. Before twenty—even before twenty-five—a girl's mind simply isn't prepared for marriage. That's all there is to it.

You, romantic little Doris, are regarding marriage exactly as a child regards bonbons displayed in a candy shop window. They are sweet. You want them and stretch out greedy hands for them, not considering

the price of them or what they may do to your digestion.

Now I can be new-fashioned about lipsticks and bobbed hair, about petting parties and hip flasks, and all the other silly excitements that do not matter, but about marriage I am as old-fashioned as Eve or Martha Washington. And I feel that marriage is not sweet confection to be consumed and forgotten.

In this case the possible husband is young, handsome, courteous, unconventional. He sounds as though he might make a charming husband. Or he might not. That is not so terribly important.

What is terribly important is the girl and her attitude. The boy one marries, his position in life, his will to power or his failure has little to do with the success of a marriage. The wife has everything to do with it. A good wife must adapt herself. She must have wisdom and understanding. She must be a mother, a child and a sweetheart to her husband. When a woman loves deeply enough, she does these things, sometimes instinctively, sometimes deliberately, but either way she does them.

But I do not believe any girl of sixteen is capable of doing them. She simply doesn't know enough about love or life to do them. And if she marries the average boy of seventeen or eighteen and by some deep intuition does them, he won't know enough to appreciate such qualities. It is nothing against either partner. It is merely a matter of not being grown-up sufficiently.

So wait, Doris, and all the girls with the same hasty impulses, until you have lived a little longer. Know more men. Give yourself some chance. Learn what love is, and what it demands. Learn what you are willing to sacrifice to make a man's happiness. And give him a chance too, to live, to grow, to marry you because he loves you truly, and not because you were on a hot necking party together.

Marriage in its full beauty is like a fortress against the world. You two are com-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]



Change your beauty regimen —for the warmer weather

RISING temperature brings in its wake new beauty problems for those chic creatures who desire to keep cool-looking, *distingué* and fair-faced, the summer long!

Refreshing tonics to revive wilting, fatigued skins—sunproof creams that prevent freckles and tan—a special liquid to absorb excess oiliness and shine on nose—a cream to smooth away “squint lines”...all these and more, **Helena Rubinstein**, the internationally famous beauty scientist, has originated to protect and beautify the skin during warm weather!

Daily beauty aids—for summer care

Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—thoroughly cleanses—cools, soothes—molds out “tired look”—keeps complexion youthfully smooth—the only cleansing cream that benefits oily, pimpled or acne-blemished skins—excellent powder base. (1.00)

Valaze Cleansing & Massage Cream—for dry, sensitive skins, alternating it with the Pasteurized Cream every other night—ideal for quick removal of dust and make-up. (75c, 1.25)

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—the skin-clearing masterpiece—animates, bleaches mildly, purifies—creates exquisite delicacy of texture. Ideal companion to all Rubinstein preparations. (1.00)

Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion—freshens, tones and braces—prevents fine lines. (1.25)

Valaze Sunproof Cream—Applied before exposure, prevents tan, freckles, sunburn. (2.00)

Valaze Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream (Anthosoros)—richly nourishing—corrects crowsfeet, “squint lines”, wrinkles, dry skin. (1.75)

Valaze Liquidine—instantly absorbs oiliness—shine on nose—leaves smooth, white finish. (1.50)

Valaze Pore Paste Special—washes away blackheads, refines pores, restores skin to normal delicacy and smoothness. (1.00)

FLATTERING BEAUTY TOUCHES

Valaze Powders, Rouges, Lipsticks, Compacts—exquisitely pure and protective—wide range of flattering tints. (1.00 to 5.50)

At the better stores—or order direct from Dept. P-6

Helena Rubinstein

46 West 57th Street, New York

PARIS BOSTON PHILADELPHIA LONDON
CHICAGO NEWARK NEWPORT DE-TROIT

Fill Out and Mail This Diagnosis Chart

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN, NEW YORK P-6

46 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me without charge full individual instructions for daily care of my skin.

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------|
| () Dry Skin | () Enlarged Pores |
| () Oily Skin | () Double Chin |
| () Average Skin | () Puffy Eyes |
| () Wrinkles | () Flabbiness |
| () Crowsfeet | () Tan, Freckles |
| () Sallowness | () Pimples, Acne |
| () Blackheads | () Hollows |

Name

Address

City.....State.....

Dealer's Name.....

Perfect Behavior in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

even more extraordinary examples than that are being witnessed every day. Let us, therefore, take just a few minutes to explain how this remarkable work is accomplished.

In the first place, in “cutting” a picture it is always necessary to keep in mind who is “starring” in this particular vehicle. This will enable you to get rid of at least eight or ten thousand feet of film on which some girl other than the “star” has managed to register her personality, or her acting ability. “Stars” must be protected from the intrusion into their pictures of any one who can act, and a very good bit of advice to young men and women contemplating a career in Hollywood is, “Don’t ever let the ‘star’ or the ‘cutter’ catch you doing any good work.”

THE second consideration in the “cutting” of a picture involves the elimination of all “censorable” material. The various moral standards of censorship throughout America are pretty well observed by the producers in the preliminary preparation of the scenario, etc. for the picture, but even with the best intentions in the world scenes occasionally creep into the film which, if released, would offend the taste of the second cousin of the governor of Ohio—or whoever happens to compose the local Board of Censorship in the various states—and these scenes must, of course, be eliminated. This is done in the “cutting room” and by this means several more thousand feet are eliminated.

Then, after this, the “story” must be “built up”—not necessarily the story which they originally planned to “shoot,” but more often the story which one of the studio executives now decides is the *real* story of the picture. The reason an executive can do this is due partly to the fact that he is an executive, and partly to the fact that he has no idea as to what the author and the director have been trying to do. The original story is, therefore, changed and becomes an entirely different story and in this interesting process several more feet are “cut.”

Now the picture may be ready for “titles,” and for this purpose it is generally customary to call in an expert “title writer.” A “title writer” is a gentleman or a lady with a good memory and a year’s subscription to various magazines, as successful title writing is largely a matter of remembering other successful titles or adding new ones as fast as they appear in “*Lie*” or “*Judge*.” This applies more particularly, of course, to “humorous” titles, and for the prospective “humorous” title writer it will also be necessary to purchase a large filing cabinet in which to keep all “ideas” as fast as they are published.

It must not be supposed, however, that as soon as the young man or woman has learned a lot of jokes that he or she is an expert “title writer,” because another fundamental necessity is the ability to adapt these jokes to the screen. Thus,

for example, if you decide to use the joke about the sad looking dog:

He (proudly)—I got this dog at a sale.

She—A sale of *what*?

you must change it for screen purposes until it reads somewhat as follows:

Title: It was Spring in Tahiti—and if anybody had come along just then with a dog and said that they got him at a sale, Ralph Kennerly would have asked—“A sale of *what*?”

That title not only uses the joke, but also gives a feeling of Tahiti in Spring and a pretty fair idea of Ralph Kennerly’s character. In this manner titles are very valuable.

Titles can also be used to help along the plot of the story, as—for instance:

Title: So he took the letter and put it in the desk, not knowing that, thirty years before, his grandmother had died in that room and left all her money to an orphan asylum in Brooklyn.

So much for titles. They are becoming increasingly important in the motion picture world, especially as all producers are now convinced that any bad picture which they have made can be “saved” by calling upon the services of an expert “title writer.”

YOUR picture, let us say, is now “cut” and “titled.” It should next be shown at a “pre-view” in one of the theaters in or around Hollywood. This is for the purpose of getting an audience’s reaction to the opus. If the reaction is good, you release the picture; if bad, you call in a “gag man.”

A “gag man,” like a “title writer,” exists for the purpose of improving pictures which are weak. A “gag” is a bit of comedy introduced into the picture without any reference to the story, plot or characterization, and it is this complete independence of the “gag man” which renders his task a fairly simple one. Like the “title writer” also, his success depends largely upon a good memory. Thus, for example, if you have “pre-viewed” a picture dealing with the life of General U. S. Grant and the audience didn’t seem to be very favorably impressed, you call in a “gag man” and he begins somewhat as follows:

“Look. Remember that sequence where Lee surrenders to Grant at Appomattox Court House? Well, it’s too heavy. You need a gag there. Wait—I’ve got it. Listen—Just as Lee is about to hand his sword to Grant a monkey has escaped from a zoo up the road and comes in the door. Lee doesn’t see the monkey and the monkey runs up, grabs Grant’s hat, puts it on and takes the sword. Then he runs out the door and you go into a chase. It’ll be a wow.”

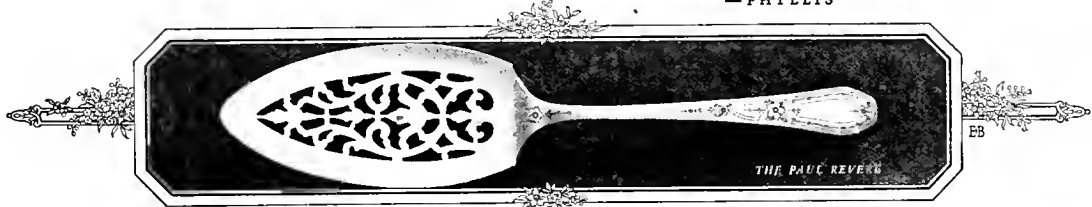
This scene is then “shot,” whereas the “gag man” goes on living. And with that characteristic episode it would perhaps be well to bring this series on behavior in Hollywood to a close.

COMMUNITY PLATE



"... My dear! It's a silver gift to dream about—the Community Plate you gave me!.. If Paul Revere could see the pattern named after him he'd stage another midnight ride... he'd just HAVE to tell the neighbors about it!"

— PHYLIS



This new, Early-American pattern of Community Plate is on radiant display at your jeweler's now

A service for six in the PAUL REVERE design costs \$35.25 - ONEIDA COMMUNITY LIMITED

How Good Is Your Memory?

HERE'S another guessing game. How many plots of pictures can you identify? The following brief synopses are pictures that have been widely presented. Test your plot intelligence by seeing how many of them you can remember.

1. A vulgar but kind-hearted woman marries a perfect gentleman and their child takes after her father. When the mother sees that she is ruining her daughter's life, she steps out, thus leaving the girl free to eat with a fork the rest of her life.

2. A Spanish sailor loves a dancer who is coveted by a nasty old Governor, in no nice way. The Governor has the sailor imprisoned, but the dancer Toscas him to freedom. They get married.

3. An English girl goes riding in the desert and is kidnapped by an Arab and held prisoner in his tent. But the abductor turns out to be a gentleman and a Nordic and marries the lady.

4. An Indian, who has been getting a rough deal all his life, falls in love with a school teacher. He goes to the Great War to fight the White Man's battle and gets an even rougher deal. He doesn't marry the girl, but dies.

5. A couple of marines—old-time enemies—carry on their private battles amid the fighting in France. They both love the same girl, but when orders come to start for the front, the fighting habit proves stronger than the love urge and they leave the girl flat.

6. An English gentleman is kidnapped by freebooters and carried away to sea. After being captured again by Spaniards and cruelly treated, he goes violently Moorish

and becomes a highly successful pirate, raising the devil all over the Spanish Main.

7. In order to inherit a fortune, an Irish lass masquerades as a boy and poses as the ward of the other claimant to the money—a handsome young man. After giving Robert Fulton financial aid in launching his steam boat, the girl marries her guardian.

8. A French scientist, disgusted by the dishonesty of his patron, turns circus clown and falls in love with a bareback rider. But the girl loves a handsomer guy and the clown sacrifices his life to unite the couple.

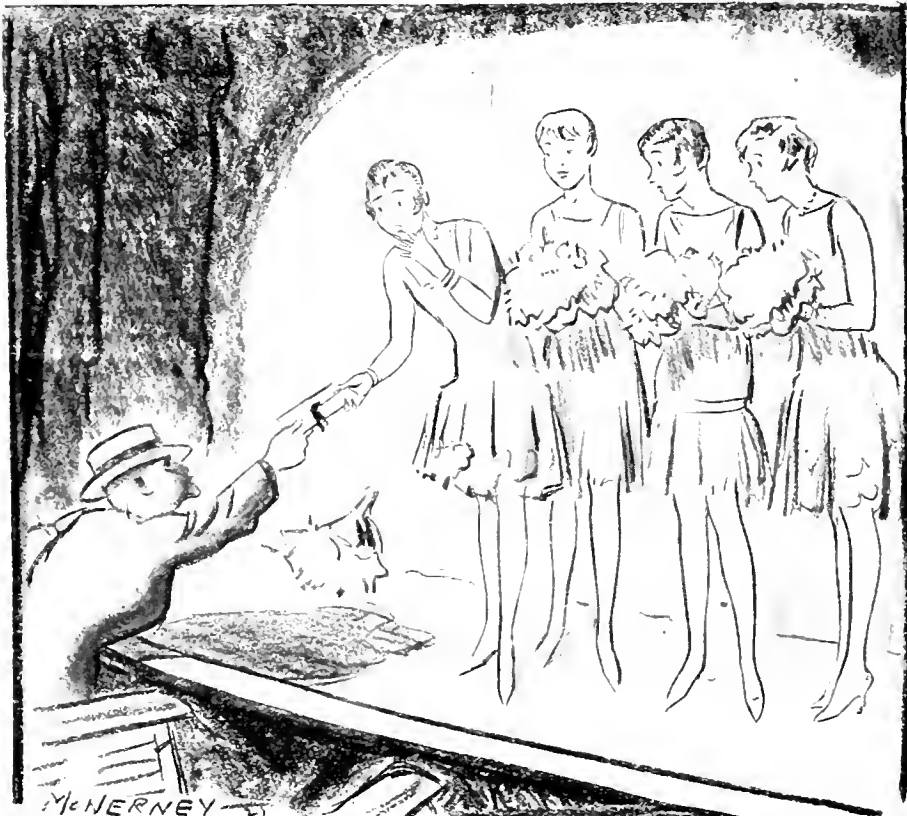
9. A boy wants to be the most popular man in college, but instead is the college boob. His chance to be a hero comes when he is put into a football game as a last-minute substitute. He wins for dear old Alma Mater by a "gag" touchdown.

10. A trapeze acrobat deserts his wife for a beautiful girl. Later, the girl plays false with him with another performer and the acrobat murders his erstwhile pal to the great delight of the audience.

11. A country girl is living handsomely in an apartment with a rich gentleman when her childhood sweetheart appears on the scene. Upon learning that she is "that sort of woman," the boy friend kills himself. The girl reforms in the country for the benefit of the censors.

12. A school teacher, married to a farmer, is left a widow. In order to educate her son as an architect, she raises big, juicy vegetables. Later, when the grown son falls into the clutches of a "vamp," Mamma busts up the unfortunate affair.

Answers on Page 146.



Off Screen Tragedies

A baby star is served with the papers in her second divorce



And he said it with Flowers

LOVERS' QUARRELS are like June Showers. Before they're well under way, the sun comes peeking through the clouds.

Consider, then, this scenario featuring the plight of poor Paul: He wants to tell her—well, you know how it is. Words start bravely on the tongue, but trip before they

reach the tip. Fine phrases falter and fail. Then comes inspiration! Our hero reflects that flowers have a way of saying things that stumbling words cannot convey

A messenger scampers away . . . moments pass the tinkle of a telephone a gladsome voice and all's well with the world!

Send for this Book

Send 10c to cover mailing costs, for beautiful helpful book: *How to Care for Flowers*. Society of American Florists, 247 Park Ave., N.Y.C.



By wire—anywhere

Telegraphing flowers was instituted by the Florists Telegraph Delivery Association which sends flowers by wire to all parts of the world.

Say it with Flowers

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



Angelus ROUGE INCARNAT

The popularity of Angelus Rouge Incarnat—the famous paste-rouge for lips and cheeks—and Angelus Lip Stick, is due to their marvelously flattering colors and wonderful indelibility. They stay on. In the lipstick, Louis Philippe has created two fascinating new shades—Sun-Orange and Framboise (Raspberry). The smartest women everywhere use and adore Angelus Rouges!

Angelus



LIP STICK

Especially during Spring and Summer when you are exposed to sun, wind and dust, your skin needs Angelus Lemon Cleansing Cream. Its whitening effect, its thorough cleansing of the pores, protect and promote the youthful beauty of the complexion. And its lemon odor is so gloriously refreshing. Angelus Beauty Aids will be found at all drug and department stores.

Angelus LEMON CREAMS



Louis Philippe, Inc.,
320 West 23rd Street, New York City.

Please send your generous samplertube of
 Angelus Lemon Cleansing Cream
 Angelus Lemon Vanishing Cream

I enclose 10c for each item checked to cover cost of packing, mailing, etc.

Name _____

Address _____

Voila, Antoine, Maitre de Bob

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

Marion Davies' bob in "Tillie the Toiler" is ideal for the rôle she is playing—that of a stenographer. Because it is just an ordinary bob, pretty enough, but too heavy and quite without distinction.

When I showed Antoine the photograph of Greta Nissen, he exclaimed, "Here is a pretty woman!" Who hasn't? Greta, too, has allowed the hairdresser to spare too much of her blonde hair. But the bob is soft, natural and alluring. But Miss Nissen should sacrifice more of her hair in the interests of art.

Bebe Daniels' bob is artistic but, like most other native-cut bobs, it needs more trimming. May Allison's coiffure makes a graceful frame for her face; it gives her more sweetness than *chic*.

Antoine thinks that American coiffures, like American clothes, have too little individuality. Women select their gowns, their hats and their bobs in too much of a hurry. While as individuals they may be attractive, as a crowd they all look alike.

The same thing goes for their coiffures. All shapes and sizes of heads are clipped and curled in the same fashion. Consequently this monotony threatens the very existence of the vogue of the bob.

As for returning to long hair: Antoine

says "no." He has really nothing against long hair. He does not work exclusively with bobs. Long hair, with the proper care and treatment, can be made attractive and smart. Of course, it is an affectation like trailing skirts. In spite of the agitation for the return of long hair, Paris remains indifferent—even cold.

I finally cornered Antoine on the long hair question. He was inclined to shrug it off. But he finally came right down to the heart of the matter and blurted out, "It is not clean."

"Women," he added, "are accustomed to the frequent, easy shampoo. It was not always so. It used to be considered dangerous to wash the hair as often as once a week. That is nonsense. Frequent shampooing is good for the hair. Long hair may be pretty—ah, yes! But it is too much trouble to keep clean and in good condition.

"The bob has done away with artificial hair. It also is doing away with artificial coloring. Women are learning that naturalness and simplicity are the very keynote of true *chic*. The bob may have both dignity and grace. It is suitable to all types and all ages. Why return to a fashion that is less practical, less satisfactory?"



Antoine would just as soon use an axe as cut hair with long shears. He does his clipping with little embroidery scissors and then shapes the hair to the head with a sharp razor blade



Would an unscented June be truly JUNE to you?

Is your response to fragrance keen or dull?



What does the word "June" make you think of? Some will think only of "pretty days" and outdoor games. Others will think of brilliant color, grasses green and trees a-blossom—yet remain "blind" to the real June.

For it is to those gifted with perceptive nostrils that June yields her rarest charm. These will think of flower-fragrance; of the perfume rather than the color of blossoms; of sweet woodland scents and a whiff of honeysuckle in a twilight breeze.

These scent-conscious people are acutely sensitive to impression through odor. An agreeable scent literally delights them. Its absence leaves them vaguely dissatisfied. A faint odor hovering about a package of old love letters brings back other days more vividly than a picture. They revel in the *natural* scents—of driftwood burning in a

fireplace, of a bake-shop when the ovens are opening, of a bath in a flower-essence soap.

The flower-essences which make Cashmere Bouquet so delightful to well-bred nostrils also aid in the cleansing action of the soap—their presence gives to Cashmere lather a finer detergent quality.

It seems strange to mention dirt in the same breath with a soap so dainty and delightful as Cashmere Bouquet, but the essences make Cashmere Bouquet remarkably effective in loosening and removing from the skin and pores every clogging particle that stands in the way of a smooth, soft, and immaculately beautiful complexion.

If your nose is perceptive to the sensuous joys of agreeable scent, you will find in Cashmere Bouquet Soap an individual satisfaction which less sensitive people will never know.

THIS FREE SAMPLE CAKE WILL PLEASE YOU
—OR LEAVE YOU INDIFFERENT

To help you test your responsiveness to the magical allure of scent in the intimate things you use, we will send you free of charge a generous sample cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap together with a book of valuable beauty secrets, called, "Nature's Way to Lovely Skin." The advice in this book is endorsed by a famous skin specialist. Send coupon today. The price of a full-size cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap is 25 cents at drug stores. Cashmere Bouquet is "Hard-Milled," and one cake lasts a very long time.



Cashmere Co.
Est. 1896

FREE SAMPLE

Colgate & Company
(Dept. 32-F), 595 Fifth Avenue, New York
In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Ambroise Street,
Montreal.

Please send me, free, a sample-size cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap and a copy of "Nature's Way to Lovely Skin."

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Advice to Husbands and Wives

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]



Flo Ziegfeld

© Wide World

“Friendship an aid
to Success”

says

Flo Ziegfeld

“THE more numerous your friends, the greater your chances for success,” says F. Ziegfeld, famous producer of Rio Rita, Ziegfeld Follies and other successful musical comedies.

Never let a memorable occasion in the life of a friend pass without some word of congratulation or encouragement. Greeting Cards make it easy for you to keep friendships alive. They express the proper sentiment for every occasion.

Birthdays, anniversaries, the arrival of little ones, and many other occasions throughout the year call for a message of recognition from you. Greeting Cards cover all such occasions appropriately.

*Scatter Sunshine
with Greeting Cards*

for Biltmore board, with only him to hustle the coin, is another matter. It's my idea the old girl would still be hangin' around when the sexton locked up the church.

Once in a while you read where the wife elopes with the family chauffeur. That's perfectly all right, but she should slip out happily, departin' in the chauffeur's own fivver, leavin' the Rolls-Royce in the garage.

Finances is mighty important in this world, let me tell you. The fine flavor of romance can't be sustained to any extent with folks that have been throwed out of the lap of luxury by its upheavals. An' I contend these matters would pass off much better if a few laws regulatin' things as I have outlined 'em here could only be put into operation.

In-laws have been frequently mentioned in divorce courts. An' there is one place in which I'd like to call your attention to the difference between the advice of a man and a woman.

Did you ever notice the difference between the way a father and a mother advise their offspring in times of matrimonial distress?

Says the old man to his son:

“Young feller, if you want to keep that nice girl you married, it's about time that you mended your ways. She was a heap too good for you to start with, an' I

told you so—an' I'm warnin' you that if anything happens I'm sure goin' to string with your wife. I thought you had better sense than to take a chance of losin' a real fine little woman like that for the dregs of a skittle of beer, a couple of Ace fulls and a chorus girl or two. You behave yourself.”

Says Mama to her darling daughter:

“I warned you not to marry that man in the first place. I always told you you could do better and this proves it. Next time I hope you'll listen to your mother. But you would have your own way, no matter what I said and now it's too late. If he tries another thing you don't like, you come right home. I'll tell that young man what's what so he'll never forget it.”

What be a good thing, while we're at it, to pass a law obligin' in-laws to submit all their advice and counsel to the court before presenting it to the interested parties.

I'm for the ladies. The two folks

I love best in the whole world is of that species. But I got to say this. The women could easily have everything their own way. Men are just a lot of kids—all you got to do is praise 'em and kid 'em along. Mrs. Mix has got me thinkin' I'm one of the smartest guys ever sat a pony. Maybe she's kiddin' me. But I like it and it's had mighty satisfactory results all along the line.



Tom Mix hard at work (?) as a journalist. You will note Tom does not use the dictionary to check up on his spellin', but as an arm rest



Here is a way to sparkling loveliness
Youthful Beauty
 instantly
 with these youthful shades of Pompeian Powder and Bloom

By MADAME JEANNETTE DE CORDET
 Famous Beauty Specialist

USED together, these two toilettries give every advantage to your skin, bringing out its hidden beauty and cleverly disguising its lesser defects with a velvety, flower-petal finish.

Pompeian Beauty Powder gives a smooth, uniform tone from brow to throat and down over the delicate curves of the shoulders. Exquisite women use it for its purity, and for its velvety texture, which makes it adhere so admirably.

Pompeian Bloom completes the effect of instant beauty when used with Pompeian

Beauty Powder. Like the rich warm blood that comes to the cheeks of a lovely child is the natural coloring given by this rouge. It brings a rose tint to your cheeks that your mirror declares must be your very own.

You can prove the flattering effects you can obtain with Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom by purchasing them this very day at your favorite toilet goods counter. Or, if you prefer to make some beauty experiments first, fill out the coupon and mail it with Four Cents in stamps. You will receive samples of the Powder and Bloom, each in its individual box, powder in loose form, rouge in a diminutive, dainty compact.



60¢

New SMART PURSE-SIZE BLOOM COMPACT

This beguiling new case encloses the unchanging perfection of Pompeian Bloom. It is a beautiful little conceit—one of the dainty accessories that women delight to carry.

Pompeian
 Beauty Powder
 and Bloom



Madame Jeannette, THE POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
 2810 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

I should like to try the Powder and Bloom samples mentioned in your offer—enclosed please find 4c in stamps, as requested.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Powder shade wanted _____

Medium Bloom sent unless another shade requested

BOURJOIS

Paris, 28, Rue de la Paix, France



For Luxurious Loveliness

Bourjois created Manon Lescaut Powder to adorn luxurious loveliness in exquisite settings!

Its diaphanous lightness and clinging smoothness embody an idea of excellence cherished devotedly by skilled generations of Bourjois artisans.

Thus, the fastidious woman of today prefers Manon Lescaut Powder for the gracious distinction of her charm.

Bourjois' eight handmade French Rouges—including Mandarine and Ashes of Roses*—suit every complexion, and harmonize with Bourjois Face Powders.*

BOURJOIS, INC.
Paris and New York

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



MANON LESCAUT

Face Powder

Blanche, Naturelle, Rachel, Ocree, Mauve, Peaches Powder, Peaches and Cream Powder.

Papa Stops Wondering

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

thin is the piece of ham in a Harvey house sandwich just try to spread \$7.50 out far and wide enough to cover the family budget for a week.

Once he almost "got a break."

He was working for Mack Sennett and they began to talk about a contract.

But some son-of-a-gun changed the subject. Over on the Fox lot Charles' experience was the same.

Warner Brothers made the same mistake. They had Charles corralled once and let him go.

Then came a part in "Sandy," at Fox's.

"It was just a little bit, but it happened to go great," said Charles, modestly.

FOX didn't hesitate that time. Somebody hustled Charles into an office somewhere and handed him a dotted line.

And, then, lads and lassies of radioland, what do you think Charles did?

He rushed right out and bought himself a what?

Another doughnut?

No, sir.

He bought an automobile.

A Packard?

No.

A Cadillac?

No.

It was a Ford—a Ford roadster.

And he still drives it.

That is Charles Farrell.

He has gone ahead faster and farther than any young actor during the last year, but he has done it in the same Ford automobile.

"It's easy to go from a Ford to a Lincoln," said Charles, "but it's heartbreaking to go from a Lincoln to a Ford."

"I'll keep my Ford a while."

JAMES Cruze wanted a man for a part in "Ironside." He must have youth and freshness; a certain wistful charm without appearing effeminate; a gentle manliness with assurance.

Again, that is Charles Farrell.

Executives at Lasky's didn't want to give Charles the part because he was under contract to William Fox, but Cruze stood pat with the result that the industry was treated to the spectacle of one big producing company making a star of another company's contract player.

But Lasky seemed to like it, for Farrell was borrowed again to play a leading rôle in "Rough Riders." And criticism "Rough Riders" is Charles Farrell's picture.

Now Fox is co-starring him with Janet Gaynor in "Seventh Heaven."

In those three productions Farrell will have three pictures on Broadway.

But he still drives the Ford roadster.

And Papa Farrell has quit wondering—and worrying.



Billie Dove and Ben Lyon try to bribe Director Fitzmaurice to let them quit work early. Mr. Fitzmaurice is not impressed. He knows that it is only property fruit. And have you ever tried to bite a calico apple stuffed with cotton?



NOTOX
FLAHS

Gray hair belongs to yesterday - today there's Notox!

TO say that the modern woman wants to be gray, is to say that she wants to be old—which is nonsense. Not so long ago she had her doubts about hair recolorings—well founded fears of that "artificial" look—fears of marring her hair's natural beauty—

But today, there is Notox!

Notox is the final outgrowth of determination—the determination to perfect a means for recoloring hair that would be positively safe, absolutely sure, entirely natural. For years, the Inecto Laboratories studied Nature's method and probed her processes of coloration—knowing that to fight disease, one must first understand it.

And remember that gray hair really is a disease . . . It is called *Cantines*—the loss of natural coloring. Notox recolors hair in the

only natural way—it replaces the lost coloring *inside* the hair shaft—not outside, mind you, as did the old faulty restorers, but in the *inner fibres*, so that it can shine thru the hair's translucent outer covering with all its original lustrous beauty and sheen.

It is for this reason that Notox defies detection—it is for this reason that its results are *permanent*. Undetectable, safe, permanent—and so convenient—it is small wonder that hundreds of thousands of women have found in Notox, the perfect corrective for gray hair.

The best time to use Notox is when you are beginning to be gray. This means you never need to be gray at all—you never need know the marring touch of inferior dyes—you never need know the self-reproach of waiting too long.

"At the sign of the first gray hair"—Notox!



INECTO RAPID NOTOX is unchanged by any sort of waving, shampooing, permanent waving or steam baths. It is so easy to apply that thousands of women use it with perfect success in the privacy of their own homes.



INECTO RAPID NOTOX is sold and applied in beauty shops, and sold in drug and department stores. Upon request, we will recommend a beauty shop near you where you may have Notox expertly applied.

Mfgd. by **INECTO, INC.** 33 W. 46th St., N. Y. C. and Notox Ltd., 10 McCall St., Toronto Canada. (Sales Representative, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y.)

NOTOX



A Daughter of the Dons

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

When women confide

complete and exact knowledge may be lacking

THERE is a natural bond of womanhood which leads to certain confidences, but it should be remembered that wrong information may be worse than no information at all.

Ask your physician for enlightenment concerning the practice of feminine hygiene and especially the effects of poisonous antiseptics such as bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid. Unfortunately countless women unwittingly run the risks which follow the use of these compounds—the deadening of membranes, the scarring of delicate tissues. This is especially regrettable when it is understood that such risks are entirely unnecessary.

Zonite the new way in feminine hygiene

During the World War a great antiseptic was discovered, comparable in strength with the old poisonous preparations but non-poisonous and harmless to human beings. And today this product, under the name Zonite, is obtainable in practically every drugstore on American soil.

Zonite will not injure delicate tissues. And it can be used confidently. For, despite its non-poisonous nature, it is an extremely powerful germicide. In fact Zonite is *far stronger* than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be applied safely to the body. Compared with peroxide of hydrogen it will be found *more than forty times* as effective.

Free booklet for women

No wonder, then, that Zonite has been welcomed by women. Vast numbers of them have written for the attractive booklet giving concise, scientific and accurate information on the practice of feminine hygiene. Every self-respecting woman ought to have a copy, to read and to pass on to a friend. Zonite Products Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Use Zonite Ointment for burns, scratches, sunburn, etc. Also as a powerful deodorant in the form of a vanishing cream.

Zonite

At all drugstores
In bottles: 25c, 50c and \$1
Full directions with every package

ZONITE PRODUCTS COMPANY 15-F
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

Feminine Hygiene
 Use of Antiseptics in the Home
Please print name

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

But the story of the beautiful Dolores del Rio was only beginning.

Adventures lay so dazzlingly thick ahead of her that they sound like the Arabian Nights.

And all because she went to Hollywood.

Now let me stop right here and tell you that it takes exceptional beauty and exceptional talent to be noticed in Hollywood. Those who come seeking so rarely find. Those who come offering are so rarely accepted.

The Senora del Rio came—merely to visit Hollywood. She had met, in the City of Mexico, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Carewe, and they had become friends. Senor and Senora del Rio desired to travel.

What more natural than that they should come to Hollywood? As for pictures, they had never entered the Senora's lovely head.

At least—at least—she never mentioned them.

BUT, let me tell you something. Something that I found out when I talked with Dolores del Rio. Underneath, the temperament of an artist stirred a deep and secret ambition within her breast. Underneath, the desire to be an artist, to express herself, to act, to sing, to dance, had always been present.

Why, listen to this:

While she was at the convent in France she spent her vacations in Seville. Playing, going into society, driving, flirting, as did the other girls? No indeed.

Taking dancing lessons from the great Alonso himself. Working endlessly at her dancing, and the great Alonso was so pleased with her work and thought it so exceptional that one day he singled her out of a class for personal instruction. He never praised, the great Alonso, but he nodded over her work daily, and taught her the most difficult steps, gave her the final polish.

And, after that, she went to Madrid and studied the art of the dance with Bilbainita, the famous danseuse.

Doesn't it sound as though she were preparing herself all the time for a future of some kind, an artistic future?

Even after she was married, she and her husband made frequent trips to Europe, and there it was the opera, the theater, the great musicians, the great paintings, that held Dolores. The Riviera, Paris, all the dazzling gaieties which she knew so well, never satisfied her.

So she came to Hollywood.

And Edwin Carewe, appreciating the rare quality of her beauty and sensing that artistic and creative craving with-

in, suggested that she appear for him in a picture in a small part, "just for fun."

The senora, who was all of twenty by this time, was a little shocked, then a trifle amused, and then intrigued. It would be fun—to appear in a motion picture.

How amazed and delighted her friends in the City of Mexico would be!

It would be a real lark—an adventure. She spoke to her husband and he shrugged, laughed. Why not? Yes, quite an adventure.

But when the pictures got Dolores del Rio they refused to let her go. Without her solicitation, almost without her consent, she was swept from one great part to another, from *Charmaine* in "What Price Glory"—a rôle covered by most feminine Hollywood—up to her great ambition, *Carmen*.

It soon became apparent that Senora del Rio would have to make her choice. The pictures wanted her. A career was open to her.

Would she take it or would she go back to the City of Mexico and her life as a society queen?

She hesitated. It was a struggle. It had all come so swiftly, so unexpectedly. She consulted her husband. He smiled and passed the decision back to her. It didn't matter to him, as long as she was happy.

SO Dolores Asunsolo del Rio, who was born in a magnificent old Spanish ranch home which had belonged to her forefathers over three hundred years, became a motion picture actress. In less than two years she reached the top, the very top—and with it *Carmen*.

Always, that had been her dream, to play *Carmen*. And she is the first Latin woman who has ever played the part on the screen.

"I am so very happy," she says, in her quaint and delicious English, all of which she has acquired in the time since she came to Hollywood. "I am so glad this has happened to me. I love it. I am the luckiest girl in the world. I hope everybody will love my *Carmen*. It is more than just me—I feel that a Spanish girl should play the rôle, and I want to justify my belief."

She says, and you can see it, that she can hardly believe her great success yet, could hardly credit it when Metro-Goldwyn selected her to play the lead in "The Trail of 98" which is considered one of the plums of the year.

And now she is to be starred by United Artists.

"It is a dream—a secret dream, come true," says Dolores.

Another Big Contest!

See page 58 of this issue for PHOTOPLAY'S new \$5,000 Cut Puzzle Contest

A buying guide

BEFORE you order dinner at a restaurant, you consult the bill-of-fare. Before you take a long trip by motor-car, you pore over road maps. Before you start out on a shopping trip, you should consult the advertisements in this magazine. For the same reasons!

The advertising pages are a buying guide to you in the purchase of everything you need. A guide that saves your time and conserves your energy; that saves useless steps and guards against false ones; that puts the s-t-r-e-t-c-h in family budgets.

The advertisements in this magazine are so interesting, it is difficult to see how anyone could overlook them . . . fail to profit by them. Just check with yourself and be sure that you are reading the advertisements regularly—the big ones and the little ones. It is time well spent . . . always.



*Avoid time-wasting, money-wasting detours
on the road to merchandise value. Read
the advertising "road maps"*



Busy housewives find Resinol Soap saves tedious treatments

Its Resinol properties
help to keep the skin
soft and healthy.

DUST, dirt, steam—a combination sure to have disastrous effects on the complexion of the housewife who is not ever watchful to prevent them. "But how can I take time for long, systematic beauty treatments," says the busy woman, "when I have countless household duties to perform or superintend, and I must find some time for rest and social activities?"

There's no need to spend hours in tedious beauty treatments—the regular daily use of Resinol Soap will care for your skin automatically. The distinctive *Resinol* properties found only in Resinol Soap, make this result possible. Any soap will *clean* your skin, but Resinol Soap goes further—it cleanses and *soothes* at the same time. Because of its Resinol ingredients it preserves the natural oil of the skin, so essential if dryness, roughness and other ill effects of household tasks are to be prevented, and the skin kept soft and natural.

Read what some of the enthusiastic users of Resinol Soap write about it:

"It has a very soothing effect on my skin—all other soaps I've used irritated it."

"Use this soap continually, it makes my skin so soft."

"Would not feel my face was clean if not washed with Resinol Soap."

"Am 50 years old—my skin is clear and without a wrinkle. Give Resinol Soap the credit—I've used it for 20 years."

Get a cake of Resinol Soap from your druggist today and try the easy Resinol way of caring for your skin.

If you are now annoyed by blotches or similar disorders, apply a touch of Resinol—that soothing ointment which is so widely used for various skin troubles—and see how quickly the blemishes disappear. It has been prescribed by doctors for more than thirty years.

Free trial on request. Mail coupon today!

Dept. 14-E, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

I have never used Resinol Soap and Ointment, so please send me sample of each.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....



Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Questions & Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

ABBA G., DUBUQUE, IOWA.—A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you those addresses. Satisfactory?

A. G.—Laura La Plante is twenty-two years old. Norma Talmadge is an American—very much so. Ricardo Cortez is of French descent. As for me, I was born in Patagonia, of Irish-Swiss ancestry.

HELEN S., CHICAGO, ILL.—Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the addresses.

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91]

plete in one another. When your children come they are an extension of your feeling of love and safety. Through them you have another interest in life. You become a family rather than Mr. and Mrs., but safe within this oldest of human bonds the three or the four of you are a unit of happiness against the loneliness of life.

DISGUSTED SALLY:

Feeling as you do toward your father, you should leave home, Sally. You are self-supporting and you should be self-respecting. How can you respect yourself when you have to "sneak" dates? I don't like it. It isn't good for you or any other girl. There is a lure about under-cover affairs that traps many girls into false standards. Don't be put in this class, Sally. If your father refuses your having boy friends at your home and you feel you must have them, even against his orders, then get out of the home. Be independent or obedient. Don't sit on the fence any longer. That's my advice.

JENNIE:

Your mother is right. You can safely let your reducing go for another year. In the meantime, however, I see no objection to your going on a simple diet. Stop eating candy and pastries, white bread, starchy foods of all kinds and substitute green vegetables in their places. This will contribute to your general health and cut down the calories. For colors wear black with white relief; cream and ivory white; all shades of brown; sapphire blue; orchid, burgundy and dark red, canary yellow and all pinks.

WORRIED, CANADA:

The more often the hair is washed, the oilier it becomes. This is simply the natural reaction of the oil glands of the scalp. If you are troubled with excessive oiliness, it is better to brush the hair vigorously every night and morning than to shampoo it too frequently. Brushing is cleansing, you know.

DOT, DORCHESTER:

Ear rings have a tendency to make a girl look older, but you may risk wearing them on days you are feeling rested and have an urge toward dignity. The small pearl buttons are considered smarter than pendants for day time wear, the reverse being true for evening. Powder with a pink tinge and a not highly colored paste rouge will be best for you.

GLORIA:

It depends entirely upon yourself whether a dramatic course by mail will be of any

value to you or not. It would seem to me very difficult to learn so complex an art through correspondence, but you may have the stuff that makes good under any circumstances. That's nonsense about rouge causing bad complexions. It's careless and improper food that brings a muddy skin. Always use cold cream as a basis for your make-up.

ARLETTA:

Your father must have been very hurt by your mother's running away from him. That makes him guard you too zealously. You must understand how natural this reaction is in him. Talk your social problem over with him. Tell him how much you want to have your boy friends visit you, but how thoroughly he can trust you, how deeply you desire his approval rather than your own happiness. I believe he will give in to you then.

V. S.:

Here is an excellent treatment for curing blackheads. The skin must be thoroughly cleansed at night. Remove the surplus grime first with a good cold cream. Given a few moments massage, the cream penetrates the glands and softens the blackheads so that they may be readily removed. After removing the cream with a soft towel, wash the face with good, pure soap and hot water. Scrub it hard around the nose, chin and forehead, where blackheads usually come. Rinse when thoroughly clean with warm water, followed by cold. Then pat the skin with witch hazel, followed by a rub with ice. If there are any blackheads that may be squeezed out, do so by gently pressing the part between the fingers protected by a clean bit of cotton. Do but a couple at a time, followed by a cold water rinse.



Present-day dental findings urge the importance of starting early in children the habit of removing film twice daily from the teeth by Pepsodent. Gleaming smiles, the reward of daily care, bring charm and popularity in later life

Mother! Look for Film Every Day—on Child's Teeth

*The film on teeth to which authorities ascribe many of your own
and your children's tooth and gum disorders*

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

TEETH and gums are imperiled, say many authorities, by a film that forms on teeth.

Ordinary brushing having failed to combat it effectively, a new way in tooth cleansing has been advised. A way that differs in formula and effect from previous methods. These are embodied in the special film-removing dentifrice Pepsodent.

Now an effective film combatant

By running your tongue across your teeth, you will feel a film; a slippery sort of coating. Ordinary brushing does not remove it.

Film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. That is why, according to leading dental opinion, teeth look dingy and "off color."

Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It invites and breeds the germs of decay. And that is why it is judged so grave a danger to the teeth by authorities.

Film is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with germs, is the chief cause of pyorrhea. That is why regular film removal is urged as probably first in correct gum protection.

Most dental authorities urgently advise thorough film removal at least twice each day. That is every morning and every night.

For that purpose, obtain Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice which leading dental authorities favor. Different from any other tooth paste.

Pepsodent curdles the film, then removes it; then polishes the teeth in

gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids of decay and scientifically firms the gums. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And meets, thus, in all ways, the exactments of modern dental science.

On dental advice, people are adopting this new way of tooth cleansing. Obtain Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, at drug stores. Two months' supply at a moderate price—or send coupon for 10-day tube. Use twice every day. See your dentist twice each year. Make both a habit.



Master barbers are insisting that men wear girlish bobs and European tailors are advocating a return to satins and ruffles in men's clothing. This is Edward Everett Horton's idea of how the well-dressed man of 1930 will look

FREE—10-DAY TUBE



FREE—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Co., Dept. 1204, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family.

Name.....

Address.....

Canadian Office: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Canada. 2480

PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth



Jack Mower as
Shelby



Arthur Carew as
George Harris



Virginia Gray as
Little Eva



Mona Ray as
Topsy



Lucian Littlefield
as *Marks*



John Roche as
St. Clare

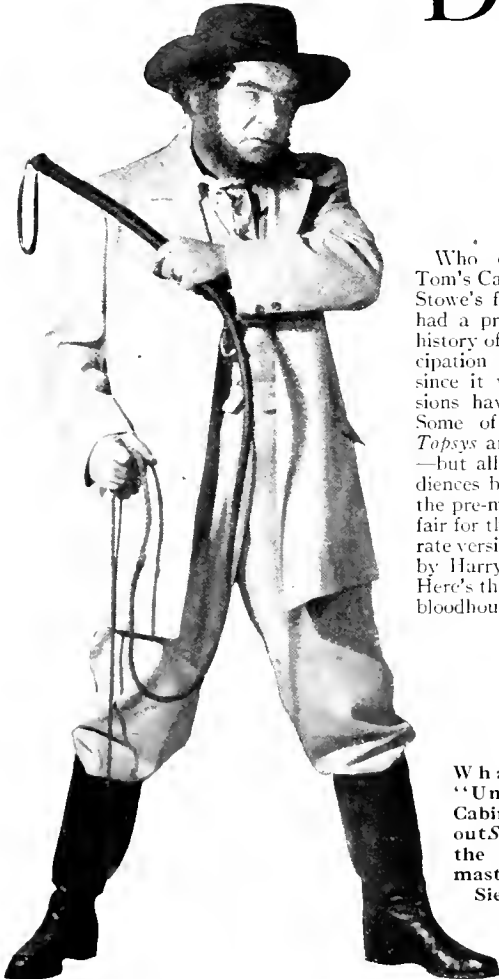
They're Selling Uncle Tom Down the River



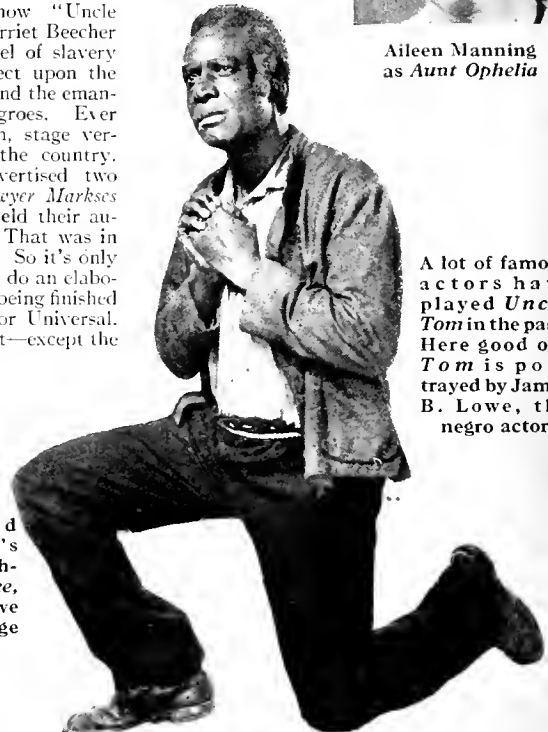
Margarita Fischer
as *Eliza*



Aileen Manning
as *Aunt Ophelia*



Who doesn't know "Uncle Tom's Cabin"? Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous novel of slavery had a profound effect upon the history of America and the emancipation of the negroes. Ever since it was written, stage versions have toured the country. Some of them advertised two *Topsys* and two *Lawyer Marks*—but all of them held their audiences breathless. That was in the pre-movie days. So it's only fair for the screen to do an elaborate version. This is being finished by Harry Pollard for Universal. Here's the whole cast—except the bloodhounds.



A lot of famous actors have played *Uncle Tom* in the past. Here good old *Tom* is portrayed by James B. Lowe, the negro actor

What would "Uncle Tom's Cabin" be without *Simon Legree*, the brutal slave master? George Siegmann is *Legree*



Piquant Eyes

ARE SMART, CLEVER, CHARMING

TODAY, the clever woman knows beauty's secret of giving her eyes a deeper loveliness by luringly darkening her lashes. She knows a world of fascination lies in teasing, lustrous eyes, veiled by a fringe of dark, luxuriant lashes.

Have *you* tried applying WINX to your lashes and seen the new lure in your eyes? Winx is the wonderful eyelash beautifier. If you haven't used it, there's a thrilling experience in store for you.

Touch up your lashes ever so lightly with liquid WINX—immediately your eyes become fascinating, beguiling. Use Winx and you have the assurance that it will not smear or streak the face; and no matter how warm the dance or theatre, Winx stays on beautifully. It is *waterproof*—even while you swim. And when you cry (if cry you must), do not fear, for Winx is tearproof too. Winx is harmless and dries instantly....Black or brown, 75c. U.S. or Canada.

After powdering, trace a bit of WINXETTE (the solid-form eyelash darkener) through the eyebrows, thus adding charm to the face. Black or brown.

CLARA BOW, now appearing in "Children of Divorce," a Paramount production.



PERT! Do you know it? It is the moist Rouge that gives such charming natural rosiness. Waterproof, and lasts all day.



OFFER!

Try this way for "lovelier lashes—lovelier eyes." Mail coupon with 12c. at once for a generous sample of WINX. Another 12c. brings a sample of PERT, the waterproof Rouge that lasts all day.

ROSS COMPANY
241-F West 17th Street, New York



ROSS CO., 241-F WEST 17th ST., NEW YORK

- Enclosed find 12c. for a generous sample of WINX.
- Another 12c. brings a sample of PERT moist Rouge.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

Please PRINT Name

WINX

Waterproof



Billie Dove

Dear Mr. Shaughnessy:

It is so hard to select the one Shaughnessy garment that I like best because they are all so beautiful and so lustrous. Olovnit pajamas are just beautiful and I would be delighted to have them named after me.

If the women of America only realize how pretty, how stylish and how serviceable the "BILLIE DOVE PAJAMAS" really were, you would not be able to make them fast enough.

Wishing you the greatest success, I remain
Yours sincerely,
Billie Dove

First National Pictures

YOU too—can enjoy these beautiful pajamas. They are sold with all other Olovnit garments—direct to you by our factory representatives. Orders are filled from fresh stocks of new Summer styles and colors.

Mail the coupon today and see the complete line of Olovnit garments and hosiery.

Shaughnessy
Olovnit
GARMENTS & HOSIERY



Mail this coupon today and our representative will call and show you our latest garments.
The Shaughnessy Knitting Co.
Watertown, N. Y.

Please have your representative show me your new summer styles.

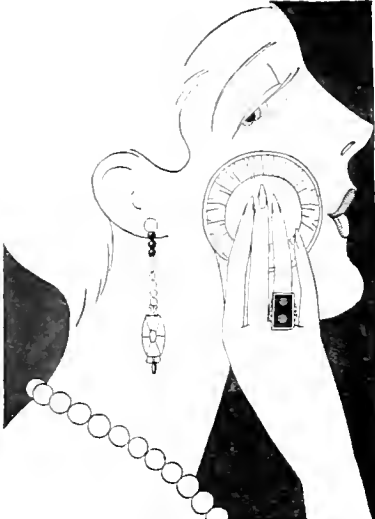
Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....



PROVING that there is something in the old saying that it's lucky for boys to look like their mothers. Feature for feature, William Haines is the very picture of the lady who is proud to be his mother. Mrs. Haines journeyed from Virginia to visit her son. You may be sure that she agrees with all the nice things that the critics and the public have been saying about Bill this last year

News and Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]



NEW wonderful FACE POWDER

AN entirely new French Process Powder is this wonderful creation called Mello-glo. Once you use Mello-glo you will realize how different it is from old-time face powders. Notice how Mello-glo is so little affected by perspiration—how long it stays on—how it keeps that ugly shine away. Its thin, downy film of pure fine powder protects the pores from dirt and impurities. Beauty fades only when the pores become clogged and enlarged. Do not neglect this most vital feature of your good looks. The most important thing is the kind of face powder you use.

Don't let your pores get large

Try this wonderful Mello-glo Powder today. Sold by high-class stores everywhere. If your local dealer is out of Mello-glo ask him to get it, or use the coupon below.

Mello-glo

THE NEW FACE POWDER

Send 10 cents for sample of Mello-glo powder, with booklet on the new French Beauty Treatment, or \$1.00 for a large box of Mello-glo Facial-Tone Powder, including beauty instruction book.

MELLO-GLO COMPANY
201 Devonshire St. Boston, Mass. (Dept. B)

Name.....
Address.....
Please write here name of your favorite store:

Madeline, patting the black sheen of her hair, "and then he slowly turned his head my way. . ."
"Yes—" breathlessly.
"And I discovered he had halitosis."
Picture-making, you will see, is not all honeysuckle and breath lozenges.

AN off-screen tragedy: The wife of Nijinski, the famous Russian dancer, plays a "bit" in "Old Heidelberg." Nijinski has been hopelessly insane for many years.

IT was at a downtown theater and a super-spectacle was slowly rambling to its ultimate clinch.
Needless to say the plot was painfully garbled.

"I say," said the bewildered man with the octagon-shaped lenses, "how did all these scenes happen to be thrown together?"

"It was written by one of the highest priced scenarists in the business," whispered the man with the bifocals.

"You don't mean to say it was pre-meditated!"

UNLESS you are a blonde in Hollywood you might as well toss away the mirror and sit down to peel the dinner potatoes.

The only alternative is to be a brunette. Or a red-head. Even Our Gang demands its perfect blonde for leading lady. And gets it.

Miss Jean Darling, age four, dimpled and cherubic, has the hearts of the Gang in her fat baby hands.

She'll be a great success when she gets through wiggling, says Hal Roach. It may be funny when you're training a motion picture camera on her, but try and get a reposeful portrait. Just a young St. Vitus who can't stand still a minute.

Maybe she'll be the second Gilda Gray.

YOU can close Ellis Island as far as I'm concerned. I want my foreign invasion to come from south of the Rio Grande. You've seen Dolores del Rio. Wait until you see Lupe—it's short for Guadalupe—Valez. Hot tamale!

Black, shining, wonderful eyes and a voice as harsh as a young parrakeet, that's Lupe. Graceful quick movements and hair like polished tar. Straight from Mexico City with five Chihuahuas, seventeen years of life and a watchful mommer. Lupe is the latest Hal Roach comedy find.

"There he is! The flower of my heart! The light of my life! I *lofe* heem!" It was just Lupe greeting a new acquaintance. Is she popular on the lot? Is she? Ask me another!

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON comes of a newspaper family. Once he went into an editorial room seeking a job.

"I'm looking for a job," he told the editor.

"Fine, just take a seat," the editor said.

After a few minutes had passed, Horton said:

"Have you an assistant?"

"I can't tell yet," the editor replied. "I just sent him out to the anteroom to see a man and I expect to hear a gun go off any moment."

NEW YORK is as dead, filmly speaking, as a summer resort in winter time. The arrival of Cecil B. De Mille for the opening of "The King of Kings" helped things a little. Ben Lyon, headed for Manhattan, switched off and went to Boston. Marilyn Miller was playing there in "Sunny," in case you need an explanation. And Pola Negri passed through on her way to Europe for a vacation.

Charlie Chaplin is playing the man-about-town, in a quiet way. He is doing



This attractive residential street is really a row of dressing-room bungalows on the Famous Players-Lasky lot. The dressing rooms are designed in various styles of architecture so that exteriors can also be used as backgrounds for pictures

no work but clowns occasionally at a dinner party. Charlie won't finish "The Circus" until his matrimonial affairs come to some sort of settlement. The Ku Klux Klan has suppressed a few showings of his comedies. But, as Will Rogers once said, I am not going to again make cracks against the Klan. I am nobody's fool.

HAVING surprised everyone by divorcing her husband, the former Mrs. Clarence Brown packed up her diamonds and marched off to Paris. Ona Brown declares that she is through with Hollywood, Beverly Hills and the movies in general. She is going to live in Europe.

I doubt it. You cannot keep 'em in Patee once they have had a taste of movie life.

TOM J. GERAGHTY, who is now conducting a chatter column in *Variety* (the theatrical sheet, not the picture), tosses off this one: "A girl from Pomona came to town on the interurban to see Morris Gest's production of 'The Miracle.' Next day someone asked her how she liked it.

"She said, 'I didn't get to see the picture, as they had a very dreary prologue that ran on and on. I stayed until after 11—and the prologue was still going.'"

RING LARDNER, who was invited to the Naked Truth Dinner given by the New York press agents, sent the following telegram: "Sorry unable to attend your dinner. This is the children's night out and I have to stay home and take care of the nurse. It is a matter of real regret as I have always yearned to be at a banquet where most of the speeches were in a foreign language."

THE meteor now flashing most brightly in the Hollywood sky is Dolores Del Rio. Senora Del Rio is now a full-fledged star and her first independent production will be "Romona." Of course Edwin Carewe will direct her. Credit Carewe with this important discovery. They say that Carewe will make a small fortune from "Resurrection." And Senora Del Rio, married to a wealthy Mexican, is already in the big money class.

GILDA GRAY has changed her mind about making a film version of "Marie Odile." It was, you remember, solemnly announced by Gil Boag that Gilda would appear in the rôle of the French nun, created on the stage by Frances Starr. I have an evil suspicion that Mr. Boag was spoofing us a bit.

Arthur Hornblow, Jr., translator of "The Captive," is selecting stories for Miss Gray, and it was he who suggested the substitution of a story called "Passionate Island," instead of "Marie Odile." Somehow or other Mr. Hornblow, as adapter, felt that he couldn't introduce a snappy dance into the story of the nun.

IT'S all very well to be the life of the party, but when you can be the life of the hospital, that's really a feat for any man to be proud of.

Reggie Denny spent a number of long weeks in a Los Angeles hospital lately,

The gracious gift of France . . . Smooth Skin

By this very method
the finest French
toilet soap is made

MAKE a new toilet soap as marvelous as French soap—but not so costly," you begged us!

So we made the soap you wanted—made Lux Toilet Soap—by the very method France developed and uses for her finest toilet soaps.

For years the world has looked to France for fine toilet soaps. For beauty-wise France knew the skin itself must be smooth, exquisite for true loveliness. So Lux Toilet Soap is made quite differently from other white soaps you are used to.

Firm, fine-textured, satiny, Lux Toilet Soap is true *savon de toilette*. The instant bubbling lather caresses your skin giving you that delicious satin smooth luxurious feeling you



YESTERDAY 50¢ for a French toilet soap
TODAY—the same luxury for 10¢

adored after costly imported soaps. It tends your skin the true French way. Somehow you do feel more exquisite.

France's passion for perfection—America's genius for achievement! Lux Toilet Soap, generous, long wearing, is just 10¢! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

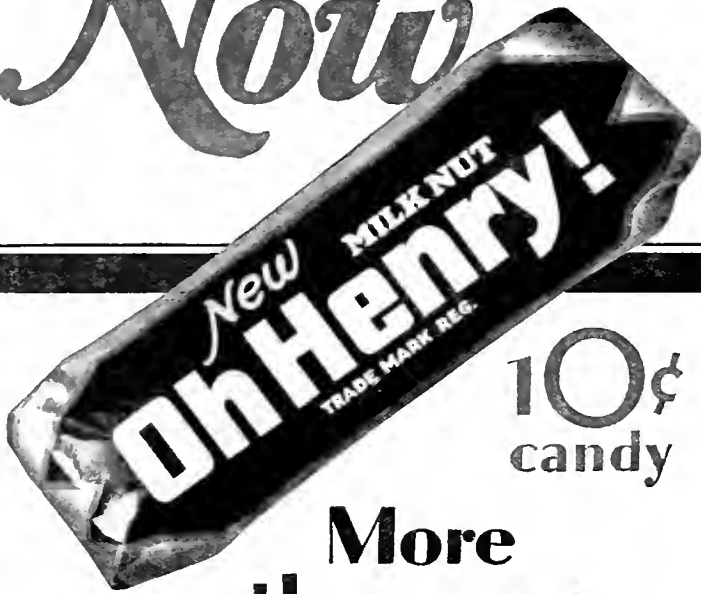
Already America has bought
tens of millions of cakes



Instant lather even in hard water

LUX TOILET SOAP

Now



10¢
candy

**More
than ever,
the World's Greatest
Dime's Worth**

**NEW SHAPE
NEW PACKAGE
EASY TO EAT**

MAKE THIS AN OH HENRY! SUMMER

What \$2⁵⁰ Will Bring You

More than a thousand pictures of photoplayers and illustrations of their work and pastime.

Scores of interesting articles about the people you see on the screen.

Splendidly written short stories, some of which you will see acted at your moving picture theater.

Brief reviews with the casts of current photoplays.

The truth and nothing but the truth, about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry.

You have read this issue of Photoplay, so there is no necessity for telling you that it is one of the most superbly illustrated, the best written and most attractively printed magazines published today—and alone in its field of motion pictures.

Send a Money Order or Check for \$2.50 if in U. S., its dependencies, Mexico, Cuba (\$3.00 Canada; \$3.50 to foreign countries), for the next twelve issues, addressed to

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Dept. 1-F, 750 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago

result of an accident and two major operations. But a pal of mine who had a room right across the hall told me that Reggie never lost his delicious sense of humor and that every morning his latest witticism went the rounds and cheered everybody up.

IN the adjoining hospital room was a middle aged man, who seemed to be entirely cured of his illness, but who didn't go home. He worried Reggie a little, walking restlessly up and down the hall, and apparently never sleeping at night. So finally Reggie, in that irresistible smiling way of his, asked his neighbor to come in and visit.

Soon he had the whole story—a disastrous story of betrayal by a friend in business, which had left this man penniless and stranded.

He couldn't leave the hospital because he didn't have money enough to pay his hospital bill.

Reggie got his lawyer, looked into his business troubles, paid the man's bill and straightened out the whole matter.

"And incidentally saved my life and reason," the man told my friend.

THOSE Galleries—Tom and his wife, ZaSu Pitts, you know. They are reducing their friends to absolute nervous wrecks, all because of their radio. It has a special broadcasting connection upstairs. The instrument, itself, is in the living room. There the fun begins.

For instance, Lloyd Pantages whose father owns a variety house in Los Angeles was a guest of the Galleries.

"Pantages Theater on fire. 2-11 alarm turned in. Every available engine in the city responding to call," came the sonorous voice of the announcer.

Tom and ZaSu had excused themselves previously "to go and prepare a bite to eat."

Young Lloyd paled, rushed to the tele-



Picture of a copper mine, a few months after birth. When Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins admired little Allen Clay, Jr., they thought of him only as a very fine pickaninny. Little did they realize that the chocolate drop would some day be the devastating Farina of the movies

phone and called a local paper. But ZaSu was on the telephone extension upstairs. She verified the radio report.

By that time Lloyd was halfway to his car and Tom had to chase him three miles before he finally caught up with him.

And they both lived to play a similar prank on Erich von Stroheim the following evening.

AFTER a five year separation—and also a divorce—Mrs. William S. Hart announces that she will gladly return to her husband, if invited. For the sake of her son, she will forgive all. Up to the present writing, Mr. Hart has made no effort to see her. The former Winifred Westover also tells the world that she plans to return to pictures.

"ARE you related to the bride or the groom-elect?" a busy usher asked a young man at Joe Jackson's and Ethel Shannon's wedding.

"No," the young man replied.

"Then, what interest have you in the ceremony?" said the usher.

"I'm just one of the defeated candidates," the young man answered.

DOROTHY GISH and Inspiration Pictures are no longer pals. The contract existing between them has been called off by mutual consent. Dorothy has returned from England and has gone to California to see Lillian and her mother. Inspiration wanted to place Dorothy in American pictures, but Dorothy likes to work in England.

She has a lovely home in London—in the Mayfair section—and she is going right back. Fog or no fog, she will continue in British-made films.

IF you don't believe that Boston is still the Hub of Culture, read this excerpt from the beloved Transcript's review of Gilda Gray's picture, "Cabaret":

"Miss Gray's Black Bottom is an exercise to conjure with. It leaves not one flexor inactive nor an extensor untroubled. It summons the gluteus maximus to prodigious devolutions, inspiring sympathetic tremors in the ischial region. Every digital tendon responds. Palmaris and biceps take up the story. The whole activity culminates in a profound disquiet of the pectoralis major."

To sum up, how she did shake!

ESTELLE TAYLOR has a new play-house. Let other stars collect their Goyas, fine linens and Chinese embroideries, Estelle is busy telling the architect to be sure and make the fireplace big enough, with that effective mosaic border. The house is as large as the English cottage where she and Jack live and the second floor is to be an immense ballroom with small anterooms for billiards and cards at the rear. It can also be converted into a little theater. Downstairs is allotted to the cars and the servants' quarters.

"But I have to be on the job all the time," explained Estelle, "because if I left Jack alone he would have it outfitted like an athletic club."

Golden State Limited



De luxe California Train

An "achievement" that insures a trip of "positive pleasure" to every patron.

Try it next time. It's a practical demonstration of the value of the little P's and Q's of individual travel service.

Only 63 hours between Chicago and Los Angeles.

Shortest and quickest between Chicago and San Diego.

Rock Island Lines
Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:
You must indeed be proud in your achievement of such a train as the Golden State Limited. Its many courtesies and conveniences make a positive pleasure of the transcontinental trip.

Ben Lyon
(Ben Lyon)

Tickets and reservations at

- Hollywood Ticket Office
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Phones Granite 1801-1802
- Los Angeles Ticket Office
212 West Seventh Street
Phone Metropolitan 2000
- B. F. Coons, General Agent
Rock Island Lines
809 Van Nuys Building
Phone Trinity 4574, Los Angeles, California
- Hugh H. Gray, General Agent
Southern Pacific Lines
531 Fifth Ave. at 41 St.
or
165 Broadway
Phone Cortland 4800, New York City
- P. W. Johnston
General Agent, Passenger Department
Rock Island Lines
723 Knickerbocker Building
Broadway and 42nd Street
Phones Wisconsin 2515-6
New York City (214)





Make your lips lovelier!

YOU'LL discover this remarkable thing when you try Tangee.

You run the little stick of orange magic firmly over your lips. For a second or two nothing happens. Then, gradually, your lips begin to glow—not with the orange color of the lipstick—but blush-rose, Nature's own youthful bloom. . . .

Once more you rub the lipstick over your lips. . . . The color deepens—becomes richer—astonishingly lovely!

And yet there'll be no trace of grease or pigment. No unnatural coating. Nothing except a lovely bloom, so beautiful and yet so natural that it seems a part of your lips. . . . And, indeed, it is a part of your lips, for it is as permanent as the day is long.

Naturally, women who have tried Tangee prefer it to the old-fashioned kind of lipstick—for Tangee is the only lipstick in the world that changes color as it is put on, to give you Nature's own lovely glow. . . . Ask for it today, and be sure to see the name Tangee on the box and on the chic little gunmetal case! Price one dollar. Sold everywhere.

Other Modern Aids to Loveliness

Tangee Crème Rouge \$1, and Rouge Compact 75c, the same color magic for the cheeks; Tangee DAY Cream and Tangee NIGHT Cream, to improve and protect the complexion, \$1 each; and Tangee Face Powder in the five shades of Nature \$1. Prices 25c higher in Canada.

TANGEE



Dept. 84
The George W. Luff Co.
417 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me the trial "Tangee Beauty Set," including Lipstick, Crème Rouge, Day Cream, Night Cream, and Face Powder. I enclose 20 cents to cover cost of mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

Can't you imagine some of our best known screen bantamweights having a large evening, so to speak, on the parallel bars if Jack had his way? Most of them have more than a speaking acquaintance with dumb-bells, anyway.

IRVING ASHER says a negro woman, working in a picture of which he was production manager, could not read or write and every night, when she signed the payroll, she placed a cross opposite her name as her signature.

One night, however, when the day's work was over and she went to draw her pay, the negress drew a circle instead of the usual cross.

"How's this?" inquired the paymaster. "You have been signing with a cross and now you make a circle."

"Well, you see, boss," the negress replied, "I got married last night and changed my name."

ONCE upon a time Hal Roach made a complete two-reel comedy in twenty-four hours to win a bet with Harold Lloyd. It took everyone on the lot to help him, even directors were drafted to service as prop men. Which prompts us to ask if Harold is acquainted with Erich von Stroheim.

PITY the tragic plight of poor Charles Chase, that eminent comedian, according to his press agent:

"Charley Chase, Hal Roach comedy star, is recuperating at Palm Springs since the completion of his latest offering, 'What Women Did for Me.' Forty-two hand-picked beauties in their teens supported him in this production."

And still they say actors do not take their work seriously.

CLOTHES may make the man, but not so with Milton Holmes. He's one of the four new De Mille stock play-

ers, young and brunette, who got his start in "Wings," the Paramount aviation epic. When the uniforms were doled out Milton got a shabby misfit that caused him no end of disappointment among the tailored outfits of his fellow extras.

But William Wellman, only a kid himself, an ex-aviator, now directing the picture, spied him:

"Who is that boy over there?" pointing out Milton. "Why, he looks just like I did when I went into the service at eighteen."

And so Milton got the job, as the comics would have it. He got ninety-six jobs, as a matter of fact, for they made him the favorite corpse of the troupe. He died as a Frenchman, he died as an American, as a German, an Italian. He died his way into a good contract with De Mille.

"I'VE got out of visiting all our relatives," Dorothy Dunbar told her new husband, Tom Wells.

"How?" inquired Tom.

"I've asked them all to come here," said Dorothy.

BY direct wire from the Producers Distributing Corporation salesman in that grand and glorious old state of Washington.

"So you won't book 'The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary.?"

Adamant exhibitor: "Nope."

"It's May Robson's first motion picture. She's played it on the stage for thirty-two years."

"Nope. Sorry."

"Think of all the people who have read the book."

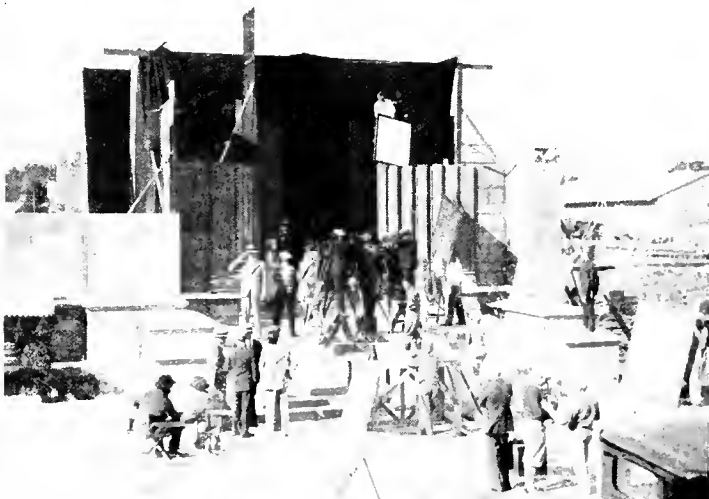
A negative head shake.

"A great cast, too. And lavish settings."

"Uh uh."

"Why not, Mr. Jones?"

"Well, I'll tell you. The name's too long. Couldn't get it on the front of my theater."



A small section of a big city street scene, built on the back lot of the Famous Players-Lasky Studio. The upper portion of the building will be shot through glass. Notice the drifting snow on the steps.

It is salt and will not melt under the California sun

Madam Glyn had the right idea when she labelled her gelatin product "It." It could play the smallest theaters.

IT was at a dinner party that the approaching wedding of an actor was being discussed.

"Why, I thought Mr. So-and-So was married," said a woman guest.

"His wife died," the man at her right explained.

"Died," she exclaimed.

"And wives so seldom die," said Gareth Graham, the bachelor title writer.

HEAR marvelous things about Norma Shearer as *Kathie* in "Old Heidelberg."

And thereby hangs a tale.

Of course "Old Heidelberg" is a great love story.

Ramon Novarro was selected for the rôle of the Prince by M.-G.-M. Then there was a search for a director and Lubitsch was secured. Then they wanted the right *Kathie*. And decided to co-star Norma Shearer.

It didn't seem a Norma Shearer rôle, the sweet and gentle and naive daughter of the old Heidelberg innkeeper. And at first Mr. Lubitsch, so they say, had some trouble about it. Finally, however, finding Miss Shearer adaptable and intelligent, he succeeded in divesting her of every one of the Shearer mannerisms. Now he declares she is the perfect *Kathie* and that it will be her greatest rôle.

WILL ROGERS, our wandering, wise-cracking ambassador, is going to park his chewing gum and lariat in Hollywood long enough to make a picture. "The Texas Steer" with Will as a Texas cattleman elected to congress is to be the opera and if Jack Dillon, the director, doesn't burst his sides laughing at Will's remarks, Sam Rork should have it ready for release by fall.

DAVE BUTLER, who admits he's a great squash player, has sprouted whiskers and a French uniform for "Seventh Heaven." He goes to war and comes home minus an arm. Naturally, he had to lead to his body for the latter scenes.

It was after a particularly tiring day when the bound arm had throbbled unmercifully that he met Lon Chaney at the Stadium fights, with:

"Hello, Lon! Gee, I never knew what a great actor you were."

DEFINITION of a supervisor, furnished by Douglas Furber, formerly of *Charlot's Revue*, now with M.-G.-M.: "A supervisor is a man who knows just what he wants—but can't spell it."

THE Duncan sisters, Vivian and Rosetta, are sharing a duplex dressing bungalow with the Barrymore brothers, John and Lionel, in a building that was previously occupied by the Talmadge sisters, Norma and Constance.

If Joe Schenck could round up a few other celebrated brother and sister teams, the Farnums and the Gishes, for instance, he could afford to change it from United Artists to United Families.



One aim . . . C . . . One claim to CLEAN

*To clean teeth and clean them perfectly
—that is what Colgate's is made to do*

THE Colgate idea of a dentifrice is the same idea that dentists have—something made simply and solely to clean teeth. Because Colgate's is made only to clean, it does that one thing superlatively well.

Why Colgate's cleans better

Since the real function of a dentifrice is to *clean*, everything in the Colgate formula works on this principle. The moment it is brushed on your teeth, two things happen:

1. It expands into a delicious, bubbling, sparkling foam. In this remarkable foam is calcium carbonate—a finely ground powder that delicately, *safely* scrubs off all bits of food and harmful foreign matter,

polishing each tooth to dazzling cleanness.

2. Then, in a detergent-washing wave, this foam sweeps through the entire mouth, washing away all impurities and leaving teeth, tongue, gums, cleansed and fresh. Thus, the very causes of tooth decay are removed.

Your dentist will tell you to use a dentifrice for *one* reason—to keep your teeth *clean*. If you fear disease of teeth or gums, go to a dentist for treatment rather than trust a "patent medicine" dentifrice. Rely on a dentist to cure. Rely on Colgate's to *clean* and keep your teeth healthy.

Colgate's
Est. 1806



FREE to the readers of this publication—a sample of the dentifrice most Americans use

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 206-F, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Please send me a sample of this cleansing dentifrice.

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EVER SO QUICKLY!



Lovely Nails that Distinguish Fashionable Hands

A census of opinion reveals this new manicure as the ultra mode.

Alluring, lustrous nails . . . Everywhere feminine nails now gleam with this new manicure . . . the wonderful gift of Glazo.

No buffing. Just a flick of the brush over the nails and, instantly, they glow with irresistible loveliness. Not for an hour or a day, but for a week Glazo lustre keeps its enticing beauty. Neither soap and water nor work can dim its radiance. And it will not crack, peel or turn an ugly brown.

Make sure that you get Glazo, the originator of this vogue. Then you will know that your hands and nails are of the latest mode.

Like the most expensive imported polishes, Glazo comes complete with separate remover. This Glazo Remover insures better results and prevents unnecessary waste of the precious Glazo Liquid Polish.

You can get Glazo in the toilet goods department of your favorite store. The dainty twin bottles hold the secret to fascinating, fashionable hands. Ask for Glazo by name. The Glazo Company, 406 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio; 468 King St. W., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The Original Liquid Polish Complete with Remover . . . Fifty Cents

GLAZO

Nails polished with Glazo are more beautiful, more fashionable. No buffing necessary.



Try Glazo Cuticle Massage Cream. It shapes the cuticle and keeps it even and healthy.

THE custom house officers must have thought Frank Borzage an antique collector when he steamed into the New York harbor recently. He had acquired, on a trip to Paris, one asthmatic ancient taxicab answering to the name of "Eloise," a complete French street cleaning apparatus with pipes and nozzles, and trunks of provincial costumes for "Seventh Heaven" which he is making for Fox.

"Eloise," to me, was by far the most interesting of the importations. A gentle dear when not aroused, with convex sides and a general air of discreet poverty. She was a courageous young taxi in the stormy days of 1914, and gulped many poisons into her tummy to careen to the front with them, there to fight the boche.

Frank says "Eloise" is the least temperamental of any foreign star he has directed.

BILL HART'S pet hobby is collecting guns used by famous killers of the early west and he has a great collection. The latest piece of artillery to be acquired and one of which Bill is proud, is that used so successfully by Billy the Kid, undoubtedly the greatest slayer of the Southwest. The Kid, who met a violent end at the age of twenty-one, had twenty-one notches on his gun, one for every year of his short life. And these were all white men, for the Kid refused to count Mexicans.

HELEN FERGUSON must be getting away behind on her sleep. Every day she works in a studio, every night she acts out on the stage at one of the new Hollywood legitimate theaters.

WHEN he was last in Hollywood, that eminent actor and profound savant, Mr. Gene Tunney, told his friends that the moving picture industry will have to do the best it can without any assistance from him until after his next fight. Don't break down and cry.

ALTHOUGH there are almost as many flower gardens in Hollywood as there are service stations and real estate offices, Taylor Holmes has followed Kathleen Clifford into the flower shop business and they are both making money.

EUGENE O'BRIEN, he of the crooked smile and careworn eye, is responsible for the breaking off of an engagement between one of the rising young actors of Hollywood and a young actress. And what's more to the point he's proud of it.

The rising young actor, after a none-too-successful struggle with the films, was cast in the leading part in a spoken drama at one of Hollywood's newest theaters. This part he played so well he attracted favorable attention from movie producers who until then had had little difficulty restraining their enthusiasm about him. And several of them made him some of those "dear old flattering offers" to trade his movie services for checks larger than he'd seen before.

These offers were very welcome, because the new celebrity is the sole support of a sizable family of brothers and sisters. But he wasn't the only one they were welcome to.

A young movie actress at once declared herself in on the good news and it wasn't long until the boulevard heard that she and the rising young actor were engaged.

It was then that Eugene O'Brien, one of the most romantic of screen lovers, proved that he is not without his realistic side. Talking to the r. y. a. like an Irish uncle he convinced him his first duty was not to his Jenny-come-lately fiancée but to his own family and his own career.

The engagement is off and a certain young movie actress, just a nice little girl who is trying to get along, is off one Eugene O'Brien for life.

DURING the filming of "Old Ironsides," the list of injured among the extras grew to formidable proportions, but in making "The King of Kings," C. B. de Mille had better luck than fell to James Cruze, who directed the story of the valiant Constitution. The only man who was hurt during the shooting of "The King of Kings" was a visiting Knight of Columbus from Chicago, upon whose hand fell a section of the Wall of Jerusalem.

MARION DAVIES' huge new home on the beach at Santa Monica, which will be completed in time for the summer season, has more imported marble in it than in any of a dozen other homes of screen luminaries at the famous resort. And speaking about Santa Monica, Lillian Gish has a fine new home there although, apparently, this fact has escaped the attention of George Jean Nathan, who, once upon a time, was said to be engaged to marry Dorothy's sister.

Nathan dropped into Santa Monica the other day, shocked the natives by staying in bed until eleven in the morning, each day of his visit, spent all of his time at his hotel and went his way without having gazed upon the interior splendors of the Gish establishment so far as anyone seems to know.

LEACH CROSS, who, as a pugilist, used to knock teeth out of the mouths of his foes and who, as a dentist, used to knock teeth into the mouths of his friends, has opened a night-and-day restaurant in a new hotel on Hollywood Boulevard owned by the Christie Brothers and associates. It's getting a big play from picture celebrities.

VIRGINIA VALLI and Julanne Johnston have just returned home after taking Honolulu by storm. Virginia was ordered on an ocean trip to recuperate after a severe operation and Julanne went along to keep the semi-invalid from being lonely. Miss Valli has fully regained her health.

HERE'S the latest yarn on Fanny Hbrice.

She recently signed a three picture contract with F. B. O.

When Fanny called at the studio to discuss her first vehicle and found the title was "Clancey's Kosher Wedding," she balked and balked hard.

"No Jewish comedies for Fanny," was the star's ultimatum. "I want to play 'Cleopatra' or 'Joan of Arc' or something of that sort."

Amateur Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64]

take 15 or 20 reels of 100 foot length. Make at least several takes of every scene and, when you cut your film, select the best shot. To get a good drama into 1000 feet of standard film, you will have to expose 15,000 to 20,000 feet of negative. Remember that professional companies, with unlimited resources of lighting, settings, etc., frequently run to 200,000 feet of negative in making a 6,000 to 7,000 foot feature picture.

Select your story first. Consider it from every angle. Is it fresh, logical, human, does it develop upward steadily, is there a dramatic climax, can it be told in the required length of film?

Then work out the story in continuity form. Put each scene on paper with tentative subtitles. Study it over. Does it still pass all the questions we have noted? Then start working.

SUPPOSE a number of scenes take place in an old-fashioned garden. Shoot all these at the same time. A number of other scenes develop in a library. Get all these at the same time. This clears up a lot of material easily and saves you from the possible need of revisiting an exterior location or rebuilding and rearranging an interior setting.

When the final continuity is ready, your production manager should work out a schedule sheet, with the number of the scenes to be taken listed under the proper dates.

You will have a lot of fun. And the whole thing won't cost as much as an ordinary club dance and entertainment.

REMEMBER, too, that your club can earn its camera and all necessary equipment free. Line up your club and write to The Amateur Movie Producer, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

Here's Your Chance to Win \$2,000

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

recognition throughout America, aside from winning substantial prizes. Besides all that, you will be a real film pioneer.

PHOTOPLAY receives a large number of letters every day regarding its contest. Many of the inquiries are fully covered in the rules, published on page 118. Be sure to read the rules carefully and fully, before you write to **PHOTOPLAY**. Other questions, wherever considered legitimate, are answered immediately.

Better get started on your film for the contest.

Additional news for amateur movie producers will be found on pages 118, 119, 120, 121 and 122

Onyx Pointex Silk Stockings

*Lines
Sweeping Gracefully
Above the Heel*

Sweet scent of orange blossoms—the majestic measures of the Wedding March. Then the tossed bouquet—laughter—carnival.

Clumsy, indeed, we would be to say that no wedding is successful unless the bride wears Onyx Pointex Silk Stockings.

But we do say that the bride who loves and knows pure silk, and who appreciates the subtle grace of the Pointex heel is among those who *would* have a charming wedding and who *will* remain charming.



*Even professional
cameramen
endorse the DeVry*



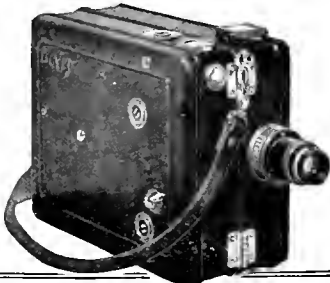
ALTHOUGH designed for *personal* movie making, the DeVry standard film automatic movie camera has won wide acceptance among professional cameramen. Every week news reel weeklies, even parts of feature productions, are taken with this remarkable amateur camera.

And yet, taking movies with the DeVry is as easy as taking a snapshot. No cranking—no tripod—Just point the camera, *press the button* and you're taking movies—movies of permanent feature film brilliance because the DeVry uses Standard film, the kind that's used in Hollywood.

Send for Free Booklet

The DeVry takes 100 feet of film without reloading—has three view finders instead of one—can be loaded in daylight and is amazingly free from ordinary camera vibration. Yet the price is only \$150.00—less than the cost of some "off-standard" film cameras. Send the coupon today for your FREE copy of our new book "Just Why the DeVry Takes Better Movies."

DeVry
Standard—Automatic
MOVIE CAMERA



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Please send me your new free book, "Just Why the DeVry Takes Better Movies."

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Address.....
City..... State.....



Mary McAllister, whose work in "One Minute to Play," the football picture featuring "Red" Grange, won her baby star recognition by the Wampus Club, uses her DeVry to film the antics of her pet pup

Amateur Trick Photography

By John Arnold

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Cameraman; Photographer of "The Big Parade"

THE movie amateurs can vie with the work of the professional cameraman these days. The Eyemo, Filmo, Pathex, DeVry, or Cine-Kodak all have potentialities for photography that the professional might envy.

To get the best results depends on two things—one within control—the other a

matter of judgment. The first is knowledge of the camera, the film, the lenses, and composition;—these can be learned and are therefore controllable factors.

The other factor is conditions for photography—beyond absolute control for the amateur, who must therefore use his judgment as to the best time of day

Photoplay's \$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest

1. \$2,000 in cash prizes will be awarded by PHOTOPLAY as follows:
 1. \$500 for the best 1,000 foot 35 mm. film.
 2. \$500 for the best 400 ft. 16 mm. film.
 3. \$500 for the best 60 ft. 9 mm. film.
 4. \$500 as an added prize for the best film submitted in any one of these three divisions.

In the event that two or more films prove of equal merit in any division, prizes of \$500 will be awarded each of the winners.

2. The submitted film need not necessarily be a drama. It may be dramatic, comic, a news event, home pictures, a travelogue, a diary or any form of screen entertainment presented within the prescribed length. It need not be narrative. It may be anything the amateur creates. In selecting the winners the judges will consider the general workmanship, as well as the cleverness, novelty and freshness of idea and treatment. Under the head of general workmanship comes photography, titling, editing and cutting and lighting. In considering dramas or comedies, amateur acting ability and make-up will be considered.
3. Films are to be submitted on non-inflammable stock with names and

addresses of the senders securely attached or pasted to the reel or the box containing the reel.

4. Any number of reels may be submitted by an individual.
5. Any person can enter this contest except professional photographers or cinematographers or anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or any relatives of anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY.
6. All films are to be addressed to the judges, The Amateur Movie Producer Contest, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York, and are to be submitted between June 1, 1927, and midnight of December 31, 1927.
7. The judges will be James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY, Frederick James Smith, managing editor of PHOTOPLAY, and three others to be selected by them.
8. PHOTOPLAY assumes no responsibility for loss of films in transit, and while every precaution will be taken to safeguard them, the publication will not be responsible for loss in any way.
9. At the conclusion of the contest, the prize winners will be announced, and films returned to senders on receipt of sufficient postage for return.

to take his different scenes, and so on. Of course the amateur can partly control his light conditions, as I will explain later—but only partly, without the apparatus of the studios; arc lights, Cooper Hewitts and so forth, which run into big money.

In a studio nothing is left to chance. The lights are carefully adjusted, arranged for best photographic effect, and then a "test" film of a few feet is taken to check the results. The amateur can't do this, exactly. But I believe that the amateur should at first lay out what he proposes to do, outlining various conditions under which he expects to "shoot" and utilize a film trying different angles, exposures and lightings, until he knows what gives him his best results.

In this regard—a few pieces of pasteboard, from a foot square to three feet square, painted with aluminum paint or covered with tinfoil, and a mirror about a foot square, with a piece of gauze to shade it, can be utilized as reflectors. By catching the sunlight on these one can "kick" it under the shadow of a hat brim at a face, or pick out any spot not well lighted. These are invaluable aids. Once the reflectors are in place they can be kept there by being propped up by a stick.

The aluminum paint gives the dullest reflection, the tinfoil the medium, the mirror the intense—and different thicknesses of gauze or cheesecloth can regulate the intensity of the mirror's reflected light. These are much like natural spotlights.

ONE thing the amateur can do as effectively, almost, as the professional is to work out what we call "trick angles." To illustrate what I mean, let us take the shot we made in "The Show" of John Gilbert and Renee Adoree, where she pleads with him to give up his evil life. Tod Browning, the director, and I hitched a camera on a beam about twelve feet from the floor and pointed the lens straight down toward the floor—then moved it out on a slight angle so that a line drawn from the lens to the floor would have struck that floor about four feet from where a weight dropped to the floor from the same lens would have hit. Thus it gave a sort of birdseye view of the two—just enough at an angle to take in their forms in a slight perspective. Had we pointed straight down we would have had the tops of their heads and shoulders—working it at a very slight angle gave us their whole bodies in a strange and almost uncanny effect.

With a small camera such as amateurs use, no tripod is necessary—and this makes experimenting with strange camera angles a little easier than in the case of studio equipment, which is very heavy—albeit very certain in effect.

The amateur can make what we call "truck shots" by using a child's small wagon, fixed with old bicycle wheels, and moving it back and forth on two tracks made by laying down level boards with guides on the sides to keep the wheels from slipping off (this can be nailed together easily). By this one can film the face of a person, then draw back the camera until the whole body is disclosed—or any effect of that kind, often seen in the films. Of course, one must be careful that the track doesn't show—a little



4 out of 5 needlessly suffer

Neglect your teeth and gums, and you open wide the door to vicious Pyorrhea. That is the simple reason why four out of five after forty (and many younger) suffer its dread effects, paving the way to serious sickness, loss of health and beauty.

So dangerous and yet so unnecessary! With reasonable care, you need never fear the ravages of Pyorrhea. Make it a rule to see your dentist twice a year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, today.

Forhan's used in time, thwarts Pyorrhea or checks its course. It firms the gums and keeps them healthy. It protects teeth against acids which cause decay. It keeps them snowy white.

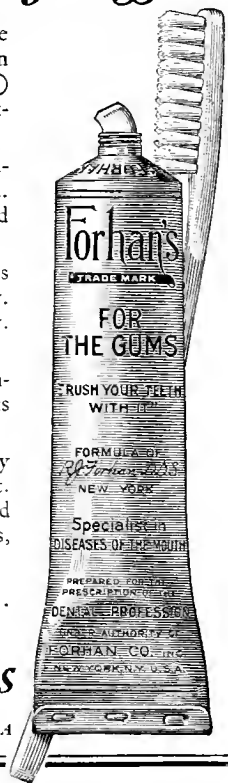
Forhan's, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists everywhere.

Start the Forhan habit today and use it regularly morning and night. Teach your children this habit. It is pleasant tasting. It is health insurance. Safeguard youth and health—get a tube today! At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's for the gums

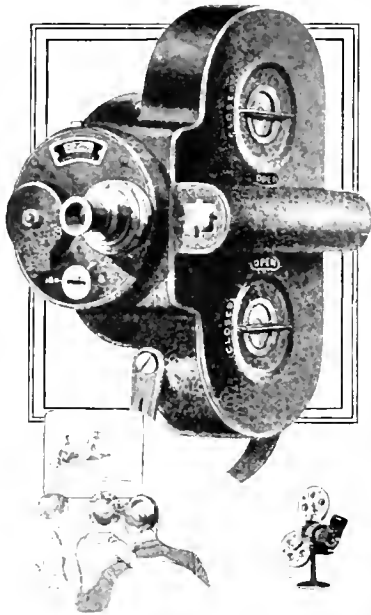
MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



You can be sure of this



Thousands are keeping their breath sweet and fresh this new way. We promise that you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only conceal unpleasant breath with embarrassing odors of their own after you have used this new Forhan's Antiseptic. It is refreshing and odorless. Try it.



Ariel Vargas, the well-known International news-reel cameraman, is using a Bell and Howell Eyemo in the Chinese battle trenches

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experimenting will do this. Just get into the wagon with the camera, watch in the view-finder as someone pulls you back—and you will learn to stop when the track comes into sight, or tilt the camera to avoid it. Of course, if you are on a wooden floor you will need no track.

AS a matter of fact, we professional cameramen are sometimes using the small cameras for difficult shots, such as work in crowded spaces, in airplanes, or where a compact box is handiest. I, myself, have used an Eyemo in airplanes, and I saw Tony Gaudio make some quite remarkable shots in the ballroom scenes in "The Temptress" by being rolled on a small truck affair, while he held an Eyemo to his eye. Also Andre Narlatier used an Eyemo for some of the close shots in the train scenes in "Exit Smiling"—so you may see that the amateur camera in some respects is close enough to the professional equipment to be used by the professionals.

In some cases, of course, standard film was shot—but the narrow amateur film

would have given the same effects on a smaller screen, such as amateurs use.

I BELIEVE that the amateur cameraman will work out many an interesting shot by trying trick angles. Of course, one has to be very careful about foreshortening in such work, even in the professional camera. In some cases I have seen foreshortening used to advantage—the Germans do it now and then in their pictures with good effect;—Lon Chaney had a good example of this technique in the first view of his made up face in "The Phantom of the Opera," and Tod Browning has used it with several of his Lon Chaney pictures.

Anything that gets a weird effect involves either focus, lighting, or foreshortening. The amateur can work out many of these things.

Try different backgrounds, different methods of reflecting light at your objects to get certain results, and watch current photoplays and note effective shots. Then consider how you can duplicate them with the amateur camera.

Tips for Amateur Cinematographers

THE recent experiences of the Colgate University students in making a motion picture drama, "Room-Mates," will be of interest to movie amateurs everywhere.

Motion pictures first caught the interest of the Colgate University body when it was learned that Howard E. Richardson was a student. Mr. Richardson-

son had had several years' experience writing and producing photoplays for the Eastman Kodak Company.

FIRST Mr. Richardson filmed the Colgate-Syracuse football game, a classic of the up state college gridiron season. This attracted so much attention among the students and the alumni that the

Alumni Association voted to promote a play of college life to be made by the university students.

Russell F. Spiers, a member of the faculty and head of the Colgate dramatic clubs, directed while the photography was in Richardson's hands. Mr. Richardson wrote the story too. A popular local girl was secured as leading woman and the students filled out the other rôles.

So the story developed. Care was taken to include all the university landmarks, such as the new dormitory, Andrews Hall, the Beta Theta Pi Frat house and so on. A number of exteriors were shot in picturesque spots in and about the college town, Hamilton, N. Y.

WHEN "Room-Mates" was shown at the annual Alumni Association banquet, held at the Hotel Commodore in New York recently, it caused quite a sensation.

Now movies at Colgate are to be an annual event, the Mask and Triangle club producing a photoplay each year.

The making of "Room-Mates" developed a class under the instruction of Mr. Richardson, who writes PHOTOPLAY:

"I HAVE trained someone in each branch of the work so that on next year's production the fellows can go ahead and do each job independently. As the filming of a photoplay is an annual event, each year every man will have an understudy to take up the work on the succeeding production."

USERS of the Cine-Kodak, Model A, will be interested in the new single portrait attachment. This attachment takes the place of the regular crank, the shift requiring but a few seconds, and but one frame of the film is exposed at each turn of the crank.

This greatly simplifies the making of animated titles, cartoons and moving drawings.

Striking studies of opening flowers, etc., can be achieved with it.

AMATEUR movie cinematographers may be glimpsed about New York every day. A number of little theater groups are making their own dramas, for exhibition in their group theaters.

Robert Flaherty, who filmed "Nanook of the North" and "Moana," is shooting an experimental atmospheric picture of Manhattan. It is still in its first stages. If it shapes up, Mr. Flaherty intends to release it.

He has two future trips in mind, one of which he will start next Spring.

One is a trip to Labrador, the other to the Southwest. This last is to make a study of the American Indian.

IF you have a motion picture club and you are making film dramas, you will soon find that a gralex is almost an essential. You will want to make action stills of your various scenes—and nothing but a gralex will do the job well.

These stills constitute an important record of your picture. They show, among other things, just how your characters were dressed in the varying sequences. Thus, if you have to retake any scene and find it necessary to make additional scenes, you can check your

This is the ideal nail, note the beautiful curve of the cuticle that gives the almond shape.



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BUT your nails can't look nice if old dead cuticle is left clinging to the nails. The thing that removes it is just the familiar Cutex Cuticle Remover. First every shred of dead skin is wiped away with this safe antiseptic. Then the Cream or Oil is massaged over the cuticle, the nails, and under the tips. If the cuticle is very bad put it on every night at first.

Only by supplying these needed oils can you have the lovely ovals that give the nails the desired almond shape.

Send coupon and 10c for samples of Cutex Cream, Oil and Cuticle Remover and see what magic this new method works. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. QQ-6, 85 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Canada. Northam Warren, New York, Paris, London.



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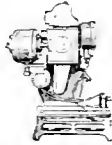
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How to Make-Up Correctly



Cold cream is first applied, being patted on face and wiped off with a towel. Use good cleansing cream with a lemon base



Grease paint is rubbed from stick. Here No. 2 1/2 pink is used. It is blended into the skin and must not be applied too thick



After grease paint is blended to form a light coat over the skin, two fingers are used to remove it from tops of the eyelids



Generous amount of No. 7 cream powder is next applied with a large puff. This is patted on. Eyelids must always stay moist



Lips are made up with tip of little finger. Shape into cupid's bow and taper down at end. Rouge upper lip more than lower



Eyelashes are touched up with camel's hair brush and black mascara. Treat the eyebrows the same. This completes job

(Posed by Carmel Myers Expressly for PHOTOPLAY.)

costuming to the last detail. They constitute a record of your settings, too. The remaking of scenes happens continuously in professional studios and amateurs will be confronted with this problem, too. The graflex becomes an insurance against mistakes. Many interesting films are now on the market for home showing.

The Filmo Library, prepared by the Bell and Howell Company, provides amateurs with shots of movie studios, charming animated views of the stars, film golf lessons, scenics, and natural history studies. These can be purchased. The Kodascope Library, prepared by the Eastman Company, includes many films that can be rented.

Real Hell-Raisers of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

Take Robert Savage, for instance. That boy arrived in Hollywood with the reputation of having been to his college football team what the other wing is to a bird.

But Robert went home in the custody of an older brother after he had attempted to commit suicide because the girl he attempted to marry one day "smart cracked" him the next.

A mere whistle stopped that flaming youth, a five o'clock whistle plus Clara Bow. Clara and Robert reached the marriage license bureau a few minutes after it had closed. Those minutes saved Clara from promising to love, honor and annoy Robert for the rest of their lives or the duration of the war.

The next day, when the bureau was open, it was all off. Clara had changed her mind. And thus another sheik bit the dust.

But it was Hollywood that got the blame.

CONSIDER, next, the cruise of the Cudahy. For three generations the Cudahy family has been a noted one in America. Young Michael Cudahy, only nineteen, and with an income from a trust fund reported to be \$1,600 a month, journeyed to Hollywood.

Mike met, among others, Marie Astaire. Marie has frequently done her bit before the camera. That made Marie a real movie girl to Mike. On New Year's eve he started hunting a marriage license in her company.

"Applesauce" or its Santa Ana variation was the only reply made by an irascible clerk before dawn New Year's day when the two applied at his home for the necessary papers. "You'll not be married in this county," he snorted, and slammed the door.

Rebuffed but not discouraged, Michael and Marie started on a journey that led through half a dozen Southern California counties in search of the elusive permit.

The search developed into a chase, with its attendant columns of newspaper stories, which ended in young Cudahy's arrest at his mother's request.

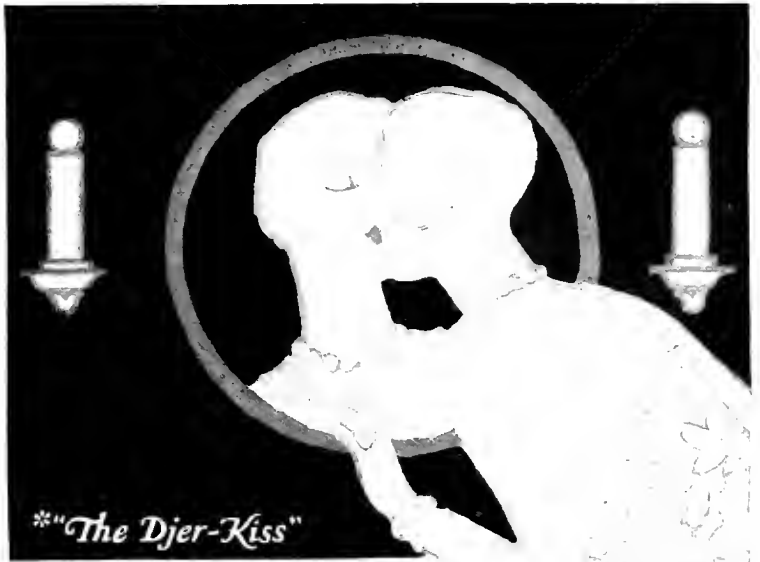
"Just an adorable fool," Joan Crawford dubbed him, when she read of his escapade in the newspapers. Joan was one of the girls who had traveled about with him. Joan's friendship, in fact, lead to a near battle between young Cudahy and the equally immature son of a shoe manufacturer from St. Louis.

Accounts of the encounter vary but one witness admits a blow was struck.

The neighbors had to rush in to stop the apologies.

A beautiful girl, two boys, and money. It might have happened anywhere. But happening in Hollywood it provided the professional reformers with more material.

Harry Crocker of the San Francisco Crockers came to Hollywood and took a few lessons in clowning from that ace of the clowns, Charlie Chaplin. Then he



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A woman, exquisite, sought after, alert! Her keen individuality finds in the inimitable Djer-Kiss odeur a refreshing complement; her knowledge of that Continental law which never mixes odors, leads her to choose Djer-Kiss in all her toilettries—face powder, rouge, talcum, sachet, bath crystals, eau de toilette, and vanities.

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became an assistant director. Now he is hiring out from time to time as an actor. So much for the terrible influence of money in Hollywood where real work is concerned. It doesn't mean a thing.

Craig Biddle, the younger, lit Hollywood bolstered up by the purse and prestige of the Philadelphia Biddles, that which there are no more of. The West, said the East, would certainly be impressed.

Despite his unusual length, Craig sank without a trace.

About the only attention the newspapers paid to him was to report his engagement from time to time to some girl who hoped to be, or said she had been, a motion picture actress.

THERE was, likewise, young Jerry Miley, a nice enough boy. But even the ever-flowing black gold from the Miley oil wells has not been able to secure Jerry more than a few minor parts in pictures. He's working hard and maybe we will hear something from him. At least, he has done better than any other rich man's son.

For the most part, when a society John comes to Hollywood, he becomes a jay. Extra men and young actors, seriously working at the profession, can not hope to compete socially with the young Butter and Egg boys. Their meager salaries won't buy enough gasoline to fill the play-boy's cigarette lighter. But while the society son lands in the papers, the regular lads land on the lots.

A glance at the extra list may show the names of most of these amiable idiots but it would take an act of Congress to get a day's work for most of them.

Over-generous parents provide abundant finances and in a round-about way purchase the resultant publicity their son and Hollywood receive. But the dollars they throw at the boy's head are boom-crangs.

A few struggling little extra girls may flatter them but for the real movie girls these loose-ends of society have nothing.

The only way they can teach the baby stars lessons in deportment is by horrible example.

Their gin is terrible and their love-making is either stupid or rough. In either event, it's crude. But a hungry girl will stand a lot of boredom, for with one or two of them on her staff, she can always be sure of going to the Ambassador on Tuesday, Montmartre on Wednesday and the Biltmore on Saturday.

However, she wouldn't marry one of these coal-oil Johnnies on a bet—not even to pay off the mortgage on the old homestead.

For no girl who ever hopes to get anywhere in motion pictures wants a millstone in place of a wedding ring. And no director who hopes to make a box-office riot will have a poor actor in his cast, no matter how much money he flashes.

WHEN the girl gets enough to eat, she leaves the boy flat. The whole town laughs at him, and the casting offices report "nothing today."

A week later back in the home town the Big Butter and Egg Man's little boy tries to explain his attempt at a midnight marriage with a beautiful, though quite unknown, screen actress.

Sunday comes.

The society columns bulge and the Bingville Bugle runs a special story about why boys leave home and the vice of Movieville.

But out in Hollywood there is another re-possessed automobile on the used car row, while along the Boulevard the popcorn stands still weave their way among the most beautiful ankles in the world and the cool breeze continues to blow down over the mountains, bearing with it the perfume of mimosa blossoms and scattering rose petals.



Allow us to present Flash—the horse with the mind of a man. He will be Gary Cooper's faithful friend in all future screen adventures of Paramount's new Western star

The Commandments of Clothes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

by that money meditation listed above. Given the price, I reflected, I wouldn't look like a writer but like May. Maybe.

For I have always yearned to appear more like an actress than like what is generally termed an intellectual woman. The average member of the writing sisterhood seems to feel that given an ability to parse, the hang of her skirt doesn't matter. And considering that all good editors are men, that shows just how dumb we pen-pushing Paulines are and why when we marry our soul mate almost always turns out to be a clinging oak.

Thus I dreamed myself inside May's Patou coat while she explained the character she was playing.

Said charming May, and anything she says takes on added importance due to the soft Southern slurring of her voice: "This is a glorious part and the clothes are most important to it. It's a girl, you see, who has committed a single indiscretion, gone away on one of those week-end parties which are long remembered but never mentioned. That's the first part of her story. Five years pass and meantime she marries a politician who becomes governor of a great state. She hasn't told him of her experience and that, of course, provides the drama.

"WHEN Herbert Brenon gave me the part, I puzzled over it a great deal. Clothes reveal character. Every actress must realize that. I wanted to tell what kind of girl this one was the moment I walked on the screen. I wanted her clothes to express her to the audience before she had made a gesture or before a caption had uttered a single word for her. So I bought this coat and little round hat for that entrance—smart, naive and a little silly, don't you think they are?"

The hat was one of those felt round felts. You know the kind of felt hat that is displayed in a fashionable milliner's window, in lonely, snobbish simplicity and which is always priced fifteen dollars higher than you dared imagine? This was such a hat. The coat was of bleached beaver, and that's a new fur, golden as grain and girlish as a hair-ribbon, and it was banded about with a little golden belt.

"They're swell," I murmured aristocratically from the depths of my envy.

"This negligee was a problem," May continued. "It had to look expensive and yet I had to buy a simple model because during the scenes where I wear it, I emote. And let me give you a rule. Never try emoting if you are wearing frills or draperies. You simply can't. Their bobbing around will ruin any big moment.

"And then this dress . . ."

"Oooh . . ." I interrupted.

"Yes, I feel that way about it, too," Miss Allison sighed rapturously.

There was absolutely, from the masculine point of view, nothing to it. Just black tulle and lines, but what black tulle and what lines, particularly on a golden



The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water.



When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeals when you pull it through your fingers.



Your Hair Looks Twice as Beautiful —when Shampooed this way

Try this quick and simple method which thousands now use. See the difference it makes in the appearance of your hair. Note how it gives new life and lustre, how it brings out all the wave and color. See how soft and silky, bright and glossy your hair will look.

THE simplicity of the bob, and the modern styles of hair dress, make beautiful hair a necessity.

The simple, modern styles of today are effective ONLY when the hair itself is beautiful.

Luckily, beautiful hair is now easily obtained. It is simply a matter of shampooing.

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

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

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it can-

not 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, use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

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Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified is all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

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blonde. One of those subtle dresses. The devilishness of sixteen. The guile of a girl whose aunt had become a Countess. It was the sort of dress every woman spots when she sees it on another woman. Every man spots it, too, only he doesn't know it's the dress that attracts him. He thinks it's the gal's charm.

"I'm wearing it for the big scene," May said. "I shopped and shopped for it. I had to show that five years had passed in the girl's life, that she had become a governor's wife, that she was sophisticated and not a dub."

Just at that moment a call came for Miss Allison from the set and she slipped the black dress over her head hurriedly. It fell in impudent tulle flounces just below her knees and it made her in that instant look as aristocratically exotic as a drawing by Henry Raleigh.

"Wait here till I get through this scene," she begged. "I won't be long. It's a sort of dress rehearsal, really, as Mr. Brenon hasn't seen this gown."

In five minutes she was back. Her great blue eyes were worried. "He doesn't like it," she said with the melancholy of all the Russians.

"He's—he's crazy," I sputtered. "Not like that dress? How can he fail to?"

May began slowly unhooking it, and sat down to powder her nose meditatively.

"No," she mused at length. "He's not crazy. We are—you and I. Don't you see what happened? I bought that gown for myself. My own personality got the best of me. I figured this girl would be smart in every way. I reasoned it all out with myself, why I should buy that dress for this scene—and how falsely! Mr. Brenon is right. The dress is all wrong.

Don't you see that girl would be afraid of appearing too chic? She's committed one act which haunts her night and day. So, outwardly she'd be struggling to overcome that fear, attempting to show everyone she was poised and secure, and she would show that through her clothes. In other words, she's got to be dignified. Black was the right color, but it's got to be velvet—for dignity and maturity—smartly made, of course, but a little matronly."

She sprang up suddenly. "Come quickly," she cried. "We'll have to take a taxi to New York—thank heaven it is New York where all styles are possible. I'll change this dress at once." And then she laughed. "Isn't it awful the way we dress our ideal of ourselves without knowing anything about it?"

And then it was that I knew I was to be visited by a little stranger, that a brand new idea was to be born to my lonely brain.

The taxi hurled itself across the great length of Queensboro Bridge, high over the river, above the busy tugs and Black-



An off-screen picture of a lady who avoids cameras—except professionally. Need we tell you that when Lillian Gish goes for a canter in the mountains back of Santa Monica, that she rides side-saddle and wears a long divided skirt?

well's Island as May plotted a raid on Lucile's and I hurled myself toward style conclusions.

So here they are:

You don't have to be yourself to be well dressed. If you know yourself well enough you can be anything you will. Clothes can be a disguise, a mask against the clever observer who would otherwise know more about you than you yourself know.

If you understand yourself well enough, you will understand other people, particularly men, better.

You will be sophisticated in an old-fashioned garden and demure in a futurist drawing room.

You will wear dimity when dining with a capitalist and pearls with a poet. For nothing is so potent as contrast.

But don't think you know yourself, if believing you're just a girl who wants to be a good wife and mother, you discover you always buy tailored suits, collars, untrimmed hats and brogues. You aren't even on speaking terms with yourself then, but you should be with a psychoanalyst.

MOST women dress what they want to be instead of what they are. Don't do it.

Dress your faults and your good points will shine forth. Cover your too broad hips and let your slim waist do its stuff unhindered.

Start investigating why you choose certain models all the time and refuse others. The matter of personal taste means more to a woman today than ever in the history of clothes. Formerly we had styles as fixed, as exacting, as a censor's morals. Today styles are what you will, all things to all pocketbooks. Therefore, every girl's responsibility for her appearance is greater. Once ruffles meant youth and severe lines age, but the mode today is ageless.

Now styles do not demand that you dress differently at sixteen or sixty. And that's the joker.

Your personality does. The woman of fixed social position dresses with compelling dignity. Beside her, note the sad effort of the climber to disguise herself as the real thing.

Remember extremes are unmanageable. If your hair is cut in an exaggerated boyish bob, don't buy evening clothes designed for Little Bo-Peep. If you do, you'll have to summon two sets of Sheik's, one for your boyish personality and one for the sweet young thing, and are you that popular?

It is more important to dress your personality than it is to dress your physical type. Gloria Swanson is only five feet three but long before she married Henry she looked like a Marquise—because she felt that way and gowned herself accordingly.

Know yourself and you can be what you will. Will yourself to be a personality.

But above all, know that nothing is more important to this end than the clothes you wear.

Eve had nothing for months but a lot of grapefruit and Adam. But the moment she dressed up in her fig leaf she became the mother of a family and the First Lady of the Land.



... you know those evenings. Warm ... a live crowd ... music ... one must dance a little ... proximity. Perfect, these circumstances, for one of Nature's major unpleasantnesses. Moisture under the arms ... stains ... undainty odor. Comforting, then, is your security. Your precaution, the same that millions of men and women the world over regularly take, can not fail you even here. Twice a week you use your Odorono for checking excessive perspiration. And your assurance is complete—as soap and water could never make it—of constant after-the-bath freshness, of *continuous* daintiness.

Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Film Magnates

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]



'Twas a Frenchman who said—

"A woman powders her nose, not to please the man who loves her—for he is blind. But to intrigue those who may love her—and there are so many men."



Though you be unknown to fame, yet within your heart there surely lurks a longing for loveliness. Moments come when you wish to be at the peak of charm.

Then a touch of Tre-Jur Powder, and your skin is satinated! It looks fine-

pored, velvet-smooth, transparently fair!

For this pure, fragrant powder smooths on as gently as the caress of a baby's palm, and leaves a yearly radiance.

Light but loyal, it clings but never cakes. Ever flattering, ever faithful, whether you use it from the smart box of Loose Powder which is priced at 50c—or from one of those famous Tre-Jur Compacts. There's *The "Thinnest"*, just the depth of a silver dollar

and that's what it costs. *The "Twin"*, with generous plaques of both powder and rouge, also at \$1.00—Or America's Compact favorite, *The "Little One"* priced at 50c.

Each is a pledge of Money's Most and is sold at your favorite store or by mail from us, with refills always available.

A liberal sample of Tre-Jur Face Powder in your own shade, sent for 10c, stamps or coin.



HOUSE OF TRE-JUR, Inc.
19 W. 18th St., New York City.

I am enclosing 10c. Please send me the large-size sample box of Tre-Jur Face Powder.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Constance. There had been delicious mountain berries, dead ripe and with the Alpine dew upon them, clotted cream from one of the most contented of cows, an omelette with garden herbs, a great pancake served with a compote of Italian preserves and a full liter of coffee. The air was a-sparkle and the lake rippled merrily. In the distance was the golf course, lushly green with the seductive velvet of young Alpine grass. Against this background moved the gay figures of the players, tall Englishmen with their striding, swinging companions, jaunty Viennese, noisy, happy Americans. It was as pretty as a picture postal card and there seemed to be fun in it.

LAEMMLE hastened to his suite and lartired himself in the plus-fours, for the first time since they had been fitted. He unpacked the clubs and with a caddy-instructor stepped forth into that picture. Golf had him.

Hours later the puffing president of Universal Pictures Corporation of New York, London, Paris, Shanghai, Tokio, Des Moines and elsewhere, was at the ninth hole. He was weary and sore, of soul and body. The sun was gone and the sky was murky. Rain began to fall. He was a mile or more from the hotel. There was no shelter.

Laemmle was just a woebegone, unfunny bedraggled little man, wilted and shivering when he reached the hotel. He refused both the hot cognac and warm sympathy of the *maitre de hotel* and went to bed. He had a fever, a cold, and something akin to pneumonia. He stayed in bed for three weeks. Much

of that time was spent in glowering at the bag of golf clubs standing in the corner, while he dictated poignant cablegrams to his New York office.

When Carl Laemmle was well and fit again he had arrived at a decision about golf and an opinion about golfers. It may be stated to be final.

In the field of banking, the law, real estate, cloaks and suits, and even some parts of the motion picture industry, the ambitious up-and-coming young man may yet with profit take up golf, according to the current custom, hoping to meet influential men on the links. But if any young man desires to make the social acquaintance of Carl Laemmle with a view to position in the Universal Pictures Corporation, it is earnestly advised that he eschew golf, seeking rather to perfect himself in the snappy technology of stud poker.

HOWEVER, in proof of Mr. Laemmle's lack of deep bias, it should be recorded that Mr. Gulick continues with Universal. He golfs surreptitiously, on Sundays, and his golfing magazines are mailed to his residence address—not the office.

This Laemmle is a man of little things. Here again he breaks all the rules of the standard pattern of American big business hero. He appears to have the impression that, if he pays heed to the minutiae, he can trust his organization to take care of the big, broad operations. They can hardly overlook the millions if he takes care of the dimes. He is a chronic fuss-budget.

Laemmle tries to read every bit of



The camera goes back to second childhood and slides down the banisters. When Laura La Plante walks up and down stairs in her new film, "Beware of Widows," Wesley Ruggles and his cameraman follow her on this little chute-the-chutes

paper that drifts through his offices, contracts, letters, ledgers, publicity stories, press books, poster lines and inter-office memoranda. Executives hide their work from him lest the delays of his consideration choke up the flow of business. He has a painful curiosity about figures. Abstractions and summaries mean nothing to him. He wants to see the particularized items in remotest detail. It was necessary when his business was born and he will never know that it has grown up—a typical attitude of parents.

Inevitably Laemmle's memory is an amazing file of statistics. If he chances upon a report on, say, the gross business of the Des Moines exchange for April 1927, he instantly knows by how many dollars it differs from the figures for that same branch for April in 1925 and '26. Also he wants to hear why—even if he knows.

THERE is a peculiar selectiveness in Laemmle's arithmetical acuteness. His eye is for the minor items. Let there be a dispute of twenty cents and his ire is lighted. But an issue of two hundred thousand dollars can be tossed over for settlement between the accounting and legal departments. "Uncle Carl" is poisonously accurate in the immediate vicinity of the decimal point only.

Further, while a business argument can hardly wrest a nickel from Laemmle's grasp, an address to his emotions can reach deep into his pocket. Not so long ago a young Polish actor scraped an acquaintance with Laemmle at Universal City, telling a tale of ambition, artistic hopes and hard luck. Laemmle within the hour gave the youth a six month contract and sent him to the studios to await a part. No part to the taste of the Pole was offered, so he languished in idle, artistic discontent. As the end of his six month period approached he again saw Laemmle, this time relating the sad story of the death of his mother and want in the family in Poland. Thereupon the contract was renewed for another six months at Universal City, doing nothing at all, at an advance in salary in token of his patient devotion to hope.

Laemmle's characteristic expression is a smile, broad. He is always looking for a joke, the broader the better. No sharp, swift wit for "Uncle Carl." Fast ones do not register.

It is a mistake to be really funny with Laemmle. He has no keen powers of discrimination. There is the interesting and humorously unfortunate case of Hy Mayer, the cartoonist, and able maker of animated comedies drawn in cinema-line. Once upon a time Mr. Mayer was seeking an important contract with Universal through Laemmle. He told "Uncle Carl" a wonderful line of stories—just to prove how funny he could be. Laemmle laughed until his sides were sore and tears spattered on the glass topped desk. He asked Mayer to return again and again. The conferences were riots of laughter. Laemmle formed the habit. He started laughing when Mayer entered the office and kept at it until he bowed him out again with eyes swimming in a mist of merriment. The parleys never got anywhere. The project was just naturally laughed to death. If Mayer had thought to have gone in to see

You go to a *SPECIALIST*
to save time and trouble.



be sure you get this
special treatment for
DANDRUFF



LIKE many other serious problems—dandruff deserves expert treatment. You can easily find many preparations that claim to "cure" dandruff. One *special* dandruff treatment has stood the test of years. It is called Wildroot. And it works.

The hardy dandruff germ

Dandruff is, indeed, a stubborn condition. The pernicious germ that causes dandruff is a "hard-to-kill" little fellow. Wildroot is *special*ly designed to fight this germ—to chase him out of your scalp.

Such is the story of Wildroot. Not a "haingrower." Not a "cure-all"... but a *special* remedy. An expert at removing dandruff.

There is no magic about Wildroot. It must be used faithfully. One treatment will not end a stubborn case of dandruff. But, as you use Wildroot day by day, you will see the dandruff loosen up... and gradually disappear.

ONE WOMAN WRITES:

"I have used Wildroot Hair Tonic for a number of years, and find that nothing can equal it for dandruff."

(Signed) Mrs. Mabel Smith
70 Washington Street
Malden, Mass.

Send for a Trial

Ten cents and the coupon will bring you a small bottle of Wildroot—enough for you to test its pleasant feeling on your scalp—enough to loosen up some of your dandruff. Then get a large bottle of Wildroot at your druggist's to really *end your dandruff*.

WILDROOT
H A I R T O N I C

WILDROOT CO., INC. Dept. 3-6-3
Buffalo, N. Y.

Enclose 10 cents to cover cost of mailing the TRIAL BOTTLE OF WILDROOT.

Name
Street
City State

SEND COUPON

TRIAL BOTTLE



*Face Powder
Complexions
won't last here*

The fleeting beauty they render cannot stand wind, moisture or perspiration. End this constant necessity of "touching up." The "24 hour complexion" instantly gives your skin an alluring, pearly beauty that lasts throughout the day—unaffected by moisture, wind or perspiration. Far superior in every way to face powders.

**GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL
CREAM**

5c. 15 Send 10c. for Trial Size
Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, New York City



Elinor Glyn has a habit of dropping over to Eddie Cantor's set for five o'clock tea. It is so like dear old England—except for Eddie's face. Eddie is beginning to fear that he has "IT,"—and here he's been happily married for so many years



SMART

Always in good taste, a Meecker Made leather accessory will enrich any costume. Mildly is confident that none can be more stylish—any smarter—any more beautiful or of finer quality.

Dozens of new designs, all hand laced and hand colored—imported steer-hide.

**MEECKER
MADE R**

Handbags—Under Arm Bags—Purses—Vantiles—
for sale by the better dealers everywhere

The MEECKER COMPANY, Inc., Joplin, Missouri
Largest Manufacturers of Steer-hide Leather Goods in the U. S. A.

**WANT WORK
AT HOME?**

Earn \$18 to \$60 a week RETOUCHING photos. Men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, and furnish WORKING OUTFIT FREE. Limited offer. Write today. ARTCRAFT STUDIOS, Dept. B3, 3900 Sheridan Road, CHICAGO.

Laemmle at half-mast, on crutches, he could have written his own contract. But Laemmle can not hold a pen when he is laughing—and this was not a joke.

There is an undercurrent of wistfulness about Laemmle and his love of a laugh. He is anxious to be happy and he is not always certain about it. There is possibly a dim notion, in very hazy focus, within him, that maybe he is himself a bit of broad humor.

CERTAINLY there is whimsy enough in the outlines of Laemmle's career to make him know that Fate has prankish moods, which are not all unkind. There he sits, immigrant son of a small German merchant, gaudily enthroned, after embattled years, among nickelodeon-born grandeurs of plaster and gilt and mahogany officing on Fifth avenue at Fifty-seventh street, where August Heckscher's boasting tower holds a golden bantam against the sky.

And in what a fantasy of sequences has he achieved this eminence! Carl Laemmle, aged 14, son of Julius Laupheim, Germany, landing at Castle Garden on St. Valentine's Day of 1884 to start a life. He had an impossible but hopeful beginning here as an errand boy, handicapped with an alien tongue, working for a New York druggist. This was followed by another such job in Chicago and then by a plunge into the Northwest with a job at \$4 a month as a hand on a Swede's farm in South Dakota. But Laemmle did not work the first month out. The Swede set the youngster at the unkosher job of feeding the hogs, there-at he quit. There were more petty jobs, with endless nights of study the while.

Then a new sequence began, bookkeeping for Butler Brothers, wholesale general merchandise concern, in Chicago; clerking and checking for Nelson Morris & Company in Chicago's packingtown—hogs are not so bad when they are dead—more bookkeeping for jewelers and then at last an accounting job in Samuel

Stern's Continental Clothing House in Oshkosh. That was a goal. In the clothing store Laemmle rose to management and married Recha, niece of the owner. He was settled for life—almost. He was in the business and in the family—almost. But all the rest of the staff was in the family, too. He could not really be the boss. They ignored his rulings, and sometimes they laughed at him. Sometimes, to be sure, they had a laugh coming.

The best laugh of all came near the end, just when Carl had set out on a master stroke of exploiting a Puritan holiday with a "Great Thanksgiving Sale—a five pound turkey free with every \$25 purchase." Down the street a competitor, probably Blazheimer & Bernstein, stepped forth with an offer of the same kind of turkey with every purchase of \$22.50 or more. Rabid competition ensued. The purchase requirement went down and the turkey went up. At the end of the week Laemmle won, by cutting the required purchase down to \$3.98 and raising the turkey to fifteen pounds. It was a great victory, but very hard on the Continental Clothing Company's net profits and Carl Laemmle's internal standing—to say nothing of the turkey population of Wisconsin.

WHEN the laughing was all over up at Oshkosh, Carl Laemmle was unhappy. He took his pen laboriously in hand to write a few lines seeking advice and sympathy from Robert Cochrane of Chicago, a friend-by-mail. This Cochrane was with the Witt Cochrane advertising concern, which supplied the Continental and many another such clothing house, with a canned service of ready made advertisements. Robert Cochrane wrote fine letters to the customers. These letters were laden with pithy, punchy words. They were as personal as Lydia Pinkham and as virile as Elbert Hubbard. So Laemmle knew he had a friend in Chicago, anyway, no matter who laughed in Osh-

kosh. He told that friend about it. "I am 39 years old," he wrote, "and I have \$2,500 and maybe I should be in business for myself."

Laemmle's letter was in the Saturday morning mail. Monday he got a reply, a manly, noble, brucebarton epistle: "Be your own master before you turn forty. Do it now! It can be done!"

On Tuesday morning Laemmle was in Chicago with his wife and his \$2,500, looking for a place to be his own master. He was in a hurry to beat that fortieth year deadline. He had Cochrane's word that it could be done.

Also it was done, to Cochrane's surprise, beginning with Laemmle's entry into the motion picture industry as the timid but hopeful proprietor of "The Whitefront" a five cent film theater on Milwaukee avenue. Just incidentally, little Sammy Katz, a Western Union messenger boy, got a night job there playing the piano, and grounding the technique of Publix presentations of today.

THERE was a long trail, brambled with troubles ahead in the evolution of the industry, with struggles in the courts, wars with competitors and stockholders and trusts and whatnot, coming at last to a climax so casual that it was tremendously dramatic. It was only a few years back, on the eve of St. Patrick's Day in 1920. The last struggle in Universal was nearing a close. There was a conference in the old offices at 1600 Broadway between three men, worn and bitter with tedious argument, Carl Laemmle, president, Robert Cochrane, vice-president, and against them Patrick A. Powers, dominant opposition stockholder, about to cash his interest at the end of eight warring years. Everything was settled for the delivery of Powers' interest to Laemmle and Cochrane, except one final and relatively trivial item of \$7,500. In this last jot on the score remained the seed of strife all anew. Agreement seemed impossible.

Laemmle was, as always when under stress, sitting and fuming, stewing in the juices of his anguish. Powers, bitter, unrelenting, was laughing, laughing, laughing, a ringing derisive camouflage expression of his inner stresses.

Finally Laemmle looked up at the towering Powers with a grin and the grin ran into a smile and the smile broke into a laugh. Cochrane sighed in relief. When Laemmle does that the crisis is always over.

"Pat—we'll never get anywhere this way. Let's match for it."

"I am not a gambler," Powers retorted to Laemmle's proffer.

"It's the only way out—take a chance, just for once," Cochrane urged. At last he prevailed. But it was not to be done there. This was a solemn event. There should be no listening walls, no possible special influences. It must be left to the Gods on neutral ground.

Together the three men went into the hall of the noisy Mecca building and rode to a floor above, where they turned a key and entered the idle, dusty office of the defunct Jungle Film Company, where once a fortune had poured in to them from the Paul Rainey African Hunt pictures. There were piles of tattered posters, and jumbles of discarded files.

A Simpler Way to Remove Cold Cream

That's Cheaper to Use than Soiling and Ruining Towels

**NOW
REDUCED
IN PRICE**

Due to volume production, the price of Kleenex Kerchiefs has been greatly reduced. With 30% more Kerchiefs in each box as well, the present price of Kleenex is scarcely more than half what you paid before.

**230 LARGE
HANDKERCHIEF
SHEETS . . . 50c**
(Big size—90 sq. in. each)



*Ends—Oily skin and nose conditions amazingly.
—The expense of ruining and laundering towels.*

*Keeps—Your make-up fresh hours longer than before.
—Lightens darkish skins several shades—quickly.*

PLEASE ACCEPT
a 7-day supply of this new and utterly different way to try.

HERE is a beauty discovery of major importance, according to virtually every leading beauty specialist in America—the only way yet found that removes cold cream thoroughly from your skin.

It ends the soiled towel method every woman detests. It ends the use of cloths, harsh paper substitutes, etc. It ends, too, the expense of laundering, *often ruining*, your towels.

The use of soiled towels is judged dangerous to skin beauty. Too often you thus *rub dirty cold cream back into the skin*. That fosters skin blemishes. It invites blackheads.

To use cold cream effectively you must remove it *all* from the skin. Only super-absorbent Kleenex "K"erchiefs do this properly.

Harsh paper makeshifts, harsh fabrics are a mistaken idea; they are injurious to the delicate skin fabric.

End those mistakes and you'll note an amazing difference *quickly* in your skin.

Send coupon

A few days' use will prove the results of the Kleenex "Kerchiefs" beyond all question or doubt. Mail the coupon. A full 7-day supply will be sent you.

KLEENEX
ABSORBENT
KERCHIEFS
To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary

For COLDS

Never again use a Handkerchief



They Re-infect—Spread Germ Contagion

MANY doctors advise that KLEENEX "KERCHIEFS" be substituted for ordinary handkerchiefs when one has a cold. For damp handkerchiefs are germ carriers. They actually re-infect the user. And colds, hay fever and influenza contagions thus are often spread—aggravated.

You use a fresh Kleenex every time and *discard AT ONCE* germ breeding excretions. Being dry and absorbent, they largely end chapped and irritated nostrils. Next cold, carry Kleenex with you.



Kleenex "Kerchiefs"—absorbent—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes to fit your dressing table drawer.

Professional size: Sheets 9 x 10 inches . . . 50c

7-Day Supply—FREE

KLEENEX CO., P.H. 6
Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Sparkling cleanliness

A VERY necessary task, yes. But a hard task, a disagreeable task—no! Use Sani-Flush. It quickly removes every stain and mark, all incrustations. And the closet bowl shines as bright as a new pin.

You need only sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl, follow directions on the can, then flush. No scrubbing, no scouring. And what used to be an unpleasant task is over and done with in no time at all.

The nice part is that Sani-Flush cleans the whole bowl, even the hidden, unhealthful trap. It banishes all foul odors. Harmless to plumbing connections. A necessity in every bathroom? Assuredly!

Buy Sani-Flush in new punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store; or send 25c for full-sized can, 30c in Far West. 35c in Canada.

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring
THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

CAMERA GIVEN



Your Choice—\$100 Professional MOTION PICTURE Camera or Professional View Camera
Be a Motion Picture Camera-man, Portrait, News or Commercial Photographer. Big money in all branches. Hundreds of positions now open pay \$75 to \$250 a week. Easy, fascinating work.

Learn Photography Quickly
In your spare time at home you can qualify for a big paying position and you get your choice of these standard professional cameras.

Write for FREE BOOK

Send name and address for big, new, illustrated book on professional photography. Explains amazing opportunities. Write for your copy tonight!

New York Institute of Photography
Dept. 37, 10 West 33rd Street, N. Y. City



"Don't Shout"



"I hear you. I can hear you as well as anybody."
"How?" With the MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in myself, only that I hear all right."
The MORLEY PHONE for the

DEAF

to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over 100,000 sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 789, 10 S. 18th St. Phila.

The sounds of Broadway were hushed and muffled in the long closed office.

Laemmle ran a trickle of change through his fingers and selected a twenty-five cent piece. He tossed it spinning in the air and slapped it down on the edge of a battered desk.

"You are matching me!"

Powers tossed a coin and brought it down on the desk under his hand beside Laemmle's.

Laemmle uncovered his coin—"Heads."

Powers raised his hand and revealed—"Tails."

The war was over down to the last cent of millions.

"I knew I'd win, Bob," Laemmle confided to Cochrane that night at dinner. "You know I always do when they match me,—that's 'Laemmle Luck.'"

He does well to believe in "Laemmle Luck." When there is no other way, he does it that way. That is one of the reasons why his offices are strewn with the printed slogan: "It Can Be Done!"

BUT those bedizened offices in Fifth Avenue do not hold Laemmle long or often now. Mrs. Laemmle died nearly ten years ago and these days his life is lived in an orbit of travel rather than at the locus of a home. Laemmle has taken to the sunny side of life and the world, California in winter and the playgrounds of Europe in the summer. Only the seasons between are passed in New York. There is a pretentious apartment in New York's West End avenue and recently he acquired the estate of the late Thomas H. Ince in California for his winter residence. His daughter, Rosabelle, is the chateleine of his establishments. His son, Carl, Jr., is now beginning to busy himself in the affairs of the Universal Pictures Corporation.

This son has not always been Carl, Jr. For the first sixteen years of his life the boy was Julius, bearing the name of his grandfather, for there is a Jewish custom which forbids that the son shall wear the name of his father. A few years ago Carl Laemmle reluctantly yielded to the argument of his associates and admitted that the institutional value of his name, long proclaimed to the world with Universal pictures, was a property that should be handed down to his son. So by process of law the son became Carl, Jr.

It would be difficult to decide what place is most of all home to Laemmle. There are familiar associations for him in most of the capitals of Europe and all across the United States from Los Angeles to New York, by way of Chicago and Oshkosh.

But the occultations and perihelions of Laemmle's orbit may be forecast with almanacic accuracy. It is certain that he will be at Carlsbad in Germany in season to take the waters, and in Monte Carlo to take chances. Sometime between he will touch at Laupheim, the home of his boyhood. He will be in New York about the time the motion picture sales season starts, and he will be in Lexington, Kentucky, on Derby Day, absolutely without fail. Also, without fail, he will meet there with J. J. Murdock, of the Keith-Albee vaudeville circuit, friend from the days of the motion picture wars of two decades ago. Their hotel suites are reserved on standing annual order.

It is the law of the calendar. Meanwhile sprinkled in between will come Rome, Nice, Paris, Longchamps, London and maybe Epsom Downs.

Laemmle's visits to Laupheim are occasions of sentiment. Just as Adolph Zukor has become patron saint and benefactor of Rice, in Hungary, Laemmle is the Lord Bountiful to Laupheim, donor of gymnasiums, public buildings, shade trees, and many a private charity. The cathedral at the nearby city of Ulm owes the preservation of its ancient spire to Laemmle, and at Ginsberg is a nunnery saved from ruin by his largess.

There was one unhappy day for Laemmle at Laupheim just after the war. The town was buzzing with gossip of his visit and the word was passed that he had made a picture entitled "The Kaiser Beast of Berlin." A mob stormed through the streets crying for vengeance for betrayal of the Fatherland. The American consul was alarmed and urged Laemmle to flee, offering a peasant woman's garb as a disguise. This did not appeal to Laemmle, but he slipped away. Now that the fevers and hates of the war have cooled all is forgiven and forgotten between Laemmle and Laupheim. When he last visited his home the village priest was at the train to greet him with an address of welcome.

There are, however, certain indications that Laemmle has a design to make California his home if retiring days ever come. By way of preparation he engaged some years ago in a great uplift movement with reference to the fried chicken of California. The poultry of the Los Angeles region was dry and tough and unhappy. Laemmle's well being demands a ration of fried chicken at regular intervals. After a few struggles he issued a volley of orders and established a model chicken ranch at Universal City, in the heart of his studio zone. Since then there has been a continuous supply of first grade chicken for the Laemmle table and a widely extended influence toward bigger and better broilers all over Southern California.

THERE you have measure of the range of Laemmle ideas and ideals, from the gothic architecture of Ulm to the chicken of Hollywood. Laemmle never lets an idea, or anything that resembles one, even slightly, escape. He carries a neat little book with perforated leaves. Most men put their memoranda into a note book. Laemmle tears his out and stuffs the page in his pocket. The next morning there is a snowy shower of memoranda to be converted into orders, telegrams and letters by a secretary.

Beyond travel and fried chicken Laemmle has few diversions. His increasing deafness makes the drama of the speaking stage unavailable and his eyes are worn with much reading in the relentless work and study of his youth and the routine of years of office application. He seeks his thrills in games, the cards and dice. He craves excitement and action and scorns draw poker, preferring stud, with anything "wild" you like.

As an affectionate tribute Robert Cochrane, his associate, confidant and mainstay in business, gave Laemmle the best birthday party of his life a few years past. The first floor of the Cochrane

residence at New Rochelle was swept clear of its furnishings and was refitted in lavish completeness as a gambling house, with all of the games and glories that Canfield might have imagined. "Uncle Carl" was turned loose to play what and where he chose. He had a tilt at everything from stud poker to baccarat and faro and roulette. He had a delightful evening and he lost only \$6,000.

Cochrane understands Laemmle. In fact, despite Cochrane's retiring modesty, it becomes apparent that he has had much to do in the creation of the accepted Laemmle personality, through twenty-and-odd years of writing his advertisements and utterances, forming his policies into words and maintaining the institutional front, all that long, long way from Oshkosh to Fifth avenue.

It was Cochrane whose startling, crisp advertisements in the days of the film wars carried broadcast the Laemmle smile and ringing words of humorous challenge.

PERHAPS it was then that Laemmle acquired the picture habit. Now wherever he goes he is photographed. He is a confirmed addict of the "still." He has been photographed in front of all the historic buildings and monuments of the western hemisphere. For every stone in Adolph Zukor's "Hall of Nations" in the Paramount theater on Broadway there is a photograph showing Laemmle in front of the pyramid, hotel de ville or palace from which the stone was taken. Laemmle has posed with a major faction of "Who's Who" and a rather large part of the telephone book, the great and near great, including scenario writers, William Jennings Bryan, Will Hays, assorted presidents, crowned heads, swelled heads and California's prize rooster. No other motion

GROW—YES GROW



Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By Lucille Young

America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.

Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have read the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.

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 know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. While everything else has failed, my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women 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. There are no strings attached to my guarantee. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works. I have from these women some of the most startling testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a notary public. Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, for a "dip," as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows.

What My Discovery Means to BEAUTY

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. But now, everyone, can have this beauty—impart to loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

Results Noticeable in a Week

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. 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 all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time.

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely new way. There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know I have now given women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded.

You Can Have Proof at My Sole Risk

Remember . . . in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually grow, if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied, you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is \$1.95. Later the price will be regularly \$5.00.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money . . . simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to

Lucille Young

Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society Women, and Professional Beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

If you prefer, send \$1.95 with this coupon and I will pay the postage.

Read These Amazing Testimonials Letters

Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.

Loretta Prinze, 1952 Columbia Ave., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious. Miss Flora J. Corvieve, 9 Finette Ave., Biddford, Me.

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.

Mlle. Hefflinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.

Pearl Provo, 2954 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise any more. I am glad to tell the tale. Naomi Ostot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.

My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. The longer I use it the better the results. Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeanette, Penn.



Somebody had a real moment of inspiration when she invented a square powder puff, with corners that will fit into the curves at the side of the nose and the corners of the eyes. Leila Hyams is shown here using this practical new addition to the make-up table

Lucille Young, E-1256 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.95, plus a few cents postage. If not delighted, I will return it within 30 days and you will at once refund my money without question.

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Your hair will never look gummy, with Stacomb. Nor dry and "dead," as when you wet it with water. Stacomb keeps your hair in condition. Helps to counteract dandruff.

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picture man has been photographed so often or so variously. But, contrarily, although he will put a fortune on a race horse he will not be pictured with one.

This persistent posing with great men and great places is not at all the commonly observed index of vanity. It is just an expression of Laemmle's abounding,

all comprehensive interest and easily stirred enthusiasm. He is abundantly pleased to be alive and to meet everybody. He wants to be friends, in a big broad way. He did not expect to get rich when he started out from Oshkosh but he hoped to do something. Now it has all turned out rather well. So he smiles.

The Port of Missing Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

I shall bring my maid and little boy tomorrow. We're at the Biltmore just now."

"You expecting to stay long?"
The woman was watching her, Paula realized suddenly, taking her in from her brown oxfords ornamented with snake-skin to her very smart and simple hat.

Haughtily, Paula said, "I expect to remain permanently."

"I thought you was a tourist."
There was a pause. Paula looked into the closets, flung open the drawers of the dresser. Then she made ready to go.

"Your husband coming out to join you?" said the landlady, following her to the door.

"My husband and I are—separated," said Paula. She flung up her little chin in her very best Southern lady manner.

"Then I suppose you've come out here to go into pictures," said the landlady, following her down the hall.

The hall itself was very pretty and very dignified, with fern baskets along the walls and charming little high windows. The apartment was delightful, too, and the fact that it looked out over so much of the city thrilled Paula. But she began to wish, nevertheless, that she had not taken it. She didn't like this flat-voiced landlady.

"Yes," said Paula, "I have."
"God pity you," said the landlady, and somehow before Paula could answer, she was gone.

PAULA walked into the sunshine and hailed a taxi. And in two minutes she had forgotten the landlady altogether. She could remember nothing for long, so swamped was she in the dizzy amazement of the step she had taken, of this astonishing thing that had come to pass.

There were still times when she couldn't believe it.

It had all begun, really, on the morning after the Hunt Ball at the Country Club. Her dissatisfaction had crystallized then, her misery had welled up into active force, her boredom had cried out actively.

But that she should actually have had the courage to take this great step, to leave her home and her husband and come to Hollywood to go into the movies seemed like some glorious dream. She would wake up presently and hear Eddie snoring in the bed beside her.

At the mere thought she pressed her nose to the window of the taxi and stared out, to reassure herself. Hollywood was still there. It awaited her. She had had the courage to take the great plunge and now only fame and fortune lay ahead of her. She was quite sure of that.

Fame—fortune—romance—adventure—she had come to the land of all these things.

Her beauty was her passport, her purchasing power, her lodestone.

III

"I THINK it's because you're not shop-worn and because you're a lady," he said, "and then, of course, you are very beautiful."

Paula drew a deep breath. It was difficult for her to breathe because her heart was beating so hard. Her hand lay in his, palm against palm, and his arm about her slender waist bent her toward him.

The lights were very low, and the air was sweet with incense, and with Paula's own favorite perfume. But she was conscious just then only of the scent of the gardenia in his buttonhole.

Two o'clock in the morning, in a soft-lighted, sweet-scented Hollywood apartment, and she was being made love to, divinely, divinely, by the screen's greatest lover.

How many times, from an audience seat, she had watched him, with his suave and charming smile, his delightful air of breeding, his gallant manner, wooing some screen beauty. Always he had thrilled her. The perfection of his grooming, the air of distinction all suited her taste perfectly.

That gardenia in his buttonhole. Why, it had become a symbol of romance to millions of women all over the country.

Now she, Paula Fitzgerald, was actually in his arms, he was bending his distinguished head toward her, smiling down at her with that wonderful smile.

Her voice trembled, it grew very Southern in moments of emotion.

"You—you are very sweet to me," she said. "I don't see why you—you who could have anyone—should waste your time with me."

Her eyes upturned were heavenly incense even to a great screen lover.

He lost his head a little, then kissed her—violently.

When she was in bed, tingling still with emotion, she realized that she had been a little frightened. He was—a little difficult, really. And Paula assured herself that she did not mean to be a fool.

Across the little table he said, "You are so darn beautiful, Paula. But you've kidded me just about as long as I can be kidded. After all, this is Hollywood—and there are a lot of other beautiful women around."

Paula lifted her eyes. They were lovely, but they were hurt, proud, wary.

"Then perhaps you'd better take me home," said Mrs. Fitzgerald.

At the door, he said, "Good-night, my dear," and started down the hall, whistling a little and swinging his stick.

Paula swayed against the door, sick, dizzy, hurt.

Once she started to call him back, but pride held her silent.

She let him go.

Which surprised him very much.

When Sonny came into her bed the next morning, he said, "Mother, when is Daddy coming? I want to see Daddy. If I had a wish, it'd be to see Daddy."

Paula kissed him silently. There were circles under her eyes. But she was very beautiful.

IV

SHE had been made love to by any number of men. She had been courted. She had been flattered.

Since the screen's great lover, there had been a young producer, a very famous Western star, and an extremely clever exploitation man, and a scenario writer, and any number of others.

They had made love to her. But for all that she had no work, she had no money, and she had, so far as she knew, no chance of getting either.

The knock on the door stirred her from her seat enough to make her say, "Come in," without much interest.

It was the landlady.

Paula looked at her once, and did not speak. What was there to say? She knew why the woman had come.

But the landlady, without being asked, came over and took a chair opposite her. "Things breaking bad?" she said.

Paula did not answer her.

"Well," said the woman, slowly, "that's Hollywood. I know it like a book. I been everything in this town. You don't remember me, I guess, but I used to be a star—one of the first, back in the days before we even had names. I been up, I been down—not once, or twice, but a lot of times. But they can't get me up or down again. Not me. You're different. But you haven't got a chance."

The antagonism in Paula had died under the slow, measured words.

"What'd you mean, I haven't got a chance?" she said, breathlessly. "Why haven't I? I must have."

"Well, you haven't," said the woman. "The market's glutted. I know you're beautiful. What of it?"

"I thought," said Paula, bitterly, "I thought screen success was founded on beauty."

"Whatever give you that idea? Look 'em over. One in a hundred isn't a beauty. Besides, you're too old. This game is like baseball. Or prize-fighting, you're through at thirty."

"I'm only twenty-six," said Paula hotly.

"Well—that's too old to start. Nope, beauty is a drug on the market. So are women—as women. You can't sell yourself in Hollywood. Get that. What the deuce do men want to buy what they can



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And of Course—

she takes her Shavette to the shore with her. Today the smart woman must be as smart in her beach costume as in her ball gown.

Just before she dons her bathing suit, she notes the tiniest trace of superfluous hair. That will never, never do!

Snip, snip, snip with Shavette! As quick as that, her skin is as smooth as the sharpest razor or the strongest depilatory could make it. Yet she knows by experience that Shavette will not coarsen the hair or stimulate its growth—that Shavette cannot harm the tenderest skin.

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get for nothing every day of the week? You figured out if you couldn't get on the screen and be a big hit, there'd be plenty of men delighted to take pretty good care of you, didn't you? I know your sort. Well—not in Hollywood. What's the best offer you've had—not counting sloppy talk and compliments and flowers?"

Hysteria took Paula with a violent trembling, but she beat it off.

"A nice young press agent offered to pay my rent," she said, laughing, "and I could do anything I wanted five evenings a week if I let him come the other two."

"Well, you did better'n most, in Hollywood," said the woman, slowly. "Cash offers of any kind are rare. I don't need the rent. But if I was you I'd go home. This is no place for you. You aren't smart enough, or hard-boiled enough to beat this game."

"I can't go back," said Paula desperately. "I can't, I can't. You don't understand. I walked out and left my husband. I told all my friends I was coming to Hollywood. I'd be a laughing stock. I could never hold my head up again. Besides, I don't suppose my husband would take me back now. I wouldn't—in his place."

"Well—all right."
"I know I can win yet," she said. "Everyone has been so kind to me really. You—you've got a very low, hard outlook on life. I know I have friends here, they'll help me, they'll make things possible for me."

"Yeh?" said the landlady, getting up to go. "Not any use wasting time on you—yet."

V

THERE was no snow outside, but Paula could hear now the merry laughter of crowds, the hustling feet, the rush of motors.

It was Christmas Eve. She could tell it—she could feel it.

Christmas had always been a great time in Nashville. They made a lot of Christmas—down home. Everybody was so friendly, running in and out, trimming each other's trees, giving presents. Why, folks you hardly knew sent you the nicest presents. And flowers—when she was a girl at home in Nashville sometimes she had as many as fifty bouquets.

She remembered the lights on the snow at home at Christmas time, streaming out of all the windows, and from the continually opening doors. And, in Baltimore, there were so many pleasant customs, and on Christmas Eve everybody went calling.

Last year, she and Eddie had trimmed Sonny's tree—

She got up and went over to the little tree in the corner of the room and moved a few of the bright baubles about. It was a very little tree. She was afraid Sonny would be disappointed. Last year, his tree had reached clear to the ceiling of the drawing room, and Eddie had arranged all the strings of colored lights so beautifully.

There weren't any lights on this little tree. If Sonny cried—

Her gaze wandered to the door. It was—sort of lonesome. Of course, it was silly of her to feel that way. This

wasn't—the South. Folks out here didn't make nearly so much of Christmas. And of course in Nashville there had been her father and mother and all the boys and girls she'd gone to school with. And in Baltimore there had been Eddie.

He was a great one to make a fuss over holidays and birthdays. Especially Christmas. Last year he had spent two hours arranging Sonny's electric train. There wasn't any gift like that for Sonny tonight. She was sorry. But—but she just hadn't had enough money.

Funny—spending Christmas Eve alone.

SURELY somebody would come, or call her up, or send her a little package to be opened in the morning. Suppose she, Paula Fitzgerald, didn't get a single Christmas present. There must be a package somewhere from the folks in Nashville. But the mails were so crowded. All the things from the East had been delayed. That was why her family package didn't come, nor Eddie's for Sonny. Surely, surely, Eddie had sent something—not to her but to Sonny.

She went in and looked at him where he lay asleep at last, in her bed. His hair was dark against the pillow. This bedroom wasn't like his nursery at home.

She wandered back again and the sight of the little tree took her by the throat and she buried her face a moment in her hands. It looked so—so forlorn. She never had had any knack of doing things like that. And then, it was just awful how much all those little glittery things cost.

Nobody was coming to see her—nobody was going to send her a present, not even flowers.

All those men who had made love to her. What did they care? This proved it. Here it was Christmas, and where were they? Home with their families, looking after their wives and children. And she was alone.

In the morning, she and Sonny would wake up alone, and they would be alone all day long. They would eat turkey she would have to cook alone. The gaiety of—she must not let herself think of last year, of the pretty little house in Baltimore, of Eddie bustling down to light the fire and the tree, of the colored servants standing about in the background, and the long, happy, thrilling day with people coming and going.

Tears began to trickle down her cheeks. And just then there was a knock at her door.

A timid knock, but unmistakable. Color flamed into her cheeks.

Somebody had remembered her. She had a friend. She wasn't just a beautiful woman to be made love to, to be tempted, and then forgotten.

She went softly, expectantly. Maybe it was only flowers, or a little gift, or maybe somebody—she ran over three or four names in her mind—maybe somebody had come to help her decorate Sonny's tree.

Her eager hands flung wide the door. Eddie stood there, Eddie, Eddie, wrapped in a fur coat, his arms so full of bundles that she could see only his eyes, timid and pleading behind their glasses, and his gray felt hat.

They stared at each other. "Eddie," said the beautiful Paula

Fitzgerald. "Eddie—you—what are you doing here?"

He came in and set the bundles down on the table.

"I know I didn't have any business to come," he said, slowly, and his voice pleaded, too. "I know what you told me the day you left. I know I'm not good enough for you, Paula, and I know I didn't give you what you wanted. I expect you're pretty busy, too, and have got a lot of—of wonderful friends and everything and I want you to know I won't interfere. But when I thought of not—well, I thought maybe you might like me to help you trim Sonny's Christmas tree, or something. I—I just couldn't bear to spend Christmas away from you and Sonny."

"You came three thousand miles to—help me trim Sonny's Christmas tree?" said Paula, softly, her eyes enormous, her lashes wet.

"Sounds silly, doesn't it?" said Eddie, deprecatingly. "I suppose it does sound silly—to you."

"Eddie," said Paula, "do you know what it sounds like to me? It sounds like the very angels that sang on—that first Christmas, that's what it sounds like. Oh, Eddie, take me home—take me home."

"You were sure born under a lucky star," said the landlady, flatly.

"Wasn't I, though?" said Paula. And she had never looked so beautiful.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

ALL ABOARD—First National

AN amusing Johnnie Hines comedy that will meet with the approval of all audiences. This is the first time Johnnie has had such a capable and charming leading lady as is Edna Murphy. Johnnie becomes a conductor of a tour through the Sahara. Now there happens to be a wicked sheik who has designs on Edna. He kidnaps her and of course it's up to Johnnie to do the rescuing act. Good entertainment.

SPUDS—Pathe

LARRY SEMON thinks he is a good enough comedian to do without a story or situations. And of course you know otherwise. Larry has been doing this for years and it is really about time that he got wise to himself. Perhaps that is why he has turned his talents (?) towards directing for Paramount. This was apparently intended to be a hilarious travesty on the war but one is never quite sure whether it was meant to be comedy or pathos.

THE BRONCHO TWISTER—Fox

THERE is nothing unusual in this shoot-up-the-town Tom Mix feature. It is now an accepted fact that Tom always accomplishes the impossible so you must overlook a number of the absurdities you will find here. Tom meets the girl, protects her rights from her brutal father and his gang. After cleaning up the gang Tom proceeds to blow up the house—just for the fun of seeing some fireworks. None of this is likely to keep you awake nights.

THE BROKEN GATE—Tiffany

A GOOD cast—including Dorothy Phillips, Buster Collier, Florence Turner and Jean Arthur. But not much of a picture,

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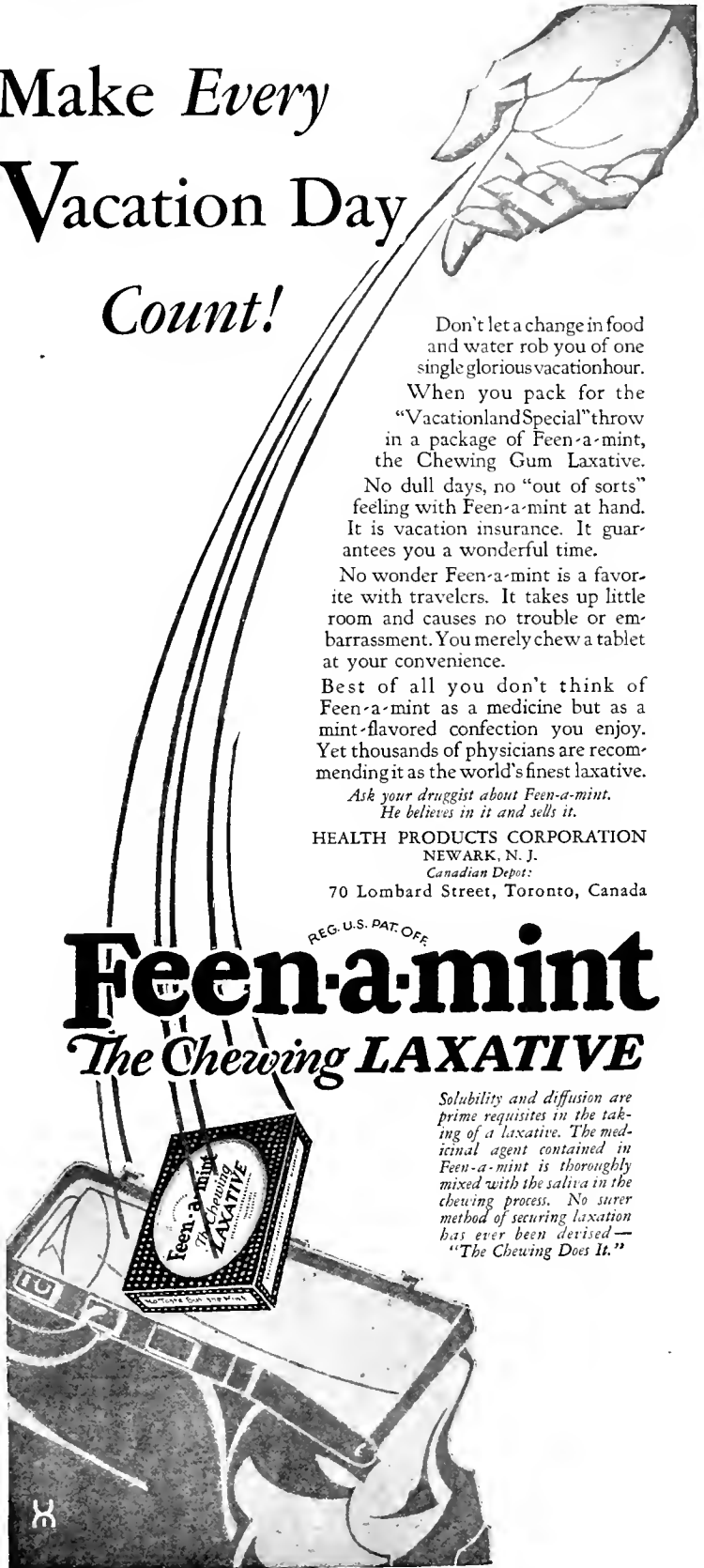
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Between Courses

Ann: You knew Peggy's engagement is broken off?

Betty: Yes—and it was no surprise to me. I've seen it coming for some time.

Ann: Why, Betty, I don't understand! Mart seemed positively infatuated!

Betty: Yes, I know—at first before he knew her! But no man would stand for Peggy's utter disregard of personal daintiness—even though she is as pretty as a picture.

PEGGY is but one of many girls apparently unaware that men observe and appreciate daintiness in women above everything.

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unfortunately, because of the weepy story and weak direction. The setting is a gossipy small town interested solely in the life of *Aurora Lane* and her nameless child, who is supposedly dead. Lots of complication, and of course, finally, vindication. The sentimental passages somehow do not seem to register their pathos. Grownups only.

MEN OF DARING—Universal

THIS, they tell us, is a super Western. Really, there is not much to distinguish it from the usual Western except that there is more of it. Jack Hoxie is cast in the likable rôle of a carefree hero who helps the pioneers reach the gold regions by protecting them from the attacks by the Indians and a most villainous gang. There's plenty of action here—things start at a gallop from the beginning and keep up until the final hitching post is reached.

HEY! HEY! COWBOY—Universal

THE title doesn't lead you to expect much. The result is you are not disappointed. Once again we have Hoot settling a war between ranchers. Hoot does it in the usual way with the heroine as the reward. This picture has one great advantage—it enables you to see all the Westerns for a single admission. There are, however, more agreeable ways to spend an evening.

ALTARS OF DESIRE—M-G-M

AUNTIE MAE MURRAY must have tried to borrow Fanny Ward's youth secret in order to fill the rôle of a little Southern ingenue. But Fanny doesn't tell everything, for somehow Mae failed to register. Soft-focused close-ups constitute the whole picture. They fit Auntie's style of beauty. One grand feature is Andre Beranger—his interpretation of a French count is delightful. Conway Tearle, Robert Edeson and Maude George complete the cast. Stay away.

THE NOTORIOUS LADY— First National

A FLAT piece of cinema hash dating back to the days of weepy melodrammers. Lewis Stone is again the self-sacrificing hero

who dashes to Africa to forget his wife. And you naturally know they will meet eventually, but not until Lewis has suffered from the dread fever and after a successful diamond expedition. Nothing but a nice new story could pep this up.

NO MAN'S LAW—Pathe

THIS starts out very slowly and only until the final reel does any action take place. Which is quite unusual for a Rex, the Wild Horse, feature. Rex's uncanny intelligence makes you sit through this until the very end. Nothing more. Barbara Kent is a very charming leading lady and shows a great deal of promise. Theodore Von Eltz is the hero. For Rex fans only.

THE SEA TIGER—First National

IF you like some sizzling fights here's your red meat. Every one in the cast encounters some pugilistic exercise with some other member. Even to the women. Of course the fights all start over the women and the women fight over the men. Just a lot of nonsense—if you care to waste your time, go ahead.

MATINEE LADIES—Warner Bros.

IT is rather unfortunate that May McAvoy's first vehicle for Warner's is such an amateurish effort both in direction and supporting cast. May's performance is always worth-while but Hedda Hopper's dates back to the vampish days of Theda—all that was missing was the tiger rug. Malcolm McGregor was present—that's about all. As for the story, it's all wet—another depiction of the fast and boozy set. Don't waste your good time and money.

HORSESHOES—Pathe

THE funniest of the Monty Banks efforts to date. Banks has a good sense of humor and with proper stories and direction he should develop into a comedian of the first class. Here Monty is an aspiring lawyer whose good luck charm is a horseshoe. In his first case he is hopelessly outwitted by his opponents but a horseshoe is found in the nick of time and the day is saved. Lots of fun for everyone.



Karl Brown turned a Carolina mountain cabin into a studio by using special gas lights. The equipment was carted over miles of dirt roads into the depths of the hills. In the background, you see Forrest James and Helen Mundy, who star in "Stark Love." The tank, in the foreground, supplies all the gas for the lights

THE BELOVED ROGUE—
United Artists

IF the famous François Villon could see himself as he is burlesqued on the screen, he would probably writhe in agony in his grave. All the charm and romance in the life of the roguish Villon has been turned into regular slapstick comedy. Though lavishly mounted, this has little to offer. John Barrymore is in this picture.

MADAME WANTS NO CHILDREN—
Fox

THERE is absolutely no reason why this picture should have been produced. It was made in Germany and the entire cast is composed of German actors. Evidently this is a sample of foreign sophistication—to us it is just cheap. Not worth your time nor money and of course it is not for the children.

DOWN THE STRETCH—Universal

IT'S the usual racing yarn with just one little exception. A new angle is injected here—the hardships and trials of the jockeys to keep their heads down. The final race is here with the hero winning nobly. Bobby Agnew is the hottest looking jockey that ever weighed in. Marion Nixon is the girl. Fair.

THE RIDIN' ROWDY—Pathe

THE usual Western—villains will be villains and the hero has to save the gal. You'll find plenty of hard ridin', lots of fightin' and shootin' and some pretty crude romantic scenes. Buffalo Bill, Jr., is the star.

SEE YOU IN JAIL—First National

A FAIR comedy if you don't take it too seriously. Jack Mulhall is a wealthy man's son who tried to make good after his father disowns him. A wealthy man pays him \$150 to appear in jail in his place—and what happens in jail is nobody's business. Life is grand and glorious in jail and when he is released he finds himself president of a milk-bottling concern. Of course there's a girl in the case—don't be silly—but go find out where she comes in.

WHISPERING SAGE—Fox

YOU'LL find this full of pep and quite enjoyable because Buck Jones is in it. How did'ever guess that Buck's our favorite? Buck is out to avenge his brother's death. He encounters a villainous gang trying to steal the land away from Spanish settlers. And you know our big brave heroes could not stand around and see such a thing go on. The leader of the gang turns out to be the murderer of Buck's brother—so everything is settled and Buck takes unto himself a wife.

OUTLAWS OF RED RIVER—Fox

THE best of the recent Tom Mix features. It is taken from one of the late George Beaumont stories and is full of action and hard riding—the kind the young boys delight in. Tom is a ranger who rounds up the most villainous gang that ever rode a range. Sure there's a girl in the case—Marjorie Dav. Grown-ups will like this too.

The health and beauty of the hair



depend chiefly upon the condition of the scalp. Normal capillary circulation and nerve tone mean well-nourished roots—strong, vigorous hair shafts—lively, lustrous hair. Important also, of course, that the scalp be kept really clean. Excellent for these purposes is Liquid Silmerine. Rubbed into the scalp it has a wholesome tonic effect, invigorating tissues, improving circulation. And it effectually eliminates dandruff, dirt, excess oiliness. Always use before shampooing.



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Liquid Silmerine Gives a neat, well-groomed effect

Bring out the hidden beauty

Do you know that just beneath that soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon? Mercolized Wax will gradually, gently, peel off the devitalized surface skin, revealing the youthfully fresh, white and beautiful skin underneath. It leaves no trace but that of increased loveliness. The new complexion is a perfectly natural one, not to be compared at all with a make-up.



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Sounds too good to be true? It is true; you can prove it this very day. If you want to see wrinkles, creases, sagginess completely disappear from your face in 15 minutes, just mix a spoonful of Powdered Tarkroot with a spoonful of lemon juice and apply this soothing mixture to your face. Then sit down before your mirror and have the surprise of your life!

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The hated lines go away like magic. Behold, now, what you looked like when you're old! The sagginess correct itself. Enjoy the strange, delicious sensation of stimulation, support and plump, smooth firmness. When you wash off the application, your face looks much younger. The effect is far better than that of the most expert face massage.

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SEE PAGES 38 AND 39



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When Hollywood Was a Pasture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

Today Cecil De Mille has the magnificent home in Laughlin Park, adjoining Hollywood, pictured at the right. The estate overlooks Hollywood and commands a magnificent view of the mountains



Below is Mr. De Mille's first Hollywood home, at 2127 Cahuenga Avenue, Hollywood. The director then earned \$75 a week, which meant that he walked to work



near Wallace Reid's, while William Desmond likewise dwelt at the Rex Arms until he married pretty Mary McIvor, his leading lady, and went to live in his colonial mansion across from Bill Hart's.

The Rex Arms was famous at one time for housing many picture stars, including Mary Pickford, Mary Alden, Lew Cody, Ford Sterling, Mabel Normand, Allan Dwan, Corinne Griffith, Pauline Busch, and many, many others. Mary Alden held a sort of salon in her apartment, where foregathered the leading newspaper people, scenario writers and stars, always sure of an excellent dinner and good talk, Mary being an exceptional hostess and conversationalist.

Thursday night was the great night at the Hollywood Hotel in the old days—and still is!

Those Thursday nights, to be so famous later, all began when Richard Carle, noted light opera star, and his wife were stopping there. One Thursday night

Mrs. Carle sat down at the piano and began to play and sing. There gathered around her the other theatrical and picture people then living at the house, with the result an impromptu musical entertainment, after which everybody danced. It struck the proprietor next morning that that sort of thing might be made an institution, and so the next Thursday he advertised a dance.

The hotel is a rambling old stucco and frame building, with wide verandahs, long, restful vistas of reception rooms, and a lovely court filled with flowers, fountains and ferns.

Viola Dana and Shirley Mason went to live there, after which the place rapidly became popular as the home of the movie stars. May Allison, H. B. Warner and his wife, Anita Loos and her mother, Marjorie Daw, William H. Crane, de Wolf Hopper and his wife, Hedda Hopper, Ann Luther, William Farnum, Herbert Rawlinson, Louise Closser Halé, Alice

Lake, Bert Lytell, Henry Walthall, Milton Sills, Edward Connelly, Elinor Glyn, Major Rupert Hughes, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Betty Blythe, Conway Tearle and his wife, Constance, Norma and Natalie Talmadge and their mother, Sir Herbert Tree and his daughter Iris, and hundreds of others dwelt there at one time or another.

All the smart people of filmdom used to come to the Hollywood Hotel on Thursday nights, as I said before, and one beheld there Charlie Chaplin, the Gish sisters, Anita Stewart, Jack Conway, Mack Sennett, Mabel Normand, Priscilla Dean, Earle Williams, and many others aside from the regular denizens. Fortunate tourists who chanced to be staying at the Hollywood Hotel had ringside seats at the Thursday evening dances, which were held always in the lobby, while still others who didn't belong and couldn't get in by hook or crook, stood outside on the verandahs, pressing their noses against the window panes, and gazing longingly within.

THIS gathering was really the progenitor of the present brilliant Mayfair and Sixty Club affairs, held at the Biltmore and the Ambassador Hotels.

"You must come to the Blank Theater and see my newest picture," the late Harold Lockwood said to me one evening.

We went.

The Blank Theater—a tawdry, cheap little theater on Hollywood Boulevard—was the finest theater in Hollywood in those days! An orchestrion furnished the music after ten o'clock in the evening, when the regular organist and the three-piece orchestra went home!

There were no theaters of the spoken drama then—if you except a tent show where a stock company held forth in "East Lynne" and shows of the like classic ilk—where now flourish El Capitan Theater, the Wilkes, the Music Box, the Hollywood Playhouse; added to which are Grauman's Egyptian and Chinese Theaters for pictures, elaborately beautiful and unique, together with other handsome movie palaces.

And now the Warner Brothers have begun work on their skyscraper-theater building on the corner of Hollywood and Wilcox Boulevards, where once stood the old Beveridge mansion surrounded by its orange groves, lawns and rose gardens.

Somehow most of the picture stars of the old days lived with their mothers and families in bungalows or apartments. The Gish sisters lived with their mother in a modest apartment; Mae Marsh dwelt with her mother and numerous brothers and sisters in a two-story house; Blanche Sweet lived with her grandmother in a little apartment; Bessie Love, Carmel Myers, Colleen Moore and Pauline Starke never were separated from their mothers.

Movieland always was a home land. This was partly due to the fact that most of the picture people had been on the stage and had had to live in hotels most of their lives.

"I never had a home in my life," said De Wolfe Hopper, "until I came west."

He stayed at the Hollywood Hotel for a little while, then took a house for himself, his wife and his small son, William De Wolfe Hopper, Jr.



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Send me, postage paid, one Lotion Face Bleach.
On arrival, I will pay postman only \$1.50. If not
delighted after six days' use I will return it and
you will at once refund my money.
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Dustin Farnum's house in Hollywood was one of the show places in the old days. It is still very beautiful, with its wide, airy rooms, gracefully arranged, its morning rooms, and its wide gardens. Lya de Putti lives there now.

William Farnum long ago bought a splendid estate at the top of LaBrae Avenue, where he still lives whenever he is in Hollywood.

Tom Mix and Vicky Ford, as soon as they were married, built a modest home in Hollywood, where they lived for many years—long after Tom began making his comfortable \$10,000 a week salary.

Neither Tom nor Victoria cared especially for a large house, until Mrs. Mix one day driving in Beverly Hills discovered for sale the palatial house they now occupy.

IN the old home place of the Mixes, I remember, Tom used to go out in the garage when he had to write a screen story. He would take a certain old automobile to pieces out there—working on his story mentally as he worked on the car—and when the car was put together again, his story was finished, too!

Nobody I think in those days owned a car, and I remember the Gish sisters one day complaining because, being bashful youngsters, they hated being stared at as they rode back and forth to and from the studio on the street cars!

The first car at the Lasky studio was owned by James Neill, who proudly exhibited an old Buick to me one day.

The people at the old Ince studio—more properly Inceville, since it was a little cluster of buildings down the coast from Santa Monica, where were housed a lot of cowboys—used to ride to the studio a horseback.

Roy Stewart, William S. Hart, Charlie Ray, Reginald Barker, always came a horseback, and even the girls did the same, including Mildred Harris when she worked there, Pauline Starke, Rhea Mitchell, Gladys Brockwell, Louise Glauam and other actresses.

That old studio by the way was one of the most interesting that ever decorated filmland. Riding down the coast road by the sea, you came suddenly upon it, with its village sets of houses and churches, its huge barns for the horses, its rambling, ugly old rough-board executive buildings and dressing rooms, and its picturesque tepees where dwelt the Indians whom Thomas H. Ince used to employ in his pictures. Rigged out in their bright clothing, bedecked with beads and feathers, they were a picturesque lot of human beings. The studio buildings were in a sort of canyon, with the tepees atop a hill.

Minnie, the famous old Indian actress, was then alive, and I remember one day when I was eating in the greasy little cafe at the studio, seeing Minnie, broad and buxom, sitting on a stool at the lunch counter, having her beans and bread. I chanced to laugh as I was looking at her absent-mindedly while I talked to Bill Desmond. She thought I was laughing at her, and glared sullenly, even making a pass at a knife that lay on the counter. Bill went over and explained to her that I was laughing at a joke of his, told her I wished to meet her, and Minnie and I were friends from that time on.

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The movie studios, those houses of magic in which were spun the charms that made Hollywood a unique place in the world as well as a city of wealth, were for the most part funny old tumble-down places in the old days. Thomas H. Ince had not yet begun even to dream of the great, beautiful studio with its wide lawns, its glass stages, its dressing room suites, which later became the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, nor of the splendid Old Colonial mansion studio built still later by him and which now is the Cecil B. De Mille studio.

Somebody came rushing into my office one day to tell me of the great studio which Universal was to build. Universal at that time was housed in a rambling bunch of buildings at Sunset and Gower Streets in Hollywood. But the new studio was going to be so big it was to be called Universal City. It was to have a real administration building of immense size—all of ten rooms, I believe—with large gates and walls, flower gardens, fountains and dressing rooms that would be comfortable and airy, and there were to be all of three stages. This paragon of studios was to be opened with great feasting and many brass bands by President Carl Laemmle and other Universal officials, including Isadore Bernstein, then director general. The studio was to be located on the Universal ranch over in San Fernando Valley, a place overrun with jack rabbits, coyotes and mountain lions. Duly the place was so opened.

The Griffith studio, where D. W. Griffith dreamed out "The Birth of a Nation," "Broken Blossoms" and "Intolerance," was merely a studio by courtesy. Actually it was a brown frame cottage that had been converted into a studio, and Griffith had his barely furnished office in a room which had been a bedroom. He had a little plain office desk at which he never sat down, I am told.

Back of it were some bare outdoor stages. Here, I believe, diffusers were first used—great sheets of canvas worked on wires and overhanging the stages, which were pulled about as the sunlight changed on the set. Nobody worked with Kleigs in those days.

I found Lillian Gish. I remember, in her dressing room, which she had just been painting with white paint!

WHAT funny, bare places those dressing rooms were, to be sure! Little like the beautiful, luxurious bungalows and dressing room suites occupied these days by the stars.

I remember how Helen Ware, who had just come from the Eastern stage to work for Griffith, laughed when she saw the old-fashioned wash bowl and pitcher—there was no running water!—in her dressing room.

"I thought they only had those in museums!" she exclaimed gaily.

The Lasky studio was an old barn! There was a sort of raised place at the back which they had used to wash buggies on, and this was turned into a stage. I went out there one day to meet Jesse L. Lasky and Cecil B. De Mille. Mr. De Mille had just come west and was working on one of his first pictures, and Jesse L. Lasky was making his first visit in the west.

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Created for Mary Philbin UniversalStar

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by LETITIA HADLEY

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PHOTO. 6-27

He was hoping, was Mr. Lasky, he said, to make a go of this new concern, and he told me some of his plans. The projection room was a long room which had been used to store wagons.

Lucien Littlefield was telephone boy, and sometimes played small parts. When he did there was nobody to answer the telephone in the office!

Aside from the small space occupied by the stage, the lot was a lemon orchard. One day somebody went out and cut down a lemon tree, and it is said that Mr. De Mille chided the cutter because he said the orchard should be preserved, as it wasn't likely the studio would ever need all that space.

Famous Players was not affiliated with Lasky at the time, but had its studios at the old Senator Cole residence, after the senator left.

It was indeed a year or two after the Lasky organization started before Famous Players came west.

The Vitagraph studio was just a bunch of rambling old buildings, and it rained into the dressing rooms in winter time. Corinne Griffith was one of their principal stars, and she lived at the Rex Arms.

Now Corinne has a gorgeous home in Beverly Hills.

It would seem that nearly all those Rex Arms people moved out to Beverly. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks have their beautiful home, Pickfair, in Beverly.

By the way, how the tourists do congregate around the entrance to Pickfair!

Mary told me only last week that they had had to remove a hot-dog stand from before their gates!

French Leave

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

learned definitely that there were certain members of the troupe whom it would be futile to approach. His quest narrowed down eventually to four: Sam Gin, Willy Trout, Enoch Tapp and Evergreen Tapp. His heart missed a beat when he learned that the Tapps were obviously unhappy.

"What did they do in Birmingham, Florian?"

"Well, suh, Cap'n—Evergreen used to be a nurse in a big house on Highland avenue. That was befo' she thought she become an actress."

"A good nurse?"

"Judgin' by her actin', I should say yes."

"And Enoch?"

"Oh! I dunno. He wukked at a heap of things. Mostly he buttled and chauffed."

Henry Farnsworth knew that the sun was shining upon him.

"And they are discontented?"

"That's the one thing they aint nothin' else but."

"Why?"

"Hmph!" Florian shrugged. "Actors is actors, Mistuh Farnsworth. An' them which plays leads always high-hats them which fills in. Enoch an' Evergreen just plays bits, an' ev'ybody orders 'em aroun'."



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The Clumps an' the Fizzes don't have much to do with 'em, an' even Opus Randall an' Welford Potts treats 'em scandalous. I don't habdly blame 'em . . . you see, in Bummingham just bein' a member of Midnight gives folks a lot of sassiety position, but over heah they aint nothin' but the lowest in the comp'ny an' they gits treated as such."

"Are they good, honest, reliable people?"

"Cap'n, tha's the most thing they are. They got to be to hol' their jobs."

Mr. Farnsworth did some deep thinking. "How do they like France?"

"They is crazy 'bout it, but they talks French *tres* rotten. Seems like they caint git their tongues twisted right to say French words—like I can."

"I see . . . I see . . . They're not homesick?"

"**NOSSUH.** Single folks, an' folks which is ma'ied but their wives aint along—they is the ones what git homesick. But not no couples. I reckon Enoch an' Evergreen woul'n't like nothin' better than to live all their lives in France."

The Mobilian glanced approvingly at Florian. "And how about you, Florian?"

"Me? I reckon one place is good as 'nother fo' me."

"What kind of work did you do before you became an actor?"

"Oh! A li'l of ev'rything. I mos'ly disported myse'f."

"At what?"

"Well, I shoots a good cue an' I used to play baseball an'—"

"Did Enoch ever play ball?"

"Pretty good. He played once on the lodge team of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise when us beat The Over the River Buryin' Sassiety."

Mr. Farnsworth slipped a hundred franc note into Florian's eager palm. "This has been an interesting conversation, Slappee. And I'm delighted to do anything I can to make your stay in Nice pleasant. Tomorrow I'm going to bring Mrs. Farnsworth down to watch the picture-taking. She is from Alabama, too, and will be mighty interested."

Florian watched the gentleman disappear across the Place Massena. He nodded with vast approval: "Hot diggity dawg!" he reflected. "He sho' is quality folks."

Mrs. Farnsworth accompanied her husband to the Jardin du Roi Albert where the company was engaged in shooting some particularly farcical stuff. Prominently in the foreground were the two directors, the cameraman and the four stars: Opus Randall, Welford Potts, Sicily Clump and Glorious Fizz. Florian stood off to one side chatting with Enoch and Evergreen Tapp and, at a signal from the Farnsworths, he brought the unhappy couple over with him.

They talked idly for several minutes, then Florian was summoned by Director Clump. Immediately as the Farnsworths were left alone with Enoch and Evergreen the conversation became more pointed. By the time Florian rejoined the group the eyes of the elongated negro and his young wife were shining. That night the Tapps walked along the shores of the Mediterranean and discussed the matter.

"Evergreen," announced the husband, "Ise all fo' it."



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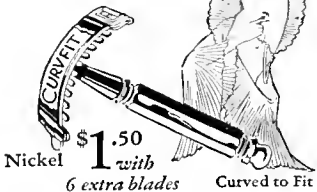
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"I reckon you would be, Enoch. Likin' France like you do an' hatin' all these actors."

"I don't hate 'em. But they has gotten pow'ful uppity right recent. Always tellin' us where to git off at. Aint you kind of sore?"

"I'll say I is. Actin' is one thing, but bein' stepped on is somethin' else. Ise sick of the way Sicily an' Glorious superciliouses me all the time, an'—"

A DREAMY, faraway look came into Enoch's eyes. "I'd sho' love to buttle again, Evergreen—honey."

"Uh-huh. An' they say they got swell rooms fo' us with private bath an' steam heat an' ev'ything."

"Aint you tootin'?" An' just think of what us could say to these actor folks when we resigned. Couln't us just tell 'em where to git off at? An' woul'n't they tear their hair out by the roots an' beg us to stay?"

That was the clincher with Evergreen. She loathed to abandon her professional

understan' how us brung you along, 'ceptin' on'y that we had to have somebody to fill in. Pussonally, I wishes you-all luck, but if you aint better servants than you is actors, I regrets to think about these swell white folks that has hired you."

Thus the departure of Enoch and Evergreen was shot through with bitterness instead of triumph. It was almost as though they had been discharged. The only salve to this unhappiness was the contentment that came to them in their new job.

In the first place, they instantly became devoted to the Farnsworth children. Enoch particularly fell in love with them. The only fly in their ointment was a psychological one, and Evergreen alone was victim to it. After all, there was a certain pride in being an actress. It gave one a feeling of accomplishment which could not come from a menial position—however pleasant that position might be. Therefore, even from the first, her happiness was tainted by doubt.

Answers to How Good is Your Memory

1. "Stella Dallas"	7. "Little Old New York"
2. "Valencia"	8. "He Who Gets Slapped"
3. "The Sheik"	9. "The Freshman"
4. "The Vanishing American"	10. "Variety"
5. "What Price Glory"	11. "A Woman of Paris"
6. "The Sea Hawk"	12. "So Big"

career, but she thought of stepping from under the feet of Sicily Clump and Glorious Fizz. . . "I think us better make a 'gagement to talk things over with Mistuh an' Mis' Farnsworth, Enoch. Wukkin' fo' them is the most thing I craves to think about."

Within four days arrangements had been completed. Enoch was to receive the huge sum of three hundred and fifty francs a week as butler, chauffeur and athletic instructor to Henry Farnsworth, junior. Evergreen, as nursemaid, was to be paid three hundred francs a week. In addition they were to have their private rooms, plus heat, water and all meals. It was also made clear to them that they were not expected to learn the French language—a detail which made the situation much more popular.

Immediately Enoch and Evergreen handed in their resignations. A large crowd of their associates was present at the time and Enoch made the announcement with great gusto. He and Evergreen stared at the gathering triumphantly and eagerly waited the broadside of protest.

But they were keenly disappointed. Director Clump merely shrugged.

"All right," he said calmly.

"What you mean: All right?"

"I mean if you-all two is fool enough to quit—we is willin'. You aint much good nohow."

Enoch blinked rapidly. "Who says we aint?"

"Well, is you? An' if so—how?"

"Us—us acts all the time—"

"Sure, you act terrible. I never could

But the most amazing aftermath of their defection from the Midnight ranks occurred in the company itself. It became astoundingly apparent that Enoch and Evergreen were the most important unimportant people in the world. Had Midnight been at home the recruiting of new players would have been a simple matter.

Here in France the situation was appalling.

FORCEP SWAIN, Midnight's imminent author, was driven nearly to distraction. "Dawg-bite it! Caesar—I can't compose epics without you let me use plenty of characters."

"You aint got to use 'em wholesale." But folks have to be in stories. You can't just write scenarios about stars. Now in this picture there are only six minor rôles. If you look back over my files you'll see that is a heap less than we've been using—"

"But there's two wimmin extra—an' we aint got but one."

"It aint my fault you accepted Evergreen Tapp's resignation, is it?"

"No, but . . . well, you got to write one female part out of this story."

"It can't be done!" Forcep was very positive. "The whole story depends on the hero having him a connubial partner and if he aint got one, then there aint any story."

"But Forcep—"
"Don't but me. Slim Boy. I am paid to auth—not to cast your pictures."

J. Caesar Clump confessed himself beaten. Forcep was right, of course, and Clump was too honest to argue. It was queer about Evergreen . . . he hadn't paid any attention to her from the time they left Birmingham. It had been a case of do this and do that and do the other thing. Sometimes she made up to play two or three bits in a single slapstick comedy. She was pretty and eager and she registered well. There was one way out . . . the production manager approached Lithia Chew, wife of the ponderous Lawyer Chew. She announced that she was quite willing to star in a Midnight picture provided it was a serious, lit'ry presentation. She couldn't consider falling in ditches and being hit by dishpans. As for playing the sort of stuff Evergreen Tapp had been doing . . . Lithia Chew became highly insulted.

And so a meeting of sorrow had been called and Director Clump stated the situation calmly.

"We has got to have 'em back!" he announced. "Else we might as well pack our luggage and sail fo' the States."

There was a solemn silence, broken eventually by the harassed president—Orifice R. Latimer.

"Aint you kind of zaggeratin' things, Caesar?"

"ZAGGERATIN'! Me? Great sufferin' 'tripe! Orifice, it caint be zaggerated. A'ready we is wastin' time. We has doubled Magnesia Jones ev'y which way, but we caint make her two wimmin in one scene no matter how much genuses we is. Exotic Hines has went most crazy fixin' his cam'ra so folks won't know how much work Miss Jones is doin'. Sicily Clump an' Glorious Fizz is playin' leads an' ev'ybody knows them. Us needs another cullud woman—an' by Golly! we got to have her."

"You can get along without Enoch, caint you?"

"Sure. I can use the orchestra boys fo' what he would do. But we caint get Evergreen 'thout Enoch on account of them bein' ma'ied to each other. An' Evergreen says she never was no mo' happier than she is in that new job—"

"Where at d'you git that stuff?"

The question was asked tauntingly. All eyes focussed upon the speaker—in a hopelessly superior fashion. His bright little eyes flashed about the room: "You-all is the dumbest bunch I ever did see. Trouble is you is all ma'ied, an' therefore you don't know nothin' 'bout wimmin."

"Hmph! I guess you know such a lot 'bout them, huh?"

"You is dawg-gone tootin' I do. A man as 'tractive as I which has steered clear of them all these yeahs is bound to know all there is to know an' I ask you saphheads—where did you git the idea that Evergreen Tapp was'n achin' to come back to Midnight?"

The voices of Lawyer Chew, President Latimer and Director Clump rose in chorus. "She told us!"

"Tol' you! Sho'ly she did. 'Cause when she resigned you made it look like she was'n wanted. I don't hardly reckon you tol' her you coul'n't git along without her, did you?"

"No-o . . . But—"

"Boys!" announced Florian firmly. "You don't know nothin' an' you acts



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according. Now listen: I happen to understand them folks pretty good. Ise willin' to admit that Enoch Tapp would be happy in that job fo' the rest of his life. He's one of them easy-goin' fellers which craves a good bed, good eatments an' lots of spare time. But Evergreen is different. She's a woman and she's got ambition. If you all had of told her when she resigned that she was valuable to the comp'ny, she never would of lef', 'cause any girl would rather be a bum actress than a good nurse . . . an' would rather be a good actress than anythin' in the world.

"BUT what happens? You make her think she aint wuth shootin'. An' now there aint nothin' for her to do but play proud an' tell you where to git off at."

They were staring at Florian wide-eyed. One or two nodded slow approval.

"Do you think you could git her to come back, Florian?"

"Sho'ly. Handlin' diplomatical things like that is the most thing I shines at. But I don't do it like you all think. I goes to her an' tells her that the comp'ny is most likely gwine to bust up less'n she comes back. Ise gwine say that she's the most impawtant pussin in the whole troupe an' we caint git along 'thout her. Ise gwine offer to double her sal'ry an' also hint that maybe she plays better parts—"

"Oh! My Gawd! Florian . . . you caint—"

"All right. Handle it yo' own way an' see where it gits you. Evergreen aint never comin' back to this troupe 'til we gives her a high horse to ride on. Now if you all is willin' . . ."

They discussed the matter from every angle. The more they delved into it, the more apparent it became that Florian's reasoning was sound. At least it could do no harm to try—and they were unhappily certain that their own methods had been uncouth and wrong. Furthermore they were keenly conscious of their need for Evergreen. As for Enoch—

"Shuh!" announced Mr. Slappey, "you don't need to have no worriment 'bout that feller. He's crazy 'bout Evergreen an' wherever she goes—also he goes."

"Soun's good," agreed Latimer. "There's a li'l bonus in it fo' you."

"Hot dam! Bonuses is the fondest thing I is of. But I warn you, this aint gwine be no swif' job."

"Don't make it too long. Us aint gwine be in Nice but ten days longer. Then we moves to Marseilles—"

"Just sing yo'self to sleep, Brother. When us depahts fo' Marseilles, Enoch and Evergreen is gwine be wuth us. You watch my smoke."

And watch Florian's smoke they did, although at first it was a mere bit of haze in the distance.

Florian's first move was to meet Evergreen when she was walking with the two Farnsworth children on the Promenade des Anglais. He chatted with her casually and then dropped a few remarks which caused her eyes to sparkle. He told her that she was terribly missed from the Midnight Ranks.

"Not really, Florian."
"Cross my heart an' hope to be bawn a dawg!"



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"Does Director Clump say so?"
 "Gal! You must ought to heah him. An' President Latimer . . ."
 "They wasn't thinkin' such when I an' Enoch departed."
 "Tha's just the point," chuckled Florian. "Up 'til that time they thought you-all wasn't doin' nothin'. Now when they tries to find other cullud gals to play their pitchers—they is entirely out of luck."
 "I'm glad of it!"
 "An' aint you sort of honin' to be back?"
 A faraway, wistful look appeared briefly in Evergreen's fine eyes. "Well, I aint sayin' I aint, Florian. Co'se, Mistuh an' Mis' Farnsworth is the swellest folks I ever wukked fo' . . . but just the same it seems terrible to 'bandon a career like mine."
 "It sho' was," agreed Mr. Slappey. "Terrible!"
 Florian was entirely too adroit to press his advantage further at the moment. He bowed magniloquently and walked away—blithely unconscious of a certain fact.

At the very moment that Mr. Slappey was most immersed in his conversation with the fair Evergreen, an elaborate sedan had rolled past. At the wheel sat the chauffeur and beside him the long ebony figure of one Enoch Tapp. Inside the car was Mrs. Farnsworth.

Mrs. Farnsworth beamed with approval at sight of the neatly capped and gowned Evergreen with her children. But Enoch experienced no thrill of pride at the glimpse he caught of his wife.

"That po' shrimp, Florian Slappey," he muttered viciously to himself. "Whatever a gal sees in him . . ."

Evergreen did not mention to Enoch her meeting with Florian . . . and so the seeds of a deep, dark jealousy were planted. And that was only the beginning.

The fact that Enoch was a witness to their second interview was no matter of coincidence. He deliberately shadowed his wife. He did not know—and would not have believed—that she did not expect to meet Florian. The fact was that they met in front of the Casino Municipal as though by appointment. Florian bowed and fell into step beside Evergreen. Enoch, his face dark as a thundercloud and the soul of him all shrivelled into a little green ball, bethought himself of homicide.

Enoch was frankly and unblushingly in love with his wife. Too, he was acutely conscious of his own physical imperfections—and through the few ecstatic years of their married life had never quite understood how he managed to retain her affections.

Florian was everything that Enoch was not—and would like to have been. He was easy of manner, suave, polished and an elegant dresser. No man in all Birmingham wore such exquisite checks or such glorious sox. Mr. Slappey was incontrovertibly the champion Beau Brummel of the Alabama colored persuasion.

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every member of the troupe, from President Latimer to little Excelsior Nix—the "chile progeny,"—spoke of no one but Evergreen from morning to night. It was all balm to Mrs. Tapp's wounded soul.

"Puttin' it that away, brother Slappeg, I might's well confess that I craves to be back in the comp'ny pow'ful bad."

"Hot dam! Then why not come?"
She shook her head doubtfully. "I can't."

"Why not?"
"Enoch."
"Who he?"

"My husban'. I never seen him so happy as he is now. I an' him just 'bout run that house an' we gits treated grand. You see, Florian—Enoch aint got no burnin' ambition which I has, an' s'far as I can tell he woul'n't like nothin' better than to remain where he is at fo' the rest of his nachel life."

"Shuh! Gal—you can do plenty with him, does you crave to."

"Nope . . . not less'n there was special 'ducements."

"There is!" announced Mr. Slappeg triumphantly. "President Latimer tol' me to tell you that does you join us again, you gits double the salary; you was drawin' befo'. Also Enoch."

HER eyes sparkled. From that instant Evergreen Tapp was converted. The company had made the amende honorable, and under such conditions Mrs. Tapp could not see her way clear to forsake a career for which she felt herself preeminently fitted.

"We got a week left," explained Florian, "befo' us goes to Marseilles. Don't try to rush Enoch. Take it easy. Just tell him that you got reasons fo' wantin' to return back to Midnight. Git him all wukked up . . . an' then the last thing you spring on him can be 'bout gittin' two times as much sal'ry."

Evergreen promised—and kept her word. But the manner in which Enoch greeted her renewed interest in the motion picture profession filled her with horrid doubt and blank uncertainty.

Enoch's single track mind found but one solution. He had twice seen his wife enthralled in the society of Florian Slappeg—therefore Enoch presumed that Mr. Slappeg was the magnet which was attracting her again into the fold. He probed with subtlety and her evasion filled him with greater certainty and a more pervading misery.

"Funny," he suggested, "that you has changed aroun' all of a sudden."

"There's reasons," she retorted.

"What do you mean: Reasons?"

"We-e-ell—I has 'scovered a few things since I left away lum there. An' I yearns to go back."

"I suppose,"—jealously—"that you craves to go 'thout me, eh?"

"Foolishness what you talks with yo' mouf, Enoch. Co'se I don't."

"Hmph! Tha's what you say!"

"How come you to talk with such silliment, Mistuh Tapp? Has I ever—"

"Oh! shut up!" Enoch's green-eyed fury robbed him of tact. "Us stays where we is at. You has played in yo' las' movin' pitcher!"

Hurt and miserable, he walked away. Evergreen stared after him with anger and amazement. This was a new Enoch,

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a Mr. Tapp of unsuspected firmness. She telephoned Florian Slaphey at the little hotel on the Rue d'Alger where the troupe was living and made an appointment for that night.

"I got heaps to 'scuss with you, Florian. Meet me right by the entrance to the Casino Jeteé Promenade."

FROM the butler's pantry, Enoch heard the conversation. But instead of trailing them that night, he sat alone in his room and brooded on the stark tragedy which had come into his life.

He considered manslaughter and suicide. But eventually he decided upon a greater sacrifice. He merely wanted to be certain. . . .

Evergreen reported her difficulties to Florian. "Try him again," advised Mr. Slaphey cheerfully. "We got a few mo' days . . . an' we got to have you."

"Ev'ry day I gits mo' anxious to join back," she admitted. "But I never did see Enoch so contrary."

"Gal! You got to win him over. Tha's all. Now, go to it!"

Evergreen went to it, but it was a losing job. Twice more she held clandestine meetings with Florian Slaphey and, on both occasions, the vigilant husband had knowledge of trysts. But it was not until the night before the day when Midnight was due to leave Nice for Marseilles that the storm really broke.

For days Evergreen had been on the verge of hysteria. The very impossibility of her doing as she wished consumed her with an overweening passion to return to the company. She was convinced that she would be unutterably miserable should she remain in the employ of the Farnsworths—no matter how royally they treated her.

And Enoch was bewildering. He was cold and distant and bleakly angry. She couldn't talk to him and he wouldn't talk to her. His brain was in a turmoil. He was wavering between an instinct to exterminate Mr. Slaphey and a desire to bring real happiness to Evergreen. And the girl—never suspecting that her husband was victim to torturing ideas—grew resentful of his moodiness and finally declared herself pointblank.

"I aint gwine stan' it no mo', Enoch!"

"Says which?"

"Says I aint gwine stay heah. All you does is mope aroun'—an' not even so very much of that. Besides, I don't crave to nurse all my life, an—"

"What you tryin' to tell me, gal?"

Her eyes blazed defiantly. "Tomorrow afternoon Midnight leaves for Marseilles. I is goin' with them!"

Enoch blinked rapidly. "Y-y-you don't really mean that?"

"It's the honestest thing I ever said."

"B-b-b-but how 'bout me?"

"You do what you please. If you is mo' crazy 'bout buttlin' than you is 'bout me—why you stays. Otherwise you joins Midnight again."

He stared at her with peculiar intentness. "I got an idea," he remarked slowly. "I think Ise goin' with you-all."


She started forward with a glad cry—her arms outstretched. "Oh! you sugar man . . ."

He stepped away from her embrace. "Lay off me, gal. You know good an' well I aint yo' sugar man!"

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She was puzzled—but even her bewilderment crumbled before the joy which possessed her. She went immediately to the Farnsworths and informed them that the call of her career was too great. They shook their heads and quite honestly confessed that they had hoped to keep such a marvellous couple.

"If ever you wish to return, Evergreen—you or Enoch or both—just send us a wire."

APPARENTLY everything was serene. Evergreen reported her success to Florian who, in turn, passed the glad tidings along to President Latimer and Director Clump. The organization held a celebration and it was agreed that from this moment forth the returning troupers were to be treated with a deference befitting their actual importance.

That night Florian left the little hotel on the Rue d' Alger and turned right on the Avenue du Marechal Foch with the idea of testing his luck at boule. But at the dimly lighted intersection of the two streets a terrible figure stepped from a dark doorway and confronted Florian.

"Mistuh Slappey . . ."
"Ise him!" Florian's eyes widened. "Well dawg-gone my gol' tooth if it aint ol' Enoch Tapp."

Fingers of amazing strength were wrapped around Florian's arm. "I claims to make talk with you, Feller. Alone an' pussional."

Mr. Slappey shook his head. He sensed tragedy—but didn't know why. The two men, one tall and angular and very strong; the other short and slim and wiry . . . moved toward the deserted stretches of the Quai St. Jean Baptiste. Florian was conscious of a tension and his nerves became jumpy. Never before had he seen Enoch so grimly positive. Mr. Slappey simply could not understand it—and Enoch did not bother to enlighten him.

They stood on the Quai together,

Enoch staring fixedly at the dry bed of what had once been a river. Finally he turned smouldering eyes upon the dapper figure at his side and delivered a pointed speech.

"Evergreen is gwine to Marseilles with you-all."

"Uh-huh," nodded Florian, "I know."

"I is goin', too."

"Tha's good."

Enoch bent forward at the waist and transfixed Florian with a lethal stare. "Do you know why I is goin', Florian?" Something informed Florian that everything was not quite pleasant.

"Wh-why-?" he stammered.

Enoch's voice came raspingly: "To make sure that you marry Evergreen."

THE explosion of seven tons of T. N. T. immediately abate Mr. Slappey could have made no more profound impression. The debonaire little colored man jumped as though he had been shot and glared wildly at his companion.

"Wh-what's that you said, Brother Tapp?"

"I said Ise gwine stay with you-all until I make sure that you is ma'ied to Evergreen!"

"Goodness, goshness, Miss Agnes! What kind of craziment is that which you utters? Evergreen is yo' wife."

Enoch answered with sepulchral finality: "I is gwine divorce her in Marseilles. Then you has got to marry her."

Florian's brain was whirling dizzily. He clutched the stone wall for support. "B-b-but, Enoch—I aint cravin' to marry Evergreen."

"So!" Mr. Tapp's voice boomed like sudden death. "I always thought you was that kind of a feller, Florian Slappey. But this time you drawed the wrong man. I guess I aint gwine stan' back an' leave you tell me you want marry Evergreen. 'Cause, Florian, Ise gwine to Marseilles an' Ise intenden' to stan' near you with a gun. An' any time you make a move to



One of those embarrassing situations. How was Agnes Ayres to know that Mme. Sinew, the muscle dancer, had left her likeness on the screen? It is all strictly in fun, and Agnes must expect things like this, because she has gone into comedies. Need we explain that just the northern part is Agnes?

git away or do anything but what I say— Ise gwine blow a tunnel th'oo yo' carcass."

"Oh Golla . . . Enoch, you is makin' a terrible mistake."

"You is makin' all the mistakes, Florian. An' if you make just one mo' you is suddenly gwine to be aint. Ise got an itch in my trigger finger an' death in my heart. On'y fo' Evergreen I'd blow you right up right beah. But if she wants you—an' she does—she's gwine have you at the point of my gun."

MR. SLAPPEY stared into the eyes of a man demented. A great horror gripped him. There was something awfully wrong—he didn't know precisely what. He seemed on the verge of happening to two catastrophes: one was extinction and the other almost as bad—a marriage to Evergreen Tapp.

Florian did not dislike Evergreen. He was, in fact, mildly fond of her; but his philosophy did not include a hankering for marriage. Thus far in his career he had scrupulously and successfully avoided feminine entanglement and now—out of a clear sky—he was literally being shot into a marriage with another man's wife.

He tried to argue and saw that he might just as well waste his words on the mountainside. His protests trailed off hopelessly, then gathered for a final verdict.

"My Gawd, Enoch—you is sho' dumb!"

"I aint so dumb as not to shoot straight."

Mr. Tapp turned and stalked away. Florian stared after him. Then he suddenly felt that his legs would no longer support him and he seated himself on the pavement.

Mr. Slappey knew men and their moods. He knew when they were serious and when they were bluffing. Enoch Tapp was in deadly earnest. Florian had seen the look of insanity in his eyes . . . the lurking jealousy, the fierce battle to restrain himself from eliminating Mr. Slappey then and there.

"Oh, Lawsy," groaned Mr. Slappey, "either I gits ma'ied or kilt or bofe! Think of havin' that crazy man hangin' 'roun' me all the time. . . ."

Florian realized that never before had he stood in such stark and imminent danger of ceasing to exist. Cold sweat stood out on his colorado-maduro brow; he trembled as with palsy; his teeth clicked like drumsticks on an oak box.

"Th-ther aint nothin' I can do," he groaned, "an' I sure got to do it quick!"

The following morning there was much gleeful excitement among the Midnight troupers. Once again the company was to move. Their visit to the Riviera had been delightful, but new places, new scenes, new adventures lay ahead and their hearts sang.

The little hotel where they had been staying rang with the racket of packing and chatter. They speculated about Marseilles and discussed the epochal trip to Africa they were to make after completing their scheduled picture-taking in the French seaport.

At one o'clock they bolted a light lunch. A few minutes later President Latimer assembled them in the hotel parlor. He announced that they must move im-

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mediately. The train was reported on time and he wished to have the entire company present well ahead of schedule at the P. L. M. station.

"Two busses is outside, folks. Half of you pile on an' t'other half will follow. Now let's git goin'!"

Among those who moved out with the first crowd were Mr. and Mrs. Tapp. Evergreen was in fine fettle. The company had received her royally and she swam on the crest of a wave of triumph. Enoch, however, was glum and reticent. Even so, he was not so abysmally unhappy as he had been the previous day. He climbed in beside Evergreen and stared straight ahead as the bus rolled off.

The second bus filled rapidly. President Latimer rode in that bus and so did Director Clump. Just before giving the signal to start, Clump looked around.

"Where is Florian Slappey at?" he queried.

Nobody seemed to know. Someone mentioned that Florian had not been seen since early that morning.

"Don't worry 'bout Florian. He's mos' prob'ly waitin' at the station fo' us right now."

THEY reached the Avenue de la Victoire and swung right toward the railroad station. The driver was ordered to take time; the passengers wished to feast their eyes for the last time on the glorious little French town where they had so thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

They passed through a region of little shops and came eventually to that section of the city where handsome residences rear their imposing forms behind stonework and shrubbery. And it was as they were passing one of the most stately of these residences that Director J. Caesar Clump uttered a shout.

"Yonder is where Mistuh an' Mis' Farnsworth live," he explained to the crowd. Then his face grew livid and he yelled for the chauffeur to cease driving. He pointed a trembling finger toward the Farnsworth doorway.

Guests were arriving at the Farnsworth home. As they mounted the front steps, the door of the mansion opened and a slim figure, agile as a gold-braided livery, stepped out and stood rigidly at attention.

"Great Wiggilin' Tripe!" gasped Director Clump. "Just look at that!"

They followed the direction of his eyes, and a chorused gasp escaped them.

They were staring at the slim, uniformed figure of the Farnsworths' new colored butler.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

***TELL IT TO THE MARINES**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The adventures of the Devil Dogs in China. Grad-A entertainment, with Lon Chaney and William Haines adding further glory to their reputations. (March.)

***TEMPTRESS, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The Ibanez story is forgiven and forgotten when Greta Garbo is in the cast. Greta is a show in herself. (December.)

THAT MODEL FROM PARIS—Tiffany.—Showing how the office Plain Jane wins the boss's son—but not without interference from the villain. Not so bad. (January.)

THERE YOU ARE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—What happens when daughter mixes in papa's business. A fair comedy. (January.)

THIRD DEGREE—Warner Brothers.—Dolores Costello wasted in a dreadful mess. Dizzy camera work and poor direction only add to the confusion of the story. (March.)

THREE HOURS—First National.—Underacting by Corinne Griffith; overacting by the rest of the cast. A slow and unpleasant story. Too harrowing for sensitive nerves. (May.)

TIMID TERROR, THE—F. B. O.—Badly directed, badly acted and old story. Why waste space? (February.)

TIN HATS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Well, it seems there are three soldiers who get lost in Germany. And the handsomest boy wins a German Countess. A strain on the probabilities, but often genuinely funny. (February.)

***TWINKLETOES**—First National.—A beautiful performance by Colleen Moore in a delicate and charming story of Limehouse. Decidedly worth your kind attention. (February.)

UNEASY PAYMENTS—F. B. O.—Again the ambitious girl—this time played by Alberta Vaughn—comes to New York to knock the town for a row of filling stations. Trite but mildly funny. (April.)

UNKNOWN CAVALIER, THE—First National.—The newest cowboy story—Ken Maynard, in a picture that is a decided flop. (December.)

***UPSTAGE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—There is genuine originality and authentic and keenly observed comedy in this story of vaudeville life. Norma Shearer and Oscar Shaw are excellent in the leading roles. (January.)

UPSTREAM—Fox.—Not a trout fishing picture. A story of life back-stage—human and enjoyable. Think you'll like it. (April.)

VALENCIA—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Mae Murray, Loyd Hughes and Roy D'Arcy are awfully funny, without trying. Stay home and tell your own jokes. (February.)

VENUS FROM VENICE, THE—First National.—Constance Talmadge plays a light-hearted, light-fingered Italian girl. Light but agreeable. (May.)

WANING SEX, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Is woman's place in the home or in business? See Norma Shearer and be convinced. (December.)

WAR HORSE, THE—Fox.—Buck Jones in the adventures of a cowpuncher in France. It is his best picture. (April.)

***WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW**—Paramount.—Another genuinely amusing comedy of the life of the underdogs in the Great War, with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton offering two amusing character sketches. (January.)

WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW—Warner Bros.—The title has nothing to do with the story. Patsy Ruth Miller does an imitation of Mary Pickford. Fancy that! (May.)

***WHAT PRICE GLORY**—Fox.—The war drama that started all the fun. A fine screen version of a great play, with excellent acting and sincere direction. Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and Dolores Del Rio deserve high praise. (February.)

***WHEN A MAN LOVES**—Warner Bros.—The scented story of *Manon* and *Des Grieux* made into a hectic movie melodrama. Dolores Costello is a lovely heroine and John Barrymore does his stuff with uneven success. (April.)

WHILE LONDON SLEEPS—Warner Brothers.—Not a great picture but a great star—none other than Rin-Tin-Tin. He puts over the film. (February.)

WHISPERING WIRES—Fox.—If you want to borrow the money—be sure to see this. You won't go wrong on our advice. (December.)

WHITE BLACK SHEEP, THE—First National.—Richard Barthelmess again plays the wandering boy who fights his way back for dear old England, this time. Hokum. (February.)

WHITE GOLD—Producers Dist. Corp.—A fine, exciting narrative, told in masterly style by William K. Howard. Crowded out of the "six best" of the month. But don't miss it. (May.)

WINGS OF THE STORM—Fox.—A new canine star—Thunder—makes his appearance. The story has a real appeal for children. It's the autobiography of a dog. (February.)

WINNERS OF THE WILDERNESS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Three cheers for Colonel Tim McCoy, the new western star! He knows the ropes and has a great personality. Unfortunately, Roy D'Arcy is also in the cast. (March.)

***WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH, THE**—United Artists.—A natural drama so powerful that it completely overshadows every living thing. A picture worth seeing. (December.)

WOLVES' CLOTHING—Warner Brothers.—A feeble attempt at comedy. It is more likely to annoy you than make you laugh. (March.)

YOU'D BE SURPRISED—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith proves that a real good murder has its amusing moments. (December.)



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State of Illinois, County of Cook ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Kathryn Dougherty, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of the Photoplay Magazine, and that the knowledge is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Photoplay Publishing Co., 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Editor, James R. Quirk, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Managing Editor, P. J. Smith, 221 W. 57th street, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Kathryn Dougherty, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder, the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member of the firm, company, or other securities than as so stated by her. 3. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, (Signature of Business Manager.)

M. EVELYN McEVILLY, (My commission expires January 15, 1931.)

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[SEAL]



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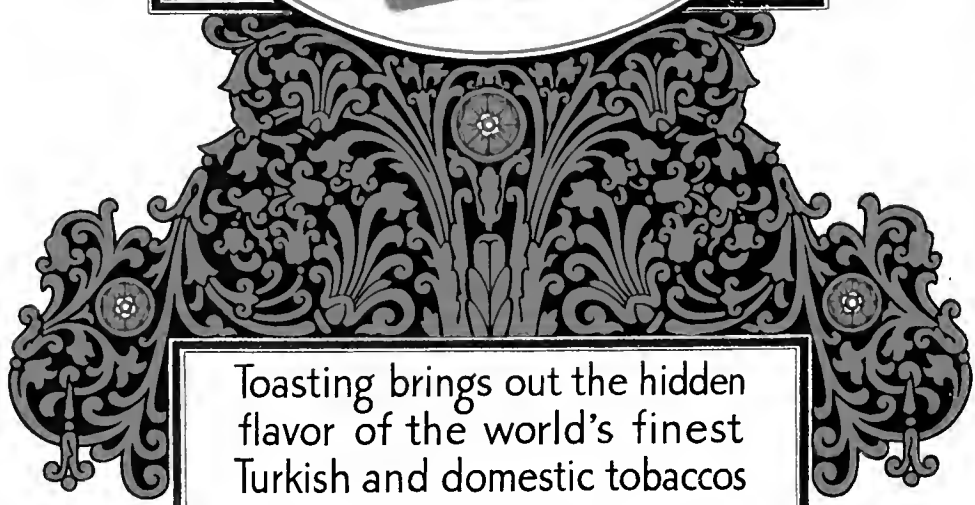
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